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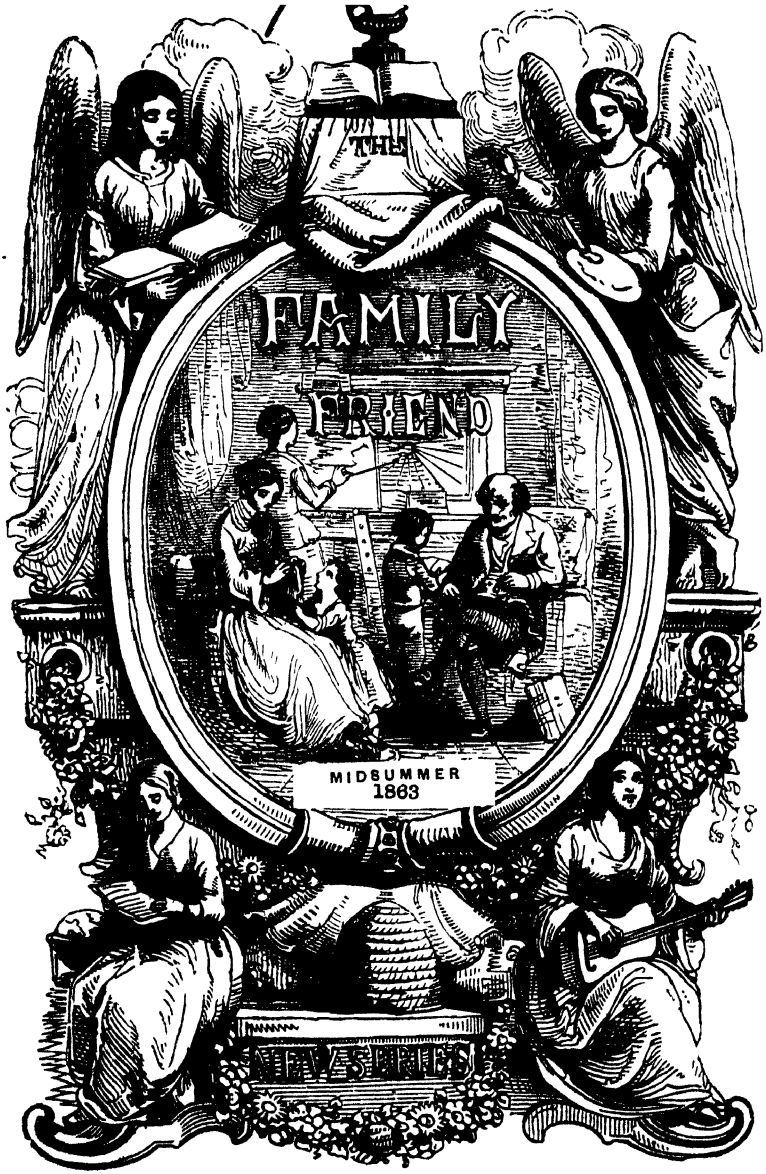
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK,

BORN DEC. 1, 1844; MARRIED MARCH 10, 1863.

(SEE PAGE 243).



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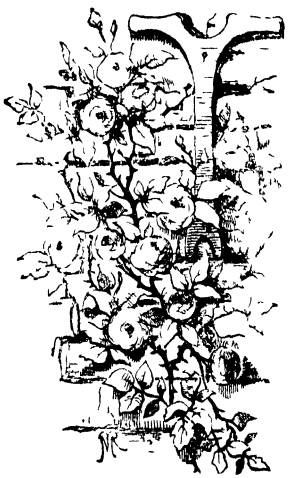
PREFACE.



THE THIRD VOLUME of the NEW SERIES of the "FAMILY FRIEND" is now before the Public. We trust that it will be found, in every respect, as various, as amusing, and as instructive as its predecessors. That it enjoys, in its serial form, a large and increasing share of public patronage, is, at any rate, a guarantee to its Proprietors and Editor that its contents generally are of a character satisfactory to its readers, and that it occupies a position in the literature of the day in no way behind that of more pretentious works. The "FRIEND" was the earliest of the periodicals to devote itself especially to the requirements of the Family, and to unite in its pages ladies' work, domestic economy, and music, with healthy literature, amusing fiction, and entertaining and instructive reading. Many other publications have followed in the steps of the "FRIEND," but none have more consistently and perseveringly kept to the particular path originally adopted. We shall go on as we began, with such improvements in our plan as the changing circumstances of the times suggest, and the expressed wishes of our readers dictate. In the next volume various novel features will be introduced, together with an entirely new and original

domestic tale by a popular author, illustrated by a well-known artist. Music, needlework, &c., will still form attractive features of the "FRIEND;" and it is hoped that our subscribers will show their appreciation of our labours in their behalf by warmly recommending the work in their several circles.

It is scarcely necessary to say more. The success we have already achieved is, we trust, but a promise of future prosperity; and we can honestly assure our readers that we shall spare no efforts to render the "FAMILY FRIEND" a real exponent of their tastes, and an instructive and improving companion, useful in object, kindly in tone, and moral in tendency.

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VIEW IN ST. CYR.

LOVE AND DISCIPLINE;

OR,

TWO WAYS OF TEACHING.

CHAPTER I.

TWO SIDES OF A QUESTION.

RATHER more than twenty years since, towards the end of December, a private carriage was rolling on the high road from Rambouillet to Versailles. It did not proceed with that velocity which seems to rival the winds and waves in swiftness, as is now the custom amongst the fashionables of the day; the coachman drove two good horses carefully, which he avoided over-fatiguing; and that quiet, uniform

pace enabled the travellers inside to maintain a conversation calculated to lessen the weariness of the way.

These travellers were a brother and sister, a female attendant being the third. The first, M. Philéas, had just returned from active service; Madame Olympe de Saint Yves was in mourning for her husband. Both were approaching the meridian of life, living happily together, much attached to each other, although seldom of the same opinion; but diversity of sentiment only increased the interest of their existence. The education best adapted to youth was their favourite topic; they each wished it to be good and virtuous, but each pursued a different method of attaining that end, and pertinaciously adhered to their respective systems. They were, however, only acquainted with the theory of education, never having had an opportunity of testing it by practice. Yet, we must remark, to their credit, that, in discussing warmly, they never suffered any bitterness to mingle with their conversation, and that, after having argued for hours, they were only better friends when they ceased.

Having been detained until that advanced season at the house of one of their relatives who lived on an estate near Rambouillet, they were returning to Paris to spend the remainder of the winter. It was cold, the sky covered with thick clouds, indicating either rain or snow; but the carriage was well closed, and our travellers, enveloped in warm furs, could have endured, without inconvenience, a much severer temperature. Besides which, a trifling circumstance having brought their usual subject on the *tapis*, they were both animated by a warmth very favourable to the circulation of the blood.

"There are a hundred examples of the bad effects of severity," said Madame Olympe.

"I could cite a thousand, adapted to convince you of the danger of that shameful weakness which you would call indulgence," replied M. Philéas; "but unfortunately, sister, your system of education is at present more fashionable than mine."

"That is because the world is more enlightened, brother."

"Would you venture to say that youth has been benefitted by it, sister? Is it better than formerly?"

"It appears to me that it is not worse; would you have it exempt from defects?"

"No, no; I am not so unreasonable. I know that levity, giddiness, and presumption have been always associated with inexperience; but I maintain that respect for age, and the authority of heads of families, are much weakened, in consequence of greater familiarity between parents and children. Think, Olympe, of our youth; silent, quiet, fearful even before our father; he lived in the midst of us like a king in his court; he could say, like Job, 'Unto me men gave ear, and waited, and kept silence at my counsel. If I laughed at men they believed it not. I chose out their way, and sat chief.' His slightest action made us acquainted with his will, and no one thought of opposing it, because we knew that it was as unalterable as fate; and yet, Olympe, our father was a good and great man, and he loved us sincerely."

"I know it, brother; but if the truth must be spoken, I never knew his tenderness until I attained the years of discretion. As a child, I feared him too much to love him; all my affection was for my mother, whose meekness always won me.

Trembling before my father, it was for her I reserved my simple caresses, to her confided my little secrets; for she was not offended at my childishness. And yet, Philéas, she was also a good mother—she really loved us."

"Ah! there never was a better," said M. Philéas, moved by this recollection.

"I am right, then, to maintain a system that she constantly pursued," said Madame Olympe, with an air of triumph.

"Do not boast yet, sister; I do not consider myself conquered. In blessing the memory of our cherished mother, I could not help thinking that the severity of her husband prevented the evil which her excessive kindness might have done us. Perhaps perfection is found in uniting the two systems of education."

"Ah! it is useless your seeking examples anywhere, I find them in my own heart; and if heaven had granted my desire to become a mother, I should have preferred the *love* of my children to their *respect*."

"Do not add, like many others, that you would have been the friend, the sister of your own children, as if the name of mother were not a sufficiently endearing title. Some imprudent mothers resign it when it would be useful to assert its right,—that is to say, in infancy,—and endeavour to regain it when riper years are attained; but it is too late—they are taken at their word."

"They are children of a bad disposition who conduct themselves thus, Philéas."

"I allow it, Olympe, but prudence consists in foreseeing everything which may possibly happen."

"The feeling of fear only makes slaves," pursued Madame Olympe.

"It is rare if unlimited condescension be not abused," rejoined M. Philéas.

"That is a cheerless home where the children seem only the hired servants of their father."

"I should prefer it to that where, without the difference of age, it would be difficult to distinguish the parents, whose authority is weak, and whose conversation is uniformly familiar."

"Ah! you do not approve of *tu-toi*-ing a father and mother."

"No, certainly; that shocks my old ears."

"Does respect consist in words?"

"More than you suppose, sister."

"Yet in sacred poetry the second person of the verb is generally used in addressing God, and, far from that style of speech destroying the respect due to Him, it appears to me even to give prayer a more sublime expression."

"I think so too, my dear Olympe, but do you not perceive a great difference? Piety being the most elevated feeling the soul can entertain, it seems natural that its holy exaltation should lose sight of that pitiful and allowed politeness customary amongst men. Besides, who would dare to fail in respect to the Creator of heaven and earth? Whereas it too often happens that one neglects to honour father and mother."

"However ignorant I may be, I know that Latin does not admit of our manner of speaking, whether it be to God or man; and notwithstanding that, parental authority was unlimited amongst the Romans."

"I could answer you that that authority was sufficient to command respect, but let us rather say that each language has its genius, and it seems to me contrary to that of our own to speak to a father as to a little child."

"Arguments are of no use," replied Madame Olympe; "it is proof which convinces. Marry, my dear Philéas, and I will take one of your daughters to educate, as I understand it, and you will see in the end what a charming young lady I shall make of her."

"I am too old to follow your advice, sister; and as you, on your part, have vowed perpetual widowhood, we shall be obliged to keep to theory."

CHAPTER II.

THE SNOWSTORM.

During this conversation the sky and earth presented the gloomy aspect before described, and the coachman began to be as uneasy as the Scotch poet's unfortunate pilgrim. Blinded by clouds of snow, he no longer saw the horses' heads. His difficulty was at length noticed by the travellers, who learned with regret the distance they were from Versailles.

"We must be near St. Cyr," replied the coachman; "that is to say, about three miles from Versailles; but, if this weather continues, I despair of reaching it before night, for my horses refuse to go on; they would like to turn their backs to the snow, poor creatures! I can scarcely hold them in."

"If such be the case," said Madame Olympe, frightened, "we had better alight."

"Alight in such weather, sister? That is impossible. It would make you ill."

"If madame consent," replied the coachman, "I will conduct her to the town of St. Cyr, provided Dominique walk before, to show me the road. I will answer for my horses, when they have no longer the snow in their faces."

This being a prudent expedient, they were compelled to consent, for the conflict with the elements became greater. Scarcely, however, had they turned round, when the horses quietly took the road, and the travellers soon found themselves installed in the saloon of the best hotel in St. Cyr, by the side of an excellent fire. Madame Olympe then said to her brother—

"King Solomon said truly in his Proverbs, 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.' I little expected this morning to sleep to-night at St. Cyr."

"Well, sister, the situation is not a bad one. The Military School here is worth being visited, if you have not, at least, already seen it."

After supper M. Philéas, taking possession of a newspaper that was on the mantle-shelf, offered to read it to his sister, to beguile the evening hours, unless she preferred retiring to rest, in order to recover from the fatigues of the journey.

"Thank you, brother, I would rather withdraw to my room, for devout meditation, as we have entered upon Christmas Eve, and I have ordered Hersilia to make me a good fire."

"Hersilia! the idea of giving the name of Romulus' wife to a servant!"

"Why not, Philéas? If you think it savours too much of paganism, I agree with you; but if you consider it above her rank, that objection equally applies to the names of saints."

"We have disputed enough to-day, Olympe; I will not oppose you further, on account of a Greek or Roman name."

"Good night, then, my dear Philéas." She had a wish to add, "Would you not

d better to leave your newspaper, and come to meditate one hour with me on the grandeur of our salvation ?" but the fear of being importunate prevented her. Without upholding impiety, M. Philéas was one of those indifferent persons who are more attached to the progress of worldly affairs than to the interests of eternity. He replied to his sister—

"Good night, Olympe! I esteem your devotion, because I know it is sincere and enlightened, but here is news of much importance, to which I am sure you would listen with the attention it demands."

Olympe answered merely by quoting that passage from "L'Imitation de Jésus Christ:"—"It is folly to pay attention only to the present life, and not to think of the future. It is folly to love that which passes away with extreme rapidity, and not to press towards that place where eternal joy awaits us."

CHAPTER III.

PIERRE CHIRON AND HIS THREE BABES.

RETIRED to her own room, Madame Olympe divested herself of some part of her dress, put on her slippers, exchanged her bonnet for a night head-dress, placed herself before a good fire, and prepared for some profitable reading. Her waiting-maid seeing she had no more commands to give her, asked permission to attend the midnight service.

"Go out at night such weather as it is, and in a place where you know nobody! —is that proper, Hersilia?"

"Oh, I should not be alone, ma'am, far from it; for the mistress of the house has offered to accompany me, and her kitchen is full of people awaiting the hour of midnight."

"Travellers, no doubt?"

"No, ma'am, they are inhabitants of the town."

"Why do they not remain at home?"

"To pass away the time; the women work and chat, the men drink and play cards."

"They are indeed Christians well prepared for so solemn a feast! Do you approve that conduct, Hersilia?"

"No, certainly not, ma'am; I do not approve of the playing and drinking, but as to the conversation, I do not think there is any harm in that."

"Directed in a proper manner, it would become edifying," rejoined Olympe; "but that seldom happens in a large assembly, even on Christmas Eve. 'In the multitude of words,' says Wisdom, 'there wanteth not sin.' It is for you to know, Hersilia, how far you are able to resist bad example, being at an age to require no longer a Mentor; I shall, therefore, only advise you not to lose sight of the holiness of this anniversary."

Hersilia promised her mistress to be on her guard, and went immediately into the kitchen, where a large company was assembled. General attention seemed turned, at this moment, towards a group of young people engaged at cards, with which they mingled frequent libations. Some seated round the table held cards in their hands; others, standing behind them, were content to follow attentively the chances of the game. Amongst these latter was a lively young man, with a brilliant and ruddy complexion, whose laughing and sweet countenance, fine figure, and light

hair rendered him more conspicuous than the others His dress was that of an artisan. Although very young, he appeared to enjoy the confidence of his companions, who, at every doubtful turn of the game, appealled to Pierre Chiron.

"There is a young man," whispered Hersilia to the landlady, "who seems to possess great influence here; to what is it to be attributed?"

"To his experience," replied the landlady, in the same tone; "but his family derive no advantage from it."

"What! is he already married?"

"Yes, a year ago."

"Did not his wife, then, know him?"

"Yes, from infancy they were neighbours, and early became attached to each other; and on the death of Babet's father, they married."

"Do you not think that she acted imprudently? He does not play, I allow, but do you see with what an air he watches the game? One would say that he is most anxious to take an active part in it."

"Ah, I am sure it is with great difficulty that he restrains himself. However, he has made so many promises of reformation to his wife and mother, that we must hope he will remain firm to the last. A wise man would go away, but it is not my place to turn him out."

"His countenance is prepossessing."

"And it does not belie him, I assure you. Excepting the love of gambling and drinking, he possesses excellent qualities. He is the cleverest gardener in St. Cyr, gentle as a lamb, a good husband, a good son; so obliging that he would sacrifice everything to serve his friends, and it is this which ruins him. Sought after by all he has not sufficient firmness to shun temptation. At this moment he ought to be at home, as I hear that his wife is ill."

"There, there, he is going away; he has just taken his hat," said the waiting-maid.

The landlady made a sign with her head, which seemed to signify that he was not yet gone, and indeed, one of the players called him back, urging that without his advice he could not extricate himself from the difficulty in which he was.

"I must go away," replied the gardener.

"One more minute, Pierre, or you never were my friend; drink this glass of wine and look at my game."

The weak Pierre, whose head was no longer clear, had just resumed his place near the gambler, when one of his female neighbours said to him, in a solemn tone, "Thank God, Pierre, for your wife has just made you the father of a fine boy."

"What, really!" cried Pierre, almost weeping for joy. "I will run to her, my good neighbour."

He rose—his friend compelled him to sit down again, and to continue directing him; but the gardener, agitated by the news he had just heard, acquitted himself so badly, that he occasioned his losing the game, contrary to all expectation. The player, in anger, gave him his cards, and withdrew, saying, "If you do not repair the fault you have committed, I will never forgive you."

It was in vain Pierre tried to detain him; deafened by the clamours of the other players, he felt compelled to engage with them, although he reproached himself for

his weakness. He was happily successful, and allowed himself to be so deluded by wine and the favours of fortune, that he had forgotten everything else, when a second messenger announced to him the birth of a daughter.

"Oh, oh!" replied Pierre Chiron, half intoxicated, "is this boy, then, a girl?"

"I tell you that you have now both," replied the woman. "Babet has given birth to two children."

"Two!" cried the gardener, a little surprised. "Ah, good woman, you see double."

"It is you who see double, wretched drunkard!" replied the messenger. "But see if he will leave his cards for that! Ah! poor Babet, what will become of you, with a family already so numerous!"

"What will become of her?" repeated Pierre. "Who? my wife? Is it not I who will take care of her and her little one?"

"Say rather, little *ones*," said a boy of the company, laughing at him, "for they say she has two."

"Two!" repeated Pierre, a second time, without well knowing what he said. "Ah, well, what is that to me? I shall plant a second bed of asparagus or of mushrooms, and then—dear me! let happen what may. A marriage of pique—no, a marriage of affection. Here, I hold the knave for the king; I have played enough, my boys; after this move I shall go and see Babet."

His judgment was no longer cool, and yet he continued to win, so much did fortune favour him that evening; the more absorbed he was in the game the more foolish he became. They made a circle round him, to see how his triumph would end; for he had already beaten all the players, one after the other. At length an old woman, penetrating the crowd to reach him, was recognised as Simone, his own mother. She began by looking at Pierre's companions with an indignant air, who she knew had drawn him into that unreasonable excess, and fixing her eyes on him with severity—"What are you doing here?" she said. "Is this the place for a good husband whose wife is in danger? Leave all these madmen, who laugh at your folly, and come to bless your three children; for it is true enough there are at this moment three in your house."

These words dissipated at once the infatuation of Pierre, who was thunder-struck by them. Two children! that is a great deal for a poor young wife, though a strong and courageous mother may undertake to nurse them; but three! that is too heavy a burden. Pierre Chiron threw the cards on the table, and followed his mother, without uttering a single word. The bystanders had no longer any desire to laugh at his expense.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PROPOSAL.

On the morning which succeeded that eventful night, Hersilia did not fail to tell her mistress that a mother had given birth to three infants; nor did she forget to mention the father's disgraceful conduct on the occasion.

"Are the family in want?" the lady asked.

"It appears they have hitherto been supported by their own labour," replied the

servant, "and that they are held in esteem; although, in my opinion, the husband's weakness makes him very contemptible, if I may judge by his conduct last night."

"It may be, perhaps, only a moment of forgetfulness, and not an habitual sin; but this young woman cannot nurse her three babies."

"I am told, however, that she intends undertaking it, which has excited the compassion of every one. It is said she will sink under it."

"Is there a girl amongst them?"

"One girl and two boys, ma'am; all three as lovely as angels."

"You have seen them, then?"

"Yes, ma'am; the landlady, in coming from church, visited the gardener's wife, and I accompanied her."

"What do you think of the people?"

"That they deserve the blessing of Heaven and the interest of benevolent persons. The young mother has an air of innocence and sweetness which one does not tire of contemplating, and I never saw a woman whose countenance better portrayed honesty than that of the husband's mother, who is called Dame Simone. Indeed, the husband himself, good-for-nothing though he be, made the tears come into my eyes, for we found him on his knees at the bedside of the poor invalid, entreating her pardon in an affectionate and penitent tone, which seemed to come from his very heart; but we know how much the promises of a gambler are worth."

"You make me wish to know the family, Hersilia; perhaps something may be done for them in their present difficulties."

"Ah, ma'am, is it not always easy for those who are rich to succour those who are not? It is a sad thing to have only one nurse when three are needed; without her neighbours the poor woman would not know what to do."

M. Philéas, equally benevolent as his sister, consented with pleasure to the proposal that she made, to begin the day with that visit of charity, for they at once decided upon relieving the young mother by giving her the means of putting out two of her babes to nurse. Whilst they are at breakfast and discussing this project, I invite the reader to precede them, and introduce themselves, with me, to the poor dwelling of Pierre Chiron.

Although humble, its aspect was neither revolting nor sad, because cleanliness and order were seen around. Simone, extremely active, was removing all traces of the derangement which the event of the preceding night had occasioned. Babet, lying in sheets as white as snow, had by her side the last born of her children, and at her feet two others asleep in the same cradle. Every now and then she extended her arm over the one, and turned her eyes languidly towards the others, with an expression of emotion and joy, which added a charm to her regular and interesting features. Pierre Chiron, quite different from what we have depicted him, was coming and going without noise; sometimes assisting his mother, and sometimes casting a look of tenderness on his wife and children. A window, with small panes of glass, admitted sufficient light into the room to banish the darkness, and allowed the carefully cultivated garden to be seen, which supported the family.

Pierre, perceiving that Babet followed him with her eyes, seated himself by her bedside, took one of her hands between his, and asked, with affection, if she forgave him.

PIERRE CHIRON'S COTTAGE

"How many times is she to tell you so?" replied the dame Simone; "do you think the poor child is in a state to keep up a conversation? Ah, Pierre, if you revert so often to that, it is because your conscience tells you, you do not deserve so much indulgence."

"You are right, mother; it is more difficult sometimes to pardon oneself than to obtain the forgiveness of others, especially when one has to do with good people, like you and Babet; but how could I thus forget myself?"

"Let us not talk of it any more," said the young woman, feebly, pressing his hand; "you have promised this shall be the last time."

"Let him, on the contrary, talk about it, my daughter; he will not so soon forget his promise, for he does nothing but repeat it. Did he not say as much the evening before his marriage?"

"We had not then any children," murmured Babet.

"And now that I have three," continued Pierre, "should I lose my time in playing and drinking? Must I not triple my toil, were it only to pay for their nursing?"

"God will give me strength to bring up the children that He sends me," said Babet.

"God is good, my dear girl, and you are very courageous, but that task is beyond your strength; you must not think of it."

"Let her talk, mother," replied Chiron, in approaching Simone, "because you do

not wish her to be contradicted in the state in which she is; but rather than suffer her thus to exhaust herself, I protest that I would sooner sell myself."

"Be calm, my child; I hope it will not be necessary to proceed to such an extremity. As your wife says, 'God is good,' and there are several ways of making up the loss of their mother's sustenance to the children. Let us not be disheartened; let us employ all our resources, and leave the rest to Providence; but if you wish to receive its aid, resolve steadfastly to live as a respectable man. A husband is to be blamed for turning aside from the right way, but a father is a hundred times more so, and he exposes himself to the scorn of his children."

"Mother," replied Babet, in a feeble voice, "do the little ones still sleep? Is it not time to give them some nourishment?"

"Do not trouble yourself about that, my child: Jeanne and Marion, our neighbours, nursed them before leaving, and they will return in good time. I think only of little Noel, at your side."

"Noel, mother," said the gardener; "do you name the little one so?"

"Yes, my son, for he was born precisely at the hour of midnight, and in taking him in my arms, I presented him to God under this name."

"Well, dear mother, preserve it for him at his baptism: he shall be your godson."

At this moment a gentle knock attracted the attention of our friends, and Simone, having opened the door, saw, with surprise, a lady and gentleman, strangers to her.

"I hope you do not find our visit inconvenient," said M. Philcas, accosting them. "My sister and I being detained at Saint Cyr by the bad weather of last evening, have heard of the birth of the three children. Will you allow us to see them?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Pierre; "the honour of such a visit is a favourable omen for these children. We should have liked better, it is true, if God had sent us them one after the other; but He is the controller of His gifts."

Simone made profound reverence, and offered the visitors her best chairs; but the brother and sister, who had already designed a plan with regard to that family, eagerly approached the cradle, which contained the litle boy and girl, whom they found as pretty as new-born infants can be. Madame Olympe, however, turned from them to speak to the young woman, to inquire after her health, and to give her some advice; then returning to the cradle, where M. Philcas, absorbed in contemplation, seemed to be studying the scarcely-formed features of the twins, she said to him, smiling, "Well, brother, what do you think of them? Do their little faces please you? Could you cast their nativity?"

"I think so, Olympe; there is already in the vague lines of the little boy's countenance something happy. If I mistake not, should he receive a suitable education, he will, doubtless, become the man whom Diogenes sought with a lantern—that is to say, a being who will unite firmness of character to benevolence of heart, and profound wisdom to the highest degree of genius. Such are the results which a system of education, as I understand it, must inevitably produce."

"I advise you to try it, brother; for it would be a great pity not to put it into practice. Ah! why should not I follow your example in favour of the little girl? Does it not appear that Providence has led us here to perform this good action? I am not so clever as you in reading countenances at that age; but it is enough for

me to look at the father and mother of that child to entertain the hope that she will be gentle, feeling, pretty, and perfectly docile."

The gardener's family listened to this conversation without understanding it; but, as they could not doubt that benevolence was the subject, they took interest in it, and hoped to derive some advantage from it. They were not, therefore, greatly surprised when the lady and gentleman offered to stand sponsors to the little children, upon the adoption of whom they had already determined, although they judged it prudent not to mention it to them. Their liberal proposition filled that humble family with joy, who thanked God for this unexpected help, and Pierre hastened to prepare everything for the triple baptism, which took place the same day. Two nurses were hired, and paid in advance, and a considerable gift was made to the parents to liquidate the expenses of Babet's illness.

M. Philéas gave to his future *protégé* the name of Solomon, which he hoped one day to see him sustain with credit. Madame Olympe chose for her goddaughter that of Angelique, which seemed to express all the perfections with which her imagination was pleased to adorn the little one beforehand,—like her brother, reckoning upon the inestimable benefits of her plan of education. Noel, the third, destined to remain a gardener like his father, was not taken from his mother. His family were contented to cherish and take care of him, without making a difficulty as to the way in which he should be brought up.

Our two travellers did not leave St. Cyr without introducing themselves to the clergyman, nor without having laid benevolent plans, with him, for the future. They made Pierre promise to visit them at Paris, and to bring them news of their little *protégés*, engaging, on their part, to walk sometimes to St. Cyr, in order to judge personally of their progress. United benedictions accompanied them at their departure, for the relatives and neighbours of this poor family, on other accounts so generally loved, rejoiced, for their sakes, at so happy a circumstance.

Solomon and Angelique became two fine children, who excited the admiration of every one by their full health and robust constitution, rarely to be met in twins. At four years old they were so gay, so lively and well, that their benefactors, adhering to their design, judged it time to put it in execution.

"If we intend to watch over them in youth, and place them one day in a position superior to that of their station," said M. Philéas, "we ought not to allow them to contract rustic habits, and attach themselves too much to their parents. We shall have a claim upon their affection, since, by education, they will owe a new life to us. Besides, we cannot begin too early with children; as La Fontaine says—

'Certain âge accompli,
Le vase est imbibé; l'étoffe a pris son pli.'"

"I am quite of your opinion, brother; but I own that I anticipate some obstacle to our desires. Babet is so good a mother that she will not like to part with her children."

"Hers would be a very unenlightened love, then. As for myself, I have a better opinion of her judgment. Besides, she is not required to give them up for ever. We have consented to their retaining the family name, but not laying claim to any of its rights. Is there not a period when almost all mothers separate themselves voluntarily from their children, to have them educated?"

Madame Olympe was not deceived. Babet received the proposal of her benefactors with consternation. She had been accustomed, for four years, to see the three little ones about her; their beauty made her proud, her heart cherished them all alike; but, if she could admit any preference, it was for her daughter, in whom she looked forward to a help, a most assiduous companion. To part from her at so early an age—to give her up, as it were, to another—caused her deep sorrow. Her husband and mother-in-law viewed matters in another light.

"Brought up by a rich man, who will spare no expense for him," said Pierre, "who knows what our son may become? Knowledge and interest carry everything now-a-days, and there has been more than one Marshal of France whose birth was more humble than that of Solomon. If they had never left home, do you think they would have made so much noise in the world?"

"I can understand that with regard to a boy," continued Babet, "but Angelique cannot aspire to such honours. A girl can dispense with being learned; if she be but good all will go well, and I hope that your mother and I shall be sufficient for her requirements."

"For shame, Babet!" said Dame Simone; "we should learn to love our children, for their sakes, and not our own. Whatever we might do for Angelique, could we bestow a good dowry upon her? If that lady brings her up genteelly, she will have her marry as a young lady. Would you venture to blight the prospects of this little one? Do you not already feel pleasure in picturing to yourself your daughter in a silk bonnet and frock, as well dressed as though she were her godmamma's heir, and coming to see you in a carriage, in sight of the whole village of St. Cyr?"

"Ah, I rather fear she would despise such poor people as we are. We must have the same plumage and sing the same song, in order to remember that we come from the same nest."

"You may talk as you please, Babet. However, we do every day see birds sitting on other eggs than their own, without the difference being perceived by the young ones. Madame Olympe is a good lady, who will not forget to teach your child what she owes her parents; and so far from feeling proud at being better dressed than we, Angelique will conclude that she would not be so well provided for had we not made a sacrifice for her."

By dint of arguments and reproaches poor Babet at length consented to the wishes of others, but it was not without shedding many tears. She was also obliged to deny herself the delight of seeing her children for some time, in order that both she and they might be better accustomed to separation. When she saw them again they scarcely recognised her, and already, from the difference in their language, had difficulty in understanding her. This interview so deeply wounded the poor mother's heart, that she hardly desired a second. Noel soon became her only comfort, and the favourite of the whole family.

CHAPTER V.

THE COMMISSION.

At the first floor of a house in La Place des Victoires, a young girl of twelve or thirteen years old, seated on a balcony, was looking most attentively into the street

Her pretty features, her fair and rosy face encircled with raven locks, her sullen expression, and an elegant dress suited to her age, frequently drew the attention of the passers-by. Impatience overcame vanity. As time passed, the eyebrows of the little girl became more contracted, her lips more compressed, and a deeper expression of anger was manifested. In the apartment a female servant was occupied in mending stockings. This person, middle-aged, was of grave and sober deportment; one glance sufficed to show that she had not lived so many years in vain, but that she had profited by her experience. A precipitate bound of the young lady made her start.

"Dear me, how quick you are!" she said, rather disturbed; "will you never learn to be gentle? You have really frightened me."

"You are easily frightened," rejoined the little girl rudely; "as for me, my patience is exhausted; I can bear it no longer."

"Who is it that vexes you?"

"Who? My brother. Do you not know that I gave him several commissions? and he ought to have returned two hours ago.

"Yes, if he had the wings of a bird, for it is only three hours since he left."

"You may talk as you like. It is my affair, not yours."

"A very polite reply, certainly! Do you hear those around you speak so, and do you profit so badly?"

"I see him at last," interrupted the young girl, springing towards the balcony.

"Take care you do not fall," said the servant.

"Be quiet! he is some distance yet. I tell you one needs to have the eyes of a lynx to recognise him, and then he walks with a step as slow as that of a priest heading a procession. Oh! if I were behind him! But I am mistaken, it is not my brother,—it is only some one like him. Oh! I shall die with mortification."

She withdrew a second time from the balcony, and threw herself into an arm-chair, fanning her face with her handkerchief.

"How flushed and agitated you are!" resumed the attendant; "if my mistress saw you thus she would think you were in a fever."

"And she would not be deceived. I have the fever of impatience; how do you think I can help it?"

"By doing what all sensible people do—try to calm these foolish and useless tempers. If every person who is annoyed acted as you do, the world would be peopled with lunatics."

"There are few people so annoyed as I am."

"You cannot seriously think so, for you have sufficient reason, and are old enough, to understand that there are a thousand vexations in life more hopeless than yours, whatever it may be."

"Each one feels where the shoe pinches," replied the little girl; "and, as I have heard you say more than once, 'another's ill does not cure the one of which we complain.'"

"What is it, then, that troubles you so much?"

"What? The day after to-morrow will be my godmamma's birthday. I wish to take advantage of her absence to procure the presents I intend for her; and, thanks to the slackness of my messenger, she will, perhaps, return before him, and it will

be very difficult to contrive an agreeable surprise for her. If that be not a real vexation—"

"I allow it fully; but tell me, will your continued grumbling and stamping with your feet avail anything? And if they be ineffectual, of what use is it to indulge in them?"

"What use? what use? What a question! One is born with an impatient temper, just as with hair of a particular colour, because it has pleased God, and that is all."

"No, no, that is not all; for we may improve our tempers, but cannot change the colour of our hair. Besides, colour is a matter of indifference, whilst a bad temper occasions unhappiness to ourselves and others also."

"I venture to say, that you, who preach so well, were, in your youth, scarcely better then I?"

"I was worse, for I had not, like you, a godmother who is an angel of sweetness, to set me an example. Time and reason alone have corrected me."

"Cannot I have recourse to the same tutors?"

"They are more severe than you imagine, and we deserve not to profit by their lessons, if we despise those that affection dictates in our youth."

"But, really, can I help feeling impatient just now?"

"Yes, to be sure; instead of keeping your mind fixed on one point, try to forget it; take your work—a book."

"A book! a fine resource! You know I hate reading."

"Between ourselves, that dislike is not very creditable at your age, as it arises from your reading so badly."

"That may be, but what does it signify to you?" replied the impertinent little girl.

"Oh! nothing at all!" continued the servant. "I only regret, for your own sake, that you should not have the resource which an occupation so agreeable would furnish at all times."

"Do you think that I shall never know how to read well?"

"An art is only to be acquired by practice, and if, out of seven days in the week, you pass four without opening a book—"

"I shall not always do so."

"My child, days succeed to days, months to months, years to years; time hurries us on with our vain intentions, and at last we reach, imperceptibly, an age when it is too late to begin again."

"Do you mean to say that this will be my case?" said the little girl, with an air of pique.

"Why not? It is that of more than one little girl, brought up with too much indulgence, who passes her life in making fair promises, without troubling herself to keep them."

"You are more severe than my godmother, or even my godfather, who is not very indulgent; for they do not despair, as you do, of the future prospects of a girl of twelve years old."

"Twelve years! Do you consider yourself, then, very young at twelve? Do you not know that there are countries where young ladies marry at that age?"

"You are joking."

"I am telling you the truth. Although we live in a less precocious climate, it is certain that a child of twelve is quite capable of being guided by reason, when she has the happiness of being brought up by sensible people, at least if she be not an idiot. I knew a young person——Are you attending to me?"

"Excuse me, but I cannot help looking into the street. Well, this young person?"

"She depended, like you, on her extreme youth, and said she should have time to study when placed at a boarding-school. Meanwhile, she scarcely knew how to put a few sentences together, nor to distinguish a full stop from a comma, and was as unable to understand what she read as to make it intelligible to others. She always found a pretext for sending away her writing master without taking her lesson."

"Why do you hide your meaning?" interrupted the young lady; "you are speaking of me."

"It is well that you see yourself in this picture," continued the servant, laughing; "but I assure you this is no invention, and that the young lady in question is still living under the name of Lucinda. She was scarcely thirteen when her mother died, leaving a husband in embarrassed circumstances with four children, of whom she was the eldest. The plan of sending the little girl to boarding-school was obliged to be abandoned, on account of her father's difficulties; the writing master was dismissed. The afflicted father then appealed, and perhaps for the first time, to the reason of his eldest daughter on the subject; he sent for her into his study, and spoke to her, as nearly as possible, in these terms:—'I shall be ruined, my dear Lucinda, if, young as you are, you do not endeavour to enter into my position and assist me to extricate myself honourably, the precarious state of my fortune prohibiting assistance from others; but if you will second me, a few years of effort will, I hope, secure to us future peace and comfort. You must take your mother's place at the counter, as well as in the house; become the instructress of your little sisters; in short, you must cease to be a child, as heretofore.' Lucinda, struck with astonishment at these words, did not reply. Her father inquired the cause of her silence, and fearing that she might not have understood him, was about to resume his address, when she interrupted him. 'I have quite understood you, dear father, and I really desire to comply with your wishes; but how can I do so, not being able either to read or write?' added Lucinda, casting her eyes down. 'Neither read nor write,' repeated the tradesman; for, absorbed in business, he had left the early education of his daughter to his wife. 'Have you not had a writing master? Did not your mother teach you to read?' 'She deserves no reproach,' replied Lucinda; 'it is I who refused to profit by her lessons, because I thought I had time enough to make amends for these years of idleness. Oh, I now feel myself very culpable!' 'You are indeed, my daughter, and I am very unhappy; for the destruction of the hope I placed in you takes from me my last consolation.' The grief depicted on her father's countenance touched Lucinda so deeply, that she said with energy: 'Do not give it up yet, my good father; all may still be remedied by application and industry. Only have the kindness to give me every evening a lesson in reading, writing, and arithmetic; as for the rest, I will recall the memory of my mother to my aid.' The father, charmed to hear her thus

speak, embraced her tenderly, and immediately began his tuition. Lucinda, who had wanted only judgment and inclination, made rapid progress as soon as she discovered both; she persevered in her studies and domestic economy, without being discouraged by difficulties; but she has since owned, that it was not without trouble that she conquered her childish and idle habits, and that perhaps she would never have succeeded, but for the imperative circumstances in which she was placed."

"*Is that all? asked the little girl rudely.*

"*What more is required to convince you of the necessity of improving the opportunities for instruction which present themselves, that we may be prepared for whatever may happen?*"

"I conclude, then, that not being more foolish than your Lucinda, it will be sufficient for me to wish it, in order——Oh, now my brother is coming!"

If the reader have not already guessed, it is time to inform them that this scene took place twelve years after the birth of the three children Chiron, at the house of Madame Olympe de St. Yves, between Hersilia and Angelique, and it was her brother Solomon whom the little girl was expecting with so much impatience.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

POET, STATESMAN, AND WARRIOR.

To which of these representative men does the world owe most? To which is mankind most indebted for carrying forward moral advancement, intellectual refinement, material good, and increased means of happiness? To which, in fact, is due the highest place in the estimation of the thoughtful and the wise?

First, let us inquire what we understand by the terms, poet, statesman, and warrior By the word "poet" is not understood the mere rhymester or ballad writer; but we take it in its higher signification—that of a creator, inventor, and discoverer. Nor do we mean by the term "statesman" the mere member of parliament, the representative of so many votes, the mouthpiece of a faction, or the tool of a despot. No; statesmanship has high aims and ennobling aspirations; it is given to the statesman to guide the helm of the governmental ship, so that at last it may reach the harbour of popular favour. The obtainment of popular favour, however, is not, and never should be, the chief end of the thorough statesman; for the advancement of the happiness of mankind, and the proper working out of a well-digested theory of government, are objects infinitely more worthy the statesman's ambition than any degree of popularity he might by any means achieve. So also by "warrior" we do not mean the simple hired soldier; for in the noblest arena of his vocation the warrior must also be the possessor of the arts of strategy, diplomacy, and the right method of arranging forces in such a way as to lead irresistibly to certain given results.

The subject is a wide one, and to exhaust it would require not an essay merely, but a treatise; not a treatise simply, but a volume; not a volume only, but a library; not a library even, but the experience, the judgment, the calm consideration of a whole generation of wise and thoughtful writers. Still, while only on the threshold of a vast edifice, we may be allowed to peep through the open doorway and take note of the interior. While merely glancing at the salient points of an inquiry, we may possibly lead the way to more careful and enthusiastic searches after truth.

In the early ages of the world the offices of poet, statesman, and warrior were often united in one person, as in the case of David, who was also priest

and king. Numerous instances of this union of qualities are to be found in history, both sacred and profane. Cæsar was a poet and a statesman as well as a warrior, and it is in the first two characters that he lives in our day. The names of many warriors as great as he are almost forgotten; and why? Simply *because their natures lacked the originative and governing elements.* In all cases the poet, as the creator, the originator, the deviser, the monitor, stood highest in the world's estimation. As has been well said by one of our modern writers—

The merchant in rich ventures tempts the seas;
The humble peasant fain by toil would please;
The warrior honour seeks in deadliest fight;
The statesman hopes to rise in laboured flight;
The painter looks for fame through wildest phantasy;
The poet wins the world with minstrelsy!

And thus it is: only as the statesman and the warrior become originators—only, in truth, as they become poets—do they set their mark upon the time. The power of originality is the test of success; the faculty of creation, invention, or adaptation—call it what you will—is the true sign of genius. And it is the possession of genius alone that stamps a man great, either as a poet, statesman, or warrior. Shakspere is paramount as a poet, by reason of the power which enabled him to seize the salient points of human character, and present them to us in novel combinations with the ordinary circumstances of life. Napoleon and Wellington were great warriors, by reason of their power in controlling circumstances, if we may so speak; or, in other words, by reason of the mighty and inherent force of will which overawed and overcame the minds of lesser men. I mean, of course, *Napoleon the great*, not Napoleon the little, though even he is not altogether deficient of that creative, or poet faculty, that helps men to rise above their fellows. Pitt was confessedly a great statesman, and he only missed immortality because his nature wanted the poetic, the originating element. Not so Peel, who, had he not been a statesman, would have been great as a poet or a warrior. What causes us to peruse with such admiring gusto the despatches of a Wellington, a Napier, or a M'Clintock? Why, as it seems to me, the poetic element with which the minds of these men were imbued. It is when to the poetic temperament are united capacities for government and action that the real great man comes forth. Let me illustrate my meaning by an apologue:—

In the days when the earth was young, Jupiter *called before him all the people of the world, that* he might divide among them the good things it possessed. The people came, and the division was made: at last, when the business of the day was over, the poet spoke, and asked his share. "Where wert thou, O idler," exclaimed Jove, "when all these gifts were in course of bestowal?" "I was sitting at thy feet, looking up into thy face and listening to thy voice," replied the poet. "Alas!" said Jove, "I have given away all I had to bestow. To the statesman, power; to the warrior, fame; to the farmer, harvests; to the trader, profit; to the labourer, health and vigour for work. There is nothing left. But if thou art content to dwell with me in heaven, thou shalt be made welcome there!"

And thus it has ever been. The poet dwells in a heaven of his own imagining; with a quicker sense than most, he has also a keener relish for the divine and beautiful things of this beautiful world. Hence he has given to us a multitude of apt sayings, that in all languages form part and parcel of the vulgar tongue; an infinity of quaint exquisite conceits, that are present, unconsciously as it were, to the minds of all of us; a power of thought and expression that refines, while it informs, our grosser natures; a philosophic system, independent of rules; a grand theory, that is alike humanising and undefinable.

But there is a lower standard by which to judge of the usefulness of our representative men. Though to the statesman and warrior most generally belong the more present and flattering marks of the world's approbation, in the shape of honour and material qualifications, power, wealth, and popularity, is it nothing that the poet possesses the inexpressible pleasure of knowing that he too moves the world?

A noble and a spacious realm
That human thought may overwhelm;
Mountains, and clouds, and rivers bright,
His swift and eager soul delight;
A bitter scorn for all that's vile,
For all that's pure and great a smile,—
These every poet's heart engage,
These are a royal heritage.

The shadows fly before his eyes,
And he discerns eternities;

The majesty of Nature's face,
Ethereal, soft, and joyous grace,
Till, lost in wonder, he forgets
All other pleasures and regrets;
He sees not death, decay, or age,
The immortal is *his* heritage.

It is well, perhaps, that aims less high and noble engage the attention of most men. To the eye of the statesman there must ever be present the mean and common things of the world, commingled with the ambitious yearnings, the glorious hopes, the improvable tendencies that we are taught to believe belong especially to the governing minds of a nation. So also with the warrior. Even in the very highest grades of the military and naval service, common and alike to the mind of a Nelson and a Garibaldi, much that is little and apparently insignificant must be familiar. Details must be conquered before the great result can be achieved. To conquer others, a man must learn to conquer himself; and not only learn, but accomplish it. Thus, in our own persons, each in his own little sphere, we may become generals and premiers; for have we not the vile tendencies of our fallen nature to subdue?—the errors of inexperience, youth, and physical and moral weakness to amend and conquer? Have we not always before us the examples of the great and good; and do not the right principle and correct practice teach us that, in whatever position in life we may be cast, there are yet others below, who look up to us for example in life?

It would not be difficult to adduce instances from ancient and modern history of the good achieved by single-minded men in various social grades; but we forbear. To sum up the results of our theory, therefore, we say that if to the statesman the world owes much of its knowledge in the science of government, it is also indebted to the warrior; for war has been, and often is, a civiliser. Wherever the Romans carried their arms, there also they took the arts of learned and civilised life. The thirst for conquest led the Moors to Spain, and the adventurers of Europe to the Eastern India. None, surely, can say that Spain and India were not the gainers. In our own day even, the same indomitable feeling will probably bring China and Japan into the family of civilised nations.

In this view of the case, then, the warrior, no less than the statesman and the poet, is entitled to our approbation.

But shall we inquire to which of these representative men the world owes most? Is it not apparent? Have we not made it plain? Does it not strike us all? Will any dispute that to the poet belongs the first place as a civiliser, in right of his divine office as an originator? The true statesman has to deal with great principles, vast generalisations, mighty theories, immense practical problems—all of them *good* and useful, doubtless, in their sphere. The warrior leads his hosts to fight, and risks his fame, too, upon a theory; but it is a theory in which the physical element largely enters—a concatenation of force against force, strategy against strategy, might against might, power against power, man against man. But the true poet is a creative man, an original man, a progressive man, a teaching man, a thinker! And only as the warrior or the statesman is one of these can he claim recognition from the world.

Palmam qui meruit ferat!—(Be his the palm who hath the conquest gained!)

G. F. P.

TO ——.

When "change" is written on the fleeting beams
Of summer sunshine, or the moonlit ray,—
When, with the morning, midnight's pleasing dreams
Plume their bright wings, and vanish quick away.

When Joy and Hope, twin blossoms of our youth,
Droop with the shadow of life's sterner scene,
And only memories survive in truth
To tell us what the happy past hath been.

When winds that whisper, and the waves that die
In gentle murmurs on the pebbly shore;
And even *feelings*, as they wander by,
Say, while they linger, "We may come no more."

Why wonder, then (when all these precious things
Shrink from our grasp, and flutter from our view),
That Love and Friendship are supplied with wings?
For they, though passing sweet, are *earthly* too.

DAISY H.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE WITH A MOUSE.

ONE evening, not long ago, I arrived at the pretty village of C—— for the purpose of spending a few days with some friends of mine residing there. I found them all well; and, after the salutations were over, was soon seated in the pleasant little parlour, enjoying a cozy cup of tea with my good friend Mrs. H. That finished, the little H.'s were sent for, for presentation—seven fine, blooming children, from Miss Maggie, the eldest, a pretty little lady of ten summers, to Master Herbert, a noble young gentleman of one. After yielding myself to the smothering embraces of the whole seven, and promising Miss Maggie she "*should* sleep with me," they were all despatched to the nursery; while I, necessarily somewhat tired by the process I had been subjected to, and from which I fortunately escaped with no greater damages than ruffled hair and crumpled collar, leaned back in my chair, and, I doubt not, looked very wearied indeed.

"Where would you like to sleep, my dear?" inquired Mrs. H., imagining, I suppose, I was fatigued: "the blue room is ready, and so is your own little room, the green."

"O, I'll sleep in the green room, if you please," said I; "I always feel quite at home there." And I may as well remark, in passing, that I was once three years a resident with Mrs. H., and during that time the green room was appropriated to my use; consequently, I thought my tired frame would find sweeter repose there than anywhere else. We shall see.

We talked awhile of "old times," and then Mrs. H. proposed I should retire. She accompanied me to my room, "for the purpose," she said, "of seeing that Miss Maggie was not taking more than her share of the bed." Her observations being completed, she kissed us both, and took leave.

I glanced affectionately around the little room when I found myself alone. Many, many nights had I slept there, in that large green bed, with the same dear little companion; and I felt a sweet, dreamy satisfaction as I looked at the high, snowy pillow that my head was once more going to press, as on former happy occasions.

I was soon beside little Maggie; and after kissing her soft, warm cheek and lips, was about to extinguish the light, when I heard a slight scratch on the floor. Instantly I was wide awake, and, intently listening, I waited a few minutes; but as all was quiet again, tried to persuade myself I had been mistaken, and put out the light. I felt some trepidation as I lay down, but being thoroughly tired I gradually became calm. Still I felt no inclination to sleep; both ears and eyes *would* remain wide open. The reader will, perhaps, smile at me and call this foolishness; but I believe there exists in me a natural and insurmountable antipathy to the mouse—for mouse I supposed the intruder to be. I have heard and read of several persons whose natures involuntarily entertain antipathies to particular animals and things; for instance, the renowned Cæsar shuddered at the crowing of a cock; and Uladislaus, of Poland, ran from the sight of apples. If this be true of *men*, distinguished and brave as *they* were, surely a poor, nervous *girl* like me may be excused feeling such a horror of a mouse. However, after some time of further listening (during which the gentleman himself must have been taking a nap, for no sound could I hear), sleep came upon me insensibly, and all fear was forgotten in the land of dreams. But I was doomed not to remain long there. I slept, as it were, with one ear open, and that one ear detected an unmistakable scratching close to my pillow! In the greatest possible agitation, I sprang up, and, shaking the pillow violently, by way of intimidating the intruder, dashed it out of bed. Trembling in every limb, there I sat, and my heart almost became still with fear as I contemplated Mr. Mouse going on a voyage of discovery round my bed—or what if he were already on it! I felt almost paralysed. My shaking hand at last found the candle, and I struck a light. I scarcely dared look around, lest my terrified eyes should meet the dreaded object of their search; but at the same moment I heard a running up the curtains, and thankful it was not actually *on* the bed, began to hope that the light and the noise I made would soon scare it away. But no! Mousey was not to be scared away by such a timid creature as myself. Unfortunately, it knew better, and continued its perambulations up and down the curtains, doubtless in a style highly creditable to its courage and agility, but, nevertheless, most alarming to myself. At last, however, they ceased, and quietness reigned so long that I again thought of extinguishing the light; but, ere doing so, determined to make a thorough investigation of the neighbourhood of the bolster (the pillow was on the floor) previous to laying my

weary head upon it. My search was a fruitless one, yet I still felt great reluctance to lie down. I even contemplated dragging the bolster to the foot of the bed, but the thought of my little companion deterred me; for had my dreams been disturbed by the apparition of a mouse, I might, in my endeavours to flee from it, have given her sweet face a blow not the most gentle, which would have grieved me much. So I stood up in bed, and resolutely held the candle near every place where I thought his Mouseship might be situated; but no; he was still "out of sight," and I could not help wishing he were "out of mind" too. However, I was determined now to be foolish no longer, but lie down and go to sleep, when, at that moment, my eyes involuntarily looked up to take a farewell survey of the bed, when horror of horrors!—there, in a fold of the curtain, a few inches above my beloved little Maggie, and apparently quite at home, was the identical intruder—*a large brown mouse!* I did not scream. I did not even start. Every nerve seemed paralysed. My heart gave one wild leap, as if terror had unseated it, and my eyes were so fixed on the creature that they ached with the intensity of their gaze. How low I remained in that position I do not know. At last it began to move, and (remarkable as true) walked very quietly along the heading of the deep fringe that crossed the bed just above the pillow to the other side, and edged itself into a fold of the curtain nearest me. My eyes followed it all the time. I dared not stir, lest, by some mischance, it should fall on the bed—perhaps on me!—and I sat quaking, watching its manœuvres as it moved about in the folds of the curtain. At last it disappeared, I knew not where; perhaps into a deeper fold, and a happy thought took possession of my mind. The blue room was close to the green; I would go there for the remainder of the night. Again an obstacle presented itself. I looked at the unconscious, happy Maggie; I could not leave her—it was certain I could not carry her—and it might be dangerous awaking her. However, I tried the latter experiment, with success.

"Maggie!" said I, at the same time giving her a gentle push, and tapping her cheeks. "Maggie, wake up!"

"Yes," said the child, dreamily, with closed eyes.

"Maggie!" said I, rather louder, "here's a mouse; wake up!"

Instantly she sprang up, while I told her as briefly and as calmly as I could that we must go into the blue room, as a mouse had got into ours. She seemed scarcely to understand, but allowed me to put on her shoes, and wrap a shawl around her, preparatory to departure.

I was just in the act of putting on my own shoes, when my tiresome little visitor dropped on the floor with a loud bang, doubtless with the friendly intention of presenting himself for a farewell; but, as another meeting would have totally annihilated my little remaining strength, I precipitately retreated into bed, thus considerately sparing himself and me the pangs of another interview.

Eventually, Maggie and myself were safely lodged in the blue room; but my sleep was broken *that* night, and I rose early next morning, half-ashamed of my foolish fear of a little, harmless, insignificant mouse!

LUCINDA B.

STANZAS.

INSCRIBED TO THE THANKLESS AND HEARTLESS IN HIGH PLACES.

HOLD! ye ingrate sons of Mammon,
Grumbling o'er your sauce and salmon,—
Shamed by hosts who greens and gammon
Take, and ask no richer cheer!
Know ye not some suffering brother
Getting neither one nor t'other,
Striving many a woe to smother,
Hiding many a bitter tear?

While your glittering bullion doubles,
While ye blow your splendid bubbles,—
Wrestling with fierce-crowding troubles,
Souls there are of highest worth,—
Men who, though *your* Maker made them,
Yet without one friend to aid them,
Struggle on till death hath laid them
In the cold and silent earth!

Ah! what nobleness of spirit,
Mental power, moral merit
Meet for kings—ye mighty, hear it!—
Sink ignoréd to decay!
Pets of fortune! cease to grumble,
Affluent niggards! help the humble:
Let not luckless worthies tumble,—
Think! *deserve* ye more than they?

Wealth is lent for noblest uses,—
Send it through misfortune's sluices
Freely. Greediness produces
Half the misery in the world!
And none but who *well employ* it,
Rightly, richly can *enjoy* it:
If base selfishness alloy it,
Wisdom's royal flag is furled!

CARACTACUS.

OUR AUTHORESS.

PART I.

PREJUDICE RAMPANT.

"WELL, Mr. Selford, what do you think of 'Minna Herrylon?'"

"I have no doubt I should think very highly of her, if I only knew her; but at present I have not the pleasure of the acquaintance."

"Now, don't be provoking; you know I mean the book. I am delighted with it."

"No doubt; but I never read novels, Miss Fanny, and, from the name you mentioned just now, I should imagine this to be one of the most romantic – and, therefore, least sensible—to be procured. But," continued the speaker, with an arch smile, "I am not a young lady, so my opinion is of very little importance. I suppose they have no better employment, although in my time they used to spend their leisure more profitably."

"But have you really not read it?"

"Not I!"

"Nor seen it?"

"No; and, with all due deference to you, Miss Fanny, I do not wish to do so."

Fanny was about to reply, when her elder and graver sister interrupted her:—"Before Fanny commences her arguments, Mr. Selford, I must deliver my message. Mamma and papa bade me tell you (that is, if we were fortunate enough to see you, for you have been such a determined recluse lately) that they hoped you would pay them a visit as soon as possible, and wished me to congratulate you on the literary success of your niece. We had not the slightest idea you had one likely to become an authoress."

"My dear Miss Hinton, you speak in perfect riddles, to which I have not the slightest clue. None of our family have, and I trust never will, become infected with the fever of book-making. Between you and I, it would be less distasteful to me were they counter-jumpers, or strong-minded women; but I see, there is some plot between you young ladies. Miss Fanny's eyes are brimful of merriment."

Her musical laugh attested the truth of his words. "I do actually believe you have not even heard of it," she exclaimed as a prelude to fresh bursts of gaiety, in which even the quiet Eleanor could not

Mr. Selford looked slightly annoyed. "You are right in your conjecture, Miss Fanny. You know for the last month I have been confined to the house with an attack of my old enemy, the gout; at such times I do not care for company, and the few old friends I do see are as little likely to take any interest in such subjects as I am, whilst my housekeeper is no tittle-tattling busybody, to retail the gossip of the town."

Fanny struggled hard to restrain her mirth, and Eleanor bit her lip before replying.

"Then, as you really do seem in perfect ignorance of the news, I shall have great pleasure in enlightening you."

"Although your not knowing it is a mystery to me," interrupted Fanny, for which breach of good manners that young lady received a reproving glance from her sister, who continued—

"Last week we were very much surprised to see, in our local paper, a critique, copied from one of the leading journals in London, upon a new work which (you may guess our astonishment) we found was dedicated to you, and the authoress no other than your niece. Of course, we ordered the book directly. It fully deserves the critic's warm praise, and we are all delighted with it, as I am sure you will be."

"Ahem! where can I obtain this book? though there must be some mistake in the senseless affair."

"Not the least," said Fanny, mischievously; "it is dedicated to 'Austin Selford, Esq.' *I'm* positive it means you; and it's not a senseless affair; in a single page there is more sense than I have displayed in my whole life."

The old gentleman looked as if he considered that very poor praise; but, accepting Eleanor's offer of sending him the book for inspection, and repeating "There *must* be some mistake," he wished them good morning, and turned homewards, leaving the sisters to continue their walk.

Mr. Selford's reflections were anything but agreeable. Eleanor had been so

positive, and, spite of his determination to disbelieve it, such a thing might be; he had an old fashioned prejudice against what he was pleased to term "a blue-stocking;" the idea presented an assemblage of horrors impossible to describe, though it always presented to his mind a species of female dragon, with untidy stockings, slippers down at heel, dowdy collarless dress, long inky nails, and rough hair, who spent the day in scribbling, and half the night in apostrophising the moon (how she spent the time when there was no moon shining he never discovered), who was utterly ignorant of all domestic concerns, scarcely knew where the kitchen was situated, and could not tell a rolling pin from a copper-stick. Fanny's gay "*Au revoir!* my love to the authoress," rang in his ears, and, half unconsciously, he began to speculate as to the possibility of such a person existing "Let me see," he soliloquised, "it can't be any of James's bairns—they're all boys. Charles has a lot of girls; but, then, they are too young, and the eldest will be too fond of tearing, harum-scarum, round the country on her horse (wonder what her father gave her one for; much better let her keep her old pony), to stay in doors writing novels; it's not any of them, then it must be—"

But who it was we cannot say; for, just at that moment, he ran against a post, placed at the corner of a village street by some philanthropist, for the purpose of giving the boys an opportunity of displaying their agility in the ancient game of leap-frog, and their mother's patience, in repairing the various rents in their clothes, usually attendant upon the practice of that interesting sport. In this rencontre the post had decidedly the best of it, for it stood firm and unmoved, whilst its involuntary antagonist gasped for breath, to the intense amusement of several small boys round the corner. How is it that small boys are always found where they are not wanted, especially just round corners? although we can understand that the latter position possesses the double merit of being a good place for reconnoitring and flight. Mr. Selford shook his stick at the juvenile spectators of his discomfiture, thereby causing them infinite delight, manifested in the performance of sundry original dances, that would have made the fortune of a pantomimist. Profiting by experience, the old gentleman proceeded, without giving way to any more reveries, and reached home safely.

Abernethy, or some one else—it does not much matter whom—once said, that, at forty, every man is his own doctor; and the truth of this assertion was shown with regard to Mr. Selford. More than a score of years had passed since he attained that age; and even before that time, remedying his own ailments (a favourite study of his), he had been a living experiment as to the efficacy of every kind of treatment that had ever been powerful to kill or cure—from allopathy on the Chinese system; pills every half hour, washed down by copious draughts of the most diabolical mixture ever invented; to homœopathy, with its infinitesimal doses and minute globules. The latter was in favour at the time of our tale, and, thinking that one or two globules would not be amiss after his exertion, he went to his tiny medicine-chest for the purpose of procuring them. As he replaced the box in the drawer, his attention was attracted by a small parcel he did not remember having seen before; he took it up, and, removing the paper wrapper, saw the scarlet cover of a book, on which was printed, in gold letters, "Minna Herrylon." With a serio-comic resolution to know the worst, he turned to the title-page—Eleanor was right: it bore the inscription, "Dedicated to Austin Selford, Esq., by his Affectionate Niece, the Authoress." He put the book down, with an exclamation between a grunt and a sigh, when a letter fell from between the pages—it was from his brother George, and concluded with the words, "We shall take no denial: you must come to see us, and add your congratulations to those already received by 'our Authoress.'"

"Dear me! dear, *bless* me!" said the old gentleman; "then a Selford has become a pen-scratcher! Well, times are changed! but I'll go and see them, though I know well enough what it will be; daresay I shall have damp sheets to

sleep in. But I'll go to-morrow, and surprise them." With these words, he rang the bell, and the housekeeper entered.

"Mrs. Mills, when did this come? and why did I not have it before?"

"Dear! dear! sir, I am sure I am very sorry, but it came one day last week when you were asleep; so, not wishing to wake you, I popped it in that drawer, intending to give it you when you awoke, and quite forgot it since."

"Well, never mind. Will you see my things are got ready, as I am going to Elverston to-morrow morning?"

"Good gracious, sir, you never mean it; why, it's half-a-day's journey, and you're not nearly well, and I shall never be able to get all the things you want, and—"

"Then you must get what you can, Mills. Go I must, and see you don't bother me with too many boxes."

"Well, sir, if you must you must," and with an air of injured innocence Mrs. Mills disappeared.

PART II.

PREJUDICE WAVERING.

The pretty little town of Elverston looked prettier than ever in the bright sunlight, as Mr. Selford left his cushioned seat in the railway carriage and stepped on the platform. Leaving his luggage at the station, with instructions to send it as soon as possible, he set off in the direction of his brother's house. It was a beautiful walk, for the most part between hedges white with clusters of wild roses, while the air was laden with the perfume of flowers and the scent of new-mown hay. At length the place of his destination met his view; it was a large red brick house, neither very picturesque nor old-fashioned, but the beauty of the grounds, the splendid trees, and the almost wild luxuriance of the flowers that surrounded it, more than atoned for any faults in the architecture,—here, at least, was no sign of carelessness. The traveller, who evidently knew the place, walked over the velvet turf of the lawn with careful, noiseless steps. Near an open French window stood a tree, whose drooping branches would partially screen any one standing under them, and though they could see all that passed in the room, they were not likely to attract the observation of the occupants. Under this tree Mr. Selford stationed himself, and saw, with that slight feeling of disappointment the best people experience when a disagreeable prophecy fails to the ground, the picture the room presented. His three nieces, one of whom was the "blue-stocking," were seated there,—Dora and Millie, the two eldest, busily engaged in the unromantic, but very necessary, employment of mending stockings; while Grace, "the baby," as she was called, though eighteen years had passed over her head, was reading aloud

"Is that story nearly finished?" asked Dora.

"Yes, almost,—why?"

"Because I am afraid, unless you help us, Grace, this pile of stockings will not be finished by the time papa and mamma come home to tea."

"Well, find me a needle, and when this chapter is ended, I will do some."

"There's a dear, Dora! Baby Grace is growing a woman," cried Millie, laughing.

Mr. Selford was puzzled; he had not seen his nieces for some years, and during that time they had altered very much,—the children had changed into three beautiful girls, and nowhere could he have found fairer nor more ladylike ones. Everything around them was faultlessly neat and elegant; the most censorious could have found nothing to blame. Dora, who looked like a queen, with her tall commanding figure, piercing black eyes, and the thick braids of raven hair wound like a coronet round her beautifully formed head,—was she a blue? Her dress was tasteful and well-chosen, and her hands, though not small, were white and soft, as every lady's should be. Some might have called Millie no beauty, had she not possessed a pair of brown eyes, whose wondrous depths of light and shade bewildered the beholder,—could she be the despised pen-scratcher? Her masses of dark wavy hair were drawn from her fair face, forming a knot behind; her collar and cuffs were of spotless purity, while from beneath her dress

peeped out a little foot as dainty as any that ever traversed Regent-street,—and Grace, lighted-hearted Grace, with the sunny curls, blue eyes, and like graceful figure, she surely never could settle to writing; you might as well try to chain a sunbeam, or force a butterfly to do a bee's work. Mr. Selford's wisdom was at fault. Which was the blue-stocking? Who had written "Minna Herrylon?" He could not tell.

We will pass over the warm welcome given and received, the pleasant party assembled round the plentifully spread tea-table; tempting as they are, those descriptions have nothing to do with our tale. The whole company had started out after tea on the lawn; the elders seated themselves on a garden-seat, and Grace, throwing herself on the grass at their feet, insisted upon hearing her uncle's opinion of "Minna Herrylon." Mr. Selford confessed he had not read it, and explained the reason; but, however, was too mystified between the difference of his expectations and the reality to favour her with the tirade against "authors and authorcraft" he had come prepared to deliver.

"It was very kind of you, Austin, to come so soon, then; but you do not know which of these three lasses is 'Our Authoress.' I did not say in my letter, for I wanted you to guess."

Mr. Selford looked from one to the other, in helpless bewilderment, till Dora came to his assistance by saying—

"I know how uncle used to hate the idea of any one writing a novel; and I can see, too, he is on the watch for the appearance of any of the evils of such a folly. Do not tell him which is the culprit, but give him a fortnight to guess it in."

"Capital!" exclaimed Grace.

"And we will meet here and receive the decision," added Millie.

"Very well, then—that is decided. Mind you do not let the cat out of the bag," said the father, laughing.

It was little more than half-past five the next morning, when the door of a room at the back of the house opened, and Millie entered. She unbarred and folded back the shutters, and unclosed the window, letting in a broad stream of sunlight, gilding everything in the room with its golden effulgence. There was nothing in the apartment that was not pretty and graceful, like its occupant. It was not large, and yet it seemed to contain all that could make it comfortable. The walls were papered with very pale green, with medallions of white and gold; a table of walnut-wood stood in the middle of the room, covered with books and writing materials, with an easy chair placed invitingly near; several other chairs, that matched the table; a small carved stand, supporting a crystal dish full of flowers; a basket of Indian wicker-work, for waste paper; an alabaster vase on the mantel-piece, containing jasmine and scarlet fuchsias; an almost white carpet, sprinkled here and there with bunches of roses; and lace curtains—were all the room contained, either for use or ornament. Millie stood at the window, drinking in deep draughts of the fresh morning air. At length she turned to the table, and taking a roll of MS., began revising it. Her task was scarcely finished, when a large Newfoundland dog bounded in from the garden.

"Well, Oscar, dear old doggie!" said Millie, caressing the noble animal. "Come, come! your morning greeting is overpowering!" she added, as he became too demonstrative in his joy. "Lay down a little while, and we will have a scamper over the meadow together." Then taking some sheets of note paper, her nimble fingers made the pen fly over them. She looked so pretty, as she sat there, the soft morning breeze slightly moving the folds of her light muslin wrapper, and the loving, humble look in those wonderful eyes—that we may be pardoned if, in our invisible capacity, we look over her shoulder as she writes:—

"My dear Effie,

"I must thank you very warmly for your kind congratulatory letter. It contained just the sort of praise I most highly prize—generous and earnest in its appreciation of my motives, without being flattering. You do not tell me my work is faultless—*I* know it is not; but

you can understand all the hopes and aspirations connected with it, and feel pleased with my success, which is as great as it is undeserved.

"And now I will try and answer your question. You ask me what put it into that imaginative little head to become an authoress? Now, listen; you know I never had a voice for singing like yours, a talent like Dora, nor the almost genius in drawing and painting that Grace possesses! you know this, *ma mignonne*, and you know too, though not as much as I do, how bitterly I used to regret not being talented. Well, one day I had been reading aloud. The tale met with some very adverse criticism. I said they were too severe, when Grace replied, 'I like some of the stories you tell us a great deal better than that,' and then she added, in exactly the same tone she would have used if wondering why I had not put more sugar in a cake, or not worn a particular dress, 'Do you know, Millie, I often wonder why you do not write some, and have them printed; they are much more interesting than most of those I read.' This idea was perfectly new to me, and at first it seemed presumptuous; but I thought of it again and again, till it obtained a strange fascinating power over me. I doubted my own abilities, but determined to test them. I wrote a sketch, sent it to the editor of a journal, was praised, it was accepted, I became a constant contributor, then 'Minna Herrylon' was written, and—you know the rest."

"Thus, Effie, I have at length found my talent. I prize it very, very highly, and, with God's help, it shall do some good for myself and others. At first I found I was in danger of making it an idol, neglecting everything else for it, and thus rendering my good evil. Now I have learnt better, it is my earnest endeavour not to let it prevent the fulfilment of any other duty; and it was with a feeling deeper than mere pleasure that I listened to papa's praise the other day, as, laying his hand on my head, he told mamma that 'Millie is just the same blithe, home-loving birdie, as she was before she knew she was clever.'

"Oscar is gnawing one end of my girdle: he evidently thinks that it is time I laid down my pen and went with him for my usual morning stroll. He prefers the open air even to what Dora calls Millie's sanctum-sanctorum, and which Gracie, with her usual aptitude for bad puns, styles 'the littery (literary) room'—worse even than usual, is it not?—at least such is the opinion of one who is, dear Effie,

"Ever your loving
"MILLIE."

The pen was laid down, the garden hat put on, Oscar leaped wildly through the window, and both raced merrily across the lawn, scattering the glistening dew in all directions. Leaving the garden, they crossed the shrubbery, passed the narrow plank that spanned the sparkling brook, and on through the fields for some distance. "Now, Oscar, it is past seven; come, turn back.' And Millie gaily led the way homewards, her cheeks glowing with exercise; and as she entered the grounds belonging to her home, she carolled forth in low sweet tones that proved, although she might not have a powerful voice, at least she had not an unmusical one:

"Awake! awake! ere the morning break,
And the dew-drops vanished be,
Let those who may, love the full light of day
The morning, bright morning, for me."

"Encore!" shouted some one on the other side of the hedge, and turning the corner of the winding walk, Millie discovered her uncle. She was not surprised; for he was an early riser, and though often doctoring himself for some imaginary ailment, was naturally a healthy man, his temperate and singular habits making him still more so.

"Where are Dora and Grace?" he asked, as they walked onwards together.

"I do not think they have left their rooms yet."

"Bad, very bad! they should have been down an hour ago. It is a good thing you make amends for them. Let me look at your feet," he added abruptly.

Millie laughed at this strange demand, but showed him one encased in a boot that would enable its wearer to cross grass wet with dew without running the risk of colds and consumption.

"That's right, Millie, my dear; always rise early, and wear such boots as that,

like a sensible girl. Can you make puddings?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Ah, well, I don't think there's much fear of you being the authoress. Did you ever write a sonnet to the moon?"

"No, uncle."

"Then you cannot be; they all do that. It's one of the symptoms of the fever. Don't you be too fond of a pen, Millie; they may infect you."

The large brown eyes twinkled with mischief, as the others came out to meet them, and the owner of the eyes saw her uncle look from one to the other, in search of any mark of untidiness. The scrutiny lasted all day, but lasted in vain.

PART III.

PREJUDICE CONQUERED.

MR. SELFORD would have been highly indignant had any one told him his old prejudices against "blue-stockings" were gradually dying out, but it would have been the truth; from the time he saw those three fair girls, and knew that one was actually the writer of a novel, he had had some faint glimmerings of the truth that an authoress can be a lady. His female dragon went farther in the background, and was seen in less vivid colours; insensibly his opinions on the subject were softened down, as he watched the daily, hourly lives of the sisters. He could find no fault in them, wish for no improvement; they were amiable, accomplished, and yet thoroughly domesticated, whilst their home and everything belonging to it were all the most fastidious taste could desire.

Mrs. Selford often smiled as she watched him furtively gazing at one or the other of her daughters. She had all a mother's fond pride in her "three graces," though the youngest of the two strongly objected to this general use of her own particular name. As their mother had very delicate health, most of the household duties devolved upon the girls—Dora, as eldest, taking the lead, the others trusting in any emergency to her clear judgment. It was she who directed the servants, and decided the daily bill of fare; to Millie's share of duties came everything that required care, or the exercise of taste—no one but herself would have ventured to dust all the delicate ornaments in the drawing-room—her skilful hands arranged curtains, and filled flower-vases, whilst the daily record of expenses and requirements was in her clear bold writing. No one could have told what Grace did, although she was always busy—she had no recognised place; as she laughingly declared, "she only did as the others told her."

The days passed on, the fortnight drew to a close, and Mr. Selford was no nearer the solution of the mystery than at first. Several times he had seen Dora writing as if her very life depended on the celerity with which the sheets of paper were filled; but then every one knew that twice a week she had letters that always required several stamps on the envelope, such weighty matters had the writer to settle (Grace asserted she was lame for a week, after one of these "budgets" fell on her foot). Dora's colour was always brighter after the receipt of one of these epistles, which probably were very difficult to understand, as one was read and re-read at all available seasons, until another, directed in characters such as a lady's pen never penned, arrived. Grace had once or twice been detected gazing at the lovely moonlit view from the balcony. That was suspicious, for her uncle did not know it was her earnest, artist appreciation of the beauties of the scene, with its glorious alternation of light and shade, that caused the cloud of golden curls to be pushed impatiently back from the brow, and gave the blue eyes a sweet, wistful look, instead of their usual sparkling, joyous expression. As for Millie, Mr. Selford never once thought of suspecting her to be "the book-maker." He looked upon her as very much like some blithe household fairy, not very clever, but utterly indispensable. Her quick repartee, her quaint, witty sayings, so often suggesting some new ideas, or casting, in a few words, fresh, clear light upon some difficult subject, always appeared to him the result of chance-spoken words—simply because she could not help it—not requiring any previous thought on her part. Superficial observer! That little

room with the flowers and MSS. could have told a very different tale—a tale of hours of patient research after knowledge and truth. How many of us there are who keep a little room in our hearts, where, locked from all but ourselves and God, dwell hopes and aspirations, and wild longings for the good or great! The world sees them not, and they go down to the grave with us, unknown, unsuspected.

The day at length arrived, the same group assembled on the lawn, the riddle was to be answered, the mystery solved. Millie's face was thoughtful, those of her sisters wore a more mischievous look. "Now, Austin, we are all ready," said Mrs. Selford, "and very impatient for your decision."

There was a moment's silence, and then Dora was declared to be the author.

"Wrong, wrong!" shouted Grace, in a perfect frenzy of delight; "I knew you would not guess."

"Well, I did half suspect you, Gracie, my dear; but you always seemed so much a child, so little addicted to restraint, much fonder of rambling about with your sketch-book, than chaining yourself to a desk. However, you must not be offended at my mistake, you—"

It was more than human nature could bear; the suppressed laughter was suppressed no longer, and peal after peal of merriment rang out.

"Hold me, somebody! do hold me!" screamed Grace; "I can stand no longer! I write a novel, uncle! Oh, dear! uncle, you'll kill me!"

Mr. Selford was petrified; what did the people mean by laughing in that manner? He did not know. But as soon as he could make himself heard he inquired.

There was a deep flush on Millie's face as she rose and stood before him, whilst her voice slightly trembled.

"Dear uncle, I will answer your question; your second guess was not more correct than the first. If you still think it is wrong for a woman to use a pen, your blame must rest upon me, upon me alone. I wrote 'Minna Herrylon.'"

Was he dreaming, or becoming insane? Surprise deprived him of the power of speech. At last he stammered, "What, my blithe bonny fairy write a novel? Blame you, my dear? Not I. But I blame myself, though. What an old wooden head I must have possessed! Dear me! shouldn't wonder if my ears are not growing something like a donkey's! But, bless the child, when do you find time for writing, for you always seem to be doing something for some one?"

"I am up early; besides, I always write for some hours after breakfast."

"Ah! I was generally out then; or, if at home, thought you were busy with the others."

Millie smiled. "With three servants, there is not much to do, except seeing that things are done properly."

"Ah! well, you women know more about such things than I do."

"And now, uncle, I want you to pay my writing-room a visit; you will not find it the den of a female dragon, I fancy," she added, archly.

The request was readily granted. With her little white hand resting on his arm, Mr. Selford entered the pretty room; he looked bewildered, and stepped softly, as if treading strange, unknown ground. He turned from the tasteful apartment to the fair girl beside him. How far from the truth all his prophecies had been! He candidly owned himself wrong; prejudice was conquered, and fled for ever.

"Austin," said his brother, coming to his side, "years ago I thought of literature and its followers much as you have done; I know better now. Had Millie never touched pen or paper, she could not have been more of a homelight than she is now; talent has not rendered her selfish, nor success vain. Indeed, now more than ever does she seek to perform most faithfully every smallest duty, and make her own wishes and inclinations subservient to those of others."

Some time has passed since these events, but Millie still pursues the daily round of home duties and literary labours. It was long before Fanny Hinton ceased her mischievous remarks concerning Mr. Selford's lost prejudices, all of which he bore with the most perfect fortitude.

NELLA.

HOMES OF THE ENGLISH OVER THE SEA.

BRITISH COLUMBIA AND VANCOUVER ISLAND.

HOW TO GET THERE.

According to "Arrowsmith's Atlas" there would appear to be two available routes by which emigrants from Europe may reach New Caledonia; one by way of Canada, and thence overland, crossing the Rocky Mountains; the other either round Cape Horn or *viâ* the Isthmus of Panama. At present the latter route is the most expeditious and convenient, being only thirty-five days' sail from Liverpool; it also involves less risk, although the outlay of capital may be somewhat heavier. The tide of human traffic which will inevitably set in towards the vast prairies of Central America will doubtless tend to remove many existing difficulties; but much time and money must be expended and lives sacrificed before any appreciable modification can be expected, at least of such a character as to render the overland journey safe or desirable. To lovers of the picturesque, and such travellers as may be influenced by a passion for adventure, this route will necessarily possess irresistible charms. To the imagination of youth and energy, we can readily understand that severe privations amidst savage and hostile tribes of Indians are as nothing when compared with the absorbing excitement of perilous incidents [illegible]

We have no desire to exaggerate the danger of traversing this vast district; but should any of our readers be contemplating this route, we would simply remind them of the thousands who perished in these desolate wildernesses during the gold fever of 1849, the very path they pursued being now indicated by human bones and human graves. Emigrants crossing the plains usually combine into large parties for security, their luggage and tents being conveyed in waggons drawn by mules. Each man should be provided with a pair of blankets, a buffalo robe, several pairs of waterproof boots reaching above the knees, besides one change of outward raiment and two of linen. Arms are indispensable as a safeguard against the treachery of the Indians, as well as for the purposes of the chase. These should consist of a good rifle and bowie knife, and a Colt's revolver, together with an ample supply of powder and lead. The "Times" gives a *résumé* of the facts relating to the progress of the colonies, so far as they are ascertained, and indicates the several routes available for emigrants.

It would be interesting to give a complete history of the progress of the Gold Regions; but, failing that, we give the following brief summary, which is put forth with all the authority of "The Times," and which, we think, will be found sufficient:—

"At the present time (August 12th, 1862) when so many persons of all classes are leaving these shores for British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, perhaps a hint or two may not be unwelcome. British Columbia, previously known as New Caledonia, contains about 200,000 square miles; the average breadth of the territory is about 250 miles; the length of its coast line about 450 miles. The population of the country is [illegible] including [illegible] numbers of Chinese; the settled white population may be estimated at under 10,000. In addition to its gold mines, which are as yet the principal source of wealth to the colony, the natural resources of the country have thus been summed up in evidence given before the House of Commons:—Its minerals are most valuable; its timber the finest in the world for marine purposes; it abounds with bituminous coal well fitted for the generation of steam; from Thomson's River and Colville districts to the Rocky Mountains, and from the 49th parallel to some 350 miles north, a more beautiful country does

not exist. It is in every way suitable for colonisation. There are three routes by which Vancouver's Island and British Columbia may be reached. First, round Cape Horn direct to Victoria, the capital of Vancouver's Island, a flourishing town of 3000 inhabitants; 2dly, by the West India mail steamer to Aspinwall, thence across the Isthmus (48 miles) by railway, to Panama, and thence by the Pacific line of steamers to Victoria; 3dly, *via* New York to Aspinwall by steamers, and thence to Vancouver's Island across the Isthmus, as in the second route. This is the most certain route for letters. From Vancouver's Island to the mainland of British Columbia the distance is about 60 miles across the Gulf of Georgia. The time occupied on the first route is about five months in a sailing vessel, and about three in a steamer; the cost in the first cabin from 50*l.* to 60*l.*, and in the second, or intermediate cabin, from 30*l.* to 40*l.*, and in the steerage from 25*l.* to 30*l.* By the second route Vancouver's Island may be reached in about 50 days, if the passengers are not detained at Panama and San Francisco. There is sometimes a week's detention at the latter place. The cost of a first-class passage is about 100*l.*, that of the second class about 65*l*, and that in the steerage about 45*l.* The cost of passages by the third route is about the same as by the second route."

THE STORY OF LITTLE BLUE-BELL.

Once on a time, a little Blue-bell dwelt on the hill-side, and, lifting her graceful head above the lowly herbs around towards the azure heaven, seemed to reflect the purity of its hue. She dwelt in solitude, secluded from mortal eyes, exhaling her sweet perfume —at morn, for the gentle zephyr; at midday, for the bee and the butterfly; at night, for God alone—and employing, as she listed, the rich soil for her sustenance, the clear spring for her refreshment, and the genial sun-rays for her solace and delight. The little Blue-bell was free.

But one day a dark shadow suddenly intercepted the sun's light, and, looking up in alarm, she saw a human being advancing towards her.

"Pray do not deprive me of the sunshine!" murmured the gentle flower; but, alas! her entreaties were vain, for the language of plants is unintelligible to mankind.

The stranger, bending over her, admired her delicate colour, the symmetry of her form, her flexible stem, and timidly-bent head; but the little Blue-bell trembled, as if with a foreboding of evil: she seemed to feel by intuition that misfortune was at hand.

And now the unfeeling mortal drew nearer, and, cruelly tearing open her petals, inflicted fearful tortures on her fragile frame, murmuring the while strange and incomprehensible words; for he was a wise man, learned in all the mysteries of nature; yet, with all his science, he forgot that men have no right idly to ignore or destroy the creatures of God.

The poor little Blue-bell's trials had not ended yet—she was to lose her liberty, and to relinquish for ever her mountain home, with its fresh breezes and clear spring.

"Come, gentle flower," exclaimed the stranger, in exulting tones; "assume thy rightful place as the queen of our garden blossoms. With judicious culture, thy colour shall become more brilliant. Thou shalt be clothed, at pleasure, in the white robe of the Virgin, the saffron-coloured tunic of Hymen, or the crimson chlamyde of the Norman dame. Now thou shalt wear the fresh hue of the maiden's cheek; again thy garment shall rival the azure of heaven; or, if it please thee more, thou shalt don the purple robes of royalty itself. Richer soil shall supply thee with strengthening sap, and clearer springs lave thy spreading fibres; while heat and sunshine shall be meted to thee with salutary moderation. Thou shalt reign as a sovereign over gorgeous flowers, all envious of thy superior charms: and mine alone will be the glory of having discovered, and rescued from obscurity, a creature so superb."

The little Blue-bell prayed and wept in vain—the sage did not heed or understand her. She felt herself torn from the earth with irresistible force, and, when the loosened fibres of her roots first saw the light, her agony became so intense

that she fainted away. When consciousness returned, she found herself in a vast crystal palace, surrounded by precious shrubs and rare plants, whose perfumes appeared to her strange and oppressive. The unnatural heat produced a painful feeling of languor and exhaustion, and she felt (oh! how sadly!) the want of the fresh breeze which had played over her petals in the happy days of her freedom.

Still she hoped to become reconciled, in time, to her new habitation: but she knew not that heavier trials than any yet undergone awaited her.

Day after day she was visited by sages, learned as the one who had discovered and imprisoned her,—who, regardless of her feelings, examined her with eager curiosity, testing her powers of endurance, and extolling her many beauties.

The poor little Blue-bell, unaccustomed to display, and indifferent alike to censure and to praise, shrank abashed from the gaze of strangers. She blushed,—and from that moment her petals assumed a violet hue.

The summer passed away, and the little blossom faded,—but the generous sap of a nutritious soil continued to circulate through her veins. Large leaves, like silken ribbons, enveloped the hitherto bare stalk of the withered flower. The long winter came on, but its rigours were not permitted to reach her. No snowy winding-sheet encircled her now, nor did the frozen earth clasp her in its cold embrace. On the contrary, the atmosphere seemed to have acquired increased heat, and the sun shone with redoubled brilliancy through the burning glass which reflected its rays on every side.

The little Blue-bell, believing that the spring was near, prepared to bloom once more; but during those long days of imprisonment, her colour had faded away. She had assumed an indescribable hue. She was no longer violet, nor was she pink; she was not even perfectly white. The lowly flower did not recognise herself when she saw her blossoms reflected in the drops of water with which they were daily bathed.

And the little Blue-bell dwelt thus amid the strange flowers, and year succeeded to year, and each one brought her a new sorrow. Sometimes she was exposed to the burning rays of the south, and sometimes to the purple light of the setting sun. Now she found herself placed in a dry and sandy soil; and anon she lay where a stream perpetually laved her tender roots. And every change in her mode of life produced a change in her hue; and day by day her leaves became more silky, and her blossoms more luxuriant.

And now the little Blue-bell has become naturalised in her new sphere. Her glossy leaves bend and break with their own weight; her once flexible stalk is erect as that of some giant of the forest, and her gorgeous clusters of blossoms, rich in their brilliancy of colouring, turn proudly towards the skies.

The lowly Blue-bell has become the queen of our spring flowers; her sweet breath perfumes our dwellings; her graceful garlands crown our young maidens. No longer is she lowly, unknown, and solitary; no longer the humble Blue-bell, but the stately Hyacinth.

But who shall say that she never sighs for the bright sunshine, the clear spring, or the soft breath of the west wind, so dear to her heart in the olden time? who shall say that she is happy in her changed fortunes; or that she would not joyfully exchange her regal state, her splendour and her slavery, for one hour of freedom in her old home on the hill-side?

FRANCES HOPE.

"I WOULD I WERE A FAIRY QUEEN."

I WOULD I were a fairy queen,
  To work a mystic spell;
I'd banish sorrow from each breast,
  No longer care should dwell;
And hearts that oft before were sad,
  Should all be light and gay,
As in the pleasant happy time
  Of merry olden May.
    I would I were a fairy queen.

The poor dejected lowly ones,
  I'd touch them with my wand;
To follow in my secret steps,
  And be my fairy band;
I'd have a smile on ev'ry lip,
  A love-light in each eye.
I would I were a fairy queen,
  My mystic spell to try.

JOHN BROWN.

THE WORK-TABLE.

New Styles of Embroidery.—Dresses for morning wear are more frequently soutached than ever, but with very fine braid and silk. If they are very elegant dresses two colours are avoided, and they are worked in a shade darker than the material; embroidery is frequently mixed with the soutache. But the newest and most effective style are the embroideries worked in fine steel beads upon velvet. Two dresses have been lately finished for the Empress of Russia, one black and the other dark blue velvet, embroidered with stars, and with wreaths round the bottom of the skirts; they had demi-trains, and the bodices not entirely fitted to the figure. Although these dresses are very magnificent they are only suitable to the morning or *negligé* wear of a lady of high rank. As they are very expensive, it is probable that many of our fashionable ladies will content themselves with a Zouave or Imperatrice *veste* embroidered in the same style. We may predict that embroideries with steel beads will shortly be decidedly in great favour, if we may judge by the number of orders which have been given for them. Steel, as an ornamentation, is brilliantly effective, without being tinsel or tawdry-looking, and adds much to the beauty of simple embroidery upon velvet; it is altogether a valuable addition to our trimming list.

Another new and rapidly executed species of embroidery, called Russian embroidery, is much in vogue just now, and adapted to collars and cuffs, zouaves, and children's apparel of all sorts. It is so easily and quickly done as to have become a favourite occupation with the French, and may, perhaps, be equally appreciated by our industrious young ladies. The patterns for this embroidery are chosen large, and with a view to produce effect. The material used is very fine half-twisted worsted, not thicker than ordinary embroidery cotton, either black, red, violet, or blue. A long stitch is made following the pattern; this is succeeded by a short stitch close to it, which is *worked over* once, so as to form a sort of back stitching; then again another long stitch, and so on. This, though little more than mere tracery, produces a very good effect, washes well if fast colours are chosen, and has the immense advantage of being nearly as rapidly executed as mere braid sewing on.

Watch Pocket, in Piqué and Braid.—Young ladies will find this article very easy to make, very pretty when completed, and, what is better than all, really useful.

Piqué is a French material, and can now be bought in most of the trimming and German wool shops. A quarter of a yard will be quite sufficient to buy for the purpose of this watch-pocket. As it is a thick material, the best way of transferring the pattern will be to procure some blue tracing paper, and having laid it with its blue side on to the piqué, and our engraving again upon that, taking care that all three are evenly arranged, pass over all the lines with the point of a wooden knitting-needle. When this has been done, and the engraving and tracing paper are both lifted off, there will be found a distinct blue tracing of the braiding pattern.

And here we ought to say, that the pattern being in two pieces, it will require two tracings. The back, taking in the whole of the outline with the braiding centre, is to be done first; after which, the lower part forming the pocket: this, of course, is to be on a separate piece of piqué.

Great care must be taken in seeing that the web of the piqué is quite straight with the exact middle of our pattern, as otherwise the appearance of the work will be spoiled.

To commence the braiding, a very small hole must be made with the point of a stiletto, and the end of the braid being passed through, it must be neatly fastened down on the wrong side with a fine needle and thread. This can be very well done at the bottom of one of the leaves on the left side; after which, the braiding must be continued over every line, until it is brought back to the same spot, when the last end must also be passed through to the wrong side, and fastened in the same manner.

All the braiding being done, the upper edge of the lower part is to be worked in button-hole round the scallops. It is then to be placed over the back, or larger part, and the two are to be stitched together in the line of the scallop. Then, as the two thicknesses of piqué would be rather awkward to work through, cut the outside one neatly out round by each scallop; after which, button hole the edge entirely round with No. 16 of Evans & Co.'s Perfectionné Cotton; cut off the outer part of the piqué, and attach the tassels, when this very pretty and very useful article will be completed.

WATCH-POCKET, IN PIQUE AND BRAID.

DENT'S HOUSE, NEAR MANCHESTER.

A STORY OF THE LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

THE great cotton factory of the north had stopped; the bands that had connected all its wheels with the servile industry of the New World had been broken—broken, let us hope, with the fetters of slavery. The wheels had twirled away a space from sheer inertia, were gradually lessening their speed, and some of them had stopped The eternal curse that waits upon mixing oneself up with wicked things and profiting out of them was descending, to no man's sane astonishment, upon the stricken country. The great chimneys which had spent so much time in the clouds, and, like German philosophers, had added their own ugly lucubrations to the beautiful mysteries that encircle heaven's light, were confounded by the event —very un-Germanlike, they even forgot to smoke, and began to see both earth and heaven a little clearer in consequence; indeed, the chimneys, rising in an atmosphere of unwonted clearness, might seem the whitened fingers of an invalid invoking strength and mercy. The huge mills, Argus-eyed, had never foreseen the catastrophe, and were struck with paralysis when it showed itself. "The keeper of the house did tremble, and the strong men bowed themselves; the grinders ceased because they were few; and those that looked out of the windows were darkened." Dull silence reigned within the piles of wall and window. The echoes that came forth in legions at the first invocation of the steam-rod were invisible as fairies, covered, it may be, by the dust. The myriad "mules" were choked with rage, that they were no longer given shuttles to kick and dash about, and make a cruel plaything of. The bobbins had twirled round so long one way that they thought, for a long time, they were going round the other way, and were only now beginning to recal their scattered senses and to wonder what it meant. The only spinners in such places were the spiders, and as they spun their webs like maps of cities, they seemed the

fabric of these cotton towns, whose bases also were as insecure, and as few their gains. Outside, the blank streets looked blanker still; no ragged bales were being swung upwards, hanging over the passers by, like Mahomet's coffin, midway between earth and the seventh storey; no clean passed bales with polished hoops, fresh from the packing press, or new cases freshly marked, were being rolled, or lowered into lorries, to lie hereafter tumbled like a load of bricks underneath the Liverpool Dock shed, smeared with mire, bulged by tossing, torn by the hooks of the stevedore, but gently embraced by the calippers of the measurer.

The streets were almost empty of such cart loads; but in Manchester especially many were the carts that carried different burdens—the cast-off clothing of thousands, and the new-bought flannel of thousands more, which sympathising fellow countrymen had sent from the four corners of our kingdom. The streets, so altered in their traffic, were no less altered in the crowds that filled them. They were full as on Whitsuntide—lollers on the bridge, on the dead wall, at the street corners, at the doors—but not the lollers of Whitsuntide. No gay waistcoats, brilliant neckerchiefs, and awkwardly fitting Sunday suits. No merry jibes flung across the street to a passing chum. No cheerful inquiries after missus and the young ones; but rather mournful whispers of the same. In the denser parts, rows of small shops were shut up, and those that remained open seemed more afraid of doing business than of doing nothing. The cheesemongers made a greater show than ever of mouldy ends and musty bacon; the old clothes shops were never so plethoric of second-hand attire; the butchers never had so great a demand for cats-meat while the cats were starving; and the dogs routed every morning among the scanty dust-heaps, but found only dust and ashes without bones. The only thing that wore a brighter face in Manchester, besides the atmosphere, was the river Irwell; the mills poured less of dye-stuff into it, and it waxed purer and purer every day, even as did the stream of benevolence that was flowing through the city; but while the pleasure wherries on the one lay idly moored, with their necks together like horses in a field, the pleasure that was found upon the other stream was great.

"Half time," or none; "quarter time," or none. It was all "halves," or "quarters," or "none" at Manchester. "Half a loaf," people said, "was better than no bread." Big weights were lying idle on the counter, getting lost behind full barrels of meal, stuffed into drawers with unused lumber; but the halves and quarters of pounds, and ounces were absolutely wearing away with usage every day. As you passed along the street, at all the shops you heard the people asking "quarter," and the only one who never gave it was the old wolf Hunger.

When we said that all the people were asking "quarter," of course we did not mean such men as Dent, though he might have asked a quarter of a million from his bankers without surprising them; for Dent had several factories of his own, and branch houses in Melbourne, Smyrna, and Havanna—no man more deferred to on the Liverpool and Manchester exchanges—no man had occasion to consult more frequently the stock and sharebrokers' lists, and to give more extensive commissions thereon following. Money, in his hands, made money faster than in anybody else's. With a keen and almost unerring judgment, he speculated in everything that offered the prospect of a good return, and, when the war stopped his mills, had made greater earnings in five months by his dabbling in cotton, turpentine, and

resin, than he had done in the five previous years of his regular trade. His father had been a factory hand since he was eight years old, and had worked himself up from a "five pun note" till he was one of the largest millowners in the town; but "old" Dent had not been a fool who built entirely for this world, and never laid a corner-stone for the next. There was a greater turning-point in his career than the loan of the "five pun note" which was the basis of his fortunes. One night he had gone into a "ranting, canting hole," to look for a workman of his. He stayed, heard strange things, became a bankrupt before God, was released from all indebtedness, and worked his mill no longer for himself alone. His business, which before meant "money-making for myself," had now a hundred other meanings to him. He found in it noble opportunities for the exercise of Christian principles, and among the number of his workpeople a sphere for Christian example and Christian assistance, that redeemed his work entirely from the character of sordidness, and exalted it to something worthy of his greatest energies.

He provided schools and libraries, and a Bible class on Sunday mornings, which he often taught himself; but for this office he wanted all but the best qualification. If you had spent an evening with him at his villa at Broughton, you would have heard such a torrent of broad Lancashire and bad English as you never heard, probably, in your life before. But the *mind* that thus revealed itself in the homely and incorrect utterances of his early home was a shrewd one; well informed in all that pertained to its own sphere of action, and illumined by a simple, honest, Christian soul. His son Jacob resembled his father in nothing but his aptitude for business; this he displayed in a remarkable degree at an early age, and soon managed to get the upper hand in the business, and to drive it on at his own pace. Mean, selfish, crafty, truculent to inferiors, and overbearing to his equals, but ready to cringe where advantage might ensue, he gained the applause of the world for his success, but the hatred of all who were associated with him in business, or had the opportunity of observing his private conduct. The "godless son" had been a subject of prayer among the white-chokered gentlemen, some of whom, perhaps, thought no otherwise than to acknowledge the hospitality of the father by exhibiting a gratuitous interest in the welfare of the son. "Well, Thomas," would this godless son say to the footman, coming in late from a dance through the town; "have they been at it again to-night?" "Ees, sir," would Thomas rejoin with a grin, "they prayed as your feet might be taken out of the miry clay, and I, as has to clean your boots, did 'Amen' hearty, and it went all round like a volley."

"And what did the maternal do?" (By "the maternal," Jacob meant his mother.)

"She only sobbed; but it seemed more hearty prayer like than all the other noise."

"Tom," he rejoined, "they hope I'll turn like Dad, that, when he's gone, they'll lie in clover here as before; but they're mistaken—I'll sell the villa, bundle you into the streets, and take my traps into town."

Jacob was as good as his word: he took a small house just within earshot of the factory-bell—watched the hands going to work—was caught by a pretty face, neat hands, and a well-turned foot, and found himself forced (all the while calling himself a fool) to marry them. The poor wench, whose face was her only fortune,

pined away like a caged bird for a twelvemonth—never sat at table with him when he had business gentlemen to dine, and died giving birth to a daughter. The daughter grew up a lovely child, seeing little of her only parent, and that little not of a kind to relieve her loneliness. A confined life it was; she mixed in no healthy genial society suitable to her years, nor did she enjoy the advantage of a wise, disciplined, and loving soul to guide her, instruct her, and rejoice in her. The Methodist connection, however, to which her grandfather belonged, did not allow the family to be long lost sight of. A tract distributor found means to converse with the young girl, now seventeen, and induced her to become a teacher in a ragged school. Here she found some scope for her womanly affection, and began to look forward to the evening as a pleasant break in the monotony of her purposeless existence. Her father was little pleased at this trace of the old blood showing itself in his child; there were times in which he seemed to show he had a heart for something more than his business, and that he could allow his daughter to share a small corner of it: when, for instance, as he read the paper after tea, he would read a portion for her—trade reports, trials of defaulters, and stock and share markets—and smile less sardonically than usual, as he looked at the little innocent "daisy," while the ringlets fell and doubled in new curls upon her orphan breast, as she counted quietly her crochet work, or untied her brooch to look at the portrait of her mother.

The first night he found her out he discovered that he was weak in a way that he never suspected, and went down to open the door for her himself when he heard her knock; but he spoke to her so sharp and bitingly that her first glad surprise was changed to a mute gaze at him, with eyes slowly filling with tears; then he turned on his heel, and said, "She might go to her heart's content; women were such fools." He never mentioned the subject again, and Lucy went every week, and thought more than ever about going, for there was something truly delightful in the change from her dull secluded life, to the cheerful, busy, genial, and loving souls which are to be met with, in fewer or greater numbers, in every organisation for Christian usefulness. There was one, however, among the group of teachers whom she gradually came to look for more than the rest. He was a young man employed in one of her father's mills, a fine, manly fellow, with a quick eye, rapid utterance, and a broad firm face that beamed with good-nature. His smart ways and his untiring activity made his presence felt before he was two minutes together in any one place. The children took to him amazingly, and scarcely one of the female teachers who did not wish him to escort her home. Lucy was, however, nearly always the successful lady; and there was plenty to talk about in the half-mile between the school and her home, for William Hanbury could tell her all about her grandfather and her mother, and just those things which she never could get her father to touch upon for a moment. He owed everything to her grandfather. It was in his school he learnt to read; and he had comforted him on his mother's death, by telling him "she had only gone whome to glory, and see thou meet her theer, lad." Ay, and old Dent had taken off his coat one day, and shown him how to work; "he was a fine old chap." And during these conversations, perhaps the rain would come down, and dexterous Hanbury would adjust her cape so neatly to cover her bonnet, or beg her to take his arm and keep close under the umbrella. Of course, the reader foresees the end of all this. Dent got scent, raved at his

daughter from the hearth-rug, until she fell with hysterical sobs upon the sofa, bid his manager walk Hanbury out of the mill the next morning, and put his foot upon going to the ragged school again for ever. The reader foresees the end of this, too. One June morning Lucy left a note, all blistered with tears, upon the breakfast table, slipped down stairs, and was with Mr. Hanbury twenty miles away the same day—and, of course, the reader foresees what came of that. Dent never thinks of coming down when he hears her knock; denies all knowledge of Mr. Hanbury; and, in his rage, even does his best to get her husband turned out of the new situation into which he has fallen. But Hanbury's employer bids him mind his own business, and keeps Hanbury on, not thinking of discharging him, even when the war has stopped the works, and there is little or nothing left to do. Dent hears of both his son-in-law and daughter now as active in superintending and establishing "sewing schools," sitting on local committees, and being numbered with the district visitors; and the same paper which tells him these things speaks also of certain wealthy mill-owners, who had made all their wealth in the place, and had never appeared upon any subscription list yet, neither were their mills kept going or their workmen subsidised. Will the reader please to look at him, as he stands on his hearth-rug, the last day of this old year, in a snug withdrawing room, called a library, though it had no books to speak of. He has flung the *Times* upon the easy chair, and is standing with his back to the fire; a man of average height, round shouldered, and with a slight stoop—which remind you of a tiger about to spring; his forehead knotty, and the skin drawn tightly over the shallow brows, upon which there is no hair; his eyes cold, grey, prominent, and fish-like—the eyes which are always indicative of ability, sensuality, and heartlessness: when he speaks, these eyes have an ugly habit of running quickly from side to side, like wild animals in their cages; his nose, straight, shot out sharply, but thick and flabby at the end; his lips thick, sensual, and selfish, while at the corners of his mouth there are usually lurking those sarcastic self-congratulating wrinkles which seem to say, "What a lot of fools they all are!—can't I manage them nicely?" To-night, however, he might be in some doubt as to who was the fool. Successful in the most worthless kind of success, he stood to-night, at the age of fifty, without a friend who would care to lift him out of a ditch, without a single voice to whisper affection in his ear, without a single floating blessing of the poor and needy to attend his path; his usual sardonic smile was absent to-night, his brows were contracted, and his face was almost livid with rage. His Christmas had been lonely, and his New Year's Eve was lonely too. The presence of his daughter—which, when only a silent presence, had exhaled happiness unconsciously, as a flower exhales perfume—had many months been wanting to his home, and the first one who had dared to thwart his will in life was a base factory hand, a canting hypocrite who had crept into his home and robbed him of the only thing he was weak enough to love. His brows became more and more contracted; bad lines, like prison bars, kept criminal thoughts behind them; his whole face was dark and lowering. He had been reading again his daughter's name and her husband's, conspicuous in spheres that he had never moved in, and it seemed a studied insult from them. He was interrupted in his reveries by a tap at the door. "Come in," he instantly flung back, in the sharpest and distinctest tone. Anyone who approached him except on a matter of business always felt that his

tone meant (whatever the words might be), "Now, pray what may your business be? Do be quick, and leave me to more important matters."

The servant-girl, whom this tone always put into perturbation, began nervously, "Please, sir, a little girl—"

"Well, girl, do go on."

"Which is standing on the door-mat—"

"What has the door-mat to do with it? What's her business? Work, I suppose! You know there is none, without asking me!"

"Hope you'll excuse me, sir, for interrupting, but she wouldn't go away; brought this note, and wants to speak to you."

"Now, then, the note—look sharp!" He took it; it was nothing but his own address, but written in a hand he recognised at once—his daughter's!

"Here is no note, you stupid! Show the girl up."

"Please, sir, you'll excuse me mentioning it, but she's got no shoes or stockings, and her feet is all covered with mud."

"I wish, my girl, you would learn to do your speaking business a little faster. Did you lock the dining-room door before you came up?" with the smile at the corners of his mouth gleaming like lurid lightning.

"No, sir."

"Tut, you fool, and a girl without shoes and stockings standing in the hall!" He ran downstairs, and had hardly reached the landing, which overlooked the hall, before he called back to the servant—

"My good lass, do you not see that she has been down in the kitchen, and got your shawl on already?"

"Lor' bless you, master, I give it her my own self, just now, when I see her a-shivering like a haspen!"

He turned upon her a glance of curious interest, while the sardonic smile said plainly, "Fool! what a fool you are, to be sure; even I could scarcely have believed it!"

The child was about ten years old. Looking into her mother's big bonnet, still further shaded by the servant's shawl, you could see a waxy little face—like a bird's egg at the bottom of a nest; the face had eyes that would be beautiful if they were not sore from weakness—and a pretty, purse-like mouth. The poor little thing was trembling now with terror, rather than with cold.

"You want to see me, child? Speak up then! What? Be quick!"

"Please, sir—"

"Never mind 'please sir!' To the point."

He was bringing the point to her, if she was not coming to it, for his nose almost touched hers, as he peered into her frightened face.

"Who gave you the address?"

"A lady, please, sir."

"What lady?"

"As visits all round with tickets. She came into our court this morning—"

"Well, go on; you have been three minutes already, and not come to the point yet!"

"Please, sir, she offered father money, and he would not take it; but Mrs. Meggs fell ill, and father went and pawned his great coat and calf-skin waistcoat to buy

victuals for her; and, as I was coming back with the meal and things, I met the lady again, who said father must have his clothes back again these cold nights, and wrote this address, for me to call and ask you to lend six shillings to release them, and on Friday she can get the money from the Relief Committee again."

"Oh! money's the point, is it? 'Stick at nothing in order to get it'—that's your motto? 'Stick at everything that would rob you of it'—that's mine! But what's your name?"

"Minnie Pimply, please, sir."

"And address?"

"No. 6, Virgil Court, out of Homer Street."

"Your father's round the corner waiting for you, ain't he?"

"No, sir; he's gone to do a bit of joinering at the Park, and mother's at Mrs. Meggs."

"Um! Show us the ticket—the pawn ticket, child! Six shillings is the point, then; you want six shillings of me?"

"Yes, please, sir. The lady says she can get it for you again on Friday."

"Six shillings till Friday—is that it?"

"Yes, please, sir; to get father's clothes again," and the child held out her hands.

"Well, then, you will not get it; that is all I have got to say! Stump away!"

He had opened the door, and had her out before she knew where she was. Just as he closed it, the child burst into tears; he was so startled that he momentarily held the latch, but gladly let it fly again, to drown the sound. He thought he heard an echo to the sob at the other end of the hall, and looked sharply in that direction. The hall-lamp did not show him clearly, but, as he ran upstairs again, the rush of gown and slippers down the kitchen flight told him whence it had proceeded. He returned to his old place before the fire, and bit his livid under-lip. He looked at the address again—the handwriting that had addressed local papers to him when on his commercial journeys (letters seldom passed between them). Where was she now, and that husband of hers? How he hated him; he could do him an injury to night! He looked again at the writing, and was astonished to find the pawn ticket still in his hand. He had forgotten to return it to the child, and she had been too frightened to ask for it. A thought struck him. He was in a wild mood to-night. In his younger days he had played many a mad prank—had turned off the gas at a Saturday night concert—had gone in disguise to his father's meeting-house, and heard his "dad's" experience, and all about himself. He was ready to let his angry passions rule his sober reason to night; or, at all events, to show off these bitter thoughts by plunging once again into some youthful folly. A thought, we say, struck him. He was a man to act promptly when he had once determined. He rang the bell. The boy appeared.

"Go, tell them in the kitchen they may all go out, because it is New Year's Eve! I will stay at home."

The boy slipped twice going downstairs, and cleared the kitchen flight entire, and for ten minutes he could not make the kitchen believe what he told it.

Cook thought it best to send for the straight waistcoat; but the housemaid thought "as master had caught the 'dip-theory;'" which, seeing that, although he was a colliery proprietor, he was neither a mining engineer nor a geologist, was not

likely—though, if he were either, he would have "caught it," if necessary, soon enough.

Thinking it possible that the world might come to an end next, the kitchen was rather damped in its spirits than otherwise when it sallied out at last, and left its master pacing on the rug.

When all were gone some fifteen minutes, the master slouched his hat over his eyes, wrapped himself in a travelling-rug, and went out also. Keeping the middle of many dark back streets, he debouched into an open thoroughfare, whose mud and puddles looked almost cheery in the flare from gin shops and pedlars' stalls. He cast about for three gold balls, and found them; then, assuming the hustling air of a philanthropist, he pushed in, past pinched-up women leaving bundles, and triumphant women bearing them away, and who behaved for the nonce like a "bloated aristocracy!" A start of surprise, and a puzzled smile, greeted his appearance.

"I have been solicited," he began, in the "fool" tone, "by a poor girl, at my house, to redeem this pledge. As she spoke, she discovered that she had lost her ticket, and returned to look for it. My servants found it in the hall, and I wish to release the things myself, and be the bearer of them to their owner on this New Year's Eve."

"Yes, sir. Only left this morning, sir. The man did look dreadful bad, sure enough. It's a heavy parcel, sir—a rough pea jacket, and a skin waistcoat."

"Never mind, my good sir, let me have them; a better man than I has carried them before." And, as he paid down the money and walked away, the counter people asked the poor people, and the poor people asked the counter people, "Was it not old Dent! who they said was so hard?" and the business hung a little while they wondered over it. "Didn't it show," said one, "how we might be mistaken?" and others, who had never helped a body in their lives, said, "It wasn't always them as talked the most did the most; and some were for always letting their left hand know, but there were others as never let their left hand know nothing, noways—mind that!"

While they talked Dent had threaded the back streets again and reached his own door. He looked round nervously as he entered the silent house, and started on entering the bedroom as his figure passed the glass. He proceeded to throw away his rug, and tear off his cravat, and doff his vest; and then undid the bundle that he carried. There was no mistaking the articles for others. A great sailor's pea-jacket, with huge pockets, and horn buttons a trifle larger than cheese plates, and a waistcoat made of the skin of a piebald calf, the hair outside. This waistcoat had been stroked a hundred times by children's hands. When he put them on he found them over large for him, but their very amplitude hid the disproportion. Then he put his hat on—looked at himself in the glass—took it off again—sat upon it, and crushed it with his fist. It did not answer even then, so he rummaged from a wardrobe a fur travelling cap, with ear-lappets, that hid half his face—tied it on, and ran down to the kitchen. There he found the boy's red comforter, which he twisted round his neck, and ran up again before the glass. Next he fumbled in the dressing-table drawer, while his brows were thicker with prison bars than ever, and took his razors out. Opening one and feeling its edge, in his tremulousness he cut

himself, and the blood fell upon the counterpane; upon which he turned sick, and flung himself back upon the bed, only to rise, however, a few seconds after, whispering "fool" to himself between his teeth, and to cram the razors back again into their place. Then, taking a loaded stick from a closet, he crept down stairs—although there was no one in the house—listened at the door until every footstep had vanished, opened it softly, and slipped out. More back streets, and then a busy thoroughfare. He looked for the names of entries—passed Shakespeare Street, Dryden Alley, and at last hit on Virgil Court. It was written over a doorway without a door, and, entering it, he passed through the house that faced the street, and emerged into a court of one-story whitewashed cottages, with gable attics, and a pavement that sloped to a channel running in the middle. No one was at the doorways—the children were asleep—the able-bodied were out, to buy or beg—the sick and aged remained shut in,—there, where that light was in the attic—and there again, on the ground floor. He passed along softly—felt for a number—found a raised one—saw where number six ought to be, and stopped a moment, as if in thought. Then, hastily passing the house, he glanced sideways at the window, and saw that the room was empty—(the crescent moon shining on that side the houses, and a black fire of small coal, with a red hole in the centre, just showed it, and no more). He lifted the latch and entered softly. A stench, which only the cold kept from being insufferable, as of unmade beds and towels, met him at the threshold. There were but few things to stumble at in the darkness. A three-legged round table—a papered trunk, that served as a seat—a wooden stool, and a rush-bottomed chair—these, with a cupboard, that was opened, and had nothing in it but some delf, were the only articles of furniture. The fire-place was an arch in the wall, without a mantel-shelf. From a nail on either side hung a string, and on the string a row of ragged children's garments, still damp from washing. Upon the table was a little three-penny workbox, with thimble and scissors—scissors that had often played the part of snuffers—and a few soiled and ravelled reels of cotton and twists of thread. Dent could further see that the stairs leading to the attic came down into the room, and were covered by a door. And after he had sat down quietly in the rush-bottom chair, he started inwardly at hearing the sound of breathing over-head. Having listened till he was satisfied, from the short respirations, that it was the breath of children, he leant back again in his chair, and looked at the red hole in the fire, till it grew and grew into a great goggle-eye, and seemed to advance near him. Then he turned to look at the window, and thought a face was there—then some one appeared to be behind the cupboard door. He had time to reflect now—he had acted with little reflection before; for there are men who, thrown out of their regular orbit of action, seem wanting in all the qualities which guided them successfully before. This was not, however, so much the case with Dent now as the giving way for a season to that wild, lunatic devil which nearly every man carries within him (as firearms bear their charge of powder), and which needs their constant watchfulness to keep from starting into horrid life, and asserting itself as the true and original master of the mortal house. He could remember now how unprecedented was his conduct towards the servants; how he committed himself at the pawnbroker's; above all, what a chance it was that his son-in-law would come there at all—or, if he did, that he would not come before Pimpley himself returned, or the little girl,

or some one else, who would infa'libly discover him to be no Pimpley, but a house-breaker. Then he cursed his folly for being there at all, and would have gone straight back to his house again, but for a new and intense feeling that grew up in his breast to see his daughter; she was as likely to come as her husband; indeed, more so, and if she came, her husband would not be far off, and would take her home. He had no definite plan, but he had a longing to see them both. He would let the wild devil within him be the master when the occasion came. A noise at the door—he held his breath, and felt his heart rapping at the calfskin waistcoat—only a child's rap, but it might be the little girl whom he shouldered to the street—Pimpley's daughter, who would know him in a moment. However, he must go; for should he not, the child would get some one else to lift the latch. It was not Pimpley's child, however, but a little mite half as big. "Please, Mr. Pimpley," it said, "mother's much obliged for the kettle, and hopes you haven't been waiting tea for long." He took it without a word, a tea-kettle without a lid, still smoking, and shut the door again. By-and-bye another little rap, and another little mite, "Please, Mr. Pimpley, father's got a bit of meat for to-morrow, and is going to have a bit of it to-night; and would you loan him the grid., and come in yourself to have a bit?"

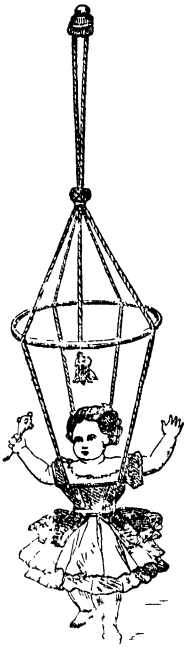
"I can't come to-night," he answered, hoarsely, and began to feel for the grid.

"Right hand of the fire, Mr. Pimpley," the child directed him, and, sure enough, he found it, and handed it to her. Down again by the fire, to glare at the red hole, which glared and ogled at him like an evil eye, and to think that he saw sideways a face in the window, and to be afraid to look round and meet it. He heard a noise overhead, the shuffling of small feet, and they came, one step at a time, down the stairs, while he wondered if it was, indeed, only a child, and dreaded the opening of the door that closed the flight. It was pushed open slowly at last, and a dusky little figure looked about it. "Oh! father (Dent drew back into the darkness), mother's gone to Mr. Meggs; but I put Martha to bed all myself, and sang her to sleep. Yes, father, but she wouldn't be good, until I gave her a crust to suck, and when she was fast snoring, I took the crust out of her little hand, and ate it myself, and she didn't awake a bit, not a bit. Oh! the crust was so sweet! But wasn't it queer? Would you eat a crust that baby had sucked, father? And then I went to sleep myself, and woke just now so cold;" and the child drew near to the red hole, and poked her little fingers close against it, looking back at her father in the shade. She had been accustomed lately to see him silent and moody, so she did not press the question; but, after a few moments, began again. "Father, what do you think? I went to Mrs. Wotherspoon's for a pound of meal, and I thought she gave me very little, so I went to Hughes' and asked them to weigh it, and it was only half-a-pound, and then I went back to Mrs. Wotherspoon's, and told her, and she said she had taken the wrong weight. Oh! I'm sure she's a liar, father! but I got the whole pound from her." Still he was silent, so the girl was approaching him to look in his face, when he motioned her away, and rose to go to the door; as he did so he heard rapid steps coming up the entry. They tended towards the door. The latch was lifted smartly, and Hanbury's quick words, brusted by heavy breathing from his walk, called out, "Is John Pimpley here?"

(To be continued.)

BABY-JUMPERS, PERAMBULATORS, AND ROCKING-HORSES.

AMONG the recognised aids to physical education—"real blessings to mothers," and fathers too, for that matter—may certainly be reckoned the articles here named. The Baby-jumper is of American origin, and has scarcely been welcomed in English nurseries with the cordiality due to its real usefulness. There is an amiable prejudice in favour of nurse's arms for "baby" and the floor for "little toddles;" but nurses have sometimes other occupations to engage their attention, and "baby," too, gets tired of being always carried; to say nothing of there being an occasional pin on the carpet, or the leg of a chair particularly well placed for coming into contact with the head of "little toddles" as it rolls over and over on the ground, and strives to catch the kitten. Against these accidents the baby-jumper ensures an excellent remedy. It provides also an excellent source of amusement for the child, while mamma, nurse, or sister Jane are otherwise employed than in attending to the wants of "the little darling." To those young mothers who are unacquainted with the use of the Baby-jumper, we may explain that it consists of a sort of chair of webbing to support the arms and legs of an infant as yet unable to run alone, suspended from the ceiling by a very strong india-rubber rope. When the babe is placed in the chair, as in the engraving, its movements cause the elastic rope to give up and down in a gentle swinging manner, so that when the weight of the little performer causes its feet to lightly touch the ground, the apparatus springs upwards and keeps baby dancing, as it were, and of course highly amused. As a health-giving adjunct to the nursery, the baby jumper is greatly appreciated wherever it has been tried. It is so simple in its application, and so safe and handy, that it may be recommended to all those whose household occupations render the constant nursing of infants a somewhat tedious task. One great advantage possessed by the baby-jumper is, that it may be fixed in the apartment in which the mother or nurse are employed; and that, even if it be necessary for her to leave her room, her child runs no danger of falling, or of getting into mischief. Infants like adults, require constant amusement; and nothing that we have seen so well provides for their necessary exercise and entertainment as this simple little machine. "Children," says the Rev. Mr. Binney, "are the poetry of the world—the fresh flowers of our hearts and homes;" and to keep them in good vigorous health should be every mother's first care. These little conjurors, who, by their "natural magic," give delight and enrich the hearts of all, whether they be rich or poor, need their hours of relaxation, as well as their elders. To be sure they bring with them anxieties and cares, and often live to occasion sorrow and grief; but then how poorly should we get on without them! Only think what a world it would be if we never saw any but grown-up people! How we should long for the sight of a little child! Is it not necessary, then, that we should do all that we can to make their little lives easy and comfortable?



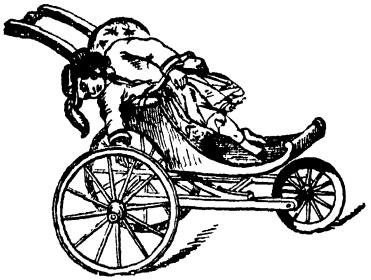
THE BABY-JUMPER.

Every infant comes into the world—we quote Mr. Binney from memory—like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is to "turn the hearts of the fathers to the children," and to draw "the disobedient to

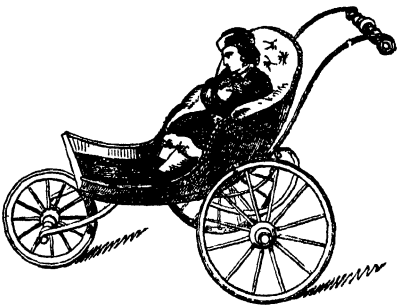
the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence. It enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favourable to virtue. It is a train of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recal us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, and indurates the heart. They brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life!

It was not our intention, when we began to gossip about Baby-jumpers, to have got into this strain; but who can tell, when once he takes pen in hand and begins to write, whither that erratic pen may lead him?

Let us, then, hasten to say a few words about PERAMBULATORS. These convenient little vehicles are so well known in our streets, squares, and parks, as to elicit every now and then an angry growl from bachelors, and even a word of remonstrance from good-natured friend *Punch*. Well, there is no denying that they *are* very much in the way occasionally. But then they are *so* useful, *so* convenient, *so* elegant, that some bachelors will admit that they are not altogether unendurable in the wide streets, the open squares, and the country lanes! But there are two kinds of perambulators—the old style and the new. The old style of vehicle was so constructed that if the child fell fast asleep its head dropped over the side, and necessarily caused it great pain and inconvenience, and was oftentimes the source of considerable danger to the little rider. The old Perambulator was likewise a rough ill-made carriage, with its principal parts of timber, and ill-set upon its springs. The new style of Perambulator is made in a much lighter and more elegant manner. Iron enters largely into its construction, and the sides are sufficiently high to support the head of the child upon the well-stuffed cushions when it falls asleep, and prevent it falling over the sides. The new style of Perambulator is made both double and single, so as to be capable of carrying one or two children with equal ease. Some, indeed, are so contrived as to have two seats for three or more little ones; a convenient arrangement where the stock of "little darlings" under walking and running age—a common occurrence, as some of our readers know—cannot be counted on the forefinger and thumb! The price, too, at which the new style of perambulators is offered by the best makers is not higher than that asked for the awkward and now obsolete vehicles. They are well set on their springs, and travel easily, even over macadamised roads and rough pathways.



PERAMBULATOR IN THE OLD STYLE.



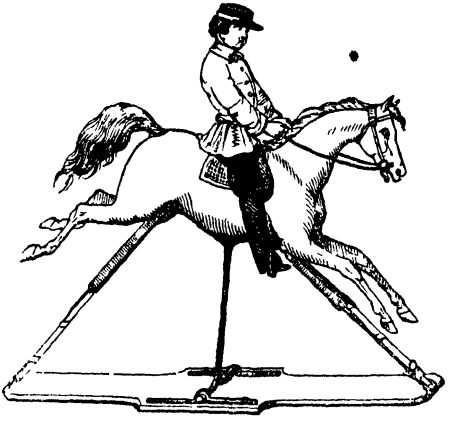
PERAMBULATOR IN THE NEW STYLE.

What the Baby-jumper is to the infant, and the Perambulator to the child of from two to seven, the ROCKING-HORSE is to the spirited lad of eight or ten—a capital means of exercise and amusement. But in this, as in other things, the spirit of

improvement is rife. Instead of the dangerous old rockers placed under a rude form of animal, the new horse for the nursery is a fine, well-shaped, and spirited-looking racer, set on a straight board, with a moveable iron bar in the centre, and a very strong elastic band at either end. By this means the process of riding is not only made much safer and pleasanter for Masters Harry and Tom, but the said Harry and Tom are made acquainted with a motion much more nearly assimilating to the real action of a living animal than was possible under the old régime.

DOUBLE PERAMBULATOR—NEW STYLE.

These adjuncts to the playroom, the garden, and the street, are supplied by Messrs. Mead and Powell, at the "Old Mansion House in Cheapside"—a house which is, in many respects, interesting, not only from the fact that here the Lord Mayors of London formerly resided, but also because on these premises may be obtained a number of interesting toys and games of all characters, and at all manner of prices. It is not necessary that we should enlarge on the subject introduced; sufficient if we draw the attention of mothers and fathers, guardians, aunts, uncles, and cousins, brothers, sisters, godmothers, and friends, to a means, at this merry Christmas time, of making little hearts glad by the present of either a baby-jumper, a perambulator, or a rocking-horse;—and then the pleasure the little ones seem to take in these admirable contrivances more than compensates for the expense of their purchase—if, indeed, any good mother ever set the last against the first, when she had money enough and to spare. As an elegant nursery toy, the Rocking-horse is deservedly popular. What daring young gentleman of eight ever refused to take "horse-exercise" of this description, even without the advice of his medical man?



THE NEW ROCKING-HORSE.

POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANKS IN FRANCE.—The new system of post-office savings banks recently introduced in England has not passed unnoticed in France. The *Siecle* devotes an article to the subject, and translates in full the official directions and explanations issued from St. Martin's-le-Grand some months since. The Minister of Finance is occupied, it seems, just now, in devising some means of affording increased facilities to the country districts for the secure investment of small sums. The *Siecle* thinks that a modification of the present English system might be adopted in France.

MANUSCRIPT MAGAZINES.

WHAT a medley does the news-agent's window present now-a-days!—what an immense variety of printed matter! One would almost imagine that if suns and systems, recalled from original confusion, are moving in harmony and order, certainly the literary world is fast approaching that state of chaos from which the material was rescued six thousand years ago. Every appetite which sin has whetted may be satisfied at the fountain which bubbles up from the great British press. The black letters may be so combined as to please anybody and everybody's eye. It's just to say what you like, and you'll get it. Let the myrmidons of the printing-office know what your taste is,—that is all they want. What's your style?—sentimental or sarcastic, or politic or poetic, or prosy or religious? You can have them separate, or dished up together, like an Irish stew, if you like it better. The great rage is combination, mixture; union, or the religious and secular together, cry the hydra-headed monsters of the press. And so they may,—it pays better. It is not exceeding the truth to say that in the same magazine may be found a continuous tale by some popular novelist, and the verbatim report of a sermon by a sensation preacher. This sort of a medley *may* be right; it is possible that wholesome literature being presented in an attractive form may reach a class unattainable by other means. There is one thing certain, however,—that the principle is carried too far. From the press, the advocates of this combination go to the pulpit. Sermons are patched up with bits of popular songs; and it is not an unheard-of thing for a preacher to electrify his congregation by a quotation from the "Cure," or "Dixie's Land." It "takes;" the people are startled, and go in crowds to hear the Gospel polished up with jokes borrowed from the theatre and the singing saloon. If the good old Bible has not enough of sensations in it, why Joe Miller will do for a text-book; and if the sanctuary is getting too old-fashioned, perhaps the town-hall, the circus, or the theatre, will bring the mob. I do not know whether my fellow-councillors have such proceedings in the cities or towns in which they may live; but in Newcastle, I can assure them, we have it in fine style. Here chapels are closed; and their congregations not being sufficient to fill them, they are induced to worship in the public places of amusement. And we have sermons preached from such subjects as "Whip behind;" "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good;" "Catch 'em alive;" and instead of Moses and Paul, we have exhibited the more attractive characters of such eminent saints as Blondin, Deerfoot, and the Benicia Boy.

But we were speaking of the press. It is a lamentable fact that the tendency of the daily papers is to corrupt the masses. The fact, as we have already intimated, is because it is more lucrative. Since the abolition of the paper-duty, too, the number of cheap papers (the chief aim of which is to circulate low, fictitious literature) which have been issued from the press is astonishing. The old method of introducing information upon general subjects is found to be too slow, and every scrap of room, from the title page down to the publisher's imprint, is devoted to such marvellous and exciting subjects as "Black Donald, the Forest Demon, or the Secret of the Dead," the whole of which inspired mystery is swallowed by all the servant girls and grocers' apprentices in the queendom. Then other papers take another line. All the beastly details of the police courts are gleaned, and dished up for the edification and delight of impudent boys and silly women. And the impudence of man has arrived at such a climax, that there are presented for the support of the intelligent masses of the country, papers which professedly avow to furnish them with all the "divorce news," and nothing more. And when we consider the sporting, betting, atheistic, and disgustingly-impure periodicals which teem, week after week, from the London press, we are bold to affirm that everything is done which the wickedness of man can do to turn a penny.

Yet though there is so much reading matter circulated, how much there is

that never gets into print at all! Not exactly that it does not all deserve the public notice, although it is true, bad as things are, they would be much worse if everybody could thrust his trash upon the world. The editor stands, like a vigilant sentinel, at the portal of the sacred temple, and forbids the unworthy to enter. Much, however, is written that is not intended for the public gaze; and this is the matter I intend to introduce. In my short experience I have been connected with two or three manuscript magazines, and have heard of a good many more. I know of no more interesting feature in a family than "The Journal." It is a necessity incumbent upon everyone of ordinary intelligence to express himself clearly and fluently, and a family magazine affords all the members of a household the means of practising this. If I had not several years ago commenced in this manner, I should never have thought of addressing you, my fellow councillors, as I am privileged to do to-day. I was always fond of writing, and have acted in the capacity of editor over a few manuscript journals. While educating, four of us were joint editors, proprietors, and publishers of "The School Gazette." At home I have for several winters conducted a little paper called "The Family Circle," the scheme of which I am about to explain, and at the Ordnance Works in the town four of us were joint editors of "The Elswick Magazine," which was circulated through the offices, and among our immediate friends. Of "The School Gazette," about twelve to eighteen copies were written on its appearance every fortnight, and sold at one penny each. As "The Elswick Magazine" was very much larger, varying from fifty to one hundred pages a month, only one copy was kept. Of course, on account of subsequent change, not one of the above papers is in existence. The time I devote to the "Family Friend" prevents the continuance of "The Family Circle," although I confess that no work I ever engaged in gave me more pleasure than it did.

Well, as to the plan I adopted. "The Family Circle" was intended only for the members of our household, and was never permitted to circulate beyond that sphere. I made all our little public assist in making it up. Short tales, narratives, charades, receipts, domestic information, &c., were contributed by the different members of the family. The paper consisted of eight pages of foolscap doubled so as to form sixteen, all of which were closely written. In the front page appeared the leading article, after which two instalments to continued tales; then narratives from real life; after which succeeded family news, a couple of pages of enigmas, charades, &c., contributed mostly by the juniors; and to conclude, "The Editor's Letter-bag," in which was found desired information on different subjects. On the wrapper advertisements were inserted, such as notice about a birthday party being given, or to signify that if an article had been lost, it must be restored at once to the owner. Such was the plan I adopted, and I found from experience that it answered well. Three brothers, a sister, and myself, went through our mutual labour very pleasantly together, and I may say that Mr. Thackeray never surveyed with greater pleasure the brilliant galaxy of which he is the brightest star, than I did the household *literati* I superintended. Few things are better calculated to knit together in sympathy and love the brother and sister hearts around the fireside than the work to which I have alluded. Those who have time to spare, and opportunity to work it, would do well to adopt the plan I have proposed. I may say I copied the whole myself, the contributions of my co-workers as well as my own. I intend to preserve the old numbers by me; it may be interesting to look them over at some future time. I never begrudged the moments spent in it, for it was a labour of love, and I doubt not it will afford a similar satisfaction to those who may do likewise.

RUTHENPHARL.

WANTS.—Give a man the necessaries of life, and he wants the conveniences. Give him the conveniences, and he craves for the luxuries. Grant him the luxuries, and he sighs for the elegancies Let him have the elegancies, and he yearns for the follies. Give him all together, and he complains that he has been cheated both in price and quality of the articles.

SAMSON SLAYING THE LION.

NEW YEAR'S GIFT BOOKS.

At this festive season there is no more appropriate kind of present than a book. Among friends the giving and receiving of books is a sort of pledge of goodwill and sympathy of taste. And especially do the young treasure the volumes received from mother or father, sister or brother, uncle, aunt, cousin, or friend. And now, when the holly and the mistletoe decorate our houses, the booksellers' windows shine and gleam with unwonted brightness. Christmas books, in all styles of attractive ornamentation, and with all kinds of literary claims to our regard, invite us to linger and to purchase. Books to suit all varieties of tastes, and the means of all descriptions of buyers, from the gorgeous *Golden Leaves* (21s.), issued by Messrs. Griffin and Bohn, and the exquisite *Landscapes by Birket Foster* (21s.) of Messrs. Routledge, to sixpenny story-books for children, radiant in bright colours, and full of pleasant reading.

It is manifest that, in the *Friend*, we can mention only a few out of the many beautiful volumes the season has produced. But we cheerfully draw the attention of our readers to some among those particularly well adapted for presentation.

In the list of the more expensive and handsomely got-up volumes will be found the *New Forest; its History and Scenery* (Smith, Elder, and Co., 21s). This is a charming volume, full of good writing, and admirably illustrated by Walter Crane, a youth of seventeen. The same publishers have a new fairy tale, by Holme Lee, called *Tuflongbo's Journey in Search of Ogres* (3s. 6d.), which will be prized alike by children and adults. Then we have, among the Books for Boys, our old friend *Peter Parley's Annual* (Darton and Hodge, 5s.), crowded with pictures; *Routledge's Every Boy's Annual* (6s.), exquisitely

THE HOLE IN THE STOCKING.

illustrated and admirably written; *Kingston's Annual for Boys* (Low and Son, 6s.); *Stories of Inventors and Discoverers in Science and the Useful Arts*, by the veteran John Timbs (Lockwood, 5s.); and a varied and highly useful series, entitled *Books with a Meaning*, issued by Messrs. Hogg, at 3s. 6d. each. These we shall notice in detail next month.

Among the new works for the season by Messrs. Ward and Lock is one we can warmly recommend, entitled *Half Hours with the Bible* (5s.). This handsome and well-printed volume is a complete Scripture story-book for young people, containing an epitome of the principal histories in the Old and New Testament, in language which, while retaining all the points of the several narratives, is simplified, and made easy to read and understand. It is illustrated by more than a hundred and fifty capital engravings, one of which, "Samson slaying the Lion," we present as a specimen. As a new year's gift, the *Half Hours* cannot but be popular, for it is both valuable as a volume and instructive as an introduction to the reading and understanding of the Sacred Word. One most admirable treat in the *Half Hours* is the careful avoidance of anything approaching sectarian bias, a broad and comprehensive view of Bible truths being given, as far as practicable, in the touching simplicity of the Bible itself.

Messrs. Dean and Son have, as usual at this time of the year, a vast variety of story and picture books for children, full of fun, and abounding with meaning. One of these, *Comical Rhymes of ye Ancient Times* (1s.), is certainly the best book of the kind we have ever seen. It contains a number of nursery rhymes, illustrated with pictures in colours pictures that are really comical, and drawn with immense skill. Then we have *Little Ada and her Crinoline* (1s. 6d.), a first-rate book for girls, and *Sketches of Little Boys and Girls*, and *Stories about Dogs* (1s. 6d.), from which we are enabled to borrow an illustration, the "Hole in the Stocking," from a story which shows how an untidy young lady spoilt all her enjoyment, and was obliged to go home, because she had been too idle to look after her own dress before going out with a party. Many other books of like character provide suitable reading for youth. All are well illustrated, well bound, and well printed—three indispensable requisites of a gift-book. Indeed, to merely mention the titles of a tithe of the excellent books for children issued by Messrs. Dean, and the other publishers here named, would require a catalogue as large as an entire number of the *Friend*. We refrain, therefore, from doing more on this occasion than advise our readers to examine the book sellers' windows, and, when they have discovered any of the volumes named—which they are sure to do, for they are the most popular of Christmas books—go boldly in, and judge for themselves whether the praise we have bestowed be genuine or otherwise.

And now, in bringing our desultory remarks to a conclusion, we present our subscribers with an appropriate

MOTTO FOR A GIFT-BOOK.

On Christmas Day the shepherds knelt
Before the Royal Infant's bed
And wise men came and worshipped there,
By one bright star unconscious led:
They brought their precious gifts, and laid
Them, one by one, before the child.
Myrrh and frankincense, gold and pearls,
In rich profusion careless piled.
So, ever since that time, have men,
Commemorating Jesus' birth,
Made gifts to those they loved, as if
To keep His memory green on earth.

HOUSEKEEPING PROGRESS.

This is decidedly a go-ahead age. Old ways and means are thrown aside, like worn-out garments—old customs are falling into total disuse. These things might have done very well for our grandfathers and grandmothers—they will not answer for the nineteenth century people. The spirit of progress has descended upon us, and nowhere has it left a more marked indication of its presence than in the department, "to glory and to fame unknown," of housekeeping.

There is a great deal of ignorance in this respect, probably because there is more prose than poetry in the subject. We never heard of any editorial knight who took up the quills in behalf of housekeeping, or enlarged on the beauties of kitchen or laundry. Yet, what would the world do without these unpretending accessories? Women reap the immediate benefit of domestic progress, and therefore women have a right to be heard on the matter.

How our great grandaunts would have laughed at the hypothesis of cooking by gas! How they would have scorned the idea of compact little ranges, where the heat glows within a few square inches, instead of being diffused through a yawning chimney, where the swinging crane consti-

tuted the chief ornament! Now, the work which then demanded so much time and labour—so much lifting of kettles, and hauling of coals, and clearing of ashes, is comparatively trifling. The water which then was brought, pailful by pailful, from some far-off spring, or came creaking up on the ponderous arm of the mossy well sweep, now flows from a "handy" little pipe or spout, close to the operator's hand. Who says the kitchen world has not gone ahead?

We wish some girls of the present day, whose slender fingers, encased in scented kid, are useless save to flutter over the piano-keys, and whose frail frames get "tired to death" on the slightest provocation, could form some adequate idea of the work girls used to go through with sixty years ago, in the era when a damsel was considered unthrifty if she did not spin, weave, and make up her own wedding outfit. There must have been a good deal of solid comfort in those days, when the hum of the spinning-wheel and the whir of the loom occupied the time now filled by modern bravuras and French chatter—when the young lady, instead of promenading to see how the rest of the female world was dressed, used to go out on the sunny side of the hill to watch the gradual whitening of the linen webs spread out on the short velvet grass to catch the alchemic influences of sprinkling rain and vivid sunshine! This is the task of great manufactories now, and our languid demoiselle saunters down to marble palaces, to amuse herself by "cheapening" the fabrics which lie ready to her hand. So disappeared another branch of labour from woman's horizon!

Sewing—the work which once on a time monopolised the eyes and fingers of the women of a household, to say nothing of the periodical visits of the tailoress and dressmaker, who annually made the rounds of the neighbourhood—is done at railroad rate by machinery; knitting no longer lies in odd corners, to be taken up in stray moments of leisure, for the shining needles are displaced by metallic thews and sinews, whose buzzing sound seems to laugh at quaint, old-fashioned ways. Washing-day, once the bane and terror of every hearthstone, is reduced to the all-conquering limits of this same wizard, machinery. Our houses are heated by furnaces, lighted by jets of gas—our carpets are swept by patent contrivances—almost nothing is left to be accomplished by what the old ladies call "elbow grease."

Is not this a very respectable progress to be wrought in less than a century? Yet many, far from being contented, raise an outcry that they "have no time." How would they relish the weighty burden of cares under which their grandmothers thrived and grew blooming? The real labour of housekeeping is absolutely nothing compared with what it was.

Imagine yourselves for a few days, ye ladies disposed to grumble, back in the industrious atmosphere of olden times. Then, instead of repining that there is so much to do, you will thank your lucky stars and inventive genius that there is so little to demand the energies of your hearts and hands. Instead of wringing the changes on the worn-out topic of "no time," ask yourselves what you have done with its lavish superfluity! For in no respect do we present a stronger contrast to the days of our ancestors than in the progressive movements we have made in the art of housekeeping.

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY.

We have recently seen beautiful stereoscopic views of London streets, with their moving life accurately depicted. The first attempts of the kind had about them the cold grey early morning air, which gave them the appearance of being views of cities of the dead. Owing to the time the plate was exposed to the light, moving life in those attempts was impossible of depiction. This difficulty, in the pictures before us, has been overcome, as the instantaneous exposure of the plates has been sufficient to fix every living thing upon them. There are also in the series some lovely views of the sea, which are so natural that one can see the glistening of the water in the rays of the sun. These are perfect studies, and bear the stamp of a genuine artistic finish. Some fine illustrations are "Sunset at Ryde," "Sunset at Greenhithe," and "A Study of Clouds at Southsea." Amongst the views in London we may name as perfect pictures, "The National Gallery from the Strand," "Hungerford Bridge," "The Royal Exchange," and "Trafalgar Square." The whole series, numbering upwards of one hundred, are marks of the advancement of photographic art in its most pleasing phase, and reflect credit on the publisher, Mr. C. E. Elliott, of Aldermanbury Postern. The motto from Cowper, which is attached to the views of London, is extremely apt:—

> "'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat,
> To peep at such a world, to see the stir
> Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."

THE FATE OF ADELINE.

A LEGEND.

It was in the year 1517 that the circumstances we are about to relate occurred. It wanted yet an hour and a half of midnight when a horseman, leaving the old city of W ——, struck his course through the surrounding woods. He was so muffled up as to defy the closest inspection, and carried a sword and pistols. It was a bright clear night, and he threaded his difficult way with amazing facility. His horse, apparently capable of undergoing the severest fatigue, showed, without a doubt, its acquaintance with the road. The solitary equestrian pursued his journey unmolested, and, in fact, unmet. Having accomplished a distance of twelve miles, he drew up before the first building on his road from W——. It was a Dominican monastery. Alighting from his horse, he secured it carefully to a tree; and then, after listening to detect the slightest sound, he approached the outer gate and waited.

"It is the appointed time," he muttered, "and he is not here. I wonder what he can want."

He had scarcely remarked this to himself when the gate was opened cautiously, and a dark figure emerged. The cavalier instinctively placed his hand upon his sword.

"Be not afraid," said the figure, "it is I, Rodolf the monk, who have sent for thee."

As he said this he withdrew the mantle which hid his features. As he did so, the moon, falling full upon the spot, disclosed a pale and withered countenance.

"How now, Rodolf?" said the cavalier; "thy vigils are making sad inroads. For shame, man! why not be fat and round like the Abbé."

"Hush!" said the other in a suppressed voice, "I have stolen out unawares; we must be quiet, lest we are surprised. I have a secret to breathe to thee, too horrible for the woods and winds to hear; and in making it known to thee, I perjure my soul and secure my own damnation. God help me! It is to save the one I love."

"But what have I to do with it?" demanded the cavalier.

"That thou art going to hear," returned the other; then, sinking his voice into a whisper, he continued, his manner testifying the intensest agony of soul "You are aware the nuns have a department adjoining the monastery. Now, about a year ago, the Abbé, who seems to possess some unaccountable influence over the mind of the Baron Albert, prevailed upon him to permit his daughter to take the veil. It was a horrible affair: so pure, so lovely, forced from the circle she was fitted so well to adorn. Two years ago I watched her, followed her, loved her; but the call of our holy church came in the way. I gave up life, so sweet then, and full of hope. I object not that she should have taken such a step herself. It was different, however. The unholy avarice of the Abbé coveted so fair a prize. Poor Adeline! she was not the first victim of that relentless heart, and she soon found out the baseness hidden in that dark bosom. For long she struggled against the tempter. Life became a burden, and she commenced to languish. Her eye lost its sparkle, her cheek its bloom, her voice its melody. She told her sad, sad tale to me, and I determined to release her from so hateful a thraldom. I plotted her escape, and it is just a week since she returned to her father's, almost dying. I hoped her retreat would not have been discovered, at least not until she had been enabled to fly to some more distant spot, where she would be secure from persecution. But it has been. I need not tell you how I got all these particulars; but you may depend a lover's ears are sharp enough, and although she can never be mine, yet her happiness is none the less dear to me. Well, the Abbé has found it out, and her continued rejection of his suit has converted his love into a deep, unalterable hate. He never forgives, and has formed a plot to secure the most horrible revenge. His servant Adrian, who is bound to him by the darkest ties, leaves here half-an-hour from this time to fire the castle. What else he intends to do I cannot tell; I only overheard this three hours ago. You were my dearest friend, and for you I sent immediately. There is no time to be lost. You must ride over directly—it

is only ten miles; you must rouse up Albert and his daughter, and gallop, without cessation at once to Hanover. Give this ring to the Elector Frederick, and he will protect them from the vengeance of the Papal power. Go now—time presses—and God be with you!"

And, without waiting for an answer, he retired within the gate, and closed it. The cavalier, mounting his horse, plunged once more into the wood; when he reached the outskirts, a large ascending plain stretched before him. Without permitting his horse to rest, he reached the elevation. Beneath and before him stretched a valley. The descent was perilous and rocky. He had chosen the nearest way to the castle, though it was a difficult one. He was just hesitating for a moment as to which course he should adopt, when a sudden glare of light broke the darkness. For a moment distant objects became visible, and then again the sable mantle of the night closed around them more darkly than ever. But, revealed by that transient flash, he saw the old baronial towers of S——. The truth darted fearfully across his mind, and he held his breath in the suspense of the moment. Could it be? Was it possible? He dared not answer the busy questions at his heart. And there came another flash — broader, fiercer, redder than before. The reality pressed against his soul; and now was the time for action. Two miles between him and the castle—two miles for life and death. Sticking the spurs deep into the horse's flanks, he plunged madly down the crags. Now thrown violently forward, then sinking almost to the earth, then jerked to and fro in his saddle, he still held the reins and urged on his horse. He had just accomplished the descent, and was congratulating himself as he commenced to scamper across the plain, when the castle was enveloped in one sheet of livid light. It was a sublime spectacle—more than sublime. The cavalier's heart trembled for those within; and hoping he might still by some means or other secure the purpose of his mission, he approached the blazing pile. Passing through loophole and window and door; encasing turret and battlement; roaring, hissing, crackling amid rafters and frames and floors; leaping and surging at the moon and stars and sky; reflecting from the spot a strange, awful beauty, and dispelling from its sublime presence the darkness which slumbered on valley and hill; wrapped in ten thousand horrors, surrounded by everything which could heighten effect and inspire fear,—the still solemn night, the oppressive silence, the crags closing around the burning centre, rearing its fearful form upon such a throne of horrors, and laughing at its own demoniacal work—THE FIRE!

The cavalier arrested his course for a minute to consider what had best be done to rescue the baron and his daughter from the flames, if, unhappily, they still remained within. Through no fault of his own, he had been forestalled by the incendiary. The monk had either erred with regard to the time, or the Abbé had altered it. It was almost too late now; he dared not think that all hope was gone, as the monk was so anxious to secure the salvation of the victims. Spurring on his horse, he came nearer to the scene of conflagration. The flames now roared with redoubled fury, and the surrounding hills looked dim and red in the glare. On to the scene of death and flame he gallopped—on to the blazing pile. He had just come close enough to the castle to be able to discern any who might be seeking for succour, when a sight appeared which froze the warm blood coursing in his veins, and stilled the anxious beating of his heart.

On to the battlements, where the fires sought to wear their crown beneath the night-dim sky, there came a form of beauty. Clad in her evening robes, with her dark hair flowing in the winds which came from the hills to feed the flame, stood Adeline; and the red lights resting on her brow showed the halo divine which sat there for ever and ever. Like a queen she had come to the death-bridal, and angel-spirits flocked to witness it. Far, far below there came a voice, but there, where the dark birds screamed around the surging flames, *she* heard it not. Up in the space-deeps rode the gentle stars, and still nearer to the earth it loved there shone the gentler moon,

and they shuddered in the silence to see that martyr-heart about to perish there. And the wayward flames, as if knowing the presence of a diviner spirit and a holier form, lingered around, unwilling to touch and mar that beauty which the Master loved. Without care or anxiety shadowing on her trustful countenance, she clasped her hands, gazed up into the far heaven, and her clear bright eye wavered not, for its line of vision rested at the foot of the King's throne. And while there came whisperings of the summers she had loved and left, tearful thoughts of the cell which should bind her free spirit no more for ever, and a terrible consciousness of the fate which gathered the flames to her feet—she went.

In a moment she was gone. Part of the building giving way, she fell into the midst of the burning mass—her funeral pyre. And darkness fell once more on the spot lately the scene of those ravages. The fires having spent themselves, with the exception of an occasional gleam, the whole blaze became extinct. The cavalier turned with a sick heart from the smouldering mass. As he did so a ray of light bursting from the ruin disclosed a dark form gliding across the valley. It was the murderer escaping. A moment more and the cavalier was in full pursuit. The fugitive saw that he was chased, and fled precipitately. In a few minutes he stopped, and the cavalier thought that he was exhausted, and called upon him to surrender. But it was not so. He had just regained his horse, and in a twinkling scampered full speed for the crags. Away they went, pursuer and pursued, avenger and murderer, and each nerved himself for the ensuing struggle. The fugitive in his haste mistook his road, and arrived at a perilous part. It was an almost perpendicular ascent. Stop he dare not; he almost felt the hot breath of the avenger behind, and so, striking his spurs fiercely into his horse's sides, he forced it to the dreadful task With a powerful spring it scaled the height; but, whether through some mishap of the rider's, or overbalanced in the effort, it slipped, struggled desperately to regain its position, failed, and fell backwards down the crags, and the fugitive was thrown head foremost from his seat. The cavalier arrived just in time to witness it. The murderer was dead. His head was broken with the fall, and his eyes glared ghastily and mockingly in the moonlight. The cavalier shuddered at the horrible sight, and forebore to touch where a mightier agency had interfered.

Next day he called at the monastery to communicate his ill-success to the monk, but was informed that he could not be seen. Again and again he applied, but with similar fortune. Years rolled by, and he saw nothing of his friend. He suspected the awful truth, but was never permitted to assure himself about it. But long after, when the Abbé was dead, and the monastery had become a relic of the past, in taking up some of the flags in one of the cells some men found a human skull and bones, and this they surmised to be all that was earthly of some poor monk, but whether he had died by fair means or foul they were unable to tell.

RUTHENPEARL.

ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHS.

OF course I have a Photographic Album; in fact, I possess two, each holding fifty, and should be delighted to commence filling another with the portraits of all the M.C.'s (by which, be it understood, I do not mean Masters of the Ceremonies, but Members of the Council), with the friendly Editor and President at the head.

"No doubt you would," I think I hear some one say; "really you have plenty of assurance!"

I assure you, my dear sir, or madam, that the reverse is the case, but I have a habit of saying anything that may happen to come into my head, and I merely wish to remark that, if it were possible for me to make such a collection of gems, they should be inlaid in the richest and most tasteful album that money could procure. It should be unique; I would have one made on purpose, after a design of my own.

Of course I have "been taken." Times, the mystical number of three, all registered. First position—standing with my

back to the fire, in the attitude an Englishman dearly loves; the photographer declared it was the most effective portrait he had ever taken; but really, when I first looked at it, I could not help exclaiming, "Is it myself I see before me?" That dark countenance — those stern eyes—that severe-looking mouth—never could have belonged to me at any time save one — ten minutes past five, and dinner not commenced, punctuality being strictly enforced in my establishment; but as it was only one o'clock in the day when I was *taken so ill*, I could not have been in want of my dinner. Second position—seated in an easy chair, spectacles on nose, and newspaper in hand with such an expression of grand, serene satisfaction on my face, that I think I must just have seen in print one of my letters to "The Times," concerning a matter of great public interest, and which that Emperor of all the Papers alludes to in a leading article, designating me "our esteemed correspondent." Third position—seated at a table, scribbling away in my notebook; said by most of my friends to be very characteristic.

But enough of myself. "Rather too much," some ill-natured person observes Now, I put it to you, Mr. Editor, Mr. President, and ladies and gentlemen of the Council, how can you know anything about the M.C.'s, unless they talk a little of themselves? And if you have not by this time formed a pretty accurate idea of the present writer, I do not think it can be my fault.

As my subject is the very prolific one of photographs, I will now relate a little incident, which, I hope, may prove a warning to all young men addicted to ——— I must not say what just yet, as my tale will lose its interest.

A few days ago, I had a visit from young Frank Riverton, whom I had not seen for some time He amused me for about an hour with his lively rattle, giving me an account of his autumn excursion to the Cumberland lakes, where he seemed to have met with all kinds of adventures and people, and climbed higher mountains than were ever climbed by any tourist before. I thought his raptures on Furness Abbey and Rydal Water would never cease—not that I dislike enthusiasm in young people, quite the reverse, but I was anxious to make inquiries about his sister Ethel, who is my goddaughter—or rather, I should say, one of my godchildren. People seem to think I am a very eligible godfather, and, as I have a great dislike to saying no, the money I have invested in silver spoons and forks, and cups, amounts to a handsome sum. When I spoke of Ethel, Frank's face assumed a serious expression. "Ah! only just fancy Ethel being engaged." "Engaged!" I repeated—"how—when—where—and to whom?"

"Dear me," said Frank, "how stupid I am! I quite forgot I was on no account to mention it to you. However, I won't say another word!"

"My dear Frank, as you have said so much, you must say more. Not tell me—her godfather and confidant ever since she could speak?" I do not understand it. Who is he, and what is he? Come, Frank, I must know something of Ethel's choice?"

It was no use; not another word upon the subject could I squeeze out of Master Frank; but at last he offered to send me his future brother-in-law's *carte de visite*, by which I might judge myself of his personal appearance. By the next afternoon's post came an envelope addressed to me, in Frank's scrawly handwriting. I felt it—yes! it undoubtedly contained the expected photograph. I tore open the envelope, and this was my exclamation—

"A prize-fighter! Ethel marry a prize-fighter!! preposterous!!! This is one of Frank's tricks—a great deal too bad, though I should scarcely have thought it of him—to make his sister the subject of such a joke."

I examined the photograph more closely—a most desperate-looking individual, in some indescribable costume, all white and without sleeves; his bare arms, showing great development of muscle, were folded; his brows knit and lips compressed, with the stern determination to conquer or die. Such, at least, was my impression. Underneath was written, in tolerable characters, "Very sincerely yours, Ernest Graham."

Ernest Graham! I had heard of the Grahams; they are a good family. This young man may not be a pugilist, but he is clearly an amateur in that line; I suppose what is called a sporting character. Could it be that my gentle, refined, accomplished, blue-eyed, golden-haired Ethel had fixed her affections upon the original of this alarming photograph—she who is not in the slightest degree fast, has a horror of Balmoral boots, and never wore a pork-pie hat in her life?

It was to be kept a secret from me, too, as if she were afraid I should not approve. Well, I wondered and cogitated until I grew quite irritable. I could not enjoy my dinner. The chicken was over roasted, the potatoes watery, the apple-tart too sweet; and if I had been anywhere but at home, I should have declared the sherry to be South-African. After dinner I fell into an uneasy slumber, and dreamt that Frank and the pugilist were quarreling. The latter doubled his fists, Ethel screamed and rushed in between them; I was rushing after her, when I stumbled over a footstool, and awoke with a start to find my moderator burning dim, and my fire low. I turned up the one, replenished the other, and resolved to perplex myself no more with thinking about the matter.

Two days after, on returning from a walk with Don and Mungo (Don, my last new dog, is growing a splendid fellow), I was informed that Miss Riverton was in the library.

I thought Ethel looked prettier than ever, and after the first greetings were over, I soon saw that she wished to say something, but hesitated how to begin. I was determined not to help her, and only casually mentioned Frank's visit.

She caught at that directly, and said, half turning away her face, "Frank did not tell you anything, dear godfather, did he?"

"Tell me anything, my dear?" I replied; "to be sure he did." He was telling me all kinds of things all the time he was here. His tongue generally runs pretty fast, but I thought it ran faster than ever that day."

"I made him promise not to say anything about—about *it*, because I wanted to tell you myself."

"Oh, oh!" thought I; "here is one thing satisfactorily explained." I felt softened.

"About what, my dear?"

She hid her face in my shoulder, and whispered, "I am going to marry Ernest Graham."

"Ethel going to be married!" cried I; "why, who would have thought it? I hope this Ernest Graham is worthy of my goddaughter. I suppose papa and mamma think so, or they would not have consented. But tell me something about him, dear; what is he like?"

Her eyes sparkled, and she held her head high, as she answered, "He is everything that is manly and good, and I am proud to be his choice. I am going to leave his card for you." And then, from some secret recess in her dress, she blushingly drew forth an envelope. I anxiously looked for the enclosure, and this is what I saw:—

The *carte de visite* of a gentlemanly young man, in proper civilised costume, of the latest fashionable cut, standing by a table, with one hand upon an open book; he had a most urbane countenance, and seemed either going to deliver a lecture to an audience whom he knew would appreciate and applaud everything he said, or just about to return thanks for the honour somebody had done him in proposing his health, and in his turn would beg leave to propose "The Ladies." I could imagine his saying something of this kind:—

"Yes, gentlemen, what would a ball-supper be without trifles, and jellies, and creams? Would it not be a dull, heavy, solid affair, not particularly pleasing to the eye, or tempting to the lips? And what would our life be without the sweetness and brightness of our existence, the ladies? Would it not be all prose—no poetry, no sentiment?" (Tremendous applause.)

All this passed rapidly through my mind as I sat, holding the photograph. Frank should suffer for his trick if I could possibly make him do so.

"Well, dear godfather," said Ethel.

"The contrast between the two is very

striking," said I. "What could Frank mean?"

"What do *you* mean? *Did* Frank say anything?"

I opened my note-book, and took out the individual in white garments and bare arms, and placed the two photographs side by side. To my astonishment, Ethel burst into a merry fit of laughter.

"My dear, do you know anything of this pugnacious-looking gentleman?"

She pointed to the name underneath.

"Why, you told me just now that this prepossessing young man was Ernest Graham."

"Yes, and, if you look, you will find the likeness, as well as the contrast between the two, to be very striking."

Well, I looked, and could not deny it; the hair was exactly the same, brushed up in the same towering pile; and, although the expression was very different, there was a strong resemblance in feature and in the form of the face.

"My dear godfather, I see Frank has been mystifying you; it was too bad of him not to explain—you, like many others, do not understand that costume, as shown in photography."

"He looks to me, Ethel, exactly as if he were ready to fight some one."

"I thought as much. I don't like the thing myself at all; no one knows what it is."

"And it is—"

"Only a *rowing* costume. Ernest belongs to the Meteor Rowing Club, and has won I don't know how many cups."

"And very good exercise too, my dear. Of course, there is nothing objectionable in *that*. I feel quite relieved. You may introduce your Ernest as soon as you like; only, if I were you, I should impress upon him to be careful not to take cold—such very light clothing almost makes me shiver to look at it; and I quite agree with you, that the photograph itself—"

"Is a horrid thing, and does him great injustice," interrupted Ethel, warmly; "I would not have it in my book on any consideration; but Frank seizes hold of it, and calls it 'fine.'"

Thus the mystery was satisfactorily explained; and now for my warning:—

List, all young men addicted to aquatics!
First take ca[illegible]
Then, if you'd not be called a pugilist and fright,
Don't have your photo. taken in your rowing dress of white.

I have since put in the blue stripes on the blue jacket, and brought the straw hat prominently to view, by giving it a little yellow, and painting the blue ribbon round it, which has the effect of making the costume look rather more civilised to the eyes of the uninitiated.

A. DE YOUNGE.

THE INDIAN CAVE.

In a remote mountain range of North America is a cavern known only to the neighbouring Indian tribe, none of whom had succeeded in tracing it to its end. The most successful was an old chief, revered for his wisdom, and he was reputed to have penetrated further than any other explorer; but he, too, acknowledged that he believed the end was much further on. In the same tribe was a chief's son, a young man of ardent temperament, and adventurous, but withal boasting and headstrong. Ambitious of distinction, he formed the resolve to explore the cavern to the very end, and trusted that his youthful strength and energy would carry him at least beyond the point where his predecessor relinquished the search. As he would have no one to share the glory, he kept his determination secret, and having provided six large torches, he, not without some misgiving, entered the low-roofed passage. When the first torch burnt out he lighted a second, advancing rapidly, as light was precious. The gallery being nearly straight, and without branches, there was nothing to do but proceed; but one torch was consumed after another, and still no signs of the end. At length the sixth burnt low, and the feeling crept over his mind that his search, too, was doomed to disappointment. Half in despair, he rushed forward to make the most of the little light that remained; the quick movement through the air brightened up the expiring torch, and his heart gave a bound, as he thought the

flash shone on the long-sought end of the cavern—the next instant he stood in darkness. Had he but one more torch he could make the matter certain, but regret was useless. "Still," he thought, "it seemed at no great distance; I can grope my way to it, and by touch can make sure of the fact." Slowly he crept along, until, to his great joy, he found he could go no further. With outstretched hands he fell over it, and plainly his presence was stopped by a barrier of rock. He had at last, then, been successful; he had attained the object that had baffled the efforts of his elders. He could boast in the assembly of his people that he alone had probed the famed cavern to its end. Scarcely knowing what he did in his exultation, he commenced retracing his steps; fortunately the way was a plain one, for with his head full of bright anticipations, he went on mechanically, guiding his way by the wall. Ere long a stumble recalled his thoughts, and he groped his way more carefully. It was a sobering process, as the distance which he had passed over rapidly by torchlight had to be felt step by step in the dark. So long seemed it, that he could have doubted having taken a wrong turning, had he not been persuaded that none such existed. At length, wearied and hungry, he gained the entrance, and, as it was night, he proceeded to his hut unnoticed, and devouring some handfuls of parched corn, forgot alike his joy and his weariness in sleep. The next morning he hastened to present himself before the elders of his tribe, and, with sparkling eyes, announced himself the discoverer of the long-sought cavern's end. When the particulars of the search had been briefly described, all turned to the old chief who had been the furthest in, but his passive features showed no sign of excitement; he gravely inquired how many hours the youth had been absent. When the time had been computed, he quietly observed that the period was altogether insufficient—his own search had consumed more than twice the interval, and without success. Confounded, but not convinced, the youth urged his activity and rapid pace, as sufficiently accounting for the little time he had consumed. The old chief shook his head. "Many moons," said he, "have passed since my search was made, and my foot was not then slow." But it was hard to him to believe that the chief, though still vigorous for his age, could ever have contended with him on the hunting-path. The uncertainty of examination without light was pointed out, but nothing could shake his confidence that he had reached and felt the end. As an agreement could not be come to, and the settlement of the question was deemed important by the tribe, a proposition was made that the old chief and another, with torch-bearers, should accompany the young man to the point of his discovery. Gladly he closed with the offer, which he trusted would set him right with his people, and the next day the expedition was to set forth. When the sun rose upon the Indian village, the explorers were already astir, and followed by three young men, well supplied with torches, the party proceeded to the cavern. For some hours they advanced in silence almost unbroken, as the youth was moody at the distrust with which his announcement had been received, and the chiefs preserved the taciturnity usual with men of their standing. Their progress was slow, but at length the red glare of the torches flashed on marks and features which showed the youth that the goal was not far distant. His sullenness gave way as the time drew near. "Here," he said, as they passed a buttress of rock, "I lit my last torch;" and, soon after, having pushed on in front, they heard his triumphant challenge to join him, and convince themselves. They found him leaning against the rock with folded arms, proudly expecting their congratulation. The old chief laid a finger on his shoulder, and, pointing to the right, said, "Look!" The youth turned, and in the side wall he saw with dismay an aperture, through which one of the light-bearers immediately stepped, and the rays of the torch shone far down the passage, which turned off sharply at an angle with the one they had traversed. Not dreaming of this sudden turn of direction, he had failed to detect it in the dark, and now his visions of fame were scattered to the wind. Deeply

mortified at his disappointment, and at his groundless confidence, he uttered not a word. No taunt was uttered, but the old chief observed, "My hair was black, and my foot was fleet, when I went over this track; I went far down yon passage, but I saw no sign of the end." In silence they returned, and the lesson on presumption was not thrown away; but long after many a self-confident youth was checked by a sly allusion to the well-remembered story of the cavern.

GORGONIA.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, THE KING KING.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA (*Queen Regent of France*).
LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH (*King of France*).
PHILIP, DUKE OF ANJOU (*brother of the King*).
MADEMOISELLE DE MONTPENSIER (*Cousin of the King*).
ARMAND DE GUICHE, LOUIS DE LOMENIE, JULIAN MANCINI (*companions of the King*)
MADAME DE SENNECY (*lady of honour*).
LAPORTE (*a valet*).
HUBERT (*an old soldier*).
BABET (*his grandchild*).
PAGES *and* ATTENDANTS.
LADIES *and* GENTLEMEN *of the Court.*

SCENE.—*A hall in the Castle of St. Germain—Doors to the right and left—A glass door to the right. A gallery in the background.*
TIME.—*6th January*, 1648.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter ANNE OF AUSTRIA *and* MADAME DE SENNECY.

MDME. DE SENNECY.—His Eminence the Cardinal-Minister wishes to know at what hour your Majesty will be prepared to receive the Council of the Regency.

ANNE.—His Eminence must have forgotten the promise of releasing me, for a short time, from the cares of state, and leaving me at liberty to spend Twelfth Day with my children.

MDME. DE SENNECY.—It is rumoured that important despatches have arrived from Paris.

ANNE.—Say that I will meet the Council in an hour.

(MDME. DE SENNECY *salutes, and is about to retire*).

Stay! Can you inform me where the King is at present?

MDME. DE SENNECY.—On leaving the church his Majesty went to ride in the forest. The Count de Guiche is in attendance.

ANNE.—He at least is a safe companion; but none, save yourself, can form an idea of the constant apprehension which I feel for the safety of my son, in these times of trouble and civil discord. Have you learned anything concerning the man who was apprehended last night in the Forest of St. Germain?

MDME. DE SENNECY.—Your Majesty may rest assured that he is nothing worse than a poacher.

ANNE.—So I am told; yet it is hard to calm a mother's fears. I am, perhaps, too anxious, but the object of my solicitude is not an unworthy one. If I can trust my presentiments, Louis the Fourteenth will be worthy of his grandfather.

MDME. DE SENNECY.—Your Majesty is right. The great Henry is destined to live again in his royal descendant.

ANNE.—Such a prophecy sounds sweetly in a mother's ears. But you forget that the Cardinal-Minister awaits a reply.

(*Exit* MDME. DE SENNECY. *Enter a* PAGE).

PAGE.—His Majesty has just arrived.

(*Enter* LOUIS, ARMAND DE GUICHE, LOUIS DE LOMENIE, JULIAN MANCINI, *and attendants, all in riding costume.* ANNE *retires into the background.*

LOUIS (*angrily*).—No, no! Monsieur de Guiche, I will accept no apology from you.

ARMAND.—If your Majesty would but condescend to hear me——

LOUIS.—Be silent, sir, and leave us! [*Exit.*

ARMAND.—Sire, I obey.

DE LOMENIE (*aside to* MANCINI).—Poor Armand loses his share of the Twelfth Cake, or I am mistaken.

MANCINI (*aside to* DE LOMENIE).—And for such a trifle. I am glad I did not presume to interfere.

ANNE (*advancing*).—Why all this severity, my son? I thought Armand de Guiche was one of your best friends.

LOUIS.—I was of the same opinion, my dear mother; but I have remarked of late that he loses no opportunity of censuring my slightest actions. He presumes too much on your favour, and thinks that I am to be guided in everything by his opinion. Even within the last hour he has been presumptuous to a degree.*

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* Lest this language and what follows may appear too formal for a child of ten years of age, we beg to remind our readers that Louis was remarkable, from his earliest childhood, for a majesty of deportment, and a measured dignity of language, unusual even in monarchs at a more advanced period of life. Of this, Miss Pardoe gives an instance in her amusing memoirs of his court:—"Louis Henry de Lomenie, one of the 'children of honour,' as the young playfellows of Louis and his brothers were called, wishing to amuse himself with a cross-bow which belonged to the young king, the latter lent it to him, but soon after reclaimed his property. Madame de Sennecy, who was present, said to Louis, 'Sire, kings *give* what they lend.' 'Keep the cross-bow, Monsieur de Lomenie,'

ANNE.—What has he done, my son? Perhaps, on reflection, you may find that he is not so guilty as you imagine.

LOUIS —You will not say so when you have heard all We rode to-day through the forest, and were returning to the Castle by the most direct way, when we found the barrier closed As we should, in order to reach another road, have gone a long way round, and the cold was becoming intense, I proposed that we should leap the barrier. De Lomenie and Mancini hesitated I spurred my horse on, but De Guiche, seizing the reins, held me back, declaring that I should not risk my life by taking such a leap I soon showed him, however, that I would not be ruled by a subject

ANNE —In my opinion, Louis, the conduct of Monsieur de Guiche was but a proof of his affection for you How could you think of leaping that high barrier?

LOUIS —My dear mother, I have done so hundreds of times But pray, let us say no more of this Let us only think of this evening's festivity. You are aware, gentlemen, that we contend to-night for the royalty of the Bean, and the only king here shall be he to whom the lot falls I shall willingly abdicate in his favour for the remainder of the day

ANNE —I have been obliged to appoint a meeting with the Council, but I will join you as soon as possible

LOUIS —I hope the Cardinal will not detain you long

(*Enter* LAPORTE)

What now, Laporte?

LAPORTE —A woodman, named Hubert, who says he is known to your Majesty, has made his way to the inner court, and insists on having the king informed that he wishes to speak to him

LOUIS (*eagerly*) —He shall have an audience.

ANNE —Do you know the man?

LOUIS —I do, dear mother He is an old and tried friend of our house The rangers met him lately in the forest, laden with a heavy hatchet, which he had scarcely strength to carry, and, by way of showing their zeal in my service, were taking him off to prison, when I happened to cross their path, and accompanied him myself to his hut.

ANNE —How does it happen that I have not heard of this sooner?

LOUIS —I was alone.

ANNE —Alone! And in the forest!

LOUIS —Like good King Henry at the cottage of the Miller of Sieursaint But what a sight met my eyes in old Hubert's hut! I saw three little girls—his grandchildren—half-starved, and shivering with cold—with cold, dear mother, within a few yards of a royal forest! I did then what the Queen-Regent would have done in my place—I gave them the few coins which were in my purse and permission to warm themselves in future at the expense of the Crown You will the more readily confirm this grant when I tell you that this old man was one of the gallant soldiers who restored the kingdom to my royal grandfather. He is ninety-one years of age, mother, and an old servant of the Crown, and yet your ministers have done nothing for him.

ANNE —They are not, perhaps, aware.

LOUIS —Ministers should be aware of everything.

ANNE —Here is the old man I must leave you with him, as the hour for the Council is at hand.

(*Exit* ANNE *Enter* HUBERT, *leaning on* BABET, *and preceded by* LAPORTE, *who motions them to advance*)

LOUIS —Come forward, good Hubert—come forward without fear

BABET (*aside to* HUBERT) —Grandfather, there's the King!

LOUIS —This, I believe, is one of your grandchildren

(HUBERT *makes a low obeisance*)

BABET (*curtseying*) —At your Majesty's service—That's to say if I could be of any Yes sire, I am his granddaughter and the daughter of my father, Jean Dupre My name is Babet Dupré (*curtsey again*)

HUBERT —Hold your tongue, Babet!—hold your tongue! You must not speak to the King as if he was a village schoolmaster

BABET —Maybe not, if he was tall But a little king like that—just my own size——

LOUIS —She is right honest Hubert. I fear am not yet a very dignified-looking monarch.

(*Signs to a* PAGE *to bring forward a chair*) There—sit down old friend

HUBERT (*drawing back*) —Oh, sire! I could not think of it

LOUIS —I will not hear you standing There I will set you the example (*Seats himself*)

HUBERT (*taking the chair*).—Since your Majesty commands——

BABET.—And shan't I sit down too, sire?

HUBERT —Oh, Babet!

LOUIS (*laughing*) —I suppose we must extend the permission to you

BABET (*seating herself, and drawing a long breath*) —I can tell you 'tis a good walk from our cottage to the Castle of St Germain

LOUIS —So I perceived the other day Well, my good Hubert, what can I do for you?

HUBERT —Sire I come to throw myself at your Majesty's feet (*rising*)

BABET (*jumping up*) —Never mind that, grandfather—you're tired—I'll do it for you (*kneels before the King*) Won't that do as well, please your Majesty?

LOUIS —We will dispense with it altogether. (*Aside*) Her simplicity is amusing, but she carries it too far

HUBERT —Sire, may I entreat you to forgive this foolish child? I should have come alone if I had known——

BABET (*rising, and lifting up her hands*) —Well, that's capital! As if a man of your age could come through the forest alone——

HUBERT —I order you to be silent! Sire, once more I beg that you will excuse her. She does not know the difference

BABET —I hope I'm not disrespectful, sire. I know I haven't manners for a Court

LOUIS (*laughing*).—We excuse your ignorance for this time, but you must allow your grandfather to speak.

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said the young monarch, who was then only seven years of age, 'I wish it were something of more importance, but, such as it is, I give it you with all my heart.'"

BABET (*laying her fingers on her lips*).—I won't ay another word.

LOUIS.—Now, honest Hubert, what have you to say?

HUBERT.—Sire, I come to entreat the release of my son.

LOUIS.—Has your son also been arrested for cutting wood in the forest? My permission extended o your family, and I am surprised that my orders should have been forgotten.

HUBERT.—The case, sire, is worse than that.

LOUIS.—Well, let me hear it.

HUBERT (*confused*).—I dare not. Babet, do you tell it for me

BABET (*her finger still on her lip*).—Didn't you hear the King say I was to hold my tongue?

LOUIS.—Well, the King now desires you to speak.

BABET—All's right, then. The story is just this, sire:—While we were warming ourselves last night with the wood you allowed us to cut, my grandfather here said, looking at the embers, 'If for to-morrow, Twelfth Night, we had just so much as a hare, or even a little rabbit, to roast, we would drink the King's health in a bottle of cider; but then, hares are so scarce, and rabbits so dear,' and then he give *such* a sigh—I wish your Majesty had heard it; I know it would have broken your heart! Well, my father — that's my grandfather's son, you know—heard the sigh, and in the morning, at daybreak, he went out into the forest, and killed a fine little rabbit. He killed it at the first shot, too; for I can tell you he's a smart fellow! But, just then, up came the forest-rangers, and took him—gun, rabbit, and all—and brought him a prisoner to this castle, and he's been here ever since.

LOUIS.—A prisoner, and here without my hearing of it!

BABET.—'Tis as true as that you're there, please your Majesty.

HUBERT (*falling on his knees*).—Sire, for the sake of your royal grandfather, restore me my son.

BABET (*a so kneeling*).—And restore the rabbit, too, sire, if you please.

LOUIS.—Hubert, your son has been guilty of a great fault, and has, I fear, incurred a heavy punishment. I have not yet the power to pardon. Rise. (HUBERT *and* BABET *rise.*) I will speak to the Queen-Regent, and, if Dupré has not added resistance and rebellion——"

HUBERT.—Ah, sire, that is the worst! He struck one of the forest-rangers.

LOUIS—What rashness!

BABET.—Ah, sire, 'twas hardly worth mentioning. Just a little touch!

LOUIS.—I wonder that the rangers did not shoot him. Hubert, your son is more fortunate than wise.

HUBERT.—Sire, my son is neither quarrelsome nor vindictive. They must have treated him harshly.

LOUIS.—No matter. I can promise you nothing, as the business is in the hands of justice. The rabbit was nothing—rabbits are made to be shot; but to strike a forester! I fear the Sheriff will deprive you of your son for a year or two.

HUBERT.—Ah, sire! and what is to become of his three little children?

LOUIS.—Should it be so, I will take charge of them. I myself will be a father to them.

BABET.—Twould be well for such as us to have a father like you, sire; though, to be sure, you wouldn't be a very tall one! (HUBERT *looks reprovingly at her.*) I beg pardon, sire! I'm sure you're tall of your age—Heaven bless and spare you! However, I was going to say that I think it would be pleasant-r every way if we could have our own father back.

LOUIS (*turning away from* BABET).—I must first learn all the particulars of this unfortunate case, and, if pardon be possible, I will myself intercede for your son with the Queen-Regent. (*Aside.*) Ah, were I only really king! Who will ascertain the truth for me? De Lomenie—Mancini? No, they are too thoughtless; they would do some mischief. What a pity that I have quarrelled with Armand de Guiche! I am half inclined to apply to him; but I could not stoop to that now, although I really think my mother was right, and that I *was* too hasty with him. And still—if he could assist me to restore this poor man to his family—I *will* apply to him.

(LOUIS *takes out tablets, and writes.*)

BABET (*aside to* HUBERT).—Grandfather, the little king can write.

HUBERT (*aside to* BABET).—Hush! Be silent, I say!

LOUIS (*to* PAGE).—Monsieur de Nogent!

(*The* PAGE *advances.* LOUIS *hands him the tablets, and appears to give directions in an under tone.* PAGE *bows and exit.*)

Babet, take your grandfather to the lower hall. You shall bring him back here during the banquet, as I wish him to get a share of the cake. He shall have *the portion of the poor.** (*Aside.*) 'Tis hard if either he or I do not draw the Bean, and, in either case, Dupré's release is certain.

BABET (*aside to* HUBERT).—Won't you give me some, grandfather?

HUBERT (*aside to* BABET).—What a greedy little thing you are!

BABET (*aside*).—A King's Twelfth-cake ought to be something out of the common.

(HUBERT *and* BABET *salute the King, and are about to withdraw.*)

LOUIS.—Stay, good Hubert! Do you recognise that portrait? (*Points to a portrait of Henry the Fourth.*)

HUBERT.—I see a likeness *there*, sire; but I see a far more striking one here. (*Bows to the King.*)

LOUIS.—I see that all flatterers do not live at court. Go now—I shall not forget you.

(*Exeunt* HUBERT, BABET, *and* PAGE *at one side.* LOUIS, DE LOMENIE, MANCINI, *and attendants at the other.*)

ACT II. SCENE I.

(*Enter a* PAGE. *The* QUEEN-REGENT, *the* CARDINAL-MINISTER,† *and the Members of the Council are seen passing from right to left, along the gallery in the back-ground.*)

(*Enter* LOUIS *in full dress.*)

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* In drawing for the Bean on Twelfth Night, it is customary in France to set aside a part of the cake *for the poor.* This is not touched by the guests, and is afterwards given in charity. It is called "the portion of Providence."

† Cardinal Mazarin.

LOUIS.—Is the Council assembled?

PAGE.—Sire, Her Majesty the Queen-Regent has but now passed on her way to the council-chamber.

LOUIS.—It is well—You need not wait.

(PAGE *bows, and exit.*)

The Council meets in the adjoining apartment. Could I, even for once, learn something of the affairs of my kingdom! But no—I could not, even for such a purpose, degrade myself by an act of meanness. And still, what would be my motive? The wish to learn to reign anxiety to promote the happiness of my people—of those people whom I shall so soon have to govern, and surely there can be no harm in trying to find out what so nearly concerns myself. (*Looks through the key hole of the door on the left.*) The Council are assembled. The Queen-Regent speaks. (*Pauses and listens at the door.*) How mild her tones are! The Cardinal-Minister replies. What does he say? I can't well understand that language of his, half Italian, half French. (*Pauses to listen.*) I fancy I hear Dupré's name. Yes, he is speaking of old Hubert's son, but I cannot make out what he says of him. I'll tell them that he is *not* a suspicious character. (*Listens.*) The son of a Leaguer. Oh, no! Poor old Hubert was never a Leaguer! I'll contradict that at any rate. (*Listens again.*) That is Monsieur d'Arguillon's voice The town of Paris petitions for a diminution of the custom-house duties. The Cardinal opposes the petition. The Queen-Regent takes the part of the citizens. Oh, my dear mother, if I could but join you! Mazarin will not even temporise.

Enter PHILIP *of* ANJOU *and* MADEMOISELLE DE MONTPENSIER. LOUIS, *perceiving them, starts, and becomes confused.*

MDLE. DE MONTPENSIER (*to* PHILIP).—Cousin, can I believe that the King has turned eavesdropper?

PHILIP. My brother! listening at the door of the council-chamber!

LOUIS (*endeavouring to resume his self-command*).—We bid you welcome, fair cousin—and you also, D'Anjou. How have you been spending the day?

PHILIP.—My cousin and I have been taking a walk, brother, and, on our return, we stopped in the lower hall to speak to a little girl who was sitting there with an old man. Such an amusing creature! (*laughs*). She is about as old as I am, but *so* smart! She told my cousin that she had been *presented at Court*, and that *the little King had treated her with great respect*,

LOUIS (*with dignity*).—Her grandfather is under my protection.

MDLE. DE MONTPENSIER.—Have we been so unfortunate as to offend your Majesty? You do not seem glad to see us.

LOUIS.—Not at all, fair cousin; you but startled me. The fact is that, when you came in, I was assisting at the deliberations of the Council.

MDLE. DE MONTPENSIER (*ironically*).—Through the key-hole?

LOUIS (*confused*).—Hush! The Council is over The Queen is coming this way. Cousin, I entreat your silence.

MDLE. DE MONTPENSIER.—Sire, you may depend on me; I am discretion itself.

LOUIS.—And you, Philip—say nothing of what you have seen.

PHILIP.—No, brother; I never will tell that you were list——

LOUIS (*laying his hand on* PHILIP'S *mouth*). Hush! They are coming!

Enter the QUEEN-REGENT.

The CARDINAL-MINISTER *and members of the Council pass from left to right along the gallery.*

MDLE. DE MONTPENSIER *salutes the* QUEEN-REGENT. *The* DUKE *of* ANJOU *advances to meet her, and takes her hand.*

ANNE.—At length I am free from care, and at liberty to spend the remainder of the day with my dear children.

MDLE. DE MONTPENSIER.—And I hope your Majesty will preside over the distribution of the twelfth cake. I have set my heart on being queen.

ANNE.—The King of the Bean cannot make a better selection.

MDLE. DE MONTPENSIER.—I fear that, should fortune favour his Majesty, my chance would be but a poor one. I am not in his good graces to-day.

ANNE.—Indeed, my dear Louis, you appear to be quite moody.

LOUIS (*abruptly*).—I have a favour to ask of your Majesty.

ANNE.—A favour, my dear child!

LOUIS.—Well, I will not ask it yet. I will first seek to enlighten you. Mother, your ministers are misleading you.

ANNE.—Oh, Louis! This is being too serious. To hasten our festive meeting, and to enjoy the longer, without restraint, the society of my children, I adjourned the Council somewhat abruptly, and now *you* come to distress me again with the affairs of government! Ah, Louis, Louis! How impatient you are to be king!

LOUIS.—Nay, mother; I am only impatient to make people happy

ANNE.—And tired of being happy yourself. Could you but know, my dear child!

Enter a PAGE.

PAGE.—They wait your Majesty's pleasure for the royal banquet.

ANNE. Come, my children, and let us devote the remainder of the day to cheerfulness and friendship. (*Strokes the* KING'S *hair*). The cares of the realm will occupy you to-morrow, sire.

LOUIS.—I cannot promise you, dear mother, to put off a good action until to-morrow.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter HUBERT *and* BABET *from the left.* HUBERT *seats himself*; BABET *walks softly towards the glass door and looks through it.*

BABET.—Oh, grandfather, only look! Here's the whole Court sitting down to table. Mercy on us! They are all glittering with gold and jewels

HUBERT.—Come hither, Babet, come hither! You are too giddy and too curious.

BABET.—Nonsense, grandfather! I suppose I shan't be at Court again in a hurry, and as I *am* here, I may as well see as much as I can.

HUBERT (*reproachfully*).—The next time I'll bring your sister Lolotte with me.

BABET.—And a nice figure she'd be to come to Court! (*Laughs*) What a credit she'd be to you, with her squinting eyes and her red hair! Now, as

to me, grandfather, you know *I'm* very nice—just the thing for a castle (*turns, and looks at herself in a mirror*) Now, don't you think so, grandfather? I'm sure you do!

HUBERT (*laughing*).—But Lolotte is far more sensible than you.

BABET.—I'd like to see her in my place, indeed! Do you think *she'd* have rattled off our story as well as I did? How I did talk, to be sure! And, indeed, the little king looked all the while as if he was saying to himself, "What a lucky fellow old Hubert is, to have such a grandchild!"

HUBERT.—You think he was saying that?

BABET.—Yes, or something like it. At any rate, 'twas plain that he admired me very much.

HUBERT.—Tell me, Babet,—Do you think your father will be pardoned?

BABET (*going to* HUBERT, *and putting her hand on his shoulder*).—Yes, dear grandfather. Something tells me that we shall take him home with us.

HUBERT.—That's my darling child!

BABET.—May I go and take a little peep now?

HUBERT.—You may; but take care that no one sees you.

BABET.—I'll go very softly (*returns to the glass door*).

Enter MADAME DE SENNECY, ARMAND DE GUICHE, *and a* PAGE.

ARMAND (*to* PAGE).—Give these tablets to his Majesty.

(*Exit* PAGE).

MDME. DE SENNECY.—Have you obeyed the King's commands?

ARMAND. Yes, madame. I have made every inquiry concerning this man.

MDME. DE SENNECY.—I dread the Regent's displeasure for you, should she learn that you have interfered in this.

ARMAND.—I could not venture to disobey the King. I am told that Dupré only had recourse to violence on receiving a blow. The foresters themselves admit this; but they say, on the other hand, that they only proceeded to extremities because the man was the son of an old Leaguer.

HUBERT (*rising*).—Can it be possible that this young gentleman is speaking of my son?

ARMAND (*without noticing* HUBERT).—His father lives at the other side of the forest, and they say that he still cherishes all the malignant feelings of his early years.

HUBERT (*vehemently*).—'Tis a lie! 'Tis a foul calumny!

ARMAND (*turning, and seeing* HUBERT).—Who can this be?

MDME DE SENNECY.—What! my good old man, are you——

HUBERT.—The father of Dupré, madame, and one of the soldiers who followed the white plume at the battle of Ivry! *I* an old Leaguer! Ah, I have lived sixty years too long. I should have fallen on that day, in the cause of Henry of Navarre!

(*He sinks, sobbing, on a chair.* MADAME DE SENNECY *approaches, and endeavours to console him.*)

BABET.—Grandfather, they are going to draw the Bean. I am just thinking (*turns and sees* MADAME DE SENNECY *and* ARMAND). Mercy on us! a grand lady and gentleman!

Enter a PAGE, *bringing a large slice of cake on a salver.*

PAGE (*to* HUBERT).—This, sir, is for you and your grandchild.

BABET (*taking it eagerly*).—Thank you, my fine little master. This is *the portion of Providence.* I suppose the dish is part of it.

PAGE.—Such is the King's pleasure.

BABET.—Long live the King, say I! Grandfather, all this is for you and me (*Eats.*)

A VOICE (*behind the scenes*).—The King drinks!

BABET (*returning to the glass door*).—Oh, grandfather, THE KING IS KING OF THE BEAN!

ARMAND.—You need not fear, my good old man. Nothing serious can be proved against your son, and as to the report of your being a Leaguer, that can be easily contradicted.

MDME. DE SENNECY.—Young as the King is, he has sufficient penetration to know on whom he can depend.

BABET.—Grandfather, here's all the Court coming this way.

(BABET *and* HUBERT *retire into the background.*)

SCENE II.

MDME. DE SENNECY, ARMAND, HUBERT, BABET, *and* PAGE *in the background. Enter the* QUEEN-REGENT, LOUIS, PHILIP, MDLLE. DE MONTPENSIER, DE LOMENIE, MANCINI, LAPORTE, COURTIERS, PAGES, *&c.*

ANNE.—Yes, my son, I pledge you my word, as Regent and Queen, that three of your wishes shall be gratified during the temporary royalty for which you are indebted to chance.

LOUIS.—Then I am to reign at last; and this shall be my throne.

(*Seats himself in an arm-chair.*)

MDLLE. DE MONTPENSIER.—I hope my cousin is satisfied at last.

ANNE.—Come! What are the commands of the King of France, Navarre, and the Bean?

LOUIS.—That Dupré be restored to liberty.

ANNE.—Dupré! Who told you of Dupré?

LOUIS.—I, too, have my ministers, mother.

ANNE.—But, still, if this Dupré——

LOUIS.—I have reason to know that his disgrace originated in a misrepresentation. At any rate, it is my first wish, dear mother.

ANNE.—It is enough. He shall be set free.

BABET (*clapping her hands*).—Long live the King of the Bean!

ANNE.—And now your Majesty's second wish.

LOUIS.—I grant to my good town of Paris the diminution of the tax which Mazarin refused to lessen.

ANNE.—Louis!

LOUIS.—It is my second wish, mother.

ANNE.—How did you know of this?

LOUIS.—Ask me no more. The consciousness that I learned it by dishonourable means is the only blot on the happiness of this day. In granting the petition, we may certainly diminish the revenues of the Crown; but what we lose in income we shall surely gain in the blessings of the poor citizens.

ANNE.—My word is pledged.

LOUIS.—And the last use I shall make of my short-lived authority is to decree that an asylum be immediately provided, in which all old soldiers

whose lives have been spent in the service of their country may find shelter and support.

BABET - -What a good little King!

HUBERT.—Sire, Heaven will bless your reign, for you have thought of *the Invalids*.

ANNE.—I shall gladly sign such an order for you, my son; and to-morrow you shall yourself confer on the subject with the ministers.

LOUIS (*rising*).—Thank you, dearest mother This is our third and last wish. But there still remains an act of injustice for which we must atone. Come hither, Armand, and be so kind as to forget a moment's passion and unkindness.

(LOUIS *offers his hand to* ARMAND.)

ARMAND (*kneeling*).—Oh, sire, this is too much goodness!

LOUIS.—*Rise, Sully. They would think I was forgiving you.** FRANCES HOPE.

EROSION OF CLIFFS IN TORBAY.

THE following seem to be the successive stages through which the work of erosion commonly passes in Torbay. The sea forms a series of small holes at some little distance from one another near the base of the existing cliffs; most of these, as might be expected, occur where joints or other fissures afford facilities for the operation; nevertheless, such holes, and not a few, are met with where no points or lines of weakness of this kind exist; some other peculiarity in the rock—for example, the dislodgement of a large pebble from the conglomerate, or some peculiar exposure to the action of the waves—may have determined the situation. When large enough to attract attention, an observer guilty of very absurd comparisons might call them ill-formed, gigantic, unsocial pigeon-holes. A few years at most enlarges them in every direction, and converts them into "ovens," which, in process of time, are in like manner converted into chambers and galleries; the latter especially, where pre-existing divisional planes influence the direction of the work of excavation. Lateral enlargement takes place necessarily at the expense of the partitions between the chambers, until a breach is effected and rapidly enlarged in them, and the whole cliff is found to be honeycombed into a labyrinth of halls and galleries, the roof being supported by massive and fantastic pillars. In this state many of them receive the name of "thunder-holes," from the bellowing noise of the waves rushing into them during storms. More or less rapidly the pillars waste; at length, during a heavy gale, one or more of them snaps across; the superincumbent fabric, if such it may be called, trembles, totters, falls; a new cliff is revealed, protected awhile from the fate of its predecessor by the natural breakwater which the fallen mass forms. This, however, is merely a question of time; the materials are needed where constructive agencies are forming new strata, every tide carries off a portion of the *debris*, the whole is at length removed, an attack is made on the new and unprotected cliff, the entire process is repeated with but little variation. — *The Geologist*.

NEW KINDS OF FISH.

A GENTLEMAN sent to China on an agricultural mission by the French Government, M. Eugène Simon, has made a valuable report on the fish and fisheries of that country, and has also despatched specimens of several kinds which he thinks capable of being bred in Europe. He speaks of these in the highest terms, and says that it would not be difficult to select forty or fifty species worthy of observation. Amongst others is the Lo-in, or king of fish, classed as Crenilabrus by Dr. Bridgman, measuring sometimes six or seven feet in length, weighing from 50lb. to 200lb., or even more, and said to be equal to the famous salmon of the Rhine. Then come the Lien-in-wang and the Kan-in, almost as good, and even larger in size than the other; the Li-in, finer than any carp in Europe, and weighing sometimes 30lb.; and the Ki-in, or Tsi-in, which does not weigh more than 10lbs. or 12lbs. or so, and is the finest and most delicate of all in flavour, partaking at once of the characteristics of trout and sole. M. Simon also speaks of the immense care which the Chinese in former times paid to the embankment of their rivers, the directing of their course through mountains and along plains, and in the formation of immense lakes, in which millions of fish find refuge from all but omnivorous man.

POOR LETTER H.—Mrs. Crawford says she wrote one line in the song "Kathleen Mavourneen" for the express purpose of confounding the cockney warblers, who sing it thus—

"The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill!"

Moore has laid the same trap in the "Woodpecker"—

"A 'eart that is 'umble might 'ope for it 'ere."

And the elephant confounds them the other way—

"A helephant 'astily heats hat his hease,
Hunder humbrageous humbrella trees."

* It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that these words were addressed to Sully by Henry the Fourth.

PRINCE ALFRED

PRINCE ALFRED

AND THE CANDIDATES FOR THE THRONE OF GREECE.

RECENT events have brought the name of this young Prince prominently before the public. Without "so much as with your leave, or by your leave," the Greeks have elected him King! But it is one thing for the Greeks to choose our beloved Queen's second son to fill the throne vacated by the Bavarian Otho, and quite another thing to obtain the consent of England's Sovereign, Parliament, and people to this pleasant little arrangment. Though, as some writers aver, a great compliment is thus paid by Greece to Great Britain and Constitutional Government, there seems but very small chance of England's young Prince accepting the proffered honour.

Four candidates for the revolutionary hrone of Greece have been put forward—our own Prince Alfred, Prince Gregorie Ypsilanti, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and King Ferdinand, consort of the late Queen, and father of the present King of Portugal. The last-named Royal personage is understood to have declined the honour of the contest, which—so far as the Greeks are concerned—is now over, for they have unanimously chosen Prince Alfred as their future King.

Perhaps a few words about each of the candidates may not be out of place.

His Royal Highness Alfred Ernest Albert, the second son of her most gracious Majesty the Queen, was born at Windsor, on the 6th of August, 1844; he is, therefore, now in his nineteenth year. His early education was entrusted to the Rev. H. M. Birch, and, from 1852, to F. W. Gibbs, Esq., C.B. In 1856 he was placed under the special care of Major Cowell, of the Royal Engineers, and passed the winter of 1856 and 1857 at Geneva, where he studied the modern languages. It has been usual for one of the Royal House to join the army, and another the navy. Prince Alfred, therefore, entered in the latter service as a naval cadet, on the 31st of August, 1858, after a strict and seaching examination, through which he is understood to have passed with great credit. He joined her Majesty's screw steam-frigate Euryalus, 51 guns, J. W. Tarleton, C.B., captain. From that period he has seen much active service in various parts of the world, latterly in the St. George. During the cruise of the latter vessel in the Mediterranean, the Prince visited Athens, where he was received by King Otho, and secured the good opinions of all the Greeks who had the honour of approaching him, and literally won the hearts of the people. Both at home and abroad Prince Alfred is extremely popular—his amiability and talent especially recommending him to his messmates, with whom he regularly shares the duties belonging to his position as an officer of her Majesty's Royal Navy.

Prince Gregorie Ypsilanti is a young man of six-and-twenty, a resident in Paris. He is a nephew of the Ypsilanti who was one of the foremost in the War of Independence.

The Duke Nicholas de Leuchtenberg was born in 1843, and is, therefore, about the same age as Prince Alfred. He is a grandson of Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy, son of the Grand Duchess Maria Nicolaena, daughter of the Emperor Nicholas, and of Maximilian, Duke of Leuchtenberg. His religion being that of the orthodox Greek Church, and his relationship to King Otho, and to the Imperial families of France and Russia, have made many look to him as a candidate possessing many advantages.

THE virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroic virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour.

SUBSTITUTE FOR WHALEBONE.—Many unsuccessful attempts have been made to obtain a perfect substitute for whalebone, in the manufacture of the ribs of umbrellas and parasols. An ingenious manufacturer has at last found that white oak timber of the second growth, when selected from the butt-end of the tree, and straight, and free from knobs, may, after subjection to a certain curing process, be employed as a substitute for whalebone. It is even said to be superior to whalebone in toughness and tenacity, and the ribs made from it always resume their original straight condition after exposure to the weather.

GARDENING FOR THE MONTH.

In January there is little to be done in the Flower Garden; but in this month the snow-drop, the cineraria, the Japan quince, laurestinas, and other winter flowers bloom. Sow and place in pots hardy annuals, such as sweet peas lupins, &c.; and in open weather plant bulbous roots.

All vacant pieces of ground should a this time be either trenched or deeply dug, according to the purposes for which they may be intended; but not if the ground be wet, or if snow be lying on it. The rougher the surface can be made, whether the ground be trenched or dug, the better. If dug, it is good practice to form it into ridges of any convenient size, so that the frost may act upon as large a surface as possible. Gravel walks should be dug up, and the gravel left in a neat ridge in the middle of the walk, leaving the sides as smooth as possible, for the convenience of wheeling upon. This will destroy the roots of weeds; and if the gravel be again laid down in March, the walks will have a clean and neat appearance for the season.

In the Kitchen Garden, on fine days, sow Bath, black-seeded cos, and cabbage lettuce. Horn carrots, radishes, and Flanders spinach, may also be sown, but in severe weather they must be well covered with straw; also magazan and long pod beans. Plant out early York cabbages, to succeed those of the October planting. Cauliflower plants must be carefully looked to in the frames, and have abundance of air. Peas and beans must be earthed up, as a protection against frost, and to forward their early maturity.

And now that we have a little leisure, we will commence our new volume with a chat about gardens.

A GOSSIP ABOUT GARDENS.

THERE are few things within the compass of all classes of society more beautiful than flowers. Who does not love a real good old English garden? The loves of Paradise there re-appear; and as we walk among them, we dream of Eden and the happy pair. One wonders sometimes if the flowers of our parterres are such as bloomed in the Oriental sunshine? Did Adam notice the purple bell which hangs upon my summer-house? did Eve cull the flowret that scents my bower, and make her primeval nosegay of such beauties as yet grow with us? It may be so. One thing we know—the love of flowers is inherent to good natures, and our great mother loved them as we. Gardens and flowers become more beautiful as they are associated with childhood and happy days. The flowers that then pleased us in the green fields and valleys, the primrose and cowslip, the daisy and wild violet, are dearer to us than the eastern exotic. Show me the lover who recollects not the clustering woodbine, or the hawthorn spray he pulled as the remembrancer of some happy moment. Never was flower like the woodbine, which, like a thing of life, listened to the beat of his heart; and never a bloom like the hawthorn, that told his tale to the moon and the summer winds. Beautiful flowers! No one can help loving them: the soul of poetry abides in them; whole histories are chronicled in their opening blossoms: they can think with us and speak to us, and no voice is like theirs, so gentle, so consolatory, so sweet; their voice is like their own aroma.

When the idea of a garden first struck our old gardeners as something practicable in the shape of a new scheme, one may imagine with what originality the idea would be hailed. Among our primitive forefathers no garden was needed; for if there was herbage for the goat, and a nosegay by the way, it was enough. They had no

time to continue in one spot, watching the expanding germ or developing flower. There would be much of art, one thinks, in those old primal gardens; and a collection, not so much of rare plants as of curious combination of every-day blooms; for where was the prow that dared venture to bring the rhododendron or the pine-apple to our shores? I can just see one of these gardens—a cultivated spot, that brought the whole neighbourhood to see it, fenced and garnished, and probably made as unlike nature as possible. It would not suffice, in those days, to make gardens like nature. O no! they had nature enough, our russet forefathers; and the greatest possible artifice would be required to make this "new thing under the sun" uncommon, as we call it. And so things went on, better and worse, till our Amsterdam friends brought gardening to a climax, and formed every bed into mathematical squares and triangles, more resembling the diagrams of Euclid, pencilled with flowers, than anything to which we can liken them. We still see the taste of those days in the long lines of forest trees which lead the way to our ancestral halls. Their shaggy forms, crusted with lichen and grey antiquity, make a peculiarly rich show; and we would not have a tree removed out of its place by any means. Nevertheless, we have abolished this system, and formed the clump; and, as in nature, the shrub and the flower rejoiced together, wreathing their pendent stems with each other. We do not altogether condemn the old style, however, for the appliances of art are very often only nature, somewhat differently arranged.

Give me a few roots of garden plot, and I'll make for myself an Elysium. The garden shall be secluded from the public haunt, and trees shall grow there, where the bullfinch may alight unmolested, and hop about in the sunshine. A few beeches shall form the entrance, and make a frieze like that of Nature's Parthenon in the woods. The entrance shall be canopied with eglantine, and interwoven with roses; and in this portico shall the linnet construct its nest, and here the redbreast shall warble his song, and become my musician and gatekeeper. And then!—among honey-suckles and elder-flowers I will fix my seat and erect my alcove. A painted window shall admit the sunshine, and it shall make the place a storehouse of rainbows. Here, shut out from the common babble of wrangling voices, the wind shall whisper its lyric odes, the bee wander with its music, and the chime of village bells, far away, make the melody complete. Who, besides me, will have such a spot?

England's glory is in her gardens; she is all a garden—full of gardens. They are unbounded, except by the sea-shore. They hang upon her precipices, they cover her hills, they spread along her valleys; they make the whole island like an ideal landscape. No traveller visits us, but he sees the garden immediately. He cannot wander far without seeing the happy cottar and his hoe, and the maiden with her posies; bowers and roseries, grottoes and hedge-rows, all green and flowery, captivate him wherever he journeys Linnæus found a garden in our country commons, amongst the wild furze bushes that wave like a sea of gold. And we lay it down as a truth, that England cannot but be happy if she prosper in her gardens. The more flowers and fruit, the more orchards and potato grounds, the more cultivated plots for vegetables and for amusement,—the more peace. What need has a nation for the spear and the sword, when the delight of her sons is the pruning-hook?

So we will love our gardens. New or old, small or large, stocked with proud evergreens, or growing its one white rose-tree, we will love it. We will not be anxious about its size, or shape, or age, if it can make us happy; but it shall be formed as tastefully, and cared for as regularly as circumstances will permit. Here we will take our Endymion and our Milton, our Shakspeare and our Cowper, and find

"Society where none intrudes."

After a toilsome day, many a bright thought will come to us in the garden. Wearied in limb, the flower will refresh us. And those of us who possess no garden should assuredly get one, if it be only four yards square. The garden will then haunt our fancies and our dreams; we shall ever find something to re-arrange or dress afresh; every sun will put a new value on our dahlia; every dewdrop will second our efforts; and we shall return to our desks and studios with a rose upon our cheek that never bloomed there before, and our lives will magically become a garden.

CAMELLIAS IN WINDOWS.

THE camellia is one of the best of plants for windows, as it is always beautiful, and may be easily managed so as to bloom abundantly every season.

In the first place, to manage the camellia well in a sitting-room, consists in doing nothing more than is really needful. If people begin shifting their plants into larger pots, or using powerful stimulants, there will probably be some disaster or disappointment following. A novice in plant-growing must confine his attention first to the keeping of the plant alive and in health, always remembering that the least likely thing to happen is the roots getting pot-bound. We have kept camellias measuring five and six feet high, and nearly as many feet through, in perfect health and vigour for years, in pots of from eleven to fifteen inches diameter; and a very large plant may be grown in a five or six-inch pot—large enough, indeed, for all ordinary purposes of window decoration. Suppose we have now some nice camellias in what are known as 48 and 32-sized pots. These plants have probably half-a-dozen to a dozen flower-buds each, and those buds are swelling with the warmth of the room. Now, the worst to be apprehended at present is the falling of the flower-buds. This may happen through any of the following causes:—

Too dry and too hot an atmosphere.
Want of water at the roots.
Too much water at the roots.
Water given *too cold* at the roots.
Sudden changes of temperature.
Want of daylight.
Exposure to high temperatures at night.

We will now state the means of preventing the falling of the buds:—

Water as often as the roots are nearly dry.
The water to be of the same temperature as the room.
The leaves to be sponged frequently with tepid water.
Plants to be removed when the room is extra heated, especially at night.
Never to be exposed to cold draughts. On the other hand, to be set out on a balcony in the sun on bright, warm, still days.
As the buds swell, the roots may be watered once a week with a solution of sulphate of ammonia—half-an-ounce to a gallon of water, or two or three drops of hartshorn may be put in the water every time the plant is watered.
If the pots stand in saucers, these must be emptied of all drainings from the pots after watering.

It may seem to some that there is a great deal to learn in order to make sure of keeping a pet plant. In plain truth, the chief thing is to observe *regularity* in attending to window plants. It is the doing too much to-day and forgetting them to-morrow that kills most of the plants that are taken into rooms. Let it be remembered that the camellia likes a moist atmosphere, and that the air of dwelling rooms is generally dry, and it will be seen how important it is that the leaves should be sponged frequently, to keep them clean, and to benefit the plant by the moisture the leaves will absorb during the process. Camellias ought never to be dry at the root, and especially at this time of year. Drought does not hurt them so much in summer as in winter, and the cultivator of camellias in windows should endeavour to keep the roots always moist, but not wet, and with no stagnant water under the pots.

Treated according to these rules, the plants will flower well, and then they begin to grow. This is the critical time for camellias in rooms, because then they require an atmosphere extra moist, still, and warm; and if they can be placed in a warm pit or shady greenhouse to make their new growth, it will be the better for them. Supposing that cannot be done, we should advise the cultivator

To remove all the blooms as soon as the new shoots have made a start.
To dew the plants twice a day, by drawing the hand over a wet brush held close beside them.
To water the roots regularly, as before advised, but to use no stimulants.
To nip out the top bud of every shoot, and allow all other buds to grow as they please.
To keep the plants in full daylight, but not to place them in the sun.
To give them very little air.
Not to sponge the new leaves till they are quite firm in texture.
To cut away any ugly shoot which may have been preserved hitherto because it had flower-buds on it.
To scrape away a little of the top soil, without hurting the roots, and replace it with a mixture of half leaf-mould and half dung, rotted to powder.

With this treatment the plants will in due time cease to grow, and at the termination of every new shoot there will be a flower-bud formed. As soon as this terminal bud is visible, begin to give the plants air by degrees, and let them feel the sun morning and evening. Cease to dew the foliage, and give less water, but do not let them go quite dry at the roots. After a fortnight of this treatment, place them out of doors in a warm, sheltered, and rather shady place; and all the attention they will want till October following will

be to water them regularly. A little sun will do them good, but to be exposed to the full sun in the height of summer will be hurtful. These plants grow naturally in damp shady woods, and thus they require less light than many other equally showy subjects, and that is the reason they do so well in old-fashioned greenhouses which have high walls and heavy roofs. The object of nipping out the top bud is to keep the plants dwarf and bushy; if the top buds are allowed to grow, the plants become in a few years very leggy and unsightly.—*Gardener's Weekly Magazine.*

GARDEN TOOLS—THEIR USES AND HOW TO USE THEM.

THE SPADE.

Of spades there are various qualities; but the best for general use, I believe, are Foster's patent, which have a steel plate welded on the face, which always keeps that part bright and clean. It may not be so apparent to those who are not experienced in the use of garden tools, what advantage there is in having steel instead of iron, just where the friction is greatest; but so it is, and those who have to earn their living by using the spade all day long, know well the difference between iron and steel. Spades vary in size as well as quality; there are very small ones for children, and larger ones for school-boys: then begin the sizes for real use—the smallest of these are marked No. 1; No. 2 is a size larger, and is a very handy size for amateur gardeners; No. 3 is the one in most common use among gardeners, nurserymen, &c.

In using the spade, it is very common to speak of digging one spit deep, or trenching two spit deep, and so on—the word spit meaning, in garden phraseology, just so much earth as the spade will move and take up when thrust into the ground as far as the treadle (the piece of iron on which the foot is placed); the breadth of ground taken at each spit is immaterial, so long as the spade will move it; the word more particularly applies to the depth—that is, the depth of the spade. Digging is a term used when the ground is turned up just one spit or spade deep: it is known as flat digging—that is, when the ground is smoothed and made level with the spade as the work goes on; rough digging when the ground is left in lumps, or rough clods, and is mostly performed in autumn or winter, when the ground is not to be immediately cropped after it.

Trenching is a term used when, after removing the top spit, the ground is moved or dug another spit below that—that is called trenching two spit deep; when that spit is removed, and the ground dug still deeper, it is called trenching three spit deep, and so on again to four spit deep, &c.

Bastard trenching is performed in this manner: The piece of ground to be trenched is marked out into portions of any convenient width, say twelve feet, or if the piece altogether is of no greater width, divide it into two portions—it will be much more convenient. Beginning at one end of either of these divisions, mark out a space two feet wide, or perhaps a little more; pare off the surface two inches or so, then dig out the piece the depth of the spade, shovel out the crumbled soil at the bottom, and wheel or carry it all to that spot where it is intended to finish; then mark out a space of equal proportion with the first trench, pare off the surface of that, throw the parings into the first trench, and, if manure is added, put that in with it; then with either a spade or fork dig the bottom of the first trench in the ordinary manner. thus the ground is loosened to the depth of two spit without materially altering the position of the soil, —that is, the top spit remains on the top, while the under soil is loosened. This kind of trenching is advantageous when the top spit is good, and had best retain its position, while the under soil is clay, poor sand, or gravel, or in any way unfit to sustain vegetable life in full vigour. Generally speaking, it should be more often adopted than the common mode of trenching, and will be less likely to bring on any ill consequences resulting from over-trenching, as often happens on light ground.

A still more effectual method of bastard trenching is performed as follows:—Mark out a trench as previously described, dig out the top spit, and carry the soil to a spot by itself, where it will be handy, or near the last trench; dig out the second spit, and put that where it will be by itself; then dig the third spit, without taking out the soil. Mark out another trench the same size; dig out the first spit, and carry that away; dig out the second spit, and throw the soil into the first trench; dig the bottom of the second trench as before. Then mark out a third trench; throw the top spit of that to the top of the first trench, the second spit into the second trench, and dig the bottom. Proceed with a fourth trench, throwing the top of that on the top of the second trench, the second spit into the third trench, and digging the bottom. By this method of

trenching the ground is moved to the depth of three spit, and yet keeps its original position, and is useful when the best soil is on the top, and yet the soil is good, and will be benefited by loosening to the depth of three spit. It will be worth while to observe that the surface soil is most fitted to support vegetation. We find in nature no such thing as trenching, beyond what is performed by earthworms, moles, and other burrowing creatures, and it is quite possible to go beyond proper limits in pulverising the soil. I have myself worked ground so deep and so much that fertility was almost gone, and would warn others by my experience not to go to the extreme in trenching, that is; to trench the ground about once in two or three years, and then adopt either of the foregoing methods in preference to the common method, which is merely reversing the soil, bringing the bottom to the top, and placing the top of each trench at the bottom of each one preceding it.

But still another very useful method of trenching may be described, and will be found useful where the soil is good to any considerable depth. First open a trench about a yard wide, and dig it out to the depth of three spit, more or less, as required; then mark out another trench, the same width, and divide that again into two parts (if manure is applied at the same time, spread it over the surface of the ground before marking out the trenches); dig down one-half first, to the bottom of the trench, throwing all into the first trench, which will be half filled thereby; then dig the other half to the same depth, throwing that also into the first trench, which will then be filled up, and the soil in it be pretty well mixed; proceed with another trench, a yard wide, digging only half at a time, and throwing one-half on the other, and so on, till the whole is complete.

I would recommend this method, as next in utility to either of the preceding, and far preferable to the common mode, which is performed by opening one trench and filling it up with the next, just in the order it comes, by which means very bad soil is often brought to the top, and the best part of the soil is buried too deep to be of real use.

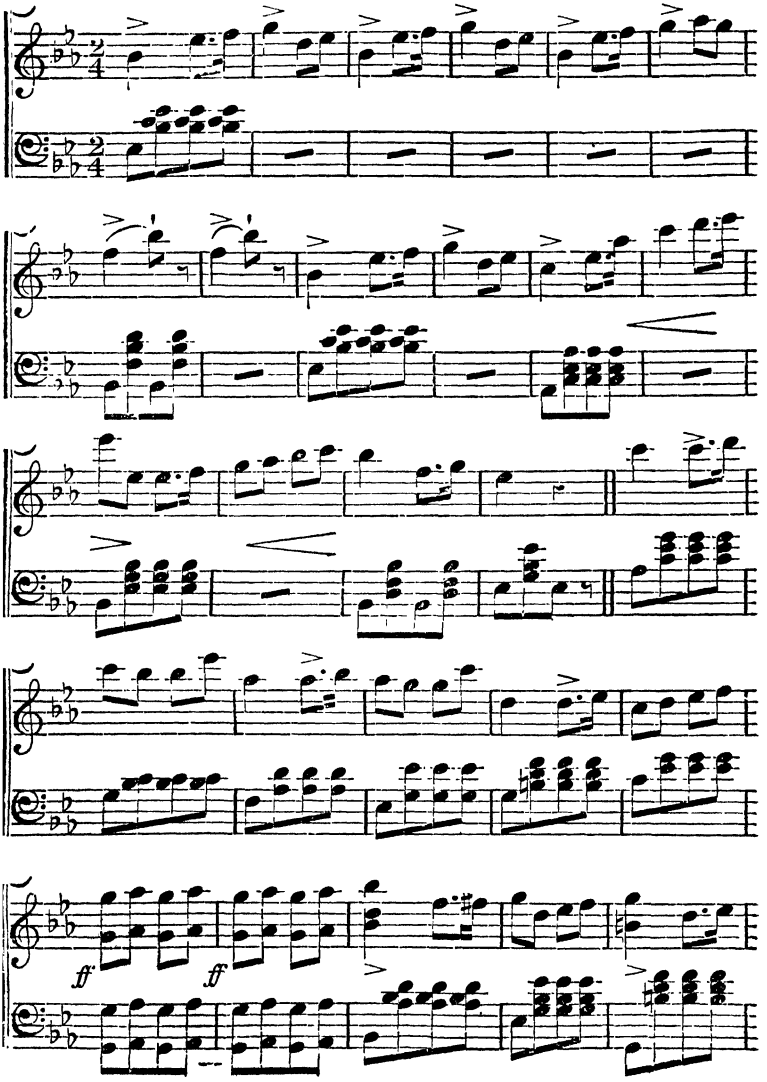
Few people, I should think, are unacquainted with the terms ridge and furrow. The Crystal Palace at Sydenham is roofed on the ridge-and-furrow system, and fields are often left in ridges and furrows by the plough; it is also an excellent form in which to leave the surface of the ground, after digging or trenching, provided the ground is not to be immediately cropped. Ridges and furrows expose a greater surface to the light and air, frost, snow, and rain; all these exert an important influence; and during the winter months, whatever ground remains uncropped had better be ridged in the autumn, and left so till about the beginning of March; unless the ground is to be cropped with potatoes, which may be placed in the furrows, and the ridges levelled over them.

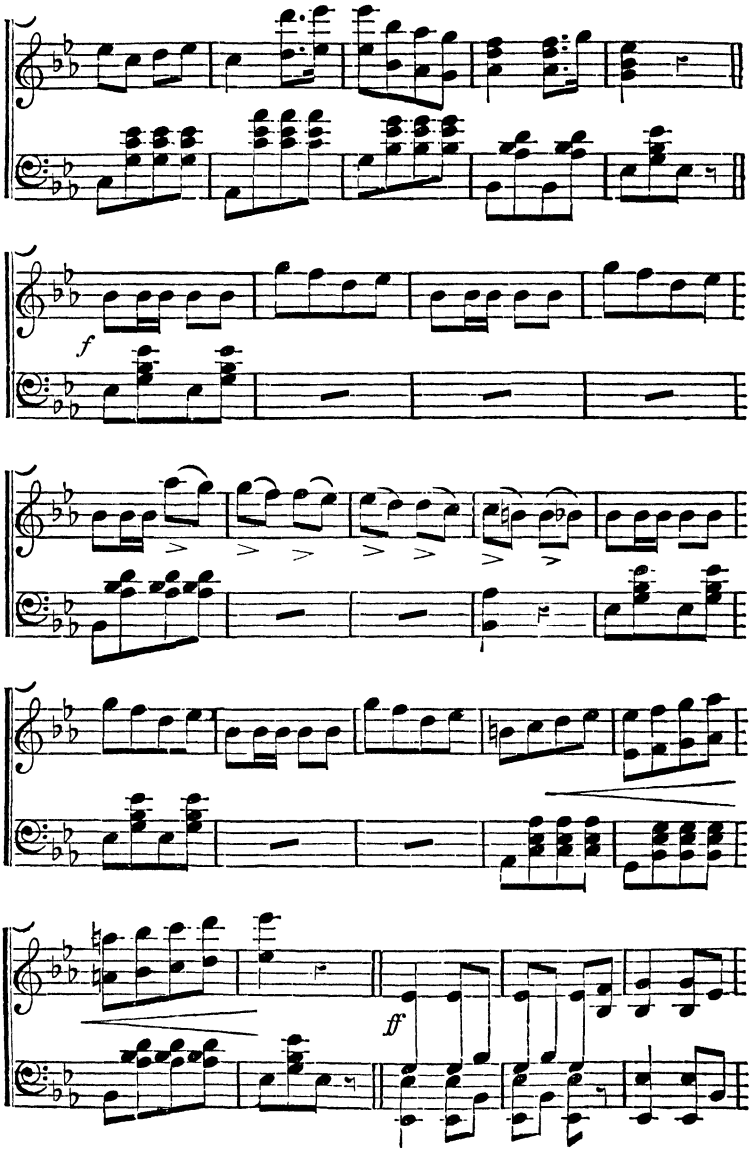
I have endeavoured to be as plain as possible, because I know that, in reading a description of these processes, it is difficult to catch exactly the writer's meaning, and writers are very apt to make no allowance for the little practice those have had who desire to learn. Gardening, certainly, is a trade—it is a source of income to thousands upon thousands, both in this country and others—and, like other trades, those who have had practice in it find it comparatively easy; while others, who have had no practice, find the most ordinary manipulation puzzling work; but, although gardening is a source of income to many thousands of individuals, it is a source of pleasurable amusement to many more; in fact, there are few indeed but are fond of flowers and of the process of growing them. Wherever an opportunity offers of cultivating a few flowers or vegetables, it is seldom lost; in fact, opportunities are made, and all sorts of curious means and positions are pressed into the service, showing how inordinate and natural is the desire to do something in this way.

It is true that there are books relating to gardening processes, of more or less merit, and some of them very instructive; but they are either too cumbrous, or they do not meet the whole of the requirements—which it is by no means easy to do, considering how these requirements vary in every locality. I shall, however, in addition to a short calendar of seasonable operations, endeavour to describe the various tools and implements in use, the method of using them, the various operations performed with them; the various phrases in use among gardeners, and what is understood by them; the various implements of adaptation, as well as operation and application; and the several classes of plants in cultivation—classing them as useful and ornamental—their purposes where they are likely to be most useful or ornamental; in fact, everything that relates to the manipulative part of gardening. I shall be happy to treat on, and give such information as shall be desired and will be of use to our readers.

ALEXANDRA GALOP.

ISLAVERNAY.

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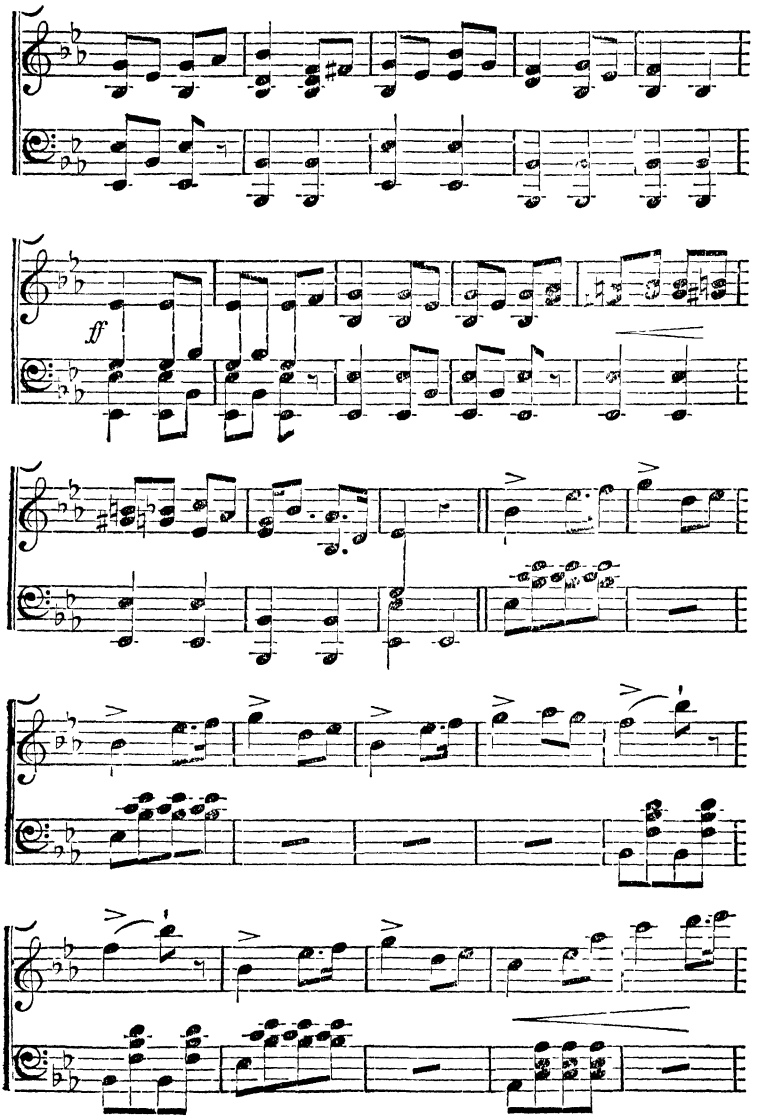
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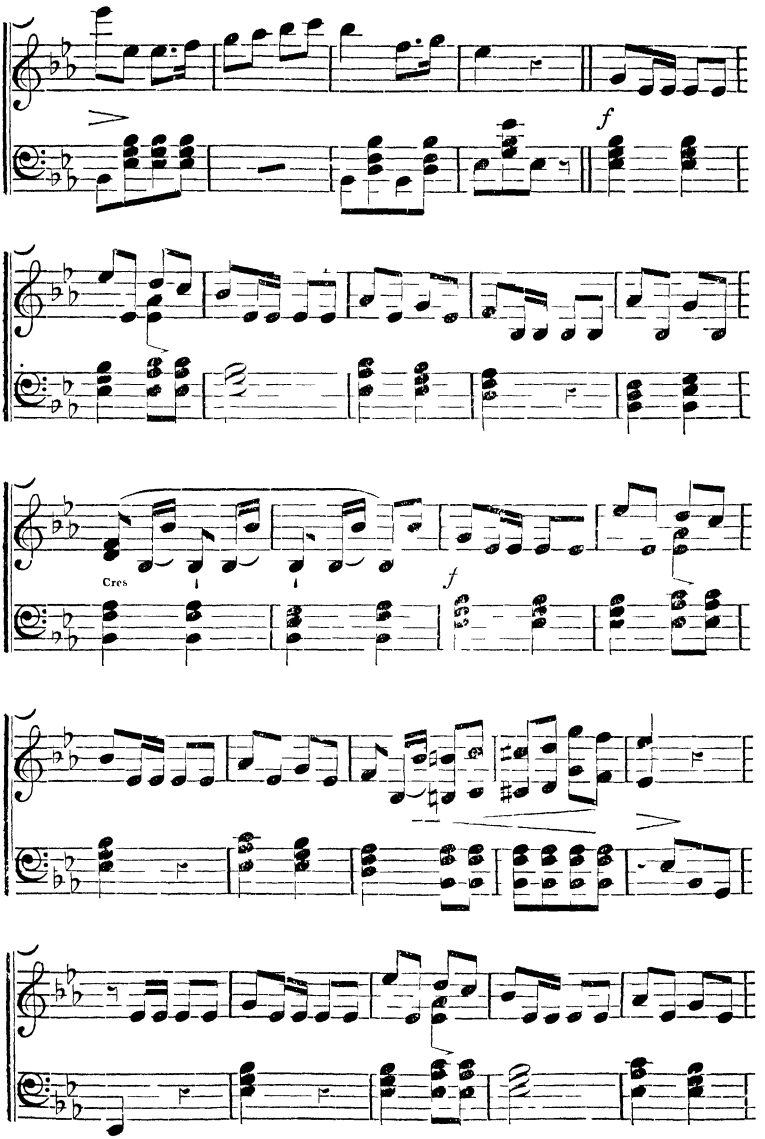
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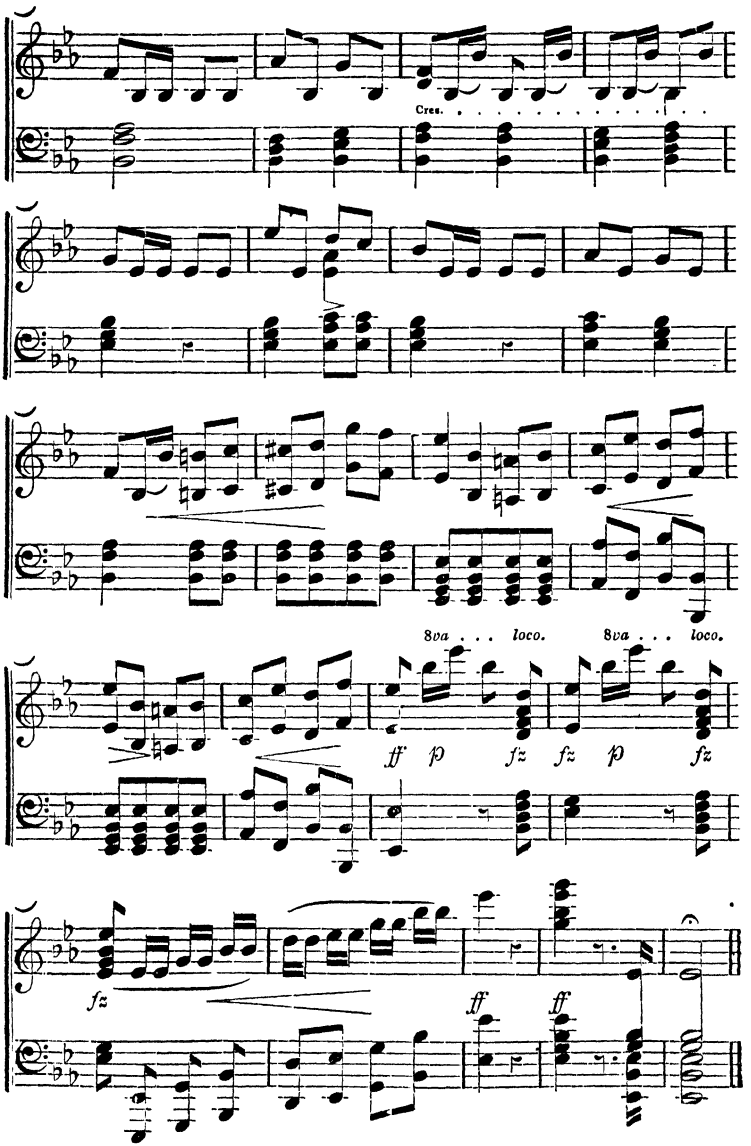
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FEMALE EMPLOYMENT.

One of the most urgent needs of the time is the discovery of fitting employment for females of the middle classes. Needle-work in all its branches, from embroidery to shirt-making, is full to overflowing. Watch-making, which once promised so well, through the benevolent exertions of a well-known horologist, seems to have failed in providing the right kind of labour. Printing and law-writing, under the active superintendence of Miss Emily Faithful and her coadjutors, can hardly be said to have proved a great success; and as to the employment of young women behind the counters of drapers, glovers, and pastry-cooks, it is unfortunately the fact that in the increasing army of workers, young ladies do not seem to take kindly to these employments. Every new field opened for the urgencies of respectable females is therefore to be gladly welcomed and warmly commended. Our fair readers will be glad to know, through the medium of our columns, that a new field has been found, and that profitable and lady-like employment is open to their neglected but industrious sisterhood. How often do we hear that terribly suggestive remark that such-and-such a girl is too pretty to starve, and too well brought up to take to common sewing or domestic service! The new employment to which we wish to direct attention is one by which any young lady of ordinary capacity and energy may earn a comfortable livelihood. During a visit we lately made to the great glass and chandelier warehouse of the well-known Messrs. Defries and Sons, in Houndsditch, we were delighted to make the discovery of the kind of employment alluded to. Passing through the various show-rooms in this well-conducted establishment, we were gratified to observe numerous well-dressed young women actively and happily busy. In the chandelier department we saw young ladies pinning the drops, making and fitting the chains, and polishing the prisms and other parts of the chandeliers.

This kind of employment for females is quite new; and the Messrs. Defries deserve the highest praise for bringing the fact before the public. In this branch of their business alone they employ between forty and fifty young women, besides very many others in various parts of their extensive premises. For instance, in the show-rooms, where are kept large numbers of chandeliers, lustres, candelabræ, &c., in glass and metal of handsome design, and undeniably good workmanship, we found some dozen neatly-dressed girls occupied in polishing, fitting, and arranging the glittering goods. Messrs. Defries have fitted up the chandeliers for the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, and the principal theatres and music-halls, and to them is due the credit of having brought glass chandeliers literally within the means of the million. Till very lately, glass decoration, which is always new and always beautiful, was wholly beyond the scope of any but the wealthy. The luxury of a glass chandelier may now be enjoyed alike by the prince, the nobleman, the merchant, the tradesman, and the artisan.

In the glass-cutting and engraving-rooms, again, we observed a large number of youths busy in the midst of the artistic workmen. The new patterns for the drops of chandeliers employ many lads and lasses in their process of manufacture; for after the men have cut and polished them, there is still a large quantity of work to be done in finally fitting and cleansing them ready for hanging. All who have visited the International Exhibition (and who has not?) will have seen and admired the gigantic temples of crystal exhibited by this enterprising firm. Nothing, indeed, can exceed the beauty and brilliancy of their crystal prismatic mirror, manufactured for the Sultan of Turkey; their monster chandelier, and their great thirty-light candelabra, lately erected.

Again, in the cotton-weaving department and in the shops we found numbers of young women employed, their happy looks fully testifying to the pleasant and remunerative nature of their employment. We have great pleasure, therefore, in bringing these facts before our readers, confident that publicity only is required to largely increase the sphere of this highly useful and profitable branch of woman's work.

The great social problem—how shall we find employment for those of our female population whose condition places them above menial service?—has been long and successfully solved in France. It is considered there that when a lady goes to purchase a dress or a pair of gloves, a trinket for herself or a toy for her children, she will prefer being served by one of her own sex rather than by a broad-shouldered specimen of the other. So long as the soil demands cultivators, the country soldiers and mechanics, merchants and artisans,

such as only the brain and strength of manhood can supply, it is thought an ungallant and unseemly invasion of the rights of the weak, that any employment for which they are peculiarly qualified should be taken from them. Woman, that finds both her virtue, comfort, and delight in labour, is permitted, in consequence, to exercise it. She often acts as ticket-dispenser at railway stations, as bookkeeper at hotels and shops, and as attendant on the heaped tables of the reading-room. The watchmaker consigns to her delicate touch the finer parts of his mechanism, and the jeweller the setting of his costly gems; the wood-engraver expects his most delicate and tasteful cuts from her; and the picture-dealer invites her to plant her easel in the Louvre or Luxemberg, to produce, as she well can, the masterpieces of ancient or modern art. Nor is the mallet of the sculptor considered to disgrace the hands of a princess—one of the noblest statues of modern times, representing Joan of Arc clasping the consecrated sword, being the production of a daughter of the late Citizen King. The individual and social advantages which the honour that is thus paid to labour brings are incalculable. Pride is never permitted to interfere with usefulness; and many a young female who would have been debarred, as with us, by its pernicious influence from the honourable employment of her powers, and been tempted to seek a refuge from poverty in a life of shame, is enabled, by the wiser and more merciful arrangements which obtain in France, to secure a virtuous and comfortable independence.

This recognition of female usefulness, and respect accorded to its exercise, is attended by other important results to the welfare and arrangements of society. No well-conducted young woman is condemned to the cheerlessness of old-maidish life. A young female, trained to the idea that she has a position of activity to fill, and work to do, is regarded by the other sex, who have marriage in prospect, not in the light of an expensive encumbrance, but as a help and a gain; and it will depend on herself alone if, at a comparatively early age, she does not obtain the opportunity of being a happy wife.

Animals.—Before rain, swallows fly low; dogs grow sleepy, and eat grass; water-fowl dive much; fish will not bite; flies are more troublesome; and moles, ants, and bees are very busy.

CHESS.

We resume in this first number of the new volume our articles on chess. The following game is one of a series played between Mr. W. Hannah and Mr. Jansen, in which the former gentleman was the winner:—

GAME I.

WHITE—Mr. Jansen.	BLACK—Mr. Hannah.
1 P to K 4.	1 P to K 3
2 P to Q 4	2 P to Q 4
3 P takes P	3 P takes P
4 Kt to K B 3	4 Kt to K B 3
5 B to K 3	5 B to Q 3
6 P to Q B 4	6 P takes P
7 B takes P	7 B to K B 4 (*a*)
8 Q to Kt 3	8 Castles
9 Q takes P	9 B to K 5 (*b*)
10 Q to Kt 3 (*c*)	10 Kt to B 3 (*d*)
11 Q to Q sq	11 R to Kt sq.
12 B to Kt 3	12 B takes Kt
13 Q takes B	13 B to Kt 5 ch
14 Kt to B 3	14 Kt takes P
15 B takes Kt	15 Q takes B
16 Castles (K R)	16 Q to Q 7
17 Kt to R 4	17 R to Kt 4
18 Q R to B sq	18 Q to R 3
19 Q to B 6	19 B to Q 3
20 P to K R 3	20 R to K R 4
21 R to B 4	21 Kt to Kt 5 (*e*)
22 Q to Kt 7 (*f*)	22 Kt to K 6
23 P takes Kt	23 Q takes P ch
24 R to B 2 (*g*)	24 R to B 4
25 Q to B 3 (*h*)	25 R takes Q
26 P takes R	26 B to Kt 6
27 R to B 2	27 B takes R ch
28 R takes B	

After a few moves White resigned.

NOTES ON GAME I.

(*a*) Players not conversant with the openings would consider this move a bad one, because it enables White to commence an attack by playing Q to Q Kt 3, with apparent advantage. This, however, is not the case. White, it is true, gains a pawn, but abandons, to a considerable extent, the advantage of position. The game is a good illustration of this variation, and is conducted with ability.

(*b*) The correct reply, Black now obtaining a good game.

(*c*) Had White played P to Q 5, Black would have replied with Kt takes Q P &c.

(*d*) Much better than to have taken Kt with B, because, had that move been made, White would eventually have posted the K R to Kt sq with a commanding position.

(*e*) Ingenious; threatening to win Q by B R 7 ch; we believe, however, that Kt to Q 4 would have been still more effective, *e. g.*:—

21 Kt to Q 4
(Black now threatens R, takes P)
21 Q to Q 2 22 Kt to B 5
with an irresistible attack.

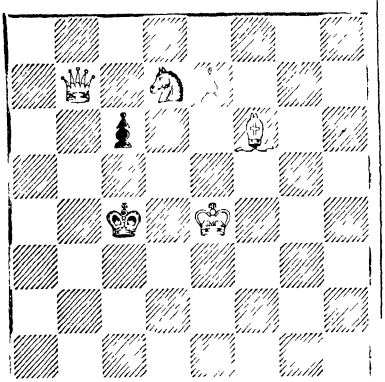
(*f*) Black prosecutes the attack with vigour.

(*g*) To our juvenile readers we may remark that had White moved his King to R sq, mate would have ensued in three moves.

(*h*) White had no resource.

PROBLEM I.

BLACK.



WHITE TO PLAY, AND MATE IN THREE MOVES.

We shall be happy to receive replies to this problem. Original games and problems will also be acceptable. Correspondence requested.

A MUSICAL PRODIGY.

A LETTER from Venice says that a professional musician of that place has discovered a prodigy for which there is probably no precedent—a singer, that is to say, who is at once a bass, a baritone, and a tenor. The professor was on his way to Rovigo, when he paused to rest in a country inn. Suddenly, in an adjacent room, he heard a splendid bass voice sing Silva's aria out of Ernani," That over, a sonorous baritone struck up the well-known "Lo vedrem o veglio audace." The listener was still lost in admiration of the beauty of these two voices, when a high ringing tenor made itself heard, and sang with great range of voice Edgar's closing air in "Lucia." The delighted professor could not restrain his enthusiasm, and hurried into the adjoining room to thank the gifted trio, when, to his astonishment, he found the apartment occupied only by one young man, who declared that he himself had sung all three airs. Put to the test, it proved that he had spoken the truth, and that the singer possessed the extraordinary range from the low D to the high C, all full and beautiful chest-notes. It is thought possible that the professor may persuade his Crœsus of voices, who is the son of well-to-do burgesses to devote himself to the stage.

EASY MODE OF ACQUIRING A FOREIGN LANGUAGE.

THE great importance of the conversational element in the teaching of living languages will not be denied by any person in the slightest degree conversant with such matters. It is a well-known fact that young men and women without any special philological talent, if placed at Paris or Berlin, in circumstances where they are daily forced to hear the native languages of these capitals spoken, and to attempt speaking in return, will, in the course of four months, have acquired, by mere conversation, a mastery over these tongues which they could not have acquired at home in twelve months. Nay, if to the daily practice of hearing and speaking a systematic course of grammatical study and classical reading be added, the experience of hundreds has proved that, in the short space of four months, as much knowledge of any foreign language can be acquired as can be done at home in as many years. Now, on what principle does this depend? Plainly on this, that in the land where a language is spoken, the ear, the great natural organ of linguistic training, is so constantly besieged with the sounds of the foreign language, that it becomes not only easy to learn, but almost impossible not to learn.

TOUCHING STANZA.—*The following, signed* "A Scything One," *is copied from a young lady's album*:—

"Fair made, when I B hold your fase,
& gaize in two ure azhur ize,
my love is warmed in 2 a blaize,
& thruts with in my bozum rize,
2 big for mi week tung 2 utter,
which leeves mi hart awl in a flutter."

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

LET us welcome in the New Year! Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-two has passed into the history; and Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-three, like a young heir, has come into his possessions.

Last December was a gloomy month, a season of clouds and drizzle, and pale, sickly, occasional sunshine—the actual weather seeming to take colour from the gloom that hung over the nation in consequence of the unexampled distress in the manufacturing districts. But, then, how nobly and bravely the entire people came to the rescue of the workers, till glorious Christmas chased away the inhospitable fog, and a good dinner almost made the poor operatives believe in the advent of renewed prosperity. And we believe we are not exaggerating when we say we think that the worst has passed. Let us, at least, trust that it is so.

Turn from the dreary picture presented in the northern counties to the more cheerful aspect of the seasons.

December is, physically, the gloomiest month of our year. The sun has attained the lowest declension in the heavens, and the white mantle of snow is spread over the earth, saddening our spirits somewhat. But look within doors—all is gaiety and festivity, and good cheer gladdens the heart; and is it not pleasant to believe that December, which, with the well-to-do, inaugurates the season of mirth and joy, awakens also vigilant Christian charity?

Each season of the year has its moral and spiritual significance, and each acts upon our faculties in a special manner, to complete the cycle of their influence, and develop the soul. In the mythology of the ancient Egyptian, December was the period when the destroying giant Typhon exercised his full power; but with us it is better to believe that, while it destroys, it renovates; and that the thoughts suggested by the analogies of nature, embodied in old-world allegories, turn to Christian lessons of lasting profit, never-failing instruction, moral admonition, innocency and purity—a regeneration of the soul, typified by the dying out of the old year and the advent of the new!

And now, dear friends and readers, will you allow me to speak in my own person, and wish you all a Happy New Year? The *Family Friend*, I trust, will be to you a friend indeed; and, during the coming months, may the cheerfulness that is born of Christmas associations never be absent from our firesides and our hearts! No effort of mine shall be spared to render this magazine altogether worthy your patronage and cordial acceptance; and I trust that, as I strive to add to your enjoyments, you, too, will strive to aid me in my pleasant labours, and render our little work more and still more interesting and instructive. Without your kind and hearty assistance, my efforts will be vain indeed. Accord me, therefore, your kindly sympathies, and lend me your willing hands; and so shall our united endeavours be crowned with a double measure of success.

Just a sentence or two more.

The present is a capital opportunity for inducing new subscribers to join our ranks, this Number being the first of the new Volume. It may not be amiss for those who work with me in enlarging the circulation of the *Family Friend*, and, therefore, widening the area of its usefulness, possess their minds of some of the

traits by which the magazine is distinguished. *We* know (but, perhaps, all do not know) that the *Friend* aims to be a strictly moral and useful publication; that its pages contain a vast number of original papers, largely contributed by actual subscribers, who write *con amore;* that each volume is complete in itself, and has specialties belonging to no other serial extant, combining the requisites of a Mutual Improvement Society with a freshness and novelty not always discoverable in works of greater pretensions and higher price; that, in fact, it is a magazine equally adapted for personal study and family reading.

"If any thought of mine, or sung or told,
Has ever given delight or consolation,
Ye have repaid me back a thousand fold,
By every friendly sign and salutation.
Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown!
Thanks for each kindly word and silent token,
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,
Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.
Perhaps, on earth I never shall behold,
With eye of sense, your outward form and semblance:
Therefore, to me ye never will grow old,
But live for ever young in my remembrance.
Thus, then, I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm firesides, when the lamps are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited."

Enough. Is it too much to ask you, my dear friends and fellow-labourers, to place this sort of argument before *your* friends when you invite them to join our family party?

Yours faithfully,
EDITOR.

FAMILY COUNCIL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL,—It is very pleasant at the opening of the New Year to address you all as dear and valued friends. The exertions you have made during 1862 will, doubtless, be continued throughout the twelve months of 1863. We do not wish to flatter you; but we cannot refrain from saying that the evident signs of improvement in the majority of your contributions are very gratifying. It was intended to have awarded the Prizes this month, but that task must be postponed ti February, in consequence of the Councillors not having all of them forwarded their addresses (in confidence) as requested. Perhaps the preparations for Christmas festivities kept their hands too full for writing. Let us beg of the defaulters to write immediately, so that this pleasant duty may be no longer delayed.

Very many congratulatory letters have been received in reference to the Christmas Number, and the general management of the "Friend." To one and all these writers we present a cordial and kindly greeting. That the New Year may abound in blessings, and overflow with love in every household; and that disinterested friendship may continue to prevail among us all, is our sincere and hearty prayer.

With this New Year's Number we re-commence our *Definitions*, which were omitted last month, in order that the Volume might, in every respect, be complete. Our Puzzles, Charades, &c., will also be found in their accustomed pages. The regular features of the "Friend" will in nowise be altered in the present volume, except in so far as improvements may from time to time suggest themselves. It will be seen that in the present Number we have largely availed ourselves of the assistance of the Councillors. Let us, Ladies and Gentlemen, continue, from month to month, to interchange these friendly courtesies: so may we go on in the path of mutual improvement and regard.

Ever faithfully yours,
THE PRESIDENT.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

DISINTERESTED. | FRIENDSHIP. | PREVAIL.

PRIZE SCHEME FOR 1863.

The plan of the Prizes for 1863 will be much the same as that adopted last year. To Members of the Family Council we offer Annual Gifts, to be awarded in December next. These will, as heretofore, be divided by the President into three classes. *First*, a handsomely-bound Photographic Album,

containing an Autograph Inscription by the Editor, together with an Engraved Testimonial. To the *Second*, a handsome Volume, with a like Autograph Inscription and the Testimonial; and to the *Third*, the Engraved Testimonial, in recognition of the degree of merit attained.

Thus, as before, there will be no blanks in our literary competition. Though all cannot reach the highest place, it is in the power of every candidate to receive at least honorary distinction. It is needless to say that the strictest impartiality will be observed in awarding the Prizes.

RULES.

1. All Candidates must be Subscribers to the "Friend," and do their best, in their several circles, to increase its popularity and usefulness.

2. The leading departments open to Competitors are—I. Definitions; II. Original Contributions in Prose or Verse; III. Original Enigmas, Puzzles, Conundrums, &c.; IV. Solutions to the Enigmas, &c.; Domestic Receipts, Curious Facts and Scraps, &c.

3. Each Composition must be written in a legible hand, on one side only of the paper, and signed by the writer with some distinguishing *nom de plume;* not merely with initials. [It would tend greatly to the President's convenience, if each councillor wrote on note paper of about the size or these pages.]

4. All contributions to be forwarded on or before the 14th of the month.

5. The President's decisions to be admitted without appeal.

6. Each composition to be accompanied by the writer's real names and address in a separate envelope; not for publication, but for the guidance of the President.

[This last rule is made in order to avoid the inconvenience experienced this month in making the awards.]

Our friends and subscribers will perceive that we have not greatly departed from the scheme of last year; and in bidding them adieu till next month; we have only to add that we trust they wil be strenuous in their exertions for increasing the circulation of this, their own, Magazine; and that in the New Year, just opened, they will be successful in all their undertakings, and happy in all relations of life.

LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

In accordance with a wish expressed by several subscribers, we beg to announce that we shall be happy to receive contributions towards the relief of the distressed Operatives in the manufacturing districts. Those of our friends who feel inclined to assist in this good work can forward their collections to the Editor, who will, month by month, acknowledge the sums received and send them to the Lord Mayor, as the "Contributions of the readers of the Family Friend." Although the Editor has already paid his mite into another subscription-box, he will feel pleasure in commencing the "*Friend*" list by a guinea. The printers of the *Family Friend* will also subscribe one guinea. It need scarcely be said that the smallest sums will be thankfully received. Post office orders may be made payable to Messrs. Adams and Gee, 23, Middle-street, West Smithfield, E.C.

OFFERINGS FROM OUR COUNCIL.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

The custom of having illuminated trees at Christmas, their branches laden with pretty little trifles as mementoes to be presented to the guests of the Christmas party, and to be cherished by them as remembrancers of a bygone Christmas, until another year comes round, is derived from Germany. It is a very poetical fancy, and is gaining ground in this country. A young fir is generally selected for the Christmas tree; and for a week before Christmas the daughters and sons of the family are busy engaged in inventing and bringing together all sorts of curious things to hang on its branches. There are little presents of all kinds—crochet purses, bonbons, preserved fruits, baskets, charms, dolls, toys, in endless variety, &c., distributed over the tree, according to fancy, and the whole is illuminated by a hundred little wax tapers, which are lighted just before the guests are admitted to inspect the tree.

This custom, which is still new to us, dates as far back as Luther's time, and is worthy of all continuance. "I have been looking," says a recent writer, "on this evening at a merry company of children assembled round that pretty German toy, a Christmas tree. The tree was planted in the middle of a great round table, and towered high above their heads. It was brilliantly lighted by a multitude of little tapers, and everywhere sparkled and glittered with bright objects. There were rosy-cheeked dolls, hiding behind the green leaves; there were real watches (with moveable hands, at least, and an endless capacity of being wound up) dangling from innumerable twigs; there were French-polished tables, chairs, bedsteads, wardrobes, an eight-day clock, and various other articles of domestic furniture (wonderfully made in tin, at Wolverhampton) perched among the boughs, as if in preparation for some fairy housekeeping; there were jolly, broad-faced little men, much more agreeable in appearance than many real men—and no wonder, for their heads took off, and showed them to be full of sugar-plums; there were fiddles and drums; there were tambourines, books, work-boxes, paint-boxes, sweetmeat-boxes, peep-show-boxes, and all kinds of boxes; there were trinkets

for the elder girls, far brighter than any grown-up gold and jewels; there were baskets and pin-cushions, in all devices; there were guns, swords, and banners; there were witches standing in enchanting rings of pasteboard, to tell fortunes; there were teetotums, humming-tops, needle-cases, pen-wipers, smelling-bottles, conversation cards, bouquet-holders; real fruit, made artificially, dazzling with gold-leaf; imitation apples, pears, walnuts (crammed with surprises); in short, as a pretty child in front of me delightfully whispered to another pretty child, her bosom friend, 'There was everything, and more.' This motley collection of odd objects, clustering on the tree like magic fruit, and flashing back the bright looks directed towards it from every side—some of the diamond-eyes admiring it were hardly on a level with the table, and a few were languishing in timid wonder on the bosoms of pretty mothers, aunts, and nurses—made a lively realisation of the fancies of childhood; and set me thinking how all the trees that grow, and all the things that come into existence on the earth, have their wild adornments at that well-remembered time."

Before the tapers were burnt out the guests all assemble around the tree, and the souvenirs are taken off and presented to the guests, whose names have either been previously appended to them, or at the discretion of the distributor. The tree is then set aside, and the Christmas games begin.

PAX.

CONGRATULATIONS.

To our Editor first, and President next,
I welcome them both with a cheer,
May all their bright prospects completely be blest,
And I wish them a happy New Year!

Of our Family Circle, my dear Sisters I greet,
For your efforts to please are so clear;
My endeavours are to follow, and never retreat,
And I wish you a happy New Year.

My Brothers, though last, are not least in array,
In learning they have no compeer;
Their laurels thus won, on their brow we'll display,
And I wish you a happy New Year.

Oh, may our thanksgivings be wafted on high,
To the Great Giver of all we possess;
May He open our hearts for the famished who sigh,
To assist them in their greatest distress!

ANNA GREY.

THE NEW YEAR.

A NEW YEAR!—It seems to me well that the commencement of the new year should follow so closely on the rejoicings attending the commemoration of our Saviour's birth. We are most of us inclined to view the coming year with a vague feeling of distrust and anxiety. We have experienced much of weariness, much of disappointment, from the failure of plans or hopes which we had eagerly formed at the beginning of past years; and are too much disposed to regard blessings received during their course as of comparatively little moment. At the close of each year, we are more conscious of a portion of the life allotted to us having passed irrevocably, bearing with it the record of many sins of commission and omission; or, if through God's mercy in Christ, we believe them already blotted out, there still lingers a deep sense of humiliation in the remembrance. And while we shrink from our earthly career being closed, we yet often feel disposed to question the Creator's pronouncing a long life—seeing many days—to be a blessing, as such in reality. We have known those who at some former period of their life seemed ripe for heaven, at a later live only for the earth: while each year, apparently with most, leaves behind so much error; and the aged seems as far, or farther, from the New Jerusalem than the child. But the season of Christmas would fain disperse all anxious forebodings; then, especially, is good-will proclaimed from heaven to men: then, especially, may we lay all our care on Christ, assured that He careth for us. We know not what trials, what vexations, may await us; but we do know that if we trust Him, strength will be granted to enable us to come through victoriously; so with rejoicing hearts and a child-like faith, shall we enter upon the coming year.

ADELINE A.

THE COUNCIL.

IT is my impression that never was a competition kept up with more spirit, goodwill, and credit than that of the present year between the members of the Family Council. The hints and criticisms which have been kindly given have been kindly received, and the improvement has been rapid and satisfactory. Though I am placed in antagonism to my fellow-councillors, yet I confess that their ability and performances have afforded me the greatest pleasure. And, on the other hand, any marks of carelessness (and I am thankful to say they have been but few) have pained me, as I have a whole heartfelt interest in the fame and prosperity of the "Family Friend." The more of talent and ability we have to encounter the more glory there is in the literary contest. I rejoice to break a lance (if I may use such an expression when we have ladies in the lists) with such accomplished councillors as Lucinda B., Lily H., Emma Butterworth, Illa, and Snow. And we have been under careful supervision, inasmuch as we have had our worthy President and Messrs. Max and Caractacus to see the whole conducted in fair play. When I compare the early numbers with the later ones, I cannot help remarking that there has been amazing progress. During the past few months the contributions have been much bolder in style and purpose, and when I attempt to decide upon their respective merits I am lost—they have all been so good, and have been so varied in their character, that to classify them is almost impossible. Of course we have all our favourites, and our hearts would incline to grant them superiority. The unflagging energy surprises me most. It has been a task of literary toil during the bright summer evenings and the dark winter nights. Yet the labour has been pleasant—pleasant to me. The year, like other years, may have been one of change. I have laid the plots of essay and tale under the sweet influence of young May mornings, and have driven the pen wearily when sadness and sorrow gloomed where a loving mother smiled.

The purest, holiest emotion which can throb the heart of man is the clinging, overwhelming

memory of a dear departed one. No power on earth can so touch the heart as a word, a look, a budding flower, a strain of music—anything which can recal the form, the long-forgotten saying, the tender unspeakable smile of the one we loved. And, without a comparison which might disparage anyone, yet I say, the artless, genuine effusions of the author of the "Three Locks of Hair," have to me been worth all the rest of miscellaneous contributions.

It is the spirit of her poetry which creates so strong a sympathy in me. Certainly there has appeared in the columns of the "F.F." more ambitious and highly-coloured verse, but I may say that very few writers, except Milton, have excelled in the picturesque. My esteemed lady friend, however, attempts no such flights. Her productions display a deep acquaintance with the human heart, and those "simple words" which best and most forcibly convey an idea of its joys and sorrows. I wish we had had a few more papers from "Illa." I have referred several times to her "Blind Maurice" with pleasure, and would like to see her develop those poetic talents which I think she possesses.

Not so much from gallantry as from justice, I feel bound to confess that, on the whole, the ladies have had the best of it. They have certainly mustered more strongly, and have sustained their reputation better. Well, it has been very pleasing to have had so much fair opposition—such an array of talent among the bonnets. And I trust that through the medium of our respected President we can shake hands at the close of the year, and wish each other "Good speed" in the next.

It is not probable that we shall all toil hand in-hand until the close of 1863. One who for long worked pleasantly with us has removed to another clime. Changes may come to us who are left behind. We cannot tell. But I think the tone of piety which has characterised the little monthly papers speaks for those who have written them, and warrants a reunion where the lost are gathered home, and all are folded in a common brotherhood.

RUTHENPHARM.

MY FRIENDS.

MANY years since, I had a discussion with a young lady, and our discourse was in this wise. She maintained that all her life long she had been on a fruitless search for a perfect person, and that she intended to continue her endeavours until successful. I, on the other hand, asserted that I had found many as perfect as I ever hoped to discover amid such frail and erring beings as earth can alone produce. She challenged me to name one of these; but I declined, for many reasons, though one after another rose up to my memory, and we parted without convincing one another in the least.

Years, as I said, have passed since then, and they have left my belief unchanged. It is idle, and worse than idle, to talk of perfection here below,—to put aside gift after gift, because of some real or fancied flaw in the construction. Dear friends!—my friends!—I would not deal so by you! My friends! How sweet those words sound! The true and tried ones,—slowly separated from my many acquaintances, slowly linked together, slowly stored away in the innermost casket of affection and trust. But which of all is perfect, in the actual meaning of the word? Every one is faulty in some especial point,—an inequality here, an excess there,—a dim spot, a roughness,—all have a blemish; and because of these things, am I to cast them out, and say they are not worthy of my collection? Ah, me! Am I, so full of faults myself, to require, to hope for faultlessness in others?

What a strange, subtle bond that is, that unites friend with friend! We have glad words, and looks, and thoughts,—hearty greetings, kindly deeds,—for the many to whom daily association and pleasant intercourse have given a claim to our good offices. But, oh! the heart leaps at the familiar voice, the familiar face and step. Oh! the cry that echoes through the soul, "My friend! my friend!" when, once and again, one of the special few cross our path, and we feel how powerless time, and distance, and busy occupation is to loosen the tie between us.

But, ah me! for the faces on which we may never gaze—

"Till God wipes away
In heaven these drops of weeping."

Are they forgotten in their silent graves? When we number over our friends, are their names omitted?

"Oh no! not then!—least then!
When life is shriven,
And death's full joy is given,
Of those who sit and love you up in heaven,
Say not, 'We loved them once!'"

Begun below, to be consummated hereafter! May not Christian friendship hope that it is so? "There has come a "last time" to many of our earthly meetings,—it will come to all; how could we bear this knowledge did we not look forward to a never-ending union around the eternal throne!

ILLA.

SELECTIONS FROM A FAVOURITE SCRAP-BOOK

BY PAULINE S.

"THE more talents and good qualities we possess the more humble we ought to be, because we have the less merit in doing right"

"Vanity is the fruit of ignorance, which thrive best in subterranean places, where the air of heaven and the light of the sun cannot reach it."

"It is the greatest misfortune in the world to have more learning than good sense."—*Miss E. Smith's Memoirs.*

"Self-knowledge gives a man the truest and most constant self-possession."—*Mason.*

"To add a vacant mind to a form which has ceased to please—to provide no subsidiary aid to beauty while it lasts, and especially no substitute when it is departed—is to render life comfortless, and marriage dreary."—*Hannah More.*

"Let us consider that youth is of no long duration, and that, in mature age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good.—*Dr. Johnson.*

NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

THE origin of the practice of giving presents or gifts on the first day of every new year may be traced to the Romans, "Tatius, King of the Sabines, who reigned at Rome conjointly with Romulus, having considered as a good omen a present of some branches that had been cut in a wood consecrated to Strenia, the goddess of strength, which he received on the first day of a new year, authorised this custom afterwards, and gave to these presents the name of Strenæ." On this day the Romans sent presents of figs, dates, honey, and other things to one another, to prove that they wished their friends a happy and agreeable life. "Clients," or those who were under the protection of any great man, carried presents of this kind to him on this day, adding a small piece of silver. When Augustus reigned, the senate, the knights, and the people presented such gifts to the emperor; or when he was absent, deposited them in the capital. Though succeeding princes regarded the custom with disfavour, it grew with the people, who continued it; and wherever the Romans established a settlement, the custom became prevalent. Thus, probably, it first appeared in Britain, to grow with the centuries it has seen pass by. Like all such customs, it prevails mostly in country districts; in large towns it is too often abused, and is a custom there, often "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." ZANONI.

CHICKEN EXPERIENCES.

I THINK I can amuse some of the readers of the "Family Friend," by relating my experience with poultry. In early spring I had given me a fi cock and hen, and four of their breed. They we speckled. The person who gave them to me fou they did mischief in his neighbours' gardens; and there was no fear on our premises, which are extensive. I was determined they should have a good range. I had others given me, and I soon found I should, in time, have a large family. In the fall, my sister advised me to kill or sell some, for they were in good condition; but I would not hear of such a thing. She said they would eat their heads off. I said I did not care if they eat their tails off; so I took particular care what I expended on them. But they pecked up a good deal about the grounds, would eat potatoes, &c. and would fight for bits of meal. We had a large three-stall stable and loft above, not then i use, so I locked them there at night. We go through the winter very nicely, and when spring came and they began to lay, and some to sit, I ha enough to do; but I had weekly about sixty o seventy fine eggs, and sold a great many to a shop keeper, besides keeping plenty for the family. I our large kitchen was a convenient place to kee my eggs and grain; these places I kept locked, and when the fowls heard me open the door, they collected on a low wall waiting to be fed; bu when, after dinner, I took out a plate of vegetables, &c., they would jump on my shoulders, and nearl knock the plate out of my hand. Whenever went on the lawn they would all follow me. Whe several of the hens had young ones, my brother made coops for them, so that only the young one could get out. One day my little niece called m to look at "old mother," as she called the hen, sayin the was taking her little chickens into the kitchen garden. I soon found out the child's mistake by going to the coop, where the old hen was. Her brood had followed a hen, one of the first brood, , therefore, concluded the chicks had the gift of iscerning colour. However, I may be mistaken. Vell, as everything has an end, I was soon to ave an end of breeding poultry; for the house my nother selected for our next residence was not uitable for the purpose. There was a beautiful ower-garden and lawn, but too confined to my king. I had, therefore, to dispose of all my pets n June; the full-grown ones I sold for two shilngs each—not their full value, as the persons who urchased them were poor. The young ones I arted with at various prices. I never had any xperience before or since; but I learnt so much hat it was a profitable concern. I have omitted uch of the fun the youngsters had. We had many come and look at my wonderful family, and my other said, had we remained longer on the premises, I must have reduced my stock. It would have been considerably to my profit if I could have emained three months longer. ANNA GREY.

THE ARRIVAL.

IN the most spacious and comfortable apartment of an old-fashioned country mansion are seated a ocial group of friends and relations, old and young. They have passed a happy day, and after spending he evening in dancing and other amusements, they have gathered themselves round the glowing re, apparently awaiting some event which is about take place. They are evidently listening, for they speak but seldom, and then only in whispers. Presently a fair girl, one of the youngest of the party, whose sense of hearing, during the last few moments has been strained to the utmost pitch, suddenly starts from her seat, crying out joyously, "I hear them, I hear them!" and hastening into the hall, whither she is followed by her companions, and somewhat more leisurely by the elderly folks, flings wide open the door, which leads on to a beautiful lawn in front of the house.

The scene now presented to view is very lovely; the earth is robed in her snowy garments; the trees, whose leafless boughs are similarly decked—as though Winter, hard-hearted though he be, had taken compassion on the denuded state in which autumn had left them—are glistening in the calm silvery rays of the moon, just sinking into the western horizon; while earth's azure canopy is thickly studded with brilliant diamonds. As our friends are gazing upon this magnificent picture, the sweet tones of the distant village-bells, wafted through the clear frosty midnight air, fall distinctly on the ear, merrily ringing to announce the birth of the stranger. They listen to the hope-inspiring sounds for a few moments, then turn from the aspect without to the genial warmth within, while the oft-repeated words pass from one to another, in joyful accents, "A happy new year to you all—a happy new year?" KATRINE.

A THOUSAND years ago a little star sent forth a ray of light. Last night it reached the earth, and gladdened a million hearts. So the true teacher, the true philanthropist, may to-day start a ray of light that will flood the minds of millions in years to come. A.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c.

1.

Where'er I rule supreme o'er good,
Discomfort must be rife;
Behead me—though I am not food,
You *live on me* through life.

CARACTACUS.

2—SHAKESPEREAN REBUS.

Two madmen have met on a wild deserted heath. We will designate them as A. and B. A. is aged, and full of grief. He has lost his reason through the unnatural conduct of his children; and while they are living in affluence, he is permitted to wander about, exposed to the unmerciful fury of the blast. B. has only assumed insanity, having been deprived of his heritage through the wicked schemes of an illegitimate son of his father's. C. is an unprincipled scoundrel. He has endeavoured to incense his superior officer, D., against his wife, by hinting at inconstancy. The vile end is at length accomplished—the virtuous lady is punished with violent death; but retribution is to follow. E., the wife of C., discloses the whole, but is killed by her wicked husband for so doing.

F., a maiden, and her father, inhabit an island. G. is a jester, and H. a drunken butler, who conspire together to kill the latter, which, however, they fail to do.

Identify the above characters, and arrange them so that their initials may form the name of that which is an especial favourite with young ladies and gentlemen at this merry-making season.

RUTHENPHARL.

3.

Her pa and her ma,
And Nora between;
All three went to see
I leave you to ween.

BUSK.

4.

Though dark I am bright, and I shine day and night:
("Twere *bootless* attempting this "nut" to crack-ing!)
When you my head chop off, you'll find me quite drop off,
For, presto! my body will also be *lacking*.

CARACTACUS.

5.

My *first* is a son of the bonny green isle;
Do not tread on the tail of his coat,
Lest his anger should cause my next to take place,
Which would not be pleasant, I vote.
He'll fight for his home;
Nor will you refuse
To call him my *whole*,
Though he mayn't suit your views.

RUTHENPHARL.

6.

Do you wish to know my *first*?
Know that it's a knock reversed;
And if you further seek my *second*,
An article is what it's reckoned.
My *third*, by some, is highly rated,
And oftentimes by others hated.
My *whole* has often kept from falling
Those who stood on height appalling.

GORGONIA.

7.

When o'er the summit of yon eastern steep
Bright Sol irradiant darts his golden beams,
And pearly drops fall glittering from the spray,—
Where the sweet thrush tunes her melodious strain
Beneath the umbrageous foliage, I am seen;
Or, as the ruddy maid, on nimble toe,
Trips o'er the lawn with Brindle's recking store,
I follow oft, or sport beside her path,
In full proportion and of comely shape;
But as the orb of day refulgent rolls
Till nature droops beneath the noontide beam,
In gradual decay I'm doomed to waste;
And mutilated oft, my uncouth form
Falls prostrate by some weary wretch's side.
At masquerades, where Pleasure's votaries rove,
Concealed in forms by busy fancy given,
I wanton too—in attitude now fixed,
Now sportive, joining with the jocund throng.
Not ever-changing Proteus did assume
The varied shapes that are in me beheld.
Oft with gigantic stride I pace the plain,
Then rest, diminutive, within the ranks
Of glittering vessels stationed to receive
The smoking tide with China's fragrance fraught,
With lovely Asrha on the downy couch.
Then, with fierce lions on Numidia's plain,
Or where young Colin woos the blushing maid—
When even sacred Friendship's hallowed step
Would be unwelcome—oft I lurk behind.
But youths and virgins deprecate me not,
For I'm no babbler. Here the muse must rest.

GEORGE MATTHEWSON.

8.—"SEASONABLE" ANAGRAMS.

a. Best fare O!
b. Pine, mice!
c. O grand snap!
d. Hard case!—CARACTACUS.

9.—DECAPITATION.

Beware of my *whole*, though sweeter than honey,
For surely he'll swindle you out of your money.
Behead me, you see what ladies can't bear;
As soon as they feel me they go to the air.
Behead me again, I know you can do it,
It ain't very hard if you'll only but view it,
When the dishes send forth enticing perfume,
That steams from the table, and floats through the room,
Where friends are all seated, where dainties are hissing,
And loved ones are smiling, who then would be missing?
Not you, if appetite favours the door,
You'll do it with justice, I'm perfectly sure.

RUTHENPHARL.

10

You need but four letters to form me complete.
My *first* is the head of an impudent cheat;
My *next* is a part of a fruit good to eat;
My *third* is the tail of a brute killed for meat;
My *fourth* may be found in your eye—don't you see't?
To exhibit my *whole* is not very discreet.

CARACTACUS.

11

My *first*, a thief his friend will call;
My *next*, I think, is known to all
Who play at cards; and in their pride
Within my *whole* the great reside.

RUTHENPHARL.

12.—ACROSTIC.

a. Without which no character is complete.
b. An English tyrant.
c. A planet.
d. A festival.
e. A pleasant fruit.
f. A collection of wild animals.
g. An English poet.
h. The tender passion.
j. One of King Henry of Navarre's battles.
k. A man who died for conscience's sake.
l. The future.
m. An English admiral.
n. A living poet.
o. The popular preacher.
p. A university.
q. An American philosopher.
r. An English novelist.
s. A son of Earl Percy.
t. A title.
u. A season of the year.
v. An American writer.
w. A Saxon king.
x. The immortal principle in man.
y. An Indian general.
z. A river in Africa. RUTHENPHARL.

13

CHARADE, DEDICATED TO THE LADIES.—AN OFFER.

"Unto thee, fairest maid,
My first I do offer;
Now, 'tis needful to state
What gold's in my coffer.

But little; I'm sure
I'd be sadly perplex'd
If a friend had not promised
To give me *my next.*

And now to sum up,
Without vanity,
My whole I am told
I am thought to be!"

The answer I got
To this offer of mine—
"Dear Sir, I am sorry,
But beg to decline!" ZANONI.

14

My nature being cold, you had better avoid me. If, however, you choose to behead me, you will find that, although "no *flat*," I submit to be trampled on. With this you should be satisfied; for, if you further reduce me, you will make me sick.
CARACTACUS.

15

A gentleman's name contracted first find;
Now, something proclaimed, if these are combin'd;
And half of some islands are added thereto;
A blessing at parting is then brought to view.
BUSK.

16

You always have my *first* to pay
When you by railway go;
My *second* is the source from which
The clear, bright waters flow.

E'en Christmas pleasures have an end,
And friends must therefore part;
'Tis then my *whole* is often said,
And said, too, from the heart.—ZANONI.

17

My whole is used to clean (it may be proved)
The self-same word, but with its head removed.
GORGONIA.

HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURES.

1.

The scene is in Rome. A man of learning, apparently bowed down by grief and infirmities, is seen walking along, leaning upon a staff, and coughing incessantly. He is accosted by a deputation from the Sacred College, and informed that the Cardinals, being unable to agree who shall be the new Pope, have, considering his life not likely to last long, fixed their choice upon him. He is taken to St. Peter's, and immediately that the tiara is placed upon his head he throws away his staff, stands erect, ceases coughing, and having exclaimed, "Now I *am* Pope!" begins to chant the "Te Deum" in a strong voice, much to the astonishment and mortification of the other Cardinals, who thought his apparent infirmities were real.
ST. CLAIR.

2.

'Tis the bridal night of an English thane proud,
The minstrels have ceased, and the shouts are loud;
Now louder still the echoes ring,
As a goblet 's drained to England's king.

See, with glass in hand, the proud monarch stand,
In the centre of Lambeth's hall;
His hand is stopp'd—the glass is dropp'd—
To the floor the king doth senseless fall.

While confusion and riot reign around
The king is lifted from the ground;
Away, away, to a stately bed—
A few minutes pass—the king is dead!
ZANONI.

3.

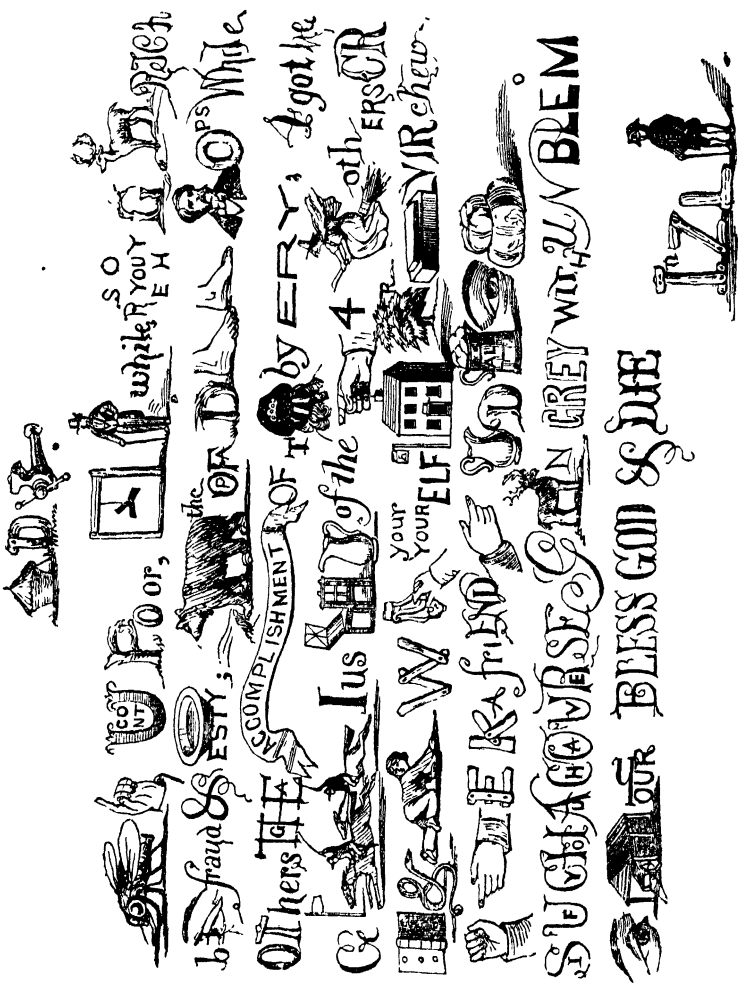
The scene is in a banquet hall, where a monarch is presiding at a feast, celebrated in memory of a great event. Suddenly the revelry is disturbed by the entrance of one who for some offence has been forbidden to present himself. He takes his seat among the guests with insolent *nonchalance*; this so infuriates the king that, after peremptorily insisting on his leaving instantly (which he refuses to do), the unfortunate monarch seizes, and endeavours to drag him from his seat, receiving from his opponent a wound which proves his death-stroke. MIGNONETTE.

4.

Upon an eminence, at the outskirts of an ancient city, is situated the camp of a distinguished general, who, seated in his tent, is earnestly watching a train of mournful-looking females coming towards him. Presently he rises, hastens forward to meet them, and warmly embraces the foremost among the number. They immediately surround him, and, with tears and passionate eloquence, beseech him to desist from his intention of besieging the city. He is greatly agitated by conflicting emotions, and for some moments gazes upon them in silence. At length, no longer able to endure the sight of their grief, he raises her whom he embraced from the ground, where she has fallen, and exclaims, "Oh, my mother! thou hast saved the city, but lost thy son!"—KATRINE.

ADVICE GRATIS.

In the following Hieroglyphical Puzzle will be found an amusing exercise for ingenuity, and a good moral sentence. Try to solve it, and forward the result of your cogitations.



"OH DEAR! IS IT LOST?" EXCLAIMED SISTER AND SERVANT AT ONCE.

LOVE AND DISCIPLINE; OR, TWO WAYS OF TEACHING.

CHAPTER VI.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

In giving these infants a common birth, nature had not granted them that similarity of person and mind which causes even parents sometimes to mistake their children. Although sharing equally with respect to external gifts, there was merely a family likeness between them, and their dispositions differed still more.

As we have just perceived, the prognostications of Madame Olympe were not altogether realised; the little girl, whom her imagination had transformed into a celestial being, full of submission and sweetness, possessed nothing angelic about her, beyond the name, which she cared little to justify. The extreme kindness of her guardian only served to encourage her idleness, presumption, and self-will. In a word, Angelique had all the caprice of a spoiled child. If everything pleased her no one was more amiable; she gave herself up unreservedly to her gay and witty talk, was even kind and obliging to all, caressed her godmamma, and made her laugh with her humorous sallies: but, at the least contradiction anger took possession of her heart, impertinence of her lips—she manifested an insupportable pride to her inferiors, and even pouted to her benefactress. Brought up as though she had been the daughter of Madame Olympe, Angelique was often taken for such by strangers, which pleased her infinitely, for I must own that she sympathised but little with the members of her family at a distance. Her self-love had not failed to make her see the difference which increased daily between her habits and theirs, so that she cared little to go and see them at St. Cyr; an indifference which Madame Olympe willingly overlooked, because she attributed it to the exclusive love Angelique professed for her. In this respect the young girl did not merit being harshly judged, since, separated at so early an age from her parents, it was natural her affection should take another direction; but it will be seen that pride also was involved in it. Her intercourse, therefore, with her relatives consisted in short visits at long intervals of time, and in presents of fruit and flowers on one side, and articles of dress on the other, which Angelique purchased, for she was not capable of working a cap for her mother, and had spent an entire year in knitting a pair of socks for her brother Noel.

Solomon showed a better disposition. Pride had no influence over him; by a sort of oversight on nature's part he possessed the qualities in which his sister failed, and wanted those more suited to his sex. He was not, like Anglique, idle, but studied, in compliance with the orders of his patron—though, without intelligence and taste, his docility was unlimited. He knew not what it was to complain or murmur, whatever were the task imposed upon him; but his severe training made him so timid, that in the midst of his studies he scarcely dared to ask the explanation which his slow and limited intellect required. He pretended to understand what he did not, from fear of exhausting the patience of his tutors. It is evident that such a character could not make much progress in learning, and Solomon, having in reality so little love for it, preferred his brother's lot to his own, but it was a secret he never uttered, a single thought of the kind appearing to him like ingratitude towards his benefactor. More respectful than affectionate with regard to M. Philéas, who from principle concealed his attachment from him in order to maintain a cold reserve, Solomon, naturally sensitive, was consequently but the more disposed to cultivate the friendship of his family. His sister occupied the first place amongst them, then his brother Noel, of whom he was particularly fond. His happiest days were those he was allowed to spend at St. Cyr. There, in the fields, in his father's garden, engaged in digging, watering, and weeding, he felt in his element; but these treats were very rare, for M. Philéas, who knew his protégé but imperfectly, intending to make him the being of his dreams, compelled him to study without relaxation.

One day, when Angelique had just allowed her bad temper to show itself in the presence of M. Philéas, he strongly represented to his sister the evil consequences of her system of education.

"Did I not predict it?" he continued, with an air of triumph. "What will you ever do with a little girl who laughs when you scold her, who caresses you when you undertake to punish her, so that it is she who governs you? Her ignorance is deplorable! See how different her brother is! He would spend both night and day at his books, if it were but my wish, so perfect is his obedience."

"You must allow, brother, that Nature has highly favoured you, and that she appears to have committed an error with respect to these children, which has proved to my prejudice. Solomon has the sweetness and timidity of a girl—Angelique the daring and pertness of a boy; but I hope, however, that age will work a cure."

"Be assured, Olympe, that this difference is rather the effect of education than natural disposition. The boy, in your hands, would have become what his sister is, because your extreme indulgence induces advantage to be taken of it."

"Allowing that I carry it a little too far," replied the lady, "do not you, in your turn, admit that your severity has rendered your *protégé* too timid—too fearful—for his sex; and that his excessive diffidence will be disadvantageous for him in after life?"

"No, indeed; I think that youth is predisposed to presumption, and there is no harm in bringing down its pride. It is a viper that should be crushed whenever it raises its head; you have allowed it to grow to such a height in Angelique that it will one day eat her up alive. That child already looks upon herself as superior to her parents."

"Ah, brother, I assure you that, notwithstanding her defects, she has an excellent disposition."

"Yes, yes; that is the excuse for all spoiled children."

"She is as affectionate as she can be at her age."

"Because she caresses you constantly, and employs the fondest expressions, to obtain from you what she wishes. Meanwhile, it is in vain you desire her to study, and, although years are passing away, she learns nothing. What do you expect will become of her?"

"Oh! I quite feel you are right; but what can be done, except waiting patiently until she herself feels the necessity of it?"

"As you want decision, it would be a better plan to confide her to the care of an unbiassed person. Send her to boarding-school."

"Oh, dear! to part with her—I who take such delight in her company!"

"How foolish you are, Olympe! Think, however, that if it be wrong to bring up one's own children carelessly, it is still more so to undertake the charge of those of other people, only to make playthings of them, instead of fitting them for a happy life. Now, it is certain that, living as she does, Angelique will be fit neither for her own station nor that for which you destine her."

Madame Olympe could not but agree in the importance of this observation. She promised her brother to reflect upon it, and, before long, to adopt some decisive measures with respect to Angelique.

We shall now resume the interrupted course of our story where we left it—that is, at the arrival of Solomon.

"Here you are, at last, sir," exclaimed Angelique, in a tone of mixed anger and sarcasm; "you are a very active messenger, and, I must hold, a very exact one, for I do not see anything in your hands. Where are the articles I requested you to get?"

"Oh! give me breathing time," replied Solomon, taking a seat, and wiping his face, bathed in perspiration; "I have had other business than yours to transact"

"That is to say, you have not executed my commissions," replied the little girl, almost frantic with rage; "and you dare tell me so to my face! And you think I will patiently endure this conduct. Go along, you are a worthless fellow—I will never forgive you!"

Her brother tried to excuse himself, and to follow her, for she ran away, but very nearly broke his head against a door, which she shut in his face with extreme violence; and this was repeated at the door of every room through which she passed. Poor Solomon returned to his post with a dejected air.

"This is a scene I ought to have expected," he said to Hersilia; "for nothing is more difficult than to make her listen to reason. Yet, if she had but heard, she would have learned that her orders were partly executed; I even thought to find the dahlia here which I bought for her. Has it not been sent?"

"We have received nothing," replied the servant; "but, my child, why should that trouble you? You seem to be very hot."

"Ah, Hersilia, I am very unhappy, I assure you. Where is Madame Olympe? I have no hope but in her."

"Madame is gone to Vincennes to see a friend, who is ill; we do not expect her before to-morrow. What has happened to you? You really alarm me!"

"Alas! I can tell you; but first inform me whether M. Philéas has altered his plans. He was to join a water-party, dine out, and go afterwards to the theatre. Has he returned in my absence?"

"No; on the contrary, he desired me not to wait for him, and to give you and your sister dinner. He can hardly be back before midnight. But what is the matter with you?"

"I am so distressed that I do not know which way to turn, nor how to appear again before M. Philéas. Oh dear! oh dear!"

The poor boy began to sob so violently that Angelique, who had retraced her steps, perhaps to heap fresh reproaches upon him, was, in spite of herself, overcome, and suddenly reappeared to learn the cause of this great distress.

At the same moment, Dominique, M. Philéas' servant, entered with the dahlia rose that had just been brought, and which he placed in the drawing-room, to the infinite satisfaction of Angelique, whose discontent was quickly changed to joy. She embraced her brother several times, begging his pardon for her anger.

"I dare say," she continued, "you have also in your pocket the pretty work-bag, which I hope to add to the bouquet of flowers."

"I must tell you the truth, sister, even if you act as you did before. I have not the bag; but when you hear the misfortune which has happened to me, you will forgive this omission."

"What! Is that the case?" replied Angelique, maliciously, whilst trying to restrain herself. "Well, we must submit; perhaps to-morrow morning I may find time——"

"Yes, yes. This misfortune is more easily repaired than mine," said Solomon. Then, drawing near to Hersilia and Angelique, he related his adventure, not without sighing and frequently shedding tears.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LOST WATCH.

SOLOMON spoke as follows:—"You know, perhaps, that upon going out this evening, I was not merely charged with Angelique's commission. I had to take to M. Philéas' watchmaker an elegant lady's watch, designed for his sister, and upon which he wished to have Madame Olympe's initials engraved. Oh, why did it enter his mind to have that ornament added! Oh, above all, why did he not confide it to Dominique's care, rather than to mine! I did not think of this when he gave it to me, wrapped up in cotton wool, in a little box; on the contrary, I was pleased that he considered me fit to take charge of so valuable an article, and hoped to prove to him that I was so. How little we know ourselves! Is it not wiser to distrust our own abilities? I have been reproached with being too timid; have I not been too bold in this instance? Should I not have laughed at any person who would have said to me on leaving, before night you will have lost that watch?"

"Oh, dear! is it lost?" exclaimed his sister and the servant at once.

"There is at least but little hope of my finding it again," replied Solomon, with grief. "You will judge of it soon. My first fault was in not going straight to the watchmaker's. Instead of which, entirely absorbed in Angelique's commissions, I began to think of the places where I had seen the finest florists, in order to have a better choice, and I resolved to cross the Boulevards from the Gate of St. Denis to the environs of La Madeleine, where the watchmaker lives. On my way I saw this beautiful dahlia, to which I thought the preference should be given. The florist was in her shop with a young man, whose dejected and miserable air, wretched clothes, and abashed countenance, at first inspired me with compassion.

"For greater security, I had put the little box, containing the watch, in a corner of my handkerchief; and you will see it was just that which occasioned my losing it, for having already walked some distance, my first impulse on entering the shop was to wipe my forehead. I heard the woman sending the young man away with these words: 'Go home, my boy; if you were to wait here until to morrow, I could only say the same. A restless spirit never leads to anything, and your father ought not to have suffered your whims. He was a good gardener, why cannot you follow his trade? I have not a mine of gold to repair the follies of others. Fathers should know how to bring up their children. Go, get out of my way, that I may attend to this young customer.' Those harsh words pained me, and I felt still more hurt at them in seeing the young man humbly place himself by the door without answering her, casting towards heaven a look of despair. However little he merited my compassion, I said to myself, 'This unfortunate person is like me, the son of a gardener; but what a difference in our lot! What thanks have I not to render to God for all the blessings He has bestowed on me! Perhaps if He had not given me a protector at my birth, my parents, suddenly overwhelmed with so numerous a family, would also have come to poverty.'"

"Spare us your humble reflections, brother," interrupted Angelique, spitefully.

"If, as I suppose, it is the same boy who has stolen the watch from you, it seems to me there is no necessity to compare him with your relations."

"Dear me, you have well guessed, sister; I admire your penetration," rejoined Solomon with surprise. "I have every reason to believe that the object of my compassion is a thief; and this is why: when we were examining the dahlia, and discussing the price, I carelessly placed my handkerchief on a little case of orange or lemon trees, I do not know which, and the purchase being made, after having given the address to the florist that she might send you the pot of flowers, I left without thinking to take up my handkerchief. Now the case was close to the young man. I went away much pleased, not having the least suspicion of my thoughtlessness, until I found myself in front of the watchmaker's shop. I naturally felt for my handkerchief to take the watch from it; judge of my uneasiness in finding I had neither! I recollected at the same time where I had placed them, and, turning quickly on my heel, with rapid steps I reached the flower-shop. There was nothing on the case, and the young man was gone.

"'Ma'am,' I exclaimed on entering, 'did I not leave here a handkerchief?'

"'If you left it, sir, it is here still.'

"'I put it there, on that little case, and I do not see it now.'

"'Then you were mistaken.'

"'Oh! pardon me, ma'am, I am quite sure—'

"'Do you mean to say that I am capable—'

"'Of nothing wrong, ma'am; but there was a valuable watch in it!'

"'Had it been full of diamonds, as large as these lemons, let me tell you, sir, that I am an honest woman, and known as such throughout the neighbourhood.'

"'Pray do not be angry,' I replied, crying; 'I do not wish to offend any one; but think of my distress!'

"'It is, indeed, a serious affair, my poor child, and I wish I could help you; but what can I do? To place such a thing at the mercy of the first passer-by, who had only to extend his arm to obtain possession of it—what imprudence! Did you notice any one near?'

"'Excuse me, ma'am, a tall young man, very shabbily dressed, who was talking to you when I entered.'

"'Who? Célestin! That is my nephew, my brother's son!'

"'Your nephew, ma'am!'

"'I cannot deny it, although the relationship is more trouble than profit.'

"'You do not suppose it could be he?' said I, hesitating.

"'No, sir, there is no thief in my family,' she replied, tartly. Then, suddenly changing her manner, she added, 'Your question, however, is very natural, as you do not know us; but, stop, it is possible that my nephew, standing where he did, may remember having seen some suspicious-looking person roving about. Sometimes a trifle is sufficient to set the police upon the proper scent.'

"'Ah, dear ma'am!' I exclaimed, 'you are quite right. I ought to neglect no means whatever. Where shall I find your nephew?'

"'In a very poor lodging, I believe. His father has had misfortunes—to a great extent his own fault; we cannot ruin ourselves to re establish those who are improvident. But here is his address.'

"I saw she did not give it me without reluctance, but her honour was involved in the step; and, besides that, she was far from believing her nephew guilty. I was, therefore, once more on foot, seeking Jean Rigobert, Célestin's father, who lives at some distance in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Having, not without difficulty, reached the top story of an old house, I pushed a half-open door, and discovered three persons on their knees at prayers, in a room where there was nothing to be seen but three straw beds and the bare walls. The party consisted of a grey-headed old man, and two young girls. The latter wished to cease on seeing me—he would not allow it, and they continued their prayer. The old man then rose, with the help of his daughters, and politely inquired the object of my visit."

"Apparently that was not the man you wanted," interrupted Hersilia; "thieves do not often engage in prayer."

"I fear there was more hypocrisy than piety in the act," replied Solomon; "for the conclusion of the visit did not at all resemble the beginning, as you will see. Before learning what I wanted with him, Rigobert begged me to excuse his not having interrupted his devotions to greet me.

"'Our obligations towards God should precede all others,' he continued; 'and He has this day bestowed such a blessing upon us that we could not, without sinning, defer expressing our gratitude to Him. Now, my child, explain yourself; what can I do for you?'

"In my confusion, I mentioned Madame Daran, the florist.

"'She is my sister,' he replied, quickly, 'my good and worthy sister, whom may God crown with prosperity! She has just turned our sorrow into joy; but this does not interest you, my child; tell me, therefore, what she wants with me.'

"I was the more surprised to hear him speak thus since the little I knew of their intercourse with her did not lead me to expect it. However, without troubling myself about these contradictions, I explained to him as well as I could my unhappy adventure, and what I hoped to learn from his son. He told me that Célestin had started on a journey.

"'On a journey!' I exclaimed; 'so soon, that is incredible.'

"'Why incredible?' replied Rigobert, piqued; 'each one surely has his own business, and my sister must know that this journey would admit of no delay.'

"'I undertake to say that she has not the least knowledge of it,' I replied; 'as she herself suggested to me the idea of coming after your son.'

"'And do you think he would have allowed any one quietly to take possession of an article in his aunt's shop, belonging to you or anybody else?' the gardener asked me, frowning.

"'I, sir? I know nothing about it. But as he was absolutely the only person who could have seen me deposit—'

"I stopped on seeing the flush of indignation, or anger, or fear, suffuse the face of that man, whose countenance frightened me.

"'Well,' he proceeded; 'what do you mean? Would you dare to suspect my child of a theft? Wretch, know that we must not judge of people by their dress, and that a tattered garment as often covers a honest heart as the best new coat.'

"'I do not deny that.'

"'What do you mean, then, by coming here with your story of the lost watch? Is

THE WATER PARTY

it not likely you have played some trick, and know better than any one else where to find that for which you pretend to inquire?'

"'I?'

"'Yes, you! Do you suppose that a boy of your age inspires much confidence. However, if you persist in seeing my son, return to morrow, accompanied by those who have the care of you, and we shall see what the matter is.'

"There was so much temper depicted on his countenance and in his words, and I was also so hurt at the bad opinion he seemed to entertain of me, that I retreated precipitately, as from a place of danger. I was tempted to give Madame Daran an account of this interview, but in calling to mind how offended she was at a suspicion being cast upon her nephew's honesty, I resolved to return home, in order to confide the whole affair to Madame Olympe."

"That is the best thing you could do, my dear Solomon," said the servant. "Unfortunately she is not at home, nor M. Philéas, who, I fear, will return too late to have the matter laid before him to-day."

"I would not mention it to him for the world," exclaimed Solomon; "I would sooner go back to my father's house."

"Are you mad, my child? This loss is a misfortune, I allow, but M. Philéas loves you; he will forgive a thoughtless action, for which you are sorry."

"I must believe that he loves me, as he has been so good to me; and yet I tremble at the bare idea of his anger. Oh, if Madame Olympe were to return this evening!"

Solomon's wishes were not gratified, his expectation being disappointed, and fearing to be seen by M. Philéas by remaining up any longer, he retired to his room, the representations of Hersilia and Angelique having failed to inspire him

with courage. Solomon went to bed, but did not sleep. At one o'clock he heard his patron come in, whose room communicated with his own, and recognised, by the sound of his steps, that he was approaching him.

"I am undone," thought poor Solomon; "Hersilia has told him all, and he is coming, no doubt, to reprimand me."

He shut his eyes to make him believe he was asleep, and thus avoid an explanation which he so much dreaded.

"Well, Solomon," said M. Philéas, in his usually quiet and stern manner, "have you executed my commission?"

"Sir! Ah, Sir! Is it you?" replied the child, pretending to rouse himself with difficulty.

"Shall I have the watch early to-morrow morning?" continued M. Philéas.

"No—yes—I don't know."

"He is overcome with sleep," said M. Philéas to himself; "I shall elicit nothing from him to-night, and had better leave him in peace."

He returned to his room, to the great relief of his *protégé*, who, like all timid people, thought it a great point to have gained time.

CHAPTER VIII.

JEAN RIGOBERT.

THE loss of the watch, which caused Solomon such grief, occasioned troubles far more serious.

The old gardener, Jean Rigobert, to whom Solomon had paid such an unsatisfactory visit with regard to himself, was a man of the strictest probity. Notwithstanding the extreme poverty he was suffering at this time, he had, for a lengthened period, enjoyed comparative ease—his wife and himself living servants in the same house, he as gardener, she as cook. They had several children, of whom Célestin was the eldest. Death had decreased their number to three, which, however, was large enough in their present reduced circumstances.

This change had not been the effect of imprudence on their part. Events, which it is unnecessary to detail, deprived them of their situations, and obliged them to settle in a house of their own, just at the time when Rigobert's wife was attacked with disease of the chest, of which she died. He hired a garden in one of the faubourgs of the capital, but at too high a rent for the worth of the land, which required a great deal of manuring. The illness of his wife and a disastrous drought, followed by sudden frost, injured the fortune of Rigobert so much, that he was compelled to give up his ground, after having wasted all his savings upon it. His last resource was to seek daily employment. He was about being hired, when he was seized with rheumatism, which scarcely allowed him to stand. Célestin was then old enough to assist his father, but, being of a giddy and headstrong disposition, he had spent his youth in trying twenty different trades, of which he grew tired successively, so that he could hardly maintain himself. His two sisters, Marine and Louise, endeavoured, at the beginning of an apprenticeship, to support their father by needlework; a poor resource, only sufficient to procure, at most, bread and water. Unfortunately, Rigobert had contracted debts, which he hoped to

discharge as soon as he was able to return to his work; but the length of his illness having tried the patience of his creditors, he was compelled to sell his furniture, linen, and all that he possessed, in order to satisfy the most pressing of them. Notwithstanding his numerous sacrifices, there remained an old debt of two hundred francs, for which he had given a bill that subjected him to an arrest. The seed merchant who held it had granted Rigobert as long a time as he requested, but told him that, at the expiration of that period, he would wait no longer, as he had a son old enough to help him, and even to extricate him, single-handed, from this difficulty.

Célestin really desired to be useful to his father, whom he loved and respected sincerely. His natural presumption made him regard the liquidation of the debt as an easy thing, and it seemed to him that a period so distant would never arrive. Of what use is a kind heart without judgment? The fatal hour came, and Célestin found himself unable to assist his father. The giddy youth had changed masters ten times. How could he, then, venture to ask for an advance of wages? He was, however, compelled to find two hundred francs, or see his father dragged to prison. It was then that Célestin resolved to go to his aunt.

Jean Rigobert did not wish to oppose the step, but did not build much hope upon it.

Madame Daran, although in very easy circumstances—indeed rich, for one in her station—had always manifested so much pride and hard-heartedness, that he questioned whether the urgency of his case would make any impression upon her; and yet, through this discouragement, that faint ray of hope gleamed which never altogether forsakes the unfortunate. His daughters also endeavoured to reanimate his confidence.

"It is true," said Marine, "that my aunt does not seem to look upon us as relations, and that she has shown little sympathy for your misfortunes. Still I never can believe that she will abandon you in such a moment of danger. Not coming here, she has no idea of our misery; but, rest assured, that for her own sake she will not suffer you to be taken to prison."

"And besides, it is said she is rich," continued Louise; "her house is furnished with every requisite. How can she enjoy her affluence, reflecting upon her brother's and his children's distress? Has any one dearer friends than own relations?"

"Madame Daran has never had much affection for her relations," replied the gardener. "Elevated at an early age by a rich marriage, she has been accustomed to esteem only those who prosper, and to make every one answerable for his bad fortune, without troubling herself as to the cause. She was very angry at my marriage with your mother, because it deranged the plans she had formed respecting me."

Célestin returned; and, in looking at him, his father thought he read in his eyes a confirmation of his fears.

"She has refused you! I was sure of it!" cried Rigobert.

"No, no!" replied the young man quickly, placing on the table his handkerchief full of franc pieces. "Look here!"

An exclamation of joy escaped the two sisters, who ran to take a closer view of the money which secured their father's liberty. The latter, struck dumb with

surprise, joined his hands fervently, and in a low voice thanked God. Then recollecting what he had just said to his daughters—

"Woe is me!" he said at last, "for I was almost cursing my sister at the moment in which she was giving me reason to bless her. I do not ask you, my son, if she yielded to your entreaties, or even if fraternal tenderness be awakened in her heart at the recital of my griefs. I wish to delight myself by imagining it, that nothing may diminish my gratitude. If God take me to himself before I discharge that sacred debt, remember, my dear children, that this obligation devolves upon you. Oh! if, leaning on your arm, Célestin, I could go and thank my sister for her great kindness!"

"You must not think of it, father, were it even practicable; Madame Daran would not like it."

"Why not, Célestin? Has she anticipated my wish?"

"Yes; and she begs you will not put yourself to any trouble on her account, nor my sisters either."

"That is a very extraordinary prohibition, and one which agrees very badly with what she has done. But I imagine, in spite of my hope, that her heart is not so softened as I anticipated, and that it was not without difficulty you obtained the money from her. Never mind, my children, let us show her that we know how to appreciate services, whatever be the manner in which they are rendered."

"Here is more than the sum required," said Marine, after having counted the money.

"I took upon myself to ask for fifty francs more," replied Célestin.

"Why, my son?"

"You want so many things."

"I can do without them," continued Rigobert; "and you should not tell an untruth to serve even your father. If the privations I suffer give you pain, it is by working you can assist me, and not by borrowing money inconsiderately. He who intends to pay back money lent takes care not to increase the sum thoughtlessly. However, my child, it is advice I give you rather than reproach, for I am convinced of your good intentions. I also pity you, on account of the humiliations to which this step has subjected you, as I fear your aunt did not spare reproaches."

"Indeed, father, you are not mistaken. She gave me many more than I had a right to bear with from her."

"What do you say, my son? From an aunt, and at the moment of consenting to oblige you! Is this speaking properly? But let us now think of our creditors. What you have to do is to start directly for Neuilly, where he lives, and take him this money, for I do not believe he has negotiated my bill."

"I will go this instant, father," replied Célestin, descending the stairs giddily, without even taking the packet, as Louise discovered.

His father detained him, in order to give some instructions, and to persuade him to eat something. But Célestin, evidently in a hurry to depart, said he should most probably sup with the person to whom he was going, as it would be too late to return to Paris that night.

(*To be continued.*)

ELLEN AT THE GRAVE OF HER DARLING CHILD.

EVIL INFLUENCE; OR, THE GOOD WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"GOOD morning, Ellen."

"Good morning, father. A Happy New Year to you, and may each——"

"Stay, not quite so fast; here I have come purposely to wish you many happy returns of this, the first anniversary of your wedding-day, and now you, like a good-for-nothing girl, will persist in wishing me a 'Happy New Year' before I can speak a word. Well, Ellen, it is a year to-day since you left your parents' roof, and gave your heart into another's keeping; and now I want to know if you, as yet, have had cause to repent?"

"Repent! No, dear father, indeed I have not. I am as happy as any one can be in this world. If I am unhappy, it is my own fault; for Walter is so kind, so good, and so——"

"There, that will do!" hastily exclaimed Mr. Elworth, as he ardently kissed his daughter's forehead. "I'm in a dreadful hurry, so we will praise his good qualities another time. By-the-bye, where is he? I had almost forgotten to ask about him. Is he up?"

"Oh, yes! We were up earlier than usual this morning, as he has gone down to see Mr. Waltham."

"Gone there before breakfast?"

"Yes, he has gone to ask him to allow Hartley and the new clerk (Leslie, I think his name is) to leave earlier to-day, as we intend including them among our guests."

"It would have been as well to exclude them, I think! What do you want a housefull of people for? So much unnecessary expense! I have not patience; it's just like him—always for spending!"

"Father, do not speak of Walter in that way, because it was I who proposed their coming, and it will not be much extra expense."

"Your old game, eh, Ellen, of taking other people's faults to your own account? Never mind; it is all done in good will,

so I won't blame you. Just give me a cup of coffee, so that I may go, or I shall be late; for I have got to go to Hatherleigh to see the Squire."

"Not to-day! Well, that is too bad; and you promised to dine with us to-day more than a month ago."

"Business first—then pleasure. If all is well, I shall be back by two o'clock, unless you keep me here chattering till mid-day; so the quicker you are with the coffee the better. Your mother will send Lottie up after breakfast to assist you. She must stay at home until the men are gone, then she will leave and come. I daresay Fred will be late, for he must go to the shop. Now I'm off. Tell Walter I have been; but perhaps I shall meet him." And again kissing his daughter, Mr. Elworth left.

In a few minutes Walter came in; the breakfast was quickly ready, and he was ready too, so we will leave them to partake of it. In the meantime, we will take a glance at the past.

Ellen, to whom we have thus been introduced, was the eldest daughter of Mr. Elworth, a builder, of the busy town of L——. While in her nineteenth year she became acquainted with a young man holding a responsible situation in a mercantile office. Time flew past, and at last Walter proposed. Mr. Elworth was loth to acquiesce, for he doatingly loved his daughter, and yet it seemed wrong to refuse him. However, the young couple gained his consent, and on New Year's Day, a year previous to the time at which our narrative commences, Ellen became the wife of Walter Lechmere. That year, that eventful year of trial, forbearance, and patience (and from which, if a wife comes forth unscathed and unrepenting, she may safely reckon on more than an average share of pleasant paths) had passed by, and the young wife was still the same happy creature as on her bridal day. True, she had had much to disturb her peaceful, happy quietude, but she nobly withstood all those little troubles; her devoted attachment to her husband had made her unmindful of his faults, and with a fond heart she strove to hide them from all. No one, as they gazed on Ellen Lechmere, with her infant in her arms, each evening awaiting the arrival of her husband, ever dreamt that "clouds sometimes lowered o'er that happy home," and she was pleased it was so; she was happy amid all the world's cares.

Ten o'clock had struck long before the Lechmeres began their breakfast on the morning after the party, and then they both looked tired and sleepy—no wonder when three o'clock had passed before they had retired to rest. It had been a merry evening, spent amidst their relations and friends, save one, the new clerk in Waltham's office; he was to all a stranger, but his agreeable manners had soon made him a welcome guest. Edward Hartley, a fellow clerk of Walter's, had been the intimate friend of Frank Elworth for many years, and since Ellen's marriage a close intimacy had sprung up between her husband and Hartley.

Chapter II.

Four months have elapsed since the night of the party, and again we find ourselves at the Lechmeres' fireside. Ellen sits all alone by the cheerful fire. Though the hour is late still Walter has not returned. A sad change has come over their former happy home; still the loving wife has shown no change, though many are the storms she has now to withstand. Why? Because a wolf has appeared in sheep's clothing, to lead the good husband from the precincts of home, away—to where? Alas! that such words must of truth be spoken, to the most degrading of all places has Walter been led—to the fearful haunt of the gambler! Shudder not, dear reader, at the agonising thought; rather pity the noble creature whom he calls his wife. Had he listened to the voice of her, he would now have been the same happy man as heretofore.

Constantly thrown in the society of Leonard Leslie, the new clerk, he was attracted by his easy agreeable manner. Finding him more lively than Edwin Hartley, he had preferred his (Leslie's) companionship; consequently Hartley was despised, nay, almost forgotten. First, by constant inducements he contrived to draw Walter from his own fire-

side in the long winter evenings to his own apartments, there to beguile the long hours along with associates of disreputable character. One step towards evil and others follow; when once entered upon it is hard to retrace the steps taken. So it was with Walter Lechmere; he at first was reluctant to leave her he had vowed to love and cherish, while he was spending his time in company so little attractive; but by degrees he had thrown aside all thoughts of his proper duty, and gave himself entirely to his wanton companions. Ellen saw too well how deeply he was ensnared. She feared to remonstrate with him at first, but, prompted by a wife's love, she did at last. He did not heedlessly regard her warning; he listened to her with serious attention, for as yet he loved his wife too much to slight her; but Leslie had already exercised sufficient influence over his victim to render him unable to withdraw himself entirely from the evil courses he was pursuing, so that when Walter endeavoured to shun his hypocritical friends, there was Leslie to resist all attempts to draw back. In this state of things time flew on. Each day Walter was drawn deeper into this darkening gulf; yet so blinded was he, that he held Leslie in the highest possible estimation, much as he had been warned by Hartley, who pitied his fallen condition, and still more his grief-stricken wife.

It is precisely in this mournful state that we find Ellen at the commencement of the chapter, alone, waiting to receive her misguided husband. She does not allow the fire to go dull, but constantly replenishes it, knowing that her mission is to make home cheerful. Still it is past midnight when she hears his footsteps slowly approaching. He does not always return alone; his heartless associates often accompany him, and as shouts of reckless laughter fall on the silent hour, she hears that again they are with him. Tears, hot burning tears of sorrow, trickle down her cheeks as she hears a fearful oath fall from her husband's lips, but they are hastily wiped away, for she would scorn that others should behold her mourn. At last they part from him, and she hastens to meet him; but she darts back as she sees her own loved husband reel to and fro, wildly intoxicated by wine. It is the first time he has ever come home thus. She had hoped that this dreaded evil would be averted, but, alas! hoped in vain. She fears to approach him now, for a wild glare lurks in his eye; but the voice of woman's duty urges her on; gently she leads him to his own neglected, forsaken fireside, and by gentle efforts endeavours to cool his fevered brow. In his intoxicating madness he talks wildly of his pursuit,—speaks of his losses. Those words fall like lead on poor Ellen's ears; maybe he has incurred heavy debts; who can tell? Would that she could save him ere too late.

When he has retired to rest, while in a profound slumber, those dreaded words fall still on Ellen's ears, and excite terror in her breast. All through the long hours of darkness she watches by his bedside, with that faithful care a good wife can alone bestow. Many anxious thoughts filled her mind, of him in whom her happiness was centred; whose every word was to her a rich treasure. She tried to think of something by which to induce him to abandon his sinful career; something that would break off the now-existing connexion between himself and Leslie. What could she do? She had tried by all a woman's charms to make home attractive; she had repeatedly implored him not to accept Leslie's invitation; she had, in fact, done all she could, still she could not despairingly look on and see him each day plunged deeper into the dark abyss of sin, and not try to rescue him. No; other means must be planned, assistance from other sources must be called in to aid her, ere the fate of her husband must be decided. Perhaps some one among her friends would lend a helping hand—her brother, or Mr. Waltham; but then, what an exposure it would be—perhaps it might cause him to lose his employment. Oh! how she racked her brain to think of something to save him! To apply to Hartley was useless, as she knew he was already using his influence, but in vain. While Ellen was in this bewildered state Walter awoke, and called for some water. On seeing Ellen standing by his bedside he appeared somewhat startled, but his

conscience soon told him why she was there, and a sigh escaped his lips as he saw how pale and weary she looked. He arose, and, although the dissipation of the previous night had made him nervous and feverish, he went to the office, for he could not stay in the presence of one he had so cruelly wronged. Ellen gave him a wistful, anxious look, as he bade her "good morning." Instantaneously he read the meaning, and affectionately pressing her cheek, he said, "Forgive me, my darling wife; I feel how greatly I have wronged you and myself, but I *will* be early and better in future."

She was too overpowered to reply; hot tears fell fast, and checked the utterance of words she would fain have spoken, and as the door closed after him, she ejaculated—"God grant him strength to resist the temptations that beset him, and he will keep his promise."

Chapter III.

It is a dull, foggy night, at the close of November; the hour is late, and the streets of the busy town of L——— are nearly deserted, save by a few who are returning to their homes, some reeling to and fro about the flags, others more quietly proceeding, humming a tune, as if to enliven the monotonous silence that reigned. Among the few was a female, walking rapidly, as if she feared to be alone at such an unusual hour. Hurriedly she proceeds, until she arrives at a house which, to the eye of a stranger, appears respectable. She knocks loudly, and the sounds re-echo through the secluded street. On being admitted, she requests to see Mr. Leslie; to which request she receives no reply, but the servant leaves her alone, and silently ascends a narrow flight of stairs. In a few minutes Leslie makes his appearance, and greets the apparent stranger with a brief "What d'ye want?"

"Will you tell Mr. Lechmere I want him," was the timid reply.

"Oh! my dear Mrs. Lechmere, is it you?" exclaimed he, somewhat embarrassed; and then, lowering his voice, added, "your good husband is not here; it is strange, but I have not seen him to-night."

"Mr. Leslie, 'tis false; he is here," replied Ellen. "He was seen to enter this house, and has not yet left I am sure, or he would have been at home; and if you have any sympathy for my feelings you will call him at once."

"But I tell you he is not here! If you can't believe, go and look; that's the way," pointing to the staircase.

"Oh! Mr. Leslie, if you have a heart, do not, I implore you, detain me; fetch him to me at once, or she may die ere we can reach home!"

"What a woman! I hate such unbelief! Glad I ain't plagued with such a creature!" he heartlessly exclaimed, as Ellen turned from the door, which he hastily closed, as if fearful of any intruder.

It needs no explanation to show how Walter has broken the promise he made, for Ellen's visit to Leslie's house has too painfully shown the true state of things. As soon as Leslie saw Walter was less frequent in his visits, he lost no time in laying every temptation in his way, and so gained him back to his former ways. Each day he became more hardened—where he staked shillings, at the outset, he now staked pounds; his gains induced him to play more each night, and, when he lost, he played for the purpose, as he thought, of retrieving his loss, when invariably he lost again. Leslie would not let want of money be a drawback; he lent him any sum, rather than lose his victim. So things went on, until home was almost forsaken by Walter. Ellen remonstrated with him, but alas! to her he now turned a deaf ear, or, worse still, harshly told her "not to interfere with him." The day previous to the night we meet Ellen visiting Leslie's house, in search of her husband, she had been more earnest in her appeal. She had urged him to return straight home from the office, on account of the illness of their infant child. She feared that it would never recover, but she did not tell Walter so; she trusted in his love for the child. She did not, could not, think he would stay away under the present circumstances; but she was deceived—he did

not come. She watched by the side of her treasured child, fearing every moment would be its last. She dared not leave to search for Walter, for she had no friend, now her parents had left, in whom she could confide. While in this dilemma, Edwin Hartley, still her friend, called. She inquired whether he had seen Walter. He it was who had seen him enter Leslie's house, and he told her so. She now implored him to stay with the dying child while she went; to which he assented. The result of her visit we already know.

When Ellen quitted Leslie's house, he did not directly return to the room he had left; he was undecided how to act. "'She may be dead before we reach home!'—I wonder what she meant," mused Leslie. "By Jove, if it proved anything serious, Lechmere would never forgive me; but then he won't know she has been here. He'll never guess she's found out where he comes to, and she dare not tell him, I know. I won't tell him. Leslie ain't the man to be governed by a woman. If she gets over me this time she'll always be here after him; no, it wouldn't do!" With this wicked resolve he returned to the room; and. although he tried to appear cheerful, his guilty conscience, upbraiding him for his wicked action, would not let him.

Lechmere, who had been lucky, was in exuberant spirits, and two o'clock found him still at the gaming table. At last Leslie resolved to drive him away.

"Well, Lechmere," said he, "it's high time you were off, or I guess you'll have a lecture."

"No fear," he replied, as he rose to leave.

"That's all right, then, my good fellow!" roared Leslie; and "Bravo! Lechmere!" was shouted simultaneously by a dozen voices.

"That's enough; good night, lads!" replied Walter, good humouredly, as he closed the door on his companions, who were evidently intent on another game.

A brisk walk of twenty minutes brought him to his home. He knocked gently, and the door was opened by Hartley. Walter did not know who it was, although he felt it was not Ellen. Edwin allowed him to go in without speaking. He was thinking how he should act. Was it advisable for him to remain and be an eyewitness of the painful scene that must inevitably ensue, or should he at once leave? A sudden thought induced him to remain, and so he followed Walter into the room. Ellen was sitting, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing piteously, when he entered; but when she, lifting her head, saw who it was, she rose, and, flinging her arms around, exclaimed—"It is too late, Walter!" A stifled groan escaped her lips, and she lay senseless in his arms. Placing her tenderly on a sofa, he cried out—"Good God! Hartley, speak! Tell me what is the matter, or I shall go mad!"

"Lechmere, your child is dead."

"Dead! Merciful God! this is too much! It is a judgment on me; but oh! too severe!" he ejaculated, as the news fell on his ear. He truly verified the words of the poet—

"Oh! who can paint his agonising throes,
When on his ear the fatal news arose!
Chill'd with amazement, senseless with the blow,
He stood, a marble monument of woe."

The strong man, who an hour ago was jesting and gambling, placed his hand on his throbbing forehead, and wept like a child. It is painful to see a man shed tears; it causes bitter emotions to rise in the breast of spectators, even if they possess hearts as hard as the adamantine stone. Edwin Hartley, as he endeavoured to restore Ellen to consciousness, was not unmoved—

"The heavy sigh;
The tear in the half-opening eye;
That pallid cheek and brow confessed
That grief was busy in his breast."

He allowed Walter's tears to fall unchecked. He inwardly prayed that the tears he was shedding might not only be tears of sorrow, but of repentance; for he felt that more and greater troubles would come if he continued in his present sinful state. God forbid that it should be so! for Ellen's health was failing fast; she could not sustain many more such trials as these. At last she opened her eyes, and gazed wildly around the room. She rose and went towards her beloved husband—

"She shook not, shriek'd not, raised no maniac cry,
Nor wrung her hands, nor heav'd one sigh,
But stood aghast, too awful for relief—
Quite stiff and white, a monument of grief."

When Walter's grief had subsided, the scene, painful as it was before, was doubly so when he upbraided himself as the cause of this sorrow. She clung to him like the ivy to the oak; she poured forth protestations of love, mingled with prayers, and invoked him to pray for heavenly strength and assistance. Hartley felt as if he were rooted to the ground. Never before did he imagine her half so beautiful as now. Not only outward but inward beauty dwelt in her. Calm in the midst of trouble, she was truly worthy of a higher and nobler purpose than that of drawing a man from the dark depths of sin to a course of life of which she was a beautiful example.

We will pass over the days that followed the death of their child, until the one that Walter is called upon to resume his duties. Ellen has suffered much, and she suffers now; for through all those days of solitude, many hours of which were spent weeping by the grave of her darling, no words of repentance have passed her husband's lips; and has she looks back on the dreary past, she trembles for the future, which presents so gloomy an aspect.

Chapter IV.

In one of those miserable houses—miserable on account of the dreary darkness that pervades those places where the hands of the "ministering sex" are unknown—in a large gloomy apartment, lays a man, about forty years of age, though, to the eye, he appears much older, evidently in the last stage of disease; a slatternly girl opened the door of the room, and in a screeching tone exclaimed. "If you please, Mrs. Lechmere has come."

"Bring her up," replied the invalid, in a faint voice; and a heavy mournful sob followed the words.

In a few minutes the door is again opened, and Mrs. Lechmere enters the room.

"Well, Mr. Leslie,"—for start not, reader, that pale emaciated form is no other,—"are you better?"

"Better, no! But I am nearer that God whom I have despised; oh, what a lot is mine!"

"Walter sent a note from the office to say you wanted me, but I little expected to find you thus."

"No! although I have found my strength failing me day by day, I did not think my end was so near. I did not give one thought about it, and have gone on as usual, and now"—and the miserable man shuddered as he spoke. "Is Walter coming?" he continued.

"Yes, he will be here in a few minutes," replied Ellen.

"I have sent for you, to tell you all myself—for none other but myself can tell you all, all that I have to tell. Listen; from the first evening I spent in your company, that ill-fated New Year's Day, I marked out your husband as my victim. I saw what happiness you caused to reign in your peaceful dwelling; I felt what I never felt before—the power of a woman's charms. I hated you for your kindness to him, and every noble deed of yours made me more anxious to carry out my awful purpose. For years I have gambled; to the gaming-table I led your husband; and, like a hawk watching his prey, for fear it should escape, I have watched him, fearful lest *you* should snatch him from me. You cannot imagine how I gloried in his fall. I loved myself for the deed that I had so well performed. When your child died I feared he would escape me. For nights I have walked about this room, planning and devising new means to ensnare him. And I succeeded. Ah! succeeded in my diabolical passion. I kept him when others left me; ah, even up to the last night I was there, he was." Here the wretched man was interrupted by Walter entering the room. In a few minutes he continued. "When he lost, I filled his purse, knowing that by so doing I gained greater power over him, and my resolve has been executed to the very letter: he is what I have made him. At the Day of Judgment, I shall have to answer for it. Forgiveness from God I cannot expect; but it is to obtain your forgiveness that I have sent for you. Oh,

for pity's sake forgive me! much as I have injured you and yours, do not deny me this."

"I must be forgetful of my duty were I to hesitate one moment," replied Ellen, huskily. No, I forgive you freely, with all my heart; not one evil thought against you will I for an instant nurture, and oh! may God, in His infinite mercy, hearken to my humble prayer, and grant you His forgiveness, even at this the last hour."

"Noble woman!" exclaimed Walter, while tears stood in his eyes; "I am not worthy of such a creature."

"Stay, Lechmere," the invalid faintly articulated, "you were worthy of her until I, like a wolf, entered your house. This is more than I expected—forgiveness from one so deeply wronged. All I possess is yours; do not accept any debts that my victims may owe to me. The rest is yours; do with it as you will. Now, will you pray for me, for I feel that I am dying?"

Ellen and Walter both knelt by the bedside of the wretched man. Walter was too much affected to speak, but Ellen's voice, clear and solemn, was raised in prayer to the All-powerful for him who had been the cause of her sorrow. The dying man had never known the power of prayer, but Ellen from her earliest infancy had known its blessings. True, indeed, it is that—

"Prayer will ease the heart of anguish;
'Tis a precious boon to man,
Given, lest the soul should languish,
Pity's purest flame to fan.

"'Tis the link that surely binds us
To the Great and Holy One;
And, when contrite, meek, He finds us,
Bending low before His throne,
His influence is freely given;
Pitying He hears our cry—
Heals the wounds by anguish riven,
Dries the tear in sorrow's eye.
Then, let your pure petitions rise,
Prayer, *earnest prayer*, will pierce the skies."

Let us hope that Ellen's prayer was granted—that the wretched man was forgiven. That night death claimed his victim. Even while the wings of death were hovering over him, Ellen prayed earnestly for his eternal welfare, and with his dying breath he blessed her name, and implored Walter to love and cherish her more each day.

From that day Walter Lechmere was another man. The noble woman who had clung to him through all his evils, and who had been slighted and forsaken, was now loved and cared for with a true love, that only the pure-minded can bestow. No angry look was ever seen to cloud his brow. He had proved himself unworthy of her; he was now determined to make himself worthy, if he could.

"Thus woman in that charge her mission knew,
How, with meek lowliness and humble care,
Her lips, with mild persuasion, tender, true,
Should lead the heart to penitence and prayer.

"O'er the unwilling ear, with modest zeal,
Pour forth the Word—its high import reveal;
Teaching the lisping tongue His name to bless,
And mingling piety with tenderness.

"Oh, *glorious destiny!* how blest must be
Thy fate—thou guide to immortality!"

ROSALIE.

THE CHRISTMAS POULTRY SLAUGHTER.

IN IMITATION OF LORD BYRON.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night:
The Gaffer's poultry-yard had gathered then,
Its chickens and its ducklings all; and bright
The moon shone o'er a turkey-cock and fine fat hen,
But hush! hark! a deep sound like a rising knell.
Did ye not hear it? List! "Now, good dame mind
Those fowls are killed for my to-morrow's treat,
And geese and ducks, the fattest we can find;
For when around my board our neighbours meet
I'll take good care they plenty have to eat."

Ah! there was cooking in hot haste indeed!
Up roused the good wife ere the morning star;
She gave her orders with impetuous speed,
While Gaffer's voice was often heard afar.
And then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering hosts, and stuffings made to dress
These ducks and geese that but an hour ago
Cackled in pride of their own comeliness.

Last noon beheld them full of feathery life—
Last eve in poultry-yard so proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal for the knife—
The morn the roastling on the spit—the day
Dinner's magnificently spread array!
The hungry mouths close o'er them, which, when spent,
The cloth is covered thick without delay,
And soon again is covered, heaped and pent,
Plum puddings, pies, cheese, ale, in one grand tableau blent!

A. DE YOUNGE.

HE that wants love to his brethren, wants one of the sweetest springs from whence assurance flows. A greater hell I would not wish any man, than to live and not to love the beloved of God.—*Smooth Stones from Ancient Brooks, by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

A STORY OF THE LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

(*Continued from page* 42.)

DENT had grasped his stick. Here, then, was his opportunity. The man he hated stood before him, unsuspecting any harm. The man whose benevolence and activity in doing good was an insulting rebuke to his own niggard selfishness—who had dared to thwart him in his wishes for his only child, and had dragged her and the family back to that low, despised order from which he hated to be reminded his father sprung. The canting hypocrite was before him—and one blow of the loaded stick, swung and aimed by the inward devil, would lay him low and satisfy his thirst. But, somehow, he could do nothing; the inward demon seemed strapped and gagged within him. The children had been casting bands about it, one by one, as they came tapping at the door and talking to him. By an effort he recovered himself, to dash his cap closer over his brows, and answer gruffly, "Yes!"

"I grieve to say," said Hanbury, "your little daughter Minny is very ill, and is lying at a house in John Street. It is croup, I believe—you had better go at once. No. 8, John Street. My wife is there; she is much interested in the child, and has sent me to fetch a hip-bath, if I can, at once, for there's nothing in the place. Mind the house, there's a good child; father and mother 'll be back soon." This to the little figure that had come forward, and was looking curiously upward, catching every word. "Come along, my man!"

Dent was the more anxious to go, for fear the child should make a discovery; and, besides, he felt spell-bound—no longer master of himself. Hanbury turned to him with a curious look—

"Dash it, but you take it very cool! your daughter is very ill indeed. If I were you I would make all the haste I could to see and help her."

Dent answered with a grunt, which Hanbury took for a sympathising groan, as he started on before him, with his smart, elastic step, while Dent went slouching after, as though walking in a dream. A door he had just passed suddenly flew open—all was light and fire within—and a man rushed out with something smoking on his fork. "John Pimpley!" he cried; "John Pimpley!" echoed his wife, behind his shoulder; "John Pimpley!" cried the little bairns about his knee—the court was echoing with the name. "Coom, lad, and have bite at kidney, done on your own grid, mun! Coom, now! blest if 'taint delicious! We be feasting like Queen Victoria here!" Then, seeing him slouching on without remark, the stentorian voice sank into a whisper, as it said, turning to his wife, "What's ta'en him, missus? a' doubt poor lad's i' trouble agen." So the door was closing (and two huge gates of shadow were closing on the pavement also—so do the puny acts of life make their gigantic writing on eternity), when one little bairn still blocked up the doorway, kicked up a clogged foot, and shouted, "John Pimpley! a—y, I got new shoon now!" and was dragged in, stamping. When Dent got out into the thoroughfare again he looked after Hanbury a bit, and then was moving off, undecided what to do, when a female figure, just turning into the court, came back to where he stood. He felt before he looked at her it was his daughter. "Oh! Mr. Pimply, I'm so glad to have met you—my husband, I suppose, has told you." He

nodded assent. "Your poor child was taken with the croop in the open street, but you should not have sent the child out again after she brought your clothes; she was not sufficiently protected against the cold. William is gone to a friend's house for a bath; I thought to follow after him just now and get some other things; but now that I have met you, I will turn back and take you to the house." They were passing a flaring shop, and she turned to look at her companion's face. "Dear me!" she said to herself with a start, "how strange, I did not notice it before!" Then aloud to Dent, "I see you are very ill. I did not think a father could be so seriously affected by the illness of his daughter; but I was never very ill myself at home, and do not know." They went on together to John-street, she looking sharply at him as they passed the lights, and he keeping his head down and the cap over his eyes. The night was wearing on, but still the streets were full and many shops were open. Manchester had eaten its Christmas dinner none the less heartily on account of its benevolent labours of the past five months. She was now not averse to a New Year's holiday; and the butchers could still boast a joint or two of prize Christmas beef—brave beef, which although so much cut down, clung like a good standard-bearer to its colours to the last. Death in the palace last Christmas time—hunger in the cottage this—were they curses to us, or have we all been lifted a little higher by them, and the nation's life become purer and nobler. Did we not all become less a nation of shopkeepers, when we closed the ledger to read of the Crimean battle-fields—bought our "Punch" for the sake of "Havelock's" memorial—closed our shops to mourn with our Queen—and opened our purses to feed the hungry, and to clothe the cold? Is it not with nations as with individuals—the greatest curse that can befal them is a long unbroken series of unshadowed years? This can only be borne without injury by those who already have been through the cloud. Did we judge aright, we would look with awe upon the man whose accretions of worldly good were allowed like fat to close upon his heart—with hope and even envy on the man whom God was shaping in His furnace fire; if perchance such an one could sing—

> "He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
> On the hard anvil, minded so
> Into His own fair shape to beat it,
> With His great hammer, blow on blow;
> And yet I whisper, 'As God will,'
> And at His heaviest blows hold still."

Dent, with his head still down, the cap lower over his brows, and the comforter higher up under his chin, walked by his daughter's side. She had to direct him; for, although he knew the way well, there was a strange commotion in his heart. A voice that had never spoken before was making itself heard, while the voice of the "old man" still struggled to drown it. He forgot himself as Dent, the wily, wealthy merchant, and began to see, with his inward eye, Dent the miserable outcast from all loving hearts. Dent, the slave of Mammon—Dent, the stony-hearted despiser of a poor child's plea—Dent, the mean and dastard murderer of his daughter's husband. Occupied with these thoughts, he was passing the end of John Street, when his daughter's arm gently touched him. "Mr. Pimpley, I see you are much troubled about your daughter, but I trust she will live many a day

to bless you. Here we are, thank God, in John Street." Under the circumstances God was to be thanked for being in it, but it would be difficult to offer thanks sincerely were one doomed to live there always. It was a row of two storey, black brick houses, such as is to be found in hundreds throughout our manufacturing towns; the windows, many of them broken and patched; the areas without railings, and even the kitchen almost a little shop for apples, red herrings, gingerbread, and candles. Everybody was eking out a livelihood in John Street, by eking out the wears and tears of other folk. In every third parlour window was a dirty card, testifying how shoes were cobbled, hats renewed, or stays were mended, the necks of the men eked out of their shirts, and the heels of the women eked out of their stockings. Everbody eked out his family into as big an odd number as he could. Somebody that night, in order to eke out the halfpence, had fired a chimney instead of finding a sweep, and the street, at the time that Dent and his daughter entered it, was filled with the vile smoke and odour, while some ends of the long families that were being eked into the world, eked out some dismal cheers whenever a larger shower than usual of flaring soot-sparks careered into the air. The door was open at No. 8, and a wrinkled old woman, in black petticoat and no gown, was descending the stairs slowly. Mrs. Pimpley, a buxom matron, twinkle eyed and double-chinned, ran past her, swift but softly, saying cheerfully (women are always cheerful and self-possessed in a family emergency, though a moment before they are ready to die about a tea-cup), "Glad to see thee, John! I must run home to see after the baby a moment; do thou set to and get t'a water boiling instant." Then, in a still lower tone, "What a guy you look, John! Where did get t'a cap and comforter, lad? Thee'st been i' luck somewhere, I doubt."

Without waiting for answer she left him, and turned into the dark back room where the fire had gone out, or, properly speaking, had never been properly in. His daughter had gone up-stairs, and he heard her talk to the poor child, who was "cough, cough, cough," so hoarsely and distressfully, and try to comfort it. "Father had come," she said, "and would light the fire and get the water hot; and Mr. Hanbury had gone for a bath, and she would soon be better." The half-stifled child kept struggling for breath, crying when she could, and turning her head, and tugging at her breast with both her hands. Dent could see it all, although he was not there, and hunted in this corner and that for coal—out in the yard, and down in the cellar—but found not a handful. Then he went to the next neighbour, and prayed in his heart he might not be such an one as he himself was three hours ago. Before he had spoken, the neighbour ran to greet John Pimpley.

"John, my boy, many's the good turn thou'st done me. Into the cellar, and take what thou can'st find. Why didna you tell us of the poor child before? Mither, there's John Pimpley's Minny lying bad next door."

And now, who would have recognised Dent, the married man, the hard and scornful master, with his sardonic, "What a lot of fools the world is made of! How I can manage them!" He scrambled out some dusty coal from a wooden box, piled it on a shovel, and ran back into the room. Sticks he had none, so he broke his loaded stick across his knee, and seemed to have a joy in doing so; he hewed it into splinters with a cobbler's knife, which he found upon the window-ledge, and roamed about for paper. Then he found himself going into the houses and asking,

for God's sake, some paper to light a fire; then back again to his work, piling the sticks and the coal, while the "cough, cough, cough," of the struggling child, smote upon his heart like blows of fire. The sticks were kindled—the kettle was found—the pump was found—and the water was on—but it was tedious waiting until the kettle boiled! His fair white hands was grimed with coal, and the nails, so daintily picked as he sat in the office chair, pondering some scheme of business—the twiches, like lurid lightning playing on his mouth—were filled with black; but he knelt at the fire and blew with his breath, while the coughs still smote upon his heart, and his daughter came out upon the stairs to call, "Oh! Mr. Pimpley, bring the water, please, as quick as ever you can!"

But the water would not boil, and the child still struggled with its stifling chest, and coughed a thick, unnatural bark. Mrs. Hanbury came out upon the stairs again, and said, with a voice that would not remain firm,—

"Oh, John Pimpley! bring the water, and come and see your child."

Then the wretched man went up and down like one distracted. He dared not go up stairs. The child would either recognise him, and die in fits, or he should receive upon his guilty shoulders the loving pressure of the child he shoved into the streets.

"Oh, my daughter! my daughter!" he cried; and his daughter came down, and spoke to him strange words about one who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven:" and bid him be comforted with that, but not to cease blowing the fire. So he blew till his head whirled round, and his ears were singing. And he did not know, at first, but that it was still his ears were singing when the chimes of All Saints led the city clocks, and the New Year slipped into the old one's shoes and held the night—then it was the kettle began to sing, and the child to find its breath more freely.

"Oh! I wish William was back here with the bath!" said Mrs. Hanbury; "what can be keeping him so long?"

But Dent would wait no baths. Delay was torture while the child was still in danger. He bounded out—to beg a tub, a mug, a barrel—anything that would hold water, and that he could carry. A washerwoman, who said she had few clothes to wash now, and who wished him a "Happy New Year," leant him a great red mug. He flung it over his head, and ran into the house. A policeman was there, speaking to his daughter.

"Appearances are very strange!" he was telling her. "He sent the servants out most unexpectedly—they comes back—finds the house empty—some clothes stolen—a comforter, I think—nothing of any value. The bed tossed about—his hat, in the bedroom, crushed, as if it had been beaten in a struggle—and drops of blood upon the counterpane. Which it strikes me it might happen as the gentleman was undressing for bed—for his coat and necktie were in the room—when some burglars entered, struck him on the 'ed, and, thinking he was dead, carried him away to throw him somewhere, and knock us off the scent;" but seeing Mrs. Hanbury turn deadly pale and clap her hand to her heart, he added—"that's only what I'm s'posing, mind—what might be mayn't be. You say you have not seen him anywhere to-night, my lady, have you?"

"No," she gasped, "you must speak to me again as soon as the child is well—I trust you are mistaken."

Then she grasped the kettle, and poured it, in a boiling flood, into the mug. While the water was smoking up between her and Dent, he flung away his cap, stripped off his comforter, and threw away the jacket and the calfskin waistcoat.

"Now, Mr. Pimp—" said Mrs. Hanbury, looking up—then screamed, and fell in tears upon his neck.

"You thought you had lost me—but you have found me for the first time to-night, my dear," he whispered. Then, turning to the policeman, "Here, my good man, carry this water up stairs quickly." "I dare not see the child," he whispered; "I behaved to her most cruelly to-night—but go you up, and come down again, my dear, as soon as the little thing is well."

How gladly she bounded up the stairs, her eyes raining tears of joy. He remained below, in the poor dark room, feeling happier than he had ever felt in all his life before—so independent of externals is the joyfulness of the soul. He stood looking at the fire, and the cold, fish-like eye was moistened with a tear of shame for what had been, and of thankfulness for what was. A Christmas carol, which the waits had sung before his door in the Christmas week—one night when he was pondering in his bed a stroke of business—and which, from its irritating and repeated interruption, fastened itself upon his memory, now returned to it, big with meaning.

'World, thy night has passed away!
Christ, thy sun, has risen to-day;
Slave of sin, arise! be free:
Heaven has blown thy Jubilee.

See, the glorious Son of God
Empties heaven, fills a clod,
And the head of all the powers
Comes in garments such as ours.

"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Echoes thro' empyrean;
Nothing said of Jesus' woe,
Love to man absorbs them so.

Ye, whose hearts are filled with pride,
See God's glory laid aside;
Ye, to lowliness a stranger,
View Him cradled in a manger.

Ye who keep the poor aloof,
See the Saviour's humble roof;
Ye, who scorn the poor man's home,
Go to lowly Bethlehem.

They who fear the scorn of wealth,
May to Jesus go by stealth.
But the "Wise men" everywhere,
Worship kingly glory there."

While these words were occurring to him, he heard them upstairs putting the child into the bath, and soon knew that she was quite relieved. "Father," he heard his daughter say, "All's well; you may come up! I have told her, and she will not be afraid." So Dent, in his shirt-sleeves, went up stairs, and no sooner had he done so, then the real Mr. Pimpley and his wife burst into the kitchen; they looked round and saw nothing. "I left it making a fire," she said, "just like a human creature." Then her sharp eye caught the clothes in a corner. "There, look there, its crouching in a corner!" Pimpley rushed at his pea-jacket and calf-skin waistcoat, and shook them as though he expected the ghost to drop out like a sovereign "Gone, missus, sure enough," said he, turning to his wife, who gasped, "Lor-a-mercy, bless and save us! it was a ghost and no mistake, then! But where's the child!" They ran up stairs, and saw her sitting up in bed, quite relieved, and preparing to come down to the fire. "Why Minny, lass, what's been doin' t' coom loike this," quoth honest John. "Oh, father! I be quite well now; but I was so bad," she answered faintly; and put her arm round Mrs. Hanbury's neck, giving the other to the great rough man, who stroked and kissed it. "Thee'st had a many doctors, Minny," added he. "What should 'a done without tha' doctors,

Minny? and who made the fire for ye? Be it you, sir?" said he, turning to Dent. What he answered, if he answered at all, was lost in the rolling of a cab over the stones which stopped at the door; a moment after which, Hanbury and the cabman were seen dragging up stairs a hip-bath stuffed with blankets. The policeman having gone to assist, Hanbury assailed him with, "A pretty chap you are!—so you've been frightening the women here also, have you? Come, lend a hand, and don't stand gaping there. I have to thank you for getting my head nearly cracked just now; then seeing Dent, he stopped short and rubbed his eyes. Dent felt a rising of the old man, and for a moment was ready to urse himself, his daughter, and his son-in-law; then a sight of the sick child brought to his remembrance all the conflicting feelings of the past few hours, and the better voice within him led him to go up to Hanbury with averted eyes, and whisper to him, after a great gulp, for it was a bitter struggle, "Your wife has found her father for the first time to-night; but I have had a greater catch, for I have found both a son and daughter." Hanbury looked at his wife, who came up with delight in her face, took his hand and placed it in her father's; then Dent, not allowing her fair hand to be withdrawn, clapped his own left upon it, and shook the two together. He said afterwards, that during that night he had felt the dawning of new joy rising in his heart; but it was when he grasped his daughter's and her husband's hands within his own, that all the darkness of his soul seemed for the moment wholly gone. The cab was not suffered to depart. Dent said they should all go to his house to welcome the new year in. He put on Pimpley's clothes again, while Mrs. P. screamed with laughter, took the blankets out of the bath, wrapped the child round and round, and led the way down stairs. Mr. and Mrs. Pimpley had to remind him of their little charges at home before he would listen to them going home, and then it was arranged that the cab should go round with them to Virgil Court, but that the child should be suffered to spend the night in Dent's own house, to be nursed by all of them together. So when Dent and Mr. Pimpley, and Mrs. Pimpley and Mrs. Hanbury, had squeezed themselves inside, and Hanbury sat on the dickey, with his feet in the bath, and wishing it had hot water within it, then the cab drove off, and jolted them over the stones; and, as they went, Mrs. Pimpley did begin her story, and shouted it from side to side, the rough street helping her by bobbing her mouth alternately into everybody's ear. She had gone home, and, on opening the door, gave a scream and fell against the wall, for there was her husband again sitting by the fire, and listening to his little girl telling him of the silent man in his own pea-jacket and waistcoat, who had sat there and looked just like himself, but only spake in grunts; and how the neighbours came out, and testified to having seen the figure pass down the court, and Ben Chorley had actually invited the ghost to eat some kidney, and was now blessing merciful Providence that his invitation was no go. How she had told her husband that she left the ghost lighting a fire in John Street, where their own sick child lay, and they had both ran back together to find the clothes in a corner—the ghost vanished, and a man in his shirt sleeves up-stairs; and then, as the cab stopped at the entrance to Virgil Court, Mrs. Pimpley turned to Dent, with "You be loike to tell us how it came about, or no one can." At which her husband shouted, "Can't you let the gelman be, lass? there be more ins and outs in it nor what you knows

on. If so be as I pawn the clothes and the gelman gets hear on't—though I'm blest if I know how he do—and if so be as he takes into his gelmany head to bring 'em here on his own back, what odds? Been't he the faither of Mrs. Hanbury, and been't it a good block from which she was chipped, think ye!"

Dent had tried to stop his mouth several times, but found no other way than to call to the driver to go on. So they came at last to Dent's gloomy house, and entered it. When the housemaid saw her master coming in in Pimpley's coat and vest, she just stuffed her apron in her mouth, and shook spasmodically behind her stays; but when they carried in the little child that she had seen before, with naked feet, turned into the street, she just took it out again, and stuffed it into her eyes; and the boy was for calling out "Perlice!" and taking Dent for the house-breaker who had robbed him of his comforter. He made a dash at it, and nearly strangled him, then cried, "Cork me, if t'aint guvner!" and fell on his knees and wet the guv'ners boots.

Cook called them all fools, and bid them note that some benevolent individual had put master into a straight jacket, as she had recommended. (Dent was bobbing within it like a cork in a bottle.) But when Hanbury had boxed the boy's ears, and Dent proved himself to be in his right mind, although not in his right clothes, order was restored in the kitchen; and cook very nearly went mad outright with the multiplicity of orders for roast and boiled, fish, flesh, and fowl, which, in the then state of the pantry, she found it impossible to execute. Notwithstanding her difficulties, however, she came off with laurels (only she let fall too many of her bays into the ground rice); and when they all sat down at the supper-table, about half-past one A.M., the child sleeping on a couch near the fire, then Hanbury told his story. When he arrived at the house, for the purpose of asking Dent's loan of the bath—sharing in the hope which his wife cherished, that this might be the means of bringing about some happier understanding before the year was out—he saw lights glancing up and down, and knocked and rang several times before anyone took notice. Then he heard many steps coming softly down stairs, and much suppressed whispering in the hall. A voice called through the keyhole. "Who's there?" And his reply was greeted by—"We're up to you, my boy!" And the same heroic voice continued—"Women, to the rear! Boy! is the poker heated? Then keep well behind me, and hand me my blunderbuss!"

"The door was gingerly opening, said Hanbury, "when I threw my weight against it, and shoved myself in to make myself known. Before I could speak, a baton, and not a blunderbuss descended on my crown, and for a moment I could scarcely see the string of people I had jammed behind the door. 'An official in blue' was in the van; cook was clasping his waist; housemaid clasped her's, and, last of all, the boy was trembling with his head in housemaid's skirts. When at last I was recognised, it seemed as if twenty people at once were telling me that 'master was gone out of his mind—that master was murdered—that the house had been broken into by thieves;' but when I examined their proofs, I was not fool enough to believe in their mare's nest, and bid them wait up for master, while I took French leave of his bath. They told me that in their alarm at finding things so when they returned, they had procured two policemen to go over the house with them, and one of them had gone to seek Mrs. Hanbury, as likely to give a clue to her father's whereabouts,

and, happily, he was successful in finding both father and daughter." All the while, Dent hung his head, and they could see, by the twitching of his lips, that he was struggling with emotion. Then his daughter laid her hand in his, and said, looking up in his face, and smiling sweetly—"I did not think there was so much fun in you, father; you have surprised us all." Then he looked up with a different face to what he had ever worn, and said—"My dear, do not allude to the subject again. When I went out in those clothes—do not ask me how or why—no man more shamefully misbecame them than myself. I have come back in them, I trust, somewhat worthier of them than I went. Honest John must give them me as a treasure and memento. There is nothing remarkable in a man changing his clothes; but when clothes have changed a man, it is worth remembering. May the new year bless us all, as it has begun to bless me to-night."

And this was the *beginning* of Dent's change into the new man which Christ is ever making.

H. D.

SILVIE'S MAGIC WAND.

A NEW YEAR'S TALE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

It was New Year's Eve, and the wind blew very dismally — bowing the tall forest trees, drifting the white snow into huge, soft heaps, and beating stray particles against the windows of a little cottage, in the midst of the thick wood, where a light burned very dimly, casting a faint brightness upon the snow. Overhead, the stars twinkled in the deep-blue sky—so calmly, that they did not care to notice the drifting snow and bending trees beneath. The wind had all its own way, and was a very tyrant in its power. It rattled the casement of the tiny cottage, and then battled with all its might at the door, which, though it shook and creaked, was determined not to admit it. It was a faithful old door, and did its best to keep out the stormy element; but there was the key-hole and many cracks, through which the tyrant managed to creep in, and it wafted the flame of the candle, on the little round table before the fire, to and fro, until it melted the tallow, which ran down the iron candle-stick, co[illegible]

Upon the hearth, in an old arm-chair, and propped up by pillows, was an old man, who had lived many days and years; or his face was shrivelled as much as a very old apple, and not unlike one either, for there was a ruddy tinge of red upon his cheeks. His grey hair streamed over the collar of his old drab coat; his shoes were old—his grey worsted stockings were old—his knee-breeches were old; indeed, he was old altogether, and quite in keeping with the room, which, with the scanty furniture, was old too. He sat listening to the wind, and the rattling of the old door and window-frame, as he looked thoughtfully into the fire. Presently, a little voice, very low and silvery, broke the stillness:

"Grandfather, do you know it is New Year's Eve?"

Up from a very low seat at his knee sprang a little figure, you would have thought was a fairy's, but for the homely dress of blue and yellow print, which was mended in a great many places. The owner of the silvery voice was a little girl, very fresh and pretty-looking, by the side of her old grandfather, with the brightest golden curls, gleaming like floss silk in the fire-light, and the sweetest blue eyes, that shone so softly, and gently, and lovingly upon the old man.

"Yes, love—I know," he answered, dreamily, still looking into the fire. "Hey! times have changed; they are not like they used to be when I was young."

"Tell me about them, grandfather," said the little girl, nestling closely to his

side. "It is a long time ago, is it not?"

"Ages to you, little one. I am eighty, and you?"

"Nearly twelve, grandfather."

"A wide gap—a very wide one," said the old man musingly, turning again to the fire—"I am going out, she but just coming in."

He was silent for a long time, watching the glowing coals burning away, and the white ashes forming, until the little girl thought he had forgotten her, and laid her tiny hand upon his knee. He took it in his.

"Silvie, if I were to start upon a very long journey, should you be sorry?"

"To leave our home, and the woods, and the dear little birds? Oh, grandfather!" Silvie exclaimed, with tears in her eyes.

"Not you, darling; I alone. Should you be very sorry?"

Silvie's lips quivered; she put her arms round his neck, and burst into tears.

"Oh, grandfather, stay! I cannot live without you!"

The old man took her in his arms.

"But if God should wish it, darling? It must be before long."

Silvie raised her head; she did not know before what journey it was her grandfather meant, now she knew it was the journey to Heaven. She had never thought of death in connection with him; indeed, she scarcely knew what death meant. She glanced quickly at him; his eyes were as bright, and there was the same ruddy hue upon his cheeks as had been there ever since she could remember: so she put her arms round his neck again.

"You will not go, grandfather?"

"When it shall please God to take me, Silvie. We must not rebel; but He will provide for you, darling."

Poor Silvie could not help feeling sorry; she lay and cried in her grandfather's arms for a long time, until her childish grief had worn itself out.

The old man passed his hand fondly over the golden curls, murmuring, "Poor darling, poor darling!"

Presently Silvie's tears ceased; then she listened to her grandfather's cheerful talking, until she almost forgot her grief. No one could talk like that old man; he knew the prettiest and the funniest tales imaginable. He could tell all about fairies, and hob-goblins, and sprites, many of which he had seen, and he believed in the existence of all. Many a night had Silvie listened to his tales, while the rain or snow beat against the window, and the wind howled mournfully amongst the trees; until, when she went out in the day-time, she looked for fairy wings in the forest; or, when the moonlight streamed through the trees, expected to see the merry little elves dancing upon the soft green turf.

As the old man continued, the wind rose higher and higher, until it positively roared round the house, as Silvie thought, vexed that it could not get in to the cheerful fireside to hear the old man's tales.

"Oh! grandfather, if I had but a magic wand, how happy we would be! I would turn this house into a palace, and you should have velvet coats, like the prince wears, and a golden carriage with white horses."

"Would you like one, indeed, little Silvie? Your wish shall be gratified, you shall have one, though its power may be different from the one in the fairy tale. Bring me my cabinet."

It was a little ebony cabinet on wheels, that stood in a corner of the cottage. It was no difficult task for little Silvie to wheel it to his side.

The old man drew forth some keys from his pocket, and unlocked so many drawers within each other, that Silvie thought there would never be an end to them; but at last he came to one that contained a little jewelled box, that seemed to emit sparks of light as he drew it forth. He touched a spring, and the lid flew open. Silvie drew near and peeped in. On a bed of soft white wool there lay a narrow piece of ivory, about three inches in length, tipped at one end with silver, just like the magic wand of the story. When she had examined it, the old man replaced it in the jewelled box, and relocked the drawers.

"Now, Silvie, darling, remember, when I am dead you are to have this; it will be a fortune for you, and the best I could leave you."

Silvie's heart was very heavy again, and something would rise with a choking feeling in her throat as she pushed the cabinet back to its place. She returned to the old man's side, and once more tearfully implored him.

"Oh! grandfather, do not go!—stay with me!"

The next snow that fell, fell upon the old man's grave—far in the forest, where the dark fir-trees grew thickest, and the wind sighed mournfully amongst their branches.

Poor little Silvie was almost broken-hearted, for she was left quite alone. Many neighbours came to the house at first, but they thought Michael Forrester had been a miser, and hoarded an immense sum of money; when they found it was not so, they scolded and ill-treated his poor little grand-daughter. One day Silvie determined to bear it no longer, so the next morning, after having paid a last visit to her grandfather's grave, she made up a little bundle of clothes, and after fastening the little jewelled box containing the magic wand round her neck, started forth alone into the wide, wide world.

Silvie's magic wand was not just like those that she had heard of in tales; she knew it was impossible for stones really to be turned into gold, and cottages into palaces, yet she did not value it the less on that account; she knew it was of priceless worth, and, if wisely used, more valuable than money. The snow was deep upon the ground, but she had good, strong shoes to keep it from her feet; the winds were piercingly cold, but she had thick gloves and a warm shawl; so she did not mind, but stepped along boldly beneath the trees, with the little bundle on her arm. She walked along all day, but when the sun sunk to rest behind the distant hills she began to feel both cold and hunger, and to fear what would become of her.

Presently sharp and loud cries reached her ears, and, rushing furiously over the snow, came a little boy, screaming with passion he could not restrain; he threw himself down upon the snow, and as Silvie came near, exclaimed, between bursts of sobs—

"I hate her! I hate her! she is a nasty old thing!"

Silvie soon found out that it was his mother who had offended him, by scolding him for some bad behaviour. This was a favourable opportunity for the exercise of her magic wand, Silvie thought, so she touched him gently with it. He sprang up instantly, smiling at the little girl, whose face was beaming so sweetly upon him.

"What a naughty boy I have been! do you think my mother will forgive me?"

Silvie accompanied him to his cottage home. His mother seemed to be in almost as great a passion as he had been, and met him with a threat of future punishment; but Silvie touched her also with the wand, and she immediately became gentle and forgiving. Silvie stayed all night at the cottage, and met with the kindest treatment. The woman would not let her leave in the morning, but promised to obtain for her some employment by which she could earn food and clothing. Silvie thankfully consented to remain when she thought of the cold and hunger she had endured on the preceding day.

The woman told her that the lady of the castle in the neighbourhood wanted a maid to assist in the care of her numerous children.

"And do you think I should do?" asked Silvie, anxiously. "I am very little, but I am nearly thirteen."

"I have to take some eggs to the castle," said the woman. "I will tell my lady; or stay, you shall go with me. She can never resist such a sweet face," she added, to herself.

So Silvie made herself as clean as possible, and brushed her golden curls out as smoothly as she could; then, in the afternoon, she and the woman set forth.

After reaching the castle, and having asked for my lady, they were ushered into a beautiful apartment, full of magic splendour to little simple Silvie. It was hung with rich draperies of crimson and gold, and large mirrors gleamed here and there, multiplying every beauty again and again. Silvie was half frightened

to tread upon the carpet of flowers, or sit upon the silken couches. In a few minutes one of the heavy curtains was lifted, and a lady entered. The crimson velvet robes swept gracefully around the tall, slender figure; her head was carried very high, for the Lady of Heinberg was very proud. Silvie often wondered afterwards how she dare touch so grand a creature with her wand, when she dared scarcely raise her eyes to the lady in her glittering jewels and glorious beauty; but no sooner was the magic touch made, than the haughtiness vanished, and she talked kindly and gently to the peasant woman and little girl.

Silvie was engaged, and given in charge to a servant, to be conducted to the nursery.

"It is, indeed, a magic wand," thought little Silvie, as she followed the servant through passages and up stairs, "and what great power is mine, if I only be careful, and use it properly!"

A babel of sounds was heard some time before they reached the nursery; childish voices in passion, and nurses in angry remonstrance. The servant who had guided her thither opened the door, and announcing the new nurse-maid, quickly retreated, as if glad to get away from the noise.

At first Silvie was not noticed, but soon half-a-dozen boys crowded round her, thinking her sent on purpose for their sport.

Silvie made no remonstrance, but a gently-uttered "Hush, darlings!" as she touched each with her wand. They all became miraculously quiet upon the instant, and she soon had them seated by her, listening while she told them one of her grandfather's fairy tales.

All noise was hushed now, but the pitiful moaning of a little baby in one of the nurse's arms, and this never ceased night or day, for the poor child was sickly and in pain.

Silvie got up in the midst of her tale, and asked timidly to be allowed to take it. Under the influence of the magic wand, the nurse placed it in her arms, and seated herself to watch the group of children round their child-nurse. Silvie pillowed the poor little head upon her bosom, and hushed it there, as she proceeded with her story. The magic influence was as powerful with the babe as the rest; the pitiful wailing ceased, and it sank gently to sleep.

While all were thus engaged, the Lady Idylle of Heinberg entered, and stood transfixed with surprise at this magic transformation. She was as little able as her domestics to preserve anything like order and peace amongst the unruly children, perhaps because she never tried anything but threats, which all knew well would never be performed. She did not disturb them, but when all the children had gone to bed she sought Silvie in the nursery.

"What is your name, little one?"

"Silvie Forrester, ma'am," Silvie answered, with her usual modest curtsey.

"Some good angel must have sent you here, my child. I hope you will not be frightened by the noise and confusion, but will stay with me some time."

"I am not easily frightened," Silvie replied, gently, raising her sweet blue eyes with happy confidence.

"Indeed, Silvie! Then you must have some magic charm. What is it?" the lady asked, with more eagerness than she cared Silvie should see.

Silvie smiled gently to herself, but she only answered, "I love them so dearly."

Days flew by, and Silvie became indispensable; she alone could maintain order at the noisiest times: the strongest threats of others were disregarded, when at her slightest word all strove which could be first to obey.

The Lady Idylle was too indolent to care by what means peace was maintained, so that she could remain undisturbed. She never felt jealous of Silvie's power with her children; but, on the contrary, petted and praised the little girl so much that the other servants grew jealous of her power with her mistress. Evening after evening she was summoned to the drawing-room, and made a companion of by the haughty lady, who, grieved beyond measure that she had no daughters of her own, was charmed by the gentleness and beauty of Silvie.

It was Silvie's magic wand that so changed the heart of the proud lady; but

Silvie only smiled when she heard the servants wondering and commenting. One of the nursemaids, who was more jealous than all the rest of Silvie's power, often arranged plots, which, if they had been successful, would have gained Silvie's dismission from the castle; but, whenever in the little girl's presence, the wand no sooner rested upon her than she confessed all her wickedness to Silvie, and implored her forgiveness. Silvie's magic wand was more powerful than hatred, and so she pursued her way, beloved by all.

One day the Lady Idylle rang her little silver bell, and called for Silvie. When the little girl came, the lady took her by the hand, and seated her on a low seat at her knee; and then, as she gently smoothed the soft curls with her white hand, glittering with beautiful rings, she said, "Dear little Silvie, I am going this afternoon to call upon my neighbour, the Count of Bernstadt—you must go with me. That is his castle you see in the distance, overhanging the great river. Listen while I tell you its melancholy history. The Count has two sons, who are twins—Hubert and Ulrico. Ages ago, there were twin brothers in the family of Bernstadt, and, unfortunately, both loved the same lady. Now, little Silvie, many crimes have been committed for love—which is very wrong—and these poor brothers fought, and killed each other. Since that time, whenever twin sons were born, the same wicked hatred has been between them, as though it never died out, but descended from one to the other. It is the same with Ulrico and Hubert. They are the only children of the Count, but their hatred is so violent that now they are never allowed to see each other, but are kept in different parts of the castle, lest in fighting they should destroy themselves. It is impossible to imagine what a trouble this is to my poor friend, the Count. Now, little Silvie, is your gentleness equal to such a task as reconciling these unhappy boys? Could you teach them to love each other and live in harmony, as you have taught my children?"

Silvie rose, with the sunshine gleaming on her golden curls, and a gentle smile upon her lips, pressing her hands tightly over the little jewelled box in her bosom.

"I will try, lady, if you will take me."

Lady Idylle looked delighted, and bade her go and get ready.

Silvie was standing, waiting in the hall, when the Lady Idylle came downstairs, her little cloak folded round her, and her bright curls tucked beneath the pretty velvet hood.

The carriage was brought round to the door, and they drove off.

Arrived at the castle, they were received in the great drawing-room, by a stern, grave-looking man, with iron-grey hair, and deep furrows upon his face, ploughed by the hand of grief and care. His countenance softened, and he even smiled, as Silvie brought her magic wand to bear upon him.

Lady Idylle looked pleased at this evidence of her favourite's power.

"And so, little one," said the Count, his stern voice softening into a gentle tone, as he spoke to the little girl, "you think to accomplish what sages have failed in, and philosophers puzzled their brains over?"

"I will try, my lord," said Silvie, simply; and there was such earnest faith in her tones that he could not help trusting her. He rang the bell, and gave orders that Hubert and Ulrico should be brought in.

Ulrico came first, with his tutor. He was a fine, handsome boy. He very gently and smilingly returned Lady Idylle's greeting, but a great change came over his face when his brother entered. His hands were clenched tightly, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, with the strength of his passion. As for Hubert, he appeared conscious of no other presence than that of his brother—his whole face and figure were like that of a wild beast ready for a spring.

The two tutors, with the Count and Lady Idylle, were in the greatest possible agony and fear, but Silvie started forwards, laying her hand upon Ulrico's arm. Under the magic touch of the wand he became quiet instantly; then Silvie flew to Hubert's side—she looked appealingly from one to the other, and then

to the Count, ere she said, in a low, earnest voice—

"If you hate one another God will hate and punish you; for He says, 'He that loveth me loveth his brother also.'"

Hubert looked down upon the little golden-haired girl, and the angry look all vanished, his face became as gentle as her own.

"Are you a fairy or an angel, who has come to teach us a lesson we never heard of before? What must we do? You cannot conquer our hate!"

"Love one another," said the low, silvery voice, "for God is love!"

Hubert was silent for a few minutes, then he advanced with out-stretched hand—

"Ulrico, we are brothers; let us indeed love one another!"

Ulrico put his arm round his brother's neck and kissed him—it was the first time he had ever done so.

Now that Silvie had been successful, she stood with her eyes modestly bent upon the floor, and her golden hair shaded her face, as, with drooping head, she inwardly thanked God for the powerful gift she possessed.

Ulrico and Hubert had left the room, with arms twined lovingly round each other, followed by the surprised and wondering tutors, when the Count came towards Silvie, and placed his hand upon her shoulder—

"My little girl, how shall I reward you? All my wealth and broad lands are valueless compared with what you have done for me this day. Will you stay in this castle always? I will make you rich——"

"Nay," said Lady Idylle, smilingly, coming forward, "I cannot spare Silvie—from this day she shall be to me as a daughter. Say, little one, will you go home with me, and receive all the love and care I would have bestowed upon a daughter, had God given me one?"

"Silvie shall decide herself," said the Count of Bernstadt, standing aside, for he felt Lady Idylle's claims were superior to his own. "Speak, my child, and do not be afraid; though you do not give me the right to protect you, I shall never forget to-day."

Silvie glanced up timidly. Lady Idylle was smiling down lovingly upon her. She already so dearly loved the lady, that she could not endure the thought of parting from her, so she gently placed her hand in that of her dear mistress, whose face glowed with delight as she stooped and kissed the sweet upturned one of her adopted daughter.

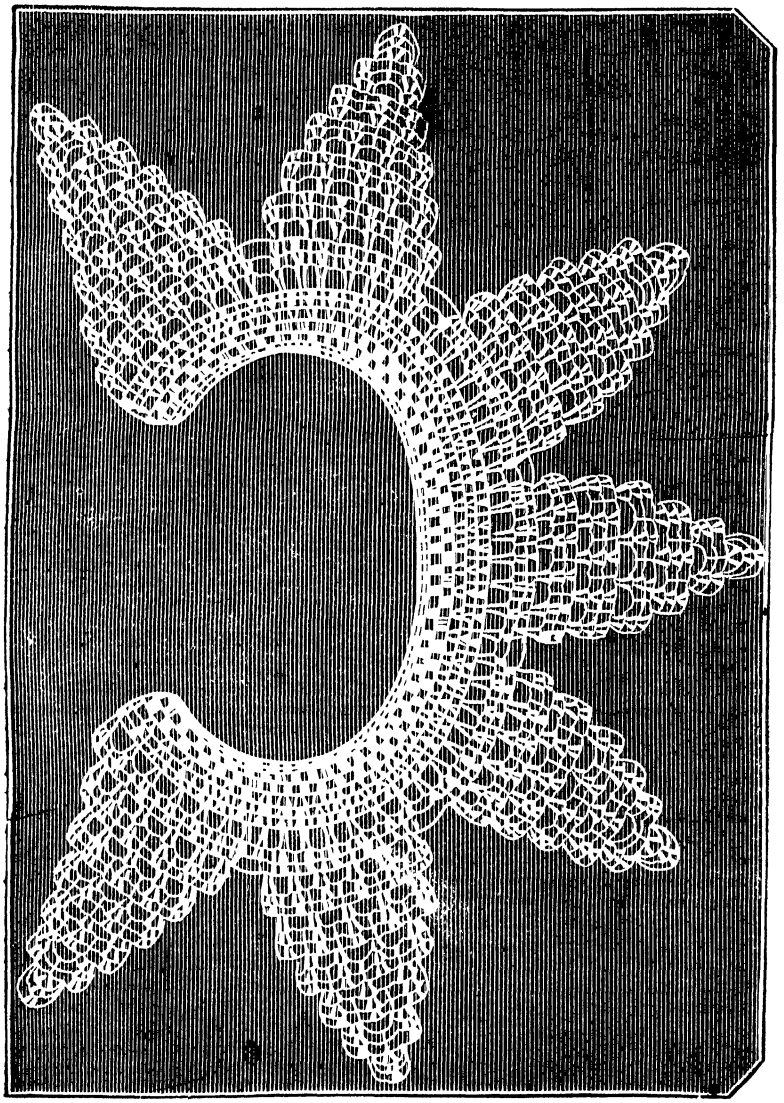
. . . . . .

Dear children, Silvie's magic wand is no impossibility—all may possess it. Will you begin the New Year with it in your bosoms? If you have not already guessed what it is, I must tell you. It is a very homely, but all-powerful virtue, and one often enjoined in the sacred Book, where it is called Charity, or Love, and which has many attendants, that never forsake it—gentleness, kindness, forbearance, hope, and faith; for it beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Bind it round your neck, write it on your heart—it will prove a shield that will repel all the darts of envy and malice, and a magic key that cannot fail of gaining you admittance to all hearts.

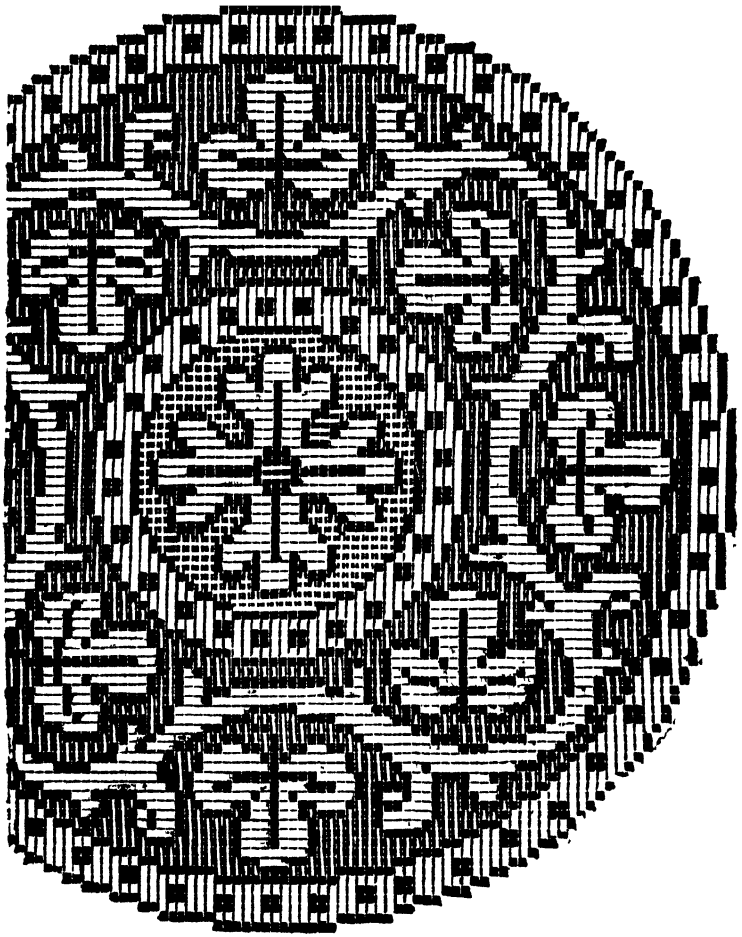
MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

THE WORK-TABLE.

VANDYKE COLLAR IN CROCHET.—This pretty crochet collar can easily be worked by any young lady. Indeed, any one who may execute it will be very much pleased with the result of her labours. As it is formed of points, we only give the instructions for one, which can then be repeated until the collar is the required size. Make a chain, the length of the collar round the neck, on which work a row of one double and one chain every alternate stitch; after which, work three or four rows—all the same—of four double and four chain, making the four double on the four chain of the last row. Now begin the pattern of the points:—Chain four, two double, three chain, two double; these four double crochet stitches are all worked in one stitch of the last row; repeat the four chain, leaving six stitches of the last row between each of the four double; repeat these four chain,



VANDYKE COLLAR IN CROCHET.



MAT IN BEADS AND BERLIN WOOL.

and four double with three chain between, seven times. This is the first row of the point. Work three rows the same, making the double stitches over each other for three rows, only making two chain, one double, and two chain, between the four double in the two last rows, instead of the four chain. The next row, work only six instead of the seven, and work the four double over the one double

of the last row. Work three rows the same. It requires seven rows to form each point; each three rows form the pattern; and it is by repeating these rows, only leaving one less at the commencement and end of each pattern, which forms the point. In this pattern there will not be found the least difficulty, which is a very great recommendation in this sort of work. Seven points will be found about the right number for a full-sized collar, if worked in No. 20 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Crochet Cotton. This sized cotton does not produce very fine work, but, if finer is preferred, No. 30 of the same makers' cotton will be found excellent.

MAT IN BEADS AND BERLIN WOOL.—The union of beads and Berlin wool, which is now fashionable in fancy work, produces very beautiful effects, and we supply a mat in this style, which, when completed, will be found really elegant. The canvas employed must be rather fine, and the beads must be chosen to correspond with its texture, so that the fabric may be perfectly covered. The outline of every part of the design is to be traced in steel beads, as well as the veins, and all the interiors to be filled up with white transparent beads. The two circles have each their boundary lines of steel beads, the spots also being of steel beads, with the space between of dead white beads. The ground is all of bright French blue Berlin wool, except the centre, which is scarlet or crimson. A bead fringe makes a pretty finish, or a cord of twisted beads, but we give the preference to the former. Before either of these are added, the mat must be stretched on a round piece of cardboard, cut to the exact size, and lined with either cotton or silk, after which either the cord or the fringe must be fastened on, according to the preference which may be given. Our illustration cannot give the glittering effect of the beads, or the pleasing contrast of the colours. The article requires to be seen in its completed state to be appreciated. Bead-work is just now very fashionable. We have seen some very pretty cuffs of velvet and beads.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

BY THE EDITOR.

SLOWLY the gloom gathered over the West,
And the storm-clouds loomed black in their place of unrest;
And icicles hung from the lone workhouse door,
Where shiveringly cowered the hungry and poor.
Night came swiftly and cold, and the snow-mantled street
Faintly echoed the sound of the wayfarer's feet;
Not a star glimmered forth the bleak midnight to cheer,
But darkness and poverty closed over all,
And enshrouded the city as with a pall,
On that dreariest night, the last night of the year!

A change, a mighty change, in the night's history;—
For dance and song,
And wit, and glee,
The hours prolong
In revelry!
And out the bells, the clanging bells, the joyous bells, the midnight bells,
Proclaim a new-year born! Another peal, and yet another, tells—
How, blythe and gay,
They ring away
The old year's misery, the new year's mystery!

The portals of that joy-filled house are opened wide,
And all the street is flooded o'er with light.
And one steps forth; and, quickly, by his side
A muffled maiden braves the chilly night.
A word, a look, between them, and they come
Forth to the street from that warm, cheerful home;
And, hand in hand, through blinding sleet and snow,
With happy faces on their way they go.

What seek they on this last night of the year?
Want and dread poverty,
Affliction and woe,
Lying in highways,
Doorsteps and byeways,
Cowering in misery,
Sheeted in snow!

Their's is a mission the wretched to cheer!
And O, who shall say
That, by night or day,
Such work unrewarded shall be?
Not to us is it given,
By our Father in heaven,
The full measure of goodness to see!

They speak to forlorn hearts and lighten their sorrow;
They render to misery pity and love;
Though downcast to-day, make them happy to-morrow,
And reap their reward in the regions above.
They turn not away from those desolate creatures,
So cheerless and sad in their measureless grief,
But cause smiles to pass o'er their passionless features,—
Find the exquisite pleasure of giving relief.

Lend a hand, Christian friends—you whose purses are ample;—
'Tis the noblest of aims to diminish distress;—
And you'll never regret having set the example
Of making the sum of life's bitterness less.
Step out of your happy homes, just for a while,
And enter the poor man's cold, comfortless cot;
Rest assured, if you wake on his features a smile,
'Tis a pledge that your kindness will ne'er be forgot.

'Tis a maxim laid down in the Volume of Truth,
That this is Religion, aye, sterling and pure—
To visit the widow and parentless youth
Who have poverty, sorrow, and grief to endure!
Your humble endeavours shall not pass unheeded;
The great Friend of the fatherless smiles on your scheme;
And the lone ones who find the kind aid they so needed,
Shall look on their past as a terrible dream.

CHOICE THOUGHTS.—"Ever" is a word much on the lips, but little in the head or heart. The fashion of this world, its joys and its sorrows, pass away like a winged breeze; there is nought for ever but that which belongs to the world beyond the grave.—*Scott.*

MAY VIVIAN.

THEY say that contrasts generally go together, and, in friendship, my experience testifies the truth of the assertion. The great friend of my girlhood was as exactly opposite to myself in character and disposition as north is to south, yet I never rememember a single quarrel between us! We went to school together, and May Vivian's friendship has since stood the test of many years without wavering. She was my senior by two years; infinitely my superior in abilities, and so pretty—beautiful is not too strong an expression! Rather tall, with a slight, graceful figure; fair complexion, with a lovely peach-like bloom on it; small, delicate features, rich, wavy brown hair, and a pair of the most bewitching violet blue eyes I ever beheld! And a pretty number of hearts those same blue eyes captivated; for I am compelled to confess that my friend May was a little bit of a flirt. I really almost dreaded the result of her visits to me, for she was sure to do some mischief; and she seemed so perfectly indifferent to all her conquests, that I declared "she could have no heart to lose!" At which she gave one of her silvery laughs, and said, "It was a very cool thing for me to say, when I knew the article was in my own possession!"

One Christmas, when she was coming to pay us her annual visit, I congratulated myself that all was safe; for, just at that time, our neighbourhood was quite destitute of young gentlemen.

We lived in the country, two miles distant from the town of N——, in Somersetshire. The only gentleman visitor, likely to frequent our house, was a certain Mr. Vernon, the curate of N——, during the temporary absence of the rector, and he was the last person in the world likely to be interested in, or interest May, lovely as she was, being a grave, sedate personage of seven or eight-and-thirty, with nothing striking about him, except the sterling worth of his character, and great zeal in his clerical duties.

May arrived; if possible, prettier than ever. She did not appear to find it dull; for, although fond of gaiety; she had a happy capability for doing just as well

without it. Mr. Vernon dined with us, as usual, on Christmas Day, and I was gratified to observe that even he was not altogether insensible to May's beauty. I was rather surprised to see how well they got on together.

They met constantly after that, for papa was churchwarden, and there was always some business to transact. My only brother Arthur was at home from Eton, for the holidays. He was three years younger than I—a bright, good-natured boy of eighteen; of course, entertaining a large share of boyish admiration for my pretty friend, and fine fun we three had together. Arthur taught us to skate, and rode with us almost every day, in spite of the cold. He was very fond of field sports, and the long frost that winter was a great trial to his patience. At last it gave way, and so rapid a thaw succeeded, that, on the second day of it, Arthur burst into the drawing-room, with the information that "The ground would do for hunting to-morrow."

"How delightful for you!" exclaimed May; "I wish I could go with you."

"Well, why not?" said Arthur; "Conrad will carry you splendidly, and I will take care of you. Do go, Miss Vivian."

"It will be charming, if I may," she replied; "we must ask Mr. Leslie."

Mr. Vernon happened to be calling at the time. He was talking to mamma, but now looked round. "You surely do not mean to hunt, Miss Vivian?" he inquired.

"Yes, certainly, if Mr. Leslie consents," she replied. "Why should I not?"

"*I* strongly object to ladies hunting; but, of course, that is no reason," he said, quietly, and then resumed his conversation with mamma, and shortly after took leave.

As soon as papa came in, Arthur consulted him, and obtained a ready consent, on condition that the old coachman should accompany them in the distance, of which Arthur slightly disapproved.

May tried to persuade me to go also, but I shared Mr. Vernon's prejudice; and besides, had a bad cough, which confined me to the house.

The next morning it was so much worse that I could not leave my room. May came to wish me "Good bye!" looking charming. The riding habit and hat were most becoming to her, yet I wished she was not going; but, as she said, "If papa saw no harm, there could be none."

We were to have a dinner party that night, but my cough was too bad for me to think of appearing, although I crept downstairs in the afternoon, to await the return of May and Arthur.

They came in good time; my brother in exuberant spirits. "Miss Vivian's riding had been the admiration of the field! She was in at the death, after a capital run."

But May stood silently; and although, on mamma expressing her fear "that she was very tired," she disowned fatigue, I felt certain one day's hunting would be enough for her.

She was very particular in her toilette that evening, and even asked me to arrange her hair, "because I always dressed it so very becomingly,"—a task I willingly fulfilled, although wondering what made her so unusually anxious to look well; and then, with many regrets that I could not accompany her, she descended to the drawing-room, and I went back to my solitude.

The party was over early, and I was still lying on my sofa, when the last carriage drove away—not being ill enough to care for bed. Almost directly after, May came into the room. She really looked pale and tired now, but inquired kindly if I had been very dull.

"Oh, no!" said I, "my book has interested me. Have you had a pleasant evening, dear?"

"Everything has gone off well," she replied, evasively.

"But you have not enjoyed it. Why, May, darling, what is the matter? You are actually crying!" I exclaimed, in great surprise, seeing her eyes were full of tears.

"I am tired and stupid; that is all!" she replied, dashing them away. "I had better go to bed at once."

To this I assented, inwardly resolving that, with my consent, May should go hunting no more.

The next day I was almost well, but she still looked pale; and, after breakfast, to my astonishment, expressed a very strong wish to return home.

I have not mentioned that she was an orphan, residing only with a maiden aunt, so that her visits were generally long. I strove hard to persuade her to tell me why she was in such a hurry, but she only said, "Aunt Caroline did not like her to stay too long, and she had been with us a month, and thought it best;" until, rather piqued, and thinking she must find it dull, I dropped the subject. An hour afterwards I was lamenting my inability to go out, as I wanted some wools from Mr. ———, to finish a pair of slippers for Arthur before his return to Eton, and she promptly volunteered to go and get them for me. The weather was fine, and I knew she liked a walk, so I consented. It was nearly luncheon time when she returned. I was alone in the drawing-room. May gave me the wools, and then sat down with her back towards me. I inquired if she had enjoyed her walk, but for a moment obtained no answer; then she exclaimed, suddenly—

"Bella! I am fairly caught at last!"

"Caught at last! what do you mean, May?"

"That I am engaged to marry Mr. Vernon."

If she had told me she was engaged to the Man in the Moon I could hardly have been more surprised, and I could only gaze into her happy, blushing face for confirmation of her words.

"My dearest May," I said, as soon as I recovered myself, "how very glad I am! And you really love him?"

"Really and truly, Bella; better than I ever loved any one on earth. I thought you knew it yesterday, and was vexed; for until this morning I had no idea he cared for me. I only wish I was more worthy of him."

"And you will not hunt any more?" I inquired, archly.

"No! preserve me! once will be quite enough; and, Bella, may I stay another week, if Aunt Caroline can spare me?"

I knew now why she had wished to leave us in such haste. My surprise was soon over, and I could only wonder at my dulness, and rejoice that my dear May's happiness would be in such safe keeping.

As Mr. Vernon had a handsome private fortune, Aunt Caroline made no objection to her niece's marriage, and the wedding took place in the following June. Long years have made no alteration in my love for May Vivian; she is still the chosen friend of my heart. Her husband, too, I have learnt to love as well as respect. Their married life has been, and is, as complete as any can be on earth, and among all my friends and acquaintances I do not know a more consistent and excellent clergyman's wife than my still beautiful May. ISABEL.

THOUGHTS IN DECEMBER.

Dark and dreary month!
Once again thou'rt here;
Yet our hearts with pleasure beat
As the time, loved friends to greet,
Draweth, draweth near.

Glancing o'er the past,
Recollections rise
Of many scenes, both sad and gay;
Some that ne'er will fade away,
Come before our eyes.

How have sped the hours
Of the year that's past!
Have we cull'd the brightest flowers
That are found in pleasure's bowers,
Hoping they would last?

Or have we pluck'd the thorn,
From the field of care?
Doubtless, if we could know all,
We should find that cot and hall
Have of each a share.

Yes, weary ones faint not!
Though with pain bow'd low,
Look forward, and ye'll see the light
Returning after darkest night,
To banish scenes of woe.

And you who idly flit,
In life's garden gay.
Pause, as each year onward rolls
To eternity, your souls
Are hastening away!

KATRINE.

BE CIVIL.—When the rich Quaker was asked the secret of his success in life, he answered, "Civility, friend, civility." Some people are uncivil—sour, sullen, morose, crabbed, crusty, haughty, really clownish and impudent. *Run* for your life! "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him."

A WINTER DAY AT THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

Part I.

The Giant's Causeway! exclaims the gentle or ungentle reader; we know all that can be said about that subject; it is a dull place except to geologists.

Possibly every family in London enjoys the acquaintance of at least one individual who as ascended Mont Blanc; of two, who have penetrated the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, and three, four, five, nay a dozen people, who go to Norway every year, and can speak familiarly of the Geysers of Iceland.

Every one travels now-a-days, and travellers' tales are known no more, except as fossils of literature. Every place is made so accessible, that the great sights of former times are now of no value, and there is little that is new to be seen.

An "eleven" can be found to journey 16,000 miles to play a cricket match in Australia; and there were not wanting those who hurried to the Crimea, hoping to be in time to witness the taking of Sebastopool. But where in all London is there to be found the man, who has had sufficient greatness of soul to turn his back on fogs, dirt, dull parties, indifferent suppers, dreary dinners, gas lights, and all the other belongings of winter in a great city, and give himself up to the enjoyment of winter weather on the north coast of Ireland.

A summer day at the Giant's Causeway is a dreary affair enough; when the tide of tourists is at the flood, it is as it were Punch's show at Thebes, or marionettes performing at Luxor.

Yes, dear tourist, do I not know your journey well? If you have taken a long excursion ticket, meaning to see Ireland thoroughly, you perhaps debark at Kingstown, and having "done" Dublin, Cork, and Killarney, you hurry northwards by rail. Probably you are so intent on reading your guide book, that you pass unheeding through the long and lovely vale which extends from Moira to Belfast, and is white with the snow of commerce. But if your ticket is for a short term of days, you take steamer at Fleetwood, and, reaching Belfast early next morning, speed on to the Northern Counties Railway Station, and so find yourself at Portrush before noon.

As yet no adventures have befallen you; the train started and arrived at the hours stated in Bradshaw. The guards were civil and attentive, the change was given quickly and correctly at the ticket office. Nor did the engine driver make the slightest tempt to murder the English travellers by driving the engine at full speed over a precipice, or into a bog.

Fresh disappointments are in store. No chance of having to sleep in the open air, or in one of the stereotyped Irish cabins, where the smoke curls gracefully out of the door, and the pig occupies the place of honour, while the tattered owner of the mud erection devotes his attention chiefly to the working of an illicit still. Alas, no! No more delightful hardships. No more hair-erecting adventures. Civilisation has progressed too quickly, and you are fairly cheated out of Ireland and the Irish. In vain you look for the world-famed Irish car, with its solid wooden wheels, and harness of hay ropes, driven by a tatterdemalion who eats, drinks, and sleeps with a short pipe in his mouth. It is a melancholy fact, but so it is; you are obliged to be comfortable in spite of yourself, for you are called on to choose from among vehicles of every kind that is made, from a splendid four-horse omnibus, down to a modest wheelbarrow. You have even opportunity of gratifying any favourite prepossession in horse colour.

Almost all English travellers chafe unreasonably at the difference between English time and Irish time, and yet no one demands that the clocks of Pekin or Petersburgh should strike twelve when the clock of St. Paul's proclaims the hour of noon.

"You should be obliged—yes, sir,

obliged—to set your clocks by English time," said a choleric old gentleman to an Irish car driver; "Do you know, sir, that you are four and-twenty minutes later in everything you do than we are?" "In coorse I do," replied the honest fellow, who had never had an opportunity to perturb his mind with the intricacies of latitude and longitude; "In coorse I do, shure iverybody knows that But iverybody doesn't know that whin God made the Irish an' th' English, he foun' th' English that stupid, that he put their time more nor a quarter of an hour fast, to give them, the cratures, a bit of a start; an' if it wasn't fur that, they wudn't have a chance of keepin' up to the cliver Irish, at all, at all."

Time later, or time earlier, as it may be, the difficulties of vehicle selection are soon over, and the perils of the road once more encountered. So do tourists, like the young woman who rejected all the easily reached straight canes in the cane-brake, and hurried on to the end, only to return with the last and worst. With the Giant's Causeway in view, tourists hurry on impatiently, and care not to give more than a passing glance to the wonderful and beautiful details of the magnificent panorama spread before them.

Even the most apathetic must look with interest on grey and lonely Dunlun Castle, standing as it does in isolated sternness on the rocky precipice. But few dwellers on *terra firma*, fresh from a channel passage, have their heads sufficiently steady to venture across the narrow bridge, which is the only means of communication between the castle itself and the main land.

Willis, the American traveller, wrote in his "Pencillings by the Way," of "The long, lazy swell of the Mediterranean," and for the five-and-twenty years which have elapsed since that book appeared, every one has thought it necessary to speak of the Mediterranean, and its long, lazy swell, as if the long, lazy swell belonged to the Mediterranean sea by prescriptive right, and might not, could not, would not, should not, be seen at any other time or place.

After all, the Mediterranean is only a sea, and seas are small affairs when compared with oceans. Small people generally give themselves great airs, so that there is nothing very remarkable in a sea giving itself a great swell. But then an ocean swell—the long, lovely, and not lazy swell of the Atlantic ocean, as it laves the golden sands beneath the limestone cliffs,—must be seen from the window of Dunlun Castle to be even half understood. But then the Giant's Causeway is the goal to which all travellers are hastening, and although ardent botanists may be of the party, they are probably unaware that, by neglecting to visit Dunlun, an opportunity has been lost of securing one of the rarest and handsomest of the British wild geraniums, which flings its bright flowers there in such lavish abundance, that the trefoil carpet seems stained with Syrian purple.

No, dear tourist, you are on your way to see the world famed Giant's Causeway; so go on your way, let nothing stop you. You arrive tired, that is unavoidable; but is a bad preparation for much bodily exertion. The sun is hot, and there is no shade—not a tree to be seen. As you toil painfully from the hotel to the Causeway itself, one foot is being cut to pieces on sharp stones, while the other foot has disappeared in an apparently bottomless pit of sand Next step reverses the order of suffering, as the sand pits and sharp stones have changed sides of the road. Then the crowds of people are so great, you are hustled and jostled about by large crinolines, just as much as if you had never left London. The guide points here and points there, and you strain your eyes, in the vain hope of discerning anything better worth looking at than the heaps of angled stones to which he draws your attention. The names which he rolls so volubly off his tongue are pleasant to the ear; for, being totally incomprehensible to the English understanding, they seem to give promise of the coming something so Irish or so barbarous as to compensate for all the previous disappointments.

At last you pause, breathless and exhausted, and with difficulty contrive to keep foot-hold of the damp, slippery, un-

even pavement. Hundreds of other people are doing likewise; and, while you are gazing at them, and wondering what can induce them to gaze so fatuitously at the disagreeable pavement, it gradually breaks on your dejected mind, that—

"This is the Causeway!"

The guide begs you to look at "The Key-stone," and being too much beaten down in body and mind to resist, you stumble over the pavement as best you can, while he strides before, in all the security which long practice and stout shoes give.

The glare of sun reflected from the sea is enough to burn the eyes out of an eagle or a salamander; and it is many a day since any lady was found strong minded enough to interpose a mushroom hat between the sun and her own face—therefore, if you are a lady tourist, with the usual fashionable hat and the imperative allotment of crinoline, it is quite out of your power to perceive that the concave tops of the basalt pillars over which you must walk are full of water, so that involuntary foot-baths are yours at each few steps. How it will fare with your swollen feet, to-morrow morning, when you endeavour to put on those shrunken boots, is too painful to think of.

Perhaps the Key-stone may not be visible. In all probability it is obscured by the crinoline of a lady who, with moist colour-box at side, is doing immense "execution," at what she would probably technically call "a bit." That same lady has perhaps inadvertently fallen a prey, as "an object," to the stereoscope-slide makers, whose camera is erected at a little distance. Poor woman! what will the feelings of her friends be, should they ever find her—nicely coloured, with Galway cloak complete, offered for sale, at 1s. 6d. the single slide, or 12s. the dozen. All the tempting little grassy knolls are occupied by people resting, sketching, or eating. Chicken bones are everywhere; greasy newspapers blowing about; bright-coloured objects, which, fluttering at a distance, appear to be gorgeous butterflies, prove, on close inspection, to be only soda-water bottle-labels: everything that is not a disappointment is a delusion and a snare.

Selecting the best unoccupied point of view—or, rather, the portion of grass least afflicted with a top-dressing of bones, corks, labels, crusts, and daily newspapers—you endeavour to admire the scenery, but in vain. Turn one way, and your eye-balls burn, and the skin of your face blisters from the sun heat. Turn your back to the sun, and you find yourself unable to bear the searching, cutting north-west wind, which has lost nothing of keenness in its passage across the Atlantic, from the time it laid in fresh stings of cold at Labrador and Greenland.

Hot sun and piercing wind—hungry body and disappointed expectations—aching head and wet feet—are enough to bear at one time, without further aggravations; so that it only needs the descent of a tribe of fossil and specimen sellers, to add the last straw to the camel's load of misery. Are not your wet boots incumbrance enough? Is not a walk over that wretched road sufficiently difficult, without encumbering yourself with an arm-load of wretched little wooden boxes, filled with chips of dusty stone? In the first stage of recovery from sea sickness, it is not to be supposed that any individual would select a vein of ochre, whereon to feast his eyes, in the hope of pleasantly affecting the inner man through the medium of the imagination. It is suffering enough to be obliged to look at the ochre in the Causeway headland; but who would willingly purchase a specimen of it as a valuable treasure, when the whole expanse of nature appears ochre-coloured? But of what avail to the weary traveller is the assurance that the splendid box, price only two shillings and sixpence, contains chalcedony, needle-stone, bellemnites, enchrinites, ammonites, and *ites* of half a dozen other kinds. There is no escape from the tormentors but ighominious flight. So up, weary tourist, and climb the "Shepherds' Path."

The guides push and pull, and the tourist toils painfully on; often earning a sharp rebuke from the guide, from persisting in placing the foot on treacherous tufts of slippery grass, instead of in the rough tracks already made. Dis-

obedience generally brings its own reward; for, when you will, in spite of warning, step daintily on the pleasant grass, you find yourself descending the face of the cliff with a rapidity most alarming. But the guide has no intention of being defrauded of his prey in such a manner; and, as he acts as a "tug," you feel such a sudden strain on your cable, or arm, as makes you wonder if that member of your body has not suddenly stretched to the same length as that of a long-armed ape, before leaving the socket altogether.

Short as the moment of time may have been during that foot-slip, your memory has recalled several choice anecdotes of slave punishment by suspension, culled from the works of Mrs. Beecher Stowe and others, followed by a vivid picture in the mind's eye of the rack, and several other inquisitorial tortures. Stunned by pain, and confused by your own reflections, the guide's statements form themselves into a hopeless mass of confusion in your mind; so that, having reached the top, and finding the promised view obscured by haze, you begin the descent, uncertain whether Fin Macoul, the giant, did not command the Spanish Armada, or how it happened that Robert Bruce and the spider found time to make the Causeway. The increasing sea mist makes it unsafe to venture out in a boat, so that the caves must remain unvisited. But despond not, dear tourist, when you find yourself once more in the city of the merchant princes; you can send to the circulating library for Thackeray's "Irish Sketches," and read the "Cave Excursion" there.

It grows late, and the sea mist has gathered in heavy drops on the clothes of the gentlemen; and the ostrich feathers in the ladies' hats are no better in appearance than so many rushes. Every one is weary, wet, disspirited, and forlorn. It is time to dine or sup, and then to rest.

The Giant's Causeway has had its share of attention, and the first train next morning must see the tourists again on the road; for Londonderry has to be visited, and Galway, and half-a-dozen other dis-similar places.

Part II.

Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me,
As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams, come back to me.
LONGFELLOW.

The tourists have all disappeared, and withdrawn themselves into the seclusion of their castles, halls, homes, villas, cottages, as the case may be. Some may have gone to more northern regions, in the hope of finding milder temperature, but all would, doubtless, shiver and shake at the mere mention of a winter's day at the Giant's Causeway. The migrating birds have long since departed; the stalwart salmon fishermen scattered to their distant homes; the romantic rope bridge of Carrick-a-rede taken down for the winter; and the northern coast is again in the occupation of its rightful inhabitants, No more guides, fossil sellers, beggars, frightful hats, unreasonable crinolines, dust, crowd, confusion, bones, crusts, labels, corks, and other disagreeables. The grand old Causeway stands alone in its stern grandeur; the brave headland appearing even taller and nobler, since relieved from the summer burden of fuss and frivolity. Whether from atmospheric causes, or from the beholder having his understanding less controlled during the peaceful quietness of winter, certain it is, that the cliffs along the northern coast appear to much greater advantage at that period of the year than at any other.

In these days of scientific advancement it is, perhaps, difficult to understand why the first discoverers of the Giant's Causeway should have felt such alarm at this sight. It was excusable enough in them to think it might have been formed as an easy and pleasant foot-way to Scotland; as any one who has had experience of that part of the coast would, doubtless, prefer a dry-shod perambulation of thirty miles, to the perils of a small boat across Rathlin Sound. That it might have been a grand construction for worship and sacrifice, was not so irrational an idea either; as Ireland abounds with Druidical altars and remains, but it remained to an English traveller to throw a great light on this hitherto dark subject.

In the year 1764, a Mr. Bush ventured

to entrust himself, his purse, and his horse to the perils and dangers of a tour in Ireland. The notes of this tour he published in 1769, under the title of "Hibernia Curiosa;" and a very curious Hibernia he made it out. In strict justice to himself, as an author, he would have done well to attach Curiosa to his own preface, in preference to the notes made on the country and its curiosities—as, throughout a preface of 16 pages, 12 are devoted to animadversions on "tour writers," "domestic travellers," "garret riders," "methodisers," and "hireling pedagogal priggs:" and then, with charming modesty, Mr. Bush, in the thirteenth page, speaks of his own work as follows :-

"He has this farther recommendation to offer on the merits of the contents of the following specimen—they are wrote with candour and ingenuity, untinctured with prejudice or partiality, such as the originals appeared to him: with an honest freedom, and without respect of persons, he has, in every case, endeavoured to depict them to his readers.

"The following description he has copied immediately from nature, without the least implicit

at least, he hopes some merit will be allowed to the attempt; that it is perfectly original, and for the truth of which the reader has this general security- that there were no materials to be found within the bills of mortality from which to palm upon him the domestic travels of the writer."

Once arrived at the Causeway, Mr. Bush solves the mystery of its origin by a solution remarkable for its ingenuity; but, as he himself says, he speaks with "diffidence," as follows :—

"The truth is, that from the most exact survey, and the minutest examination of this most singular and curious phenomenon, the total absence of every appearance of design or use that can be discovered, it may justly be looked upon as a *lusus naturæ*; if there are any exhibitions in nature that may be called such, this is supereminently one of them. With respect to the manner of its original production, it should seem to be a rocky concrescence or vegetation, of a similar process with many sparry or lapidar productions that are found in some parts of England and Ireland. This, however, I speak with diffidence, and submit to the judgment of more curious naturalists. That stones of many (and perhaps of all) kinds do really grow from a lesser to a larger size, is, at this time, a well-known truth. Whether these have increased in their magnitude since the memory of man, there have been no observations made, that I could find, by any gentleman in the country, though such easily might have been made with respect to any particular pillar or column a little detached from the rest. But, indeed, whether they grew to this surprising and most singular form and connection with each other by any natural vegetative process, or were originally brought into it at once by the omnipotent fiat of nature, is, at this time, and probably ever will be, an absolutely indiscoverable secret. The singularity, however, as well as figure of the phenomenon, is very extraordinary. That there should never, in any part of the world, be any production of a similar kind to this yet discovered, not even in Ireland itself, is a circumstance, indeed, amazing, and that very justly places this at the head of natural curiosities. Nor is this the only deviation of nature in this island from her common methods of working; it seems to have been her favourite spot for exhibiting a sportive and extravagant fancy in the finishing her operations of many kinds."

This latter clause alone ought to have been worth a fortune to Ireland, as an inducement for travellers to visit it. But what trouble and research would have been avoided, had people at once adopted the charming theory of "rocky concrescence, or vegetation!" There must then have been no inquiry into the origin or intention of the Pyramids of Egypt. Nothing can be more evident than that they were constructed of a small size, by Egyptian youths in their hours of recreation, and that the periodi- in conjunction with the hot sun of Egypt, caused the stones to swell and vegetate into a luxurious and unnatural growth; or, as gardeners would term it, "to spindle."

With regard to the growth of the stones at the Causeway, with all respect to Mr. Bush, let it be said, that the marking of a column or pillar in a public place is not always a plan followed by success. The organ of imitation is so strongly developed in the human race, that each fresh traveller seems to feel it a sacred duty to hew out his mark, initials, or a date, to keep company with the similar laborious works of art of those travellers who havs passed that way before.

A more effectual method of proving the theory, and at the same time combining economy with scientific investigation, would have been, to take a sufficient quantity of the Causeway stone, and therewith to build a small house for a poor man with a large and increasing family. In the course of some years, were the house found to adapt itself to the increased requirements of the family, the theory might reasonably be said to stand on a firm basis; and such a habitation would naturally attract

attention, and prove quite as useful, as the pillar at Cairo, to measure the overflow of the Nile.

During the winter months, the west-north-west wind chiefly prevails between the coasts of Newfoundland and Ireland, and although the force of the wind is often extreme, yet it is seldom or ever felt unpleasantly cold; and, until the east winds arrive with ordinary severity, no more delightful climate could be found anywhere. There are so few trees in the immediate neighbourhood of the Causeway, that there is but little in the appearance of the country to denote the presence of winter or absence of summer; but those who have the misfortune to see that coast in summer only, can form but a faint conception of the bright colouring of everything in winter. Thousands of little rills trickle down the steep cliffs, looking like threads of silver in the sunlight, and making the black rocks look blacker still, from the moisture they send abroad in sparkling drops. Exquisite green mosses take possession of every projection, while the barren fronds of the Blechnum Boreale wave triumphantly from places where in summer you might have searched for a frond in vain. The low-lying, wave-washed rocks have lost the black and forlorn appearance they presented all summer, for now they are bright with the emerald leaves of the gauzy ulva, and the brown, cloudy sloke. These new fields of marine verdure are rife with animal life: bright sea snails—"yellow shells," as the children call them—crawl in and out, and the pretty pink and brown trochus nibbles daintily at the green ulva, all unconscious of the fact that it is safe from persecution here, while its Italian brothers and sisters are gathered in thousands, cleaned, rubbed, scrubbed, polished, and pierced, and finally made into necklaces, bracelets, and other ornaments.

In the early winter months people do not generally find wild flowers in any part of England or Ireland; but, such as will grow anywhere, are to be found here as early, or indeed earlier, than in localities much farther south. Among the sand hills the green mosses have usurped the place of the summer grasses, and the brown rein-deer moss asserts its supremacy over its more brilliant relations. Primroses may be found all the winter in sheltered nooks, and the colt's-foot and starry celandine brighten the banks three weeks before they venture to peep out in other places.

Enough has been said and written of late years on rock pools and their living flowers; but no description, however vivid, is too brilliant to depict the beauties of the crystal basins which gem the surface of the tide-washed limestone rocks, so clear as to be scarcely distinguished from the white limestone, and yet so deep, so gorgeously embellished with pink coralline, and seaweeds of every colour, while the sides gleam with the gem-like actiniæ. Who will be bold enough to say these are not the portals of the palaces of the sea kings?

After several days continuance of wind from N.N.E. or N.W., rare and delicate seaweeds are cast in in such abundance, that all the seaweed collectors in Great Britain could not, if they tried, keep pace with the supply. Those who vainly sought in summer for even a solitary specimen of the large and delicate scarlet weeds, might now see cart-loads of those and countless other inestimable treasures conveyed away to fertilize potatoe fields. You may, if you please, have your choice of all that any seaweed cart contains. The peasantry may wonder at your peculiar taste, but are glad to have anything to offer a stranger. By the time you have made a selection of several yards of the graceful plumudaria zaleata, three or four bunches of flustra, weighing several pounds each, an arm-load of "dockens and oaks," as the country people call them, you will begin to calculate on how long you will be able to carry such an enormous load; and yet they are too precious to be left behind, any one of them, and home they must be carried, should you fall and perish in the attempt. Our friend of the seaweed cart is not a genuine native should he part from you without a gift from his sea store much more valuable, in his estimation, than all the rubbish you have burdened yourself with.

This dainty is not the edible fucus

known as dulu, but it is a sea plant highly suggestive of the Russian knout; a stem-like handle, tough, strong, and long as a child's walking cane; on the top of the cane a bunch of broad, leathery, brown leaves, one or two feet in length, and, growing to each leaf, strange bunchy tassels, each cord being about as thick as a swan quill. The weight of this comic seaweed would make it almost too great a load for your weary arms, even were you unemcumbered by treasures of your own selection, but to refuse it would hurt our friend's feelings beyond repair, for it is a high compliment he has paid you, and he was partly roused to the act of generosity by pity for the ignorance of any one who would select useless seaweeds, when he might have possessed himself of "murlins" instead. Should there be another bunch of murlins remaining in the cart, it is probable that the honest fellow and his lady love will spend an agreeable evening, picking off, chewing, and swallowing the brittle and tasteless tassels. Much good may it do them!

The country people recommend murlins as "good for the inside;" and, as no one has been known to die of excessive indulgence in the use of the luxury, it is to be supposed that the qualities of the plant are tolerably negative. Anxious mothers along this seaboard give this substantial salt, not sweetmeats, to their ailing offspring, alleging that "murlins is quare an' good for the stomach;" but whether for or against, is less easily understood.

If you are of a seaweedy turn of mind, you may help yourself freely to the fern —like Bryogasis Plumosa from the rock pools by Jackson's cave; and if you have pledged yourself to carry Irish ferns home with you to London, you may have your will and pleasure of procuring Asplinium Marinum in every cave along the coast.

Should there be still existing in any quiet, easy-going corner of our country-people who are so unsophisticated, or yet so unawakened to scientific pursuits, as to find pleasure in making shell grottoes, and who call their shells by the old fashioned names of "snail boxes, legs of mutton," jugs, mugs, &c., you may easily gladden the heart of such by a handsome present of the tenantless shells of Helicidar from the sand-hills. Let not appearances, however, deceive you; the winter vegetation does not satisfy the gormandising Helix, and so he retires to the remotest corner of his shell, interposing a horny curtain between himself and the outer world, and will on no account venture to protrude his head until the time when the mosses shrivle up, and the sand-hills are gay with thousands of flowers. Snails, in their winter state, retire so far out of sight as to give the shell the appearance of emptiness. If you collect shells, see that they are empty in reality, for the tenacity of life in a snail is something quite dreadful. One specimen—the desert snail—was found crawling about in a case in the British Museum, after being for seven years gummed to a card; and, armed with this fact, a grotto maker proceeded to collect materials in the northern sand-hills, with a stern determination to present a recurrence of such gymnastics as were performed by the Alexandrian exile in in the British Museum. Shells sufficient to fill a stable-bucket were collected, and boiling water poured on them, causing a most disagreeable odour to arise. After some hours of immersion they were spread on netting to dry, and in a few days were packed for transmission to the place of projected embellishment. The mode of packing was as follows:—The heaps of shells were parted in four, each fourth being carefully enveloped in several newspapers, and securely tied. The four parcels were then placed in a strong covered basket, made of the sea bent grass, and the lid firmly secured on the basket. Circumstances caused the snail shells to be overlooked in a garret lumber room for fifteen months, at the end of which time the family in the house began to complain much of strange and unearthly noises at night. On the door of the garret being opened, what a sight met the view of the investigators! snails crossing the floor, and snails hanging on the ceiling; snails on the door, and snails crawling on the window panes—their shells patting on the glass being the cause of the unearthly sounds.

The wretched molluses had awakened to life and captivity, and after extracting what comfort and nourishment they could from the pages of the "Dublin Advertiser," had gnawed their weary way out of the bent basket, only to find themselves in a high garret in a smoky town, for ever moved from their sunny sand-hills. The snails, it must be acknowledged, took ample revenge for the injustice which had been done them, for many escaped, by holes and corners, and pervaded the neighbourhood. The unexpected advent of sea-side snails in an inland town, gave much occasion for surmise to some who were of inquiring minds, but the wretched originator of the phenomenon wisely kept silence; and, as the snails died out, so did the wonder.

Who can tell how many wonderful things might be traced to similar causes.

No one could walk among sea-side sand-hills in winter, without remarking the various and strange foot-prints of the sea birds which have wandered there in search of food; and so fearless do the sea birds grow, or else they are so trustful in the few human beings to be met in the solitude, that they may be approached almost quite close. The snowy gulls hover around or float serenely on the blue waves. The rock-dove peeps from out their rocky caverns, and scarcely move when their retreat is invaded. Time was, when the golden eagle built his eyrie among the basaltic cliffs, and reigned monarch of sea and land birds. But those halcyon days are over, and the exiled bird king but rarely visits the scene of his former greatness. He has retired far into the wilds of the Donegal mountains, and when he returns it is in silence and darkness, and from the rocky Skerries gazes on the land, as Charlemagne comes on the bridge of moonbeams to bless the vineyards of the Rhine.

The peregrin falcon has many a safe retreat in the basaltic cliffs. Even two hundred years ago, when an instance was known of one pair of hawks being sold for one thousand pounds, the peregrins must have lived here without fear, as no mortal man could have reached their nests.

In the days of Edward III., a man might not take a hawk's eggs, even on his own grounds, at the risk of imprisonment for a year and a day, with a fine at the king's pleasure. The hawk that has its home in the northern cliffs, and possesses power of flight equal to seventy or eighty miles an hour, may well look down on the puny enactments of mere earth-treaders. The chough and hooded crow, puffins and divers, gannets, barnacles, curlews, sand-pipers, and various other birds take possession of the coast when the summer birds depart to the sunny south, and then our winter friends will, when the spring returns, retire across the broad Atlantic to the desolate farms of North America, or the nearer but equally lonely Orknies. The wild swan often leaves his Iceland home for a visit to the northern Irish coast; and who that has heard his wild screaming on a winter evening, can read Hans Christian Andersen's "Ugly Buck," and other fairy stories, without increased pleasure? The winter day is all too short for the exhaustless pleasure of sight and sound; and the evenings are not half long enough for all the reading that forces itself on the lover of nature. Dear tourist, do you possess "Glaucus?" or "Goss's Rambles?" or Harvey's "Sea-side Book?" or Landsborough's "Sea-weeds?" or Pattison's "Zoology?" or—or many other such books? You may as well never have had them, as to have had them and read them during a winter evening in London. Imagination supplies to many persons the want of reality, and it is well that it is so. Those who never have and never can see the Rhine, may buy a shilling copy of Longfellow's "Hyperion," and in a dismal room, by the light of an indifferent candle, become lost to passing troubles by the prose poetry descriptions of Heidelberg and the Rhine Land; but no imagery, not even Longfellow's can make one who has been drifted inland feel the presence of the sea; the grand, fathomless, illimitable ocean. He who has as a child breathed the free, pure air of the ocean coast, who has known, loved, and cherished each bird, beast, fish, plant, and insect of that paradise of existence, should fate drive him far away from all this, retrospection and reading can only bring pain. He

who wishes to understand why that to each man is appointed his allotted work, that all may live and have pleasure as well, let that man go to the Causeway, or some other such grand solitude. Let him take suitable books, and then, when he has read and understood them, let him bless the God who, in goodness, appointed some to till ground and sow seed for the support of those whose business is in great cities; and, as that great and beneficent Creator covered the whole earth with flowers for man's delight, so did he appoint some men with such gifts of soul, that their thoughts and ideas might flow on day after day—a garden of flowers and river of delight for all weary minds and tired intellects who toil for bodily wants either in town or country.

It is not necessary to cross the line in order to see the constellations in their magnificence. Many an exile has gaped and wondered, and written long letters home on the beauties of the "Southern Cross;" and, in all probability, but few of those enthusiasts would have known in what part of the northern heavens they should turn to to look for Orion, or "The Plough." And, mayhap, had never observed Sirius at all.

A moonlight and starlight walk by the Atlantic is a thing to be long remembered. Silently, the moon and stars, and earth, are fulfilling their allotted work, and changing their places at the same times which God appointed when the world was young. Silently the seasons come and go, and silently the years roll by. Silently the night turns to day, and silently rolls the great tide wave, day by day, from its home in the South Pacific Ocean. This great and silent engine, before it washes the dark cliffs of the Giant's Causeway, has journeyed with steady and resistless might along the eastern coast of Africa into the Atlantic, by Western Africa and Eastern America; on through the English Channel, and along the western coast of Ireland; and whether the moon shines down on a sea of glass, or is hidden by clouds, while the winds and sea waves angrily contend, through a bleak winter's night, the great tide wave comes steadily on, and recedes as steadily as it has come. When the winds arise, and lash the sea waves into fury, who would like to miss the sight? When the sea caves resound with mighty thunder, and the sea foam drifts over the land; when sea birds scream and wheel aloft, and strange sounds come from the boiling ocean—then can the heart of man rejoice to know that the great God of all the earth holds those waters in his hand, and has said to the sea, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." Were it not for this assurance, the ocean coast would only be a place of terror and dismay to mankind.

Alas for the brave but mistaken sailors of the Spanish Armada, who found a grave beneath the black and white cliffs of the grand old Causeway-land! They thought to return, to lay them down in peaceful graves beneath the orange and myrtle, in their own sunny land of Spain. But God frustrated their purpose, and sent to scatter them, a mighty wind, and when the wind abated the ships were no more to be seen. They had gone down beneath the waves of the blue Atlantic, and until the last day shall rouse all sleepers, the bones of the lost Spaniards must lie among sea flowers; and instead of myrtle and orange, overhead floats the waving coils of the mermaid's hair. Who in busy London can know aught of "Deep Sea Fishing?" But it is not in the power of the flaccid fish corpse on the marble slab to tell you of what yon ought to go and see for yourself—the glorious winter on the north coast. The long lines for the deep sea, and the bait! Ah! your friends show you a miserable little hermit crab as a valuable inmate of some aquarium. Why not go to the Giant's Causeway, and see tubs full, buckets full, boats full, of hermit crabs? Unuric crabs, who have come to the rocks to establish their nurseries, and, having left their shells behind them, fall a defenceless prey to birds and fishes. Did you ever see a shoal of fish fry leaping in myriads in the wave edges, or a mother gull teaching her young brood to swim, or the take of the first salmon of the season? Dear tourist, this is the real genuine Giant's Causeway—turn your back on London, and see it for yourself.

PRINCE SIGISMUND'S COURTSHIP;

OR,

THE FAIRY ORDEAL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE KING OF BOHEMIA.
PRINCE SIGISMUND (*his son*).
THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.
BERTHA (*a damsel of the Court*).
HILDA (*her cousin*).
THE FAIRY CHRISTABEL.
A LADY IN WAITING.

SCENE.—*A wood in Bohemia.*

Enter the QUEEN.

QUEEN.—Where can the King, my noble husband, be?
I am informed that he would speak with me.
I think I know the subject on his mind
On which advice and counsel he would find—
Our son, the Prince, our royal joy and pride,
Headstrong and rash, would choose himself a bride.
The Lady Bertha is, as he declares,
His chosen one; he vows and also swears
No other will he wed. Now, as I guess,
The King likes not the lady, I much less;
Still in such matters, wise and sage advice
From parents is received with prejudice.
Grey heads, besides, experience doth show,
Do seldom upon youthful shoulders grow.

Enter HILDA.

HILDA.—I wish your royal Majesty good day.

QUEEN.—Good morning, damsel; where now lies your way?

HILDA.—I seek my cousin Bertha, but I fear
'Tis vain to hope that I shall find her here,
She is so much engaged of late—the chase
And dress so occupy her, that her face
I seldom see.

QUEEN.—Fair Hilda, there's no doubt,
Your cousin Bertha's much to think about.
The Prince and she are always now together.
But I would ask you, damsel, plainly, whether
You think he cares for her, and she for him?
Or do they but indulge an idle whim?

HILDA (*tremulously*).—Indeed, indeed, it's not for me to say,
But—still—they meet more frequently each day;
And then for hours about the woods they walk,
Engaged, it seems, in everlasting talk.

QUEEN.—Ah! so I thought; go, child, I'll not detain you,
For well I see my questioning does pain you. [*Exit* HILDA.
They're much together; Bertha's false tho' fair,
And only would our Sigismund ensnare,
Because his father's crown he will inherit,
And loves him not for his intrinsic merit.
For, if I not mistake, there once was one
She really did love and dote upon—
The handsome Jasper; but, in her ambition,
She jilted him, to try for high condition.
She would be Queen when the old King is dead,
And wear a regal crown upon her head.
If I might choose a wife for Sigismund,
Hilda were his, had I a fairy's wand.
A fairy's wand! oh, happy thought! which calls
To mind that, whatsoe'er befalls
Our royal race, we ever seek the aid
Of fairy counsel, and our spouse has said,
"This argument is strong, and that is weak,
But first the fairy Christabel must speak."
What says the King? as duteous Queen, I say,
We will the fairy's high behests obey.
[*Exit the* QUEEN.

Enter the KING *and* PRINCE SIGISMUND.

KING.—Now, Sigismund, I would my mind unfold,
For truth, my son, should frequently be told;
You would the Lady Bertha for your wife,
But once for all, I swear upon my life,
I'll not allow it—once again I swear it,
And, after that, I think you'll hardly dare it!

PRINCE.—Oh! King and father, pray, refuse not me her;
I'm sure you'd like the lady, only see her.
Her form is fair, her temper sweet as honey;
Diamonds and pearls she has, and lots of money.

KING.—Jewels and money! the argument's not weak,
But first the Fairy Christabel must speak.
My son, you know, or ought to know, that we
Do never act, nor do to aught agree
Without advice from Fairyland—no matter
What is proposed.

PRINCE.—The Fairy Christabel! I know that she

Would have the Lady Hilda marry me;
But I love Bertha fair, and she alone
Shall have my hand, and share my future throne. [*Exit the* PRINCE.

Enter the FAIRY CHRISTABEL.

FAIRY.—Well met, Sir King, well met!
I looked for you.

KING.—Good Fairy, I salute you. How d'you do?
And what's the news?

FAIRY.— I've nothing new to tell.
How is the Prince?

KING.— Oh! thank you, very well;
But now he left me.

FAIRY.— Have you turned your mind
A fitting consort for the Prince to find?
KING.—'Twas just on this I wanted your advice,
Tho' what I've got to tell you's far from nice.
In spite of word and counsel on my part,
The Prince on Lady Bertha sets his heart.
FAIRY.—Now, what of her, Sir King? I grant she's fair,
And clever too, and rich; yet still beware—
She's not a wife for him—her temper's queer;
She is not good, nor truthful, nor sincere.
KING.—But tell me, Fairy, what to do to cure him
Of this attachment. What if I immure him
Close in a dungeon dark, on bread and water,
'Till he be glad to marry, anybody's daughter?
FAIRY.—Leave that to me; forthwith I'll seek the youth,
And by my art a talisman of truth
Provide, by which the Prince will quickly know
Her real worth. Farewell! farewell, I go.
[*Exit.*
KING. Would it were so! but he's in love, and hence
We may conclude he will not hear good sense. [*Exit.*

Enter BERTHA.

BERTHA.—Ah, well! I'm pretty sure the Prince admires me,
To say the least, but still it sadly tires me,
Continually thus to play a part,
And seem to love the Prince, when all my heart
Is given to Jasper; still, I'm resolute,
And a princess I will be, *coute qui coute!*
Let Hilda prate of love and truth, and rant
Of matrimonial felicity—such cant!
Of hearts and hands, and like romantic phrases,
Fit but for milkmaids, with their cows and daisies.
I'm for a throne, with wealth, and power, and action;
Love in a cot, for me, has no attraction.
Yes, I'll have horses, coaches, silks and satins;
Let those who like it go about in pattens.
Sigismund admires me; thinks I've gold—
That will be awkward when the truth is told.
But once his wife, his name and power mine,
I shall not break my heart should *he* repine.
In short, I'll make the most of what I've gained,
And if I please myself, care not who's pained.

Enter HILDA.

HILDA.—Come, Bertha, come; don't let your father wait
Booted and spurred before the castle gate.
He wants you for the chase; make haste, I pray.
BERTHA.—Hilda! I don't intend to hunt to-day;
I've got another—better chase in hand.
HILDA.—What do you mean?
BERTHA.—Now don't you understand,
You little simpleton; why, sure, the Prince I meant;
I'm hunting him—don't look so innocent!
I know you understand me well enough;
You need not tire yourself by talking stuff.
HILDA.—Bertha! indeed, I think you're much to blame;
You say yourself you love him not—for shame!
You'll not be happy as his wife, you know;
How then d'you think that you can make him so?
BERTHA.—Leave that to me, Miss Wisdom! no more preaching;
When I want your advice I'll take your teaching.
'Tis nought to you; you need not be a meddler;
Without your leave, I'll marry prince or pedlar.
HILDA.—Still, Bertha, if the Prince you do not love,
I must declare you ought to be above
Endeavouring to make him think you do;
Upon my word, it is too bad of you!
He is so amiable, so good, and kind;
Think better of it, Bertha; change your mind.
BERTHA.—Allow me, if you please, to be the judge
Of my own proper deeds and actions—fudge!
I'm old enough, I hope, to know my mind,
And a fit husband for myself to find.
HILDA.—Well, Bertha, dear, I've only got to say,
I wish you happy, marry whom you may.
BERTHA.—Of course, of course, I shall be rich, you know.
HILDA.—Riches alone do not make people so.
BERTHA.—Hush, here's the Prince!

Enter PRINCE SIGISMUND.

PRINCE.—Good morning, ladies fair!
Why join you not the chase and take the air
This lovely day?
BERTHA.—I knew your Royal Highnes

Would not be there, and so the morning's fineness
Did not tempt *me*.
PRINCE.— How lovely is the day!
What say you to a stroll, fair dames, this way,
Down by the river, through this forest glade?
BERTHA.—With pleasure, Prince, 'tis charming in the shade.
[*They walk about.*
Dear Prince, you are so very kind in bringing
Hilda and me to hear the birds a-singing.
The forest's full of them!
PRINCE.— Yes, in these bushes
I always order nightingales and thrushes.
BERTHA.—Order them! where? d'you get them from the peasants?
PRINCE.—They come from Bailey's, Mount-street, like the pheasants.
BERTHA.—How kind of you thus to adorn the parks
With thrushes, bushes, nightingales, and larks!
PRINCE.—I love these groves, and so to keep them nice,
I take the best, and don't object to price.
I do not plant one day, pull up the next—
That is the way to make the people vex'd.
BERTHA.—Wisely you act; the people love these glades.
PRINCE.—Chiefly the soldiers and the nursery-maids.
[*Exeunt* PRINCE *and* BERTHA.
HILDA.—How sly and false is Bertha! I am quite
Certain such conduct never can be right!

Enter the FAIRY.

FAIRY.—Where is your cousin?
HILDA.— With the Prince; they're walking
Down by the river—don't you hear them talking?
FAIRY.—And you not with them, Hilda! tell me, why?
HILDA (*sighing*).—They did not seem to want my company.
FAIRY.—Suppose, fair Hilda, that, by fairy skill,
The Prince to lowly hind I changed, and still
You knew he loved you; would you be his wife?
HILDA (*warmly*).—I would, indeed, and love him all my life!
FAIRY.—Now, damsel, go to Sigismund, and say
That he must meet me here without delay,
Beneath the oak, where the two streamlets flow.
HILDA.—Fairy, your orders to obey, I go.
[*Exit* HILDA.
FAIRY (*looking at the magic rings*). These fairy rings of truth, how great their might!
How vast their power for good, if used aright!
A precious gift my loving sister brought
When she bestowed them, and their virtues taught.

Enter the PRINCE.

PRINCE.—I come from Lady Hilda, and she said
You wished to see me.
FAIRY.— True, I sent the maid;
I want to ask (and let your answer be
Frank and sincere. You can't impose on me)
If still you wish to marry Bertha?
PRINCE.— Yes,
Indeed, indeed, I do; would you but press
My father to consent, perhaps he might.
FAIRY.—Well, Prince, he does consent, as I do, quite.
PRINCE (*delighted*). — Consent, good Fairy!
FAIRY.—Yes, Prince; but my mission
Is now to set before you one condition,
Which you must promise truly to fulfil;
Say, will you do it?
PRINCE.— Christabel, I will.
FAIRY.—'Tis nothing very dreadful. See
These two enchanted rings; now promise me [*Shows him two rings.*
That one to Lady Bertha you'll present,
The other to her cousin.
PRINCE.— I'm content.
FAIRY.—These rings have magic power, and, by their spell,
Each maiden will be forced the truth to tell.
For those who wear them must perforce reveal
The secret thoughts which they would fain conceal—
Say always what they mean, themselves the while
Unconscious how they're speaking. Prince, you smile!
But what I say is true; by this ordeal
You may distinguish feigned love from real;
Which maid with you e'en poverty would share,
And which loves Sigismund, Bohemia's heir.
PRINCE.—Wonderful! Fairy, and can such things be?
FAIRY.—They can. These rings come from beyond the sea—
Gift of the English fairy. Perhaps you've heard

Of that fam'd English court, where every word
They speak is true.
PRINCE.— Yes, it is related
That English truth was always celebrated.
FAIRY.—Now, Sigismund, do not forget, I pray,
These my instructions strictly to obey.
Remember, if, when you've had conversation
With Bertha and with Hilda, her relation—
Whilst one of these each on her finger wear—
Bertha to marry still you wish and dare,
You have my leave. [*Exit.*
PRINCE.—At once my thoughts I bend
To solve this problem of my fairy friend.
I shall be certain Bertha's good and true;
And all I wish her, when she has gone through
This mystic, magic, necromantic trial—
That such it is, there can be no denial.
Bertha, I wish, were more like Hilda, or
Hilda herself were more like Bertha, for
I half love Hilda; still, when Bertha sings,
I love her most—but I must try the rings!

Enter BERTHA *and* HILDA.

BERTHA.—I hope, your highness, that your interview
Was satisfactory; pray, now, do you
Intend to join the chase?
PRINCE.— No, lady kind,
Can't you imagine that perhaps I find
Something I like far better than the chase?
To wander here with you, to see your face
Reflected in the lake; another thing—
To me 'tis quite enchantment when you sing.
Fair Bertha, may I hope to hear to-day
Another of your charming songs?
BERTHA.— You may,
For I will sing until your highness tire
Of hearing me. Go, Hilda, fetch my lyre.
[*Exit* HILDA.
PRINCE.—Oh, bright-eyed Lady Bertha! I would fain
Become for you a simple village swain,
So that no cares of state, no pomp nor pride,
Should interfere to keep me from your side.
BERTHA.—Dear Prince, believe me, if a peasant's lot
Were your's, your dwelling but a humble cot,
To me you'd be the same, for ever dear;
That anything could change me, do not fear.
PRINCE.—You care not, then, for gold, nor to be fine?
BERTHA.— Indeed, I do not, I should ne'er repine;
I don't aspire to wealth nor fine connection;
I seek a heart and real true affection.
PRINCE.—Suppose that he you loved were highly placed,
By fortune favoured, and by titles graced;
In fact, a lover in a grand position,
With lacqueys, valets, jester, and physician;
Should you not love him more?
BERTHA.— No, Prince, I've said,
And say again, for love alone I'll wed.

Enter HILDA, *carrying a lyre.*

Here's Hilda with the lyre; I'm sure that she,
If you will condescend to sing with me,
Will play a duet for us.
PRINCE.— Oh! with pleasure!
HILDA.—Altho' my skill's not great, I'll try a measure.

(*She plays the air of the duet.*)

PRINCE.—Ah! that's an air I know; say what's it in?
Now I remember, Norma—you begin.

DUET.—*Air*, "Mary."

BERTHA.

They say the fairies hold a court—
So the sweet poets write—
And elves at eventide disport,
To sip the dewdrops bright.

PRINCE.

If this be true, some fairy kind
I would there might appear,
To counsel my distracted mind,
My wav'ring heart to cheer.

BERTHA AND THE PRINCE.

They say the fairies hold a court—
So the sweet poets write—
And elves at eventide disport,
To sip the dewdrops bright.

BERTHA.—Bravo, my Prince, your voice is very sweet.
(*Aside*) Hilda, your playing's shocking; in the street
Blind fiddlers could do better.
HILDA.— 'Twas my best.
PRINCE.—Fair songstress, yours was charmingly expressed.
Hilda, I thank you too; now each must say
She will accept a trifling gift this day,
To keep in our remembrance; see these rings.
BERTHA.—Diamonds and pearls! what very lovely things!
HILDA.—If I have pleased you, 'tis reward enough,
I wish for nothing more.

BERTHA (*aside to* HILDA).—Hilda, what stuff!
Why, don't you see, these rings are very fine?
Do as you will, I'll not say nay to mine.
PRINCE.—Come, ladies both, I will take no denial,
Here's yours, and yours—(*aside*) so now then for the trial—
Wear them for my sake.
(*The* PRINCE *gives* BERTHA *and* HILDA *each a ring.*)
BERTHA.— What a rare jewel!
Not to accept, would to myself be cruel.
HILDA (*putting on the ring*).—Oh! yes, I'll wear it; ever in my mind
You'll be, dear Prince,—you're very, *very* kind.
BERTHA (*still holding the ring in her hand*). My hand would look well, this upon my finger!
PRINCE.—Bertha, I pray you put it on; why linger?
BERTHA.—I was but gazing fondly at it—there!
(*Puts on the ring, and her countenance instantly betrays her true character.*)
I will get all I can from you, I swear!
Now don't suppose that I shall prize this ring,
Because you gave it to me—no such thng.
But it is valuable for itself, and well it
Is worth a thousand florins: I shall sell it.
PRINCE.—Nay, sure you said but now, you would not mind
The meanest lot, if true love you could find.
BERTHA —Oh! I said that, you know, to make you think
That for yourself my fate with yours I'd link.
But the fact is, I only wish you'd marry me,
Because into a regal rank you'd carry me.
You are a Prince; I would a Princess be;
None of your humdrum, lowly lots for me!
PRINCE (*aside*).—Is this the self-same simple Bertha, who
Would marry only for affection true?
BERTHA.—I really do love Jasper, but I thought
That you admired me, and in wedlock sought;
And you are rich!
HILDA.— Oh! Bertha, I am sure
You won't say that.
BERTHA.— Hilda, I won't endure
Preaching and scolding; pray, Miss, go away,—
I get more jealous of you every day.
(*To the Prince.*) I know she loves you better far than I,
But you to marry every scheme I'll try—
I care not how much others scold and blame
If you but make me yours—a princely dame.
PRINCE (*aside*).—How little did I know her! yet, still farther,
I'll try her truth. (*Turning to* BERTHA.)—So, Bertha, you would rather
Be a fine lady than a loved one?
BERTHA.— Yes,
Indeed I would, for sure no reason less
Would make me take to such a puny creature.
Not taller than myself! not a man's feature!
Now, Jasper, he was tall, with look so martial—
No wonder that to him I was so partial;
I would I knew if he be still in life,
And where he is, and if he's got a wife!
HILDA.—You ask for Jasper, Bertha; all that we know
Is this, that he was killed at Solferino.
BERTHA.—Killed! Which side, pray tell me, did he fight on?
It was so very difficult to know the right one.
HILDA.—I don't believe he fought on either side;
He only wished to die, and so he died.
PRINCE (*to* HILDA).—Think you too thus of me and of my purse?
HILDA.—Oh, no! dear Prince, entirely the reverse;
I love you but too well; if me you'd sought,
Beyond yourself I never should have thought—
Nor wished for rank and riches. Bertha's demented!
PRINCE.—That she speaks truth, you may be quite contented!
HILDA.—'Tis very strange, but truth is often so,
Tho' what possesses Bertha, I don't know.

Enter KING, QUEEN, *and* LADY-IN-WAITING.

KING.—Come, Prince, my son, I will have no excuse;
Your chosen bride to me pray introduce.

Enter the FAIRY.

FAIRY.—Now, Sigismund, you've heard this fair, false maid,
How she has spoken out, and open laid
Her real feelings—by the magic ring
Coerced to truth in all and everything,
Whilst it is on her finger.
BERTHA.— How? What! No!
What have I done? Into the fire I'll throw
(*Takes off and throws away the ring.*)
This hateful bauble! cheated! taken in
By wicked magic! it's a shame and sin!

FAIRY.—Now, Prince, your father's ready to receive
The bride you've chosen. I, indeed, should grieve
Were it the wrong one; but I've pledged my skill
The trial to abide by—so I will.
Is it the Lady Bertha?
PRINCE.— No. You're right,
She loves me not—that I'm convinced of quite.
Good faith! she's not the wife for me at all;
She's false and fickle, and I would not call
Her mine for California.
KING.— Son, you're wise.
Falsehood's detestable—so are fibs and lies;
While truth will ever be the brightest gem
Which can adorn a monarch's diadem!
PRINCE (*pointing to* HILDA).— This damsel is my choice.
BERTHA (*contemptuously*).—Hilda, forsooth!
Did anybody ever see so weak a youth!
QUEEN.—Of your decision, son, I quite approve;
The Lady Hilda's worthy of your love.
She always was my favourite, as she
By her good qualities deserves to be.
Take her, and make her happy; I my voice
Join with the King, in blessings on your choice.
KING.—You have my full consent.
BERTHA (*angrily*).—A pretty Queen!
She'll not be happy, that will soon be seen.
FAIRY.—I say she will, for she's both good and true;
She loves you, Prince—you'll be happy too.
The fairy ring of truth to her has been
The kindest friend. For you the screen
[*Turning to* BERTHA.
Which glosses falsehood, by the ring removed,
Your conduct base, ambitious, false, is proved.
Thus truth's the virtue, sterling, sound, and real,
Which can go through the fairy ring's ordeal.

Disposition of the characters at the fall of the curtain.

KING. FAIRY. QUEEN.
BERTHA. HILDA. THE PRINCE. LADY.

[The above, with the engraving, is reduced from "Little Plays for Young Actors," a series of well-written and charmingly illustrated Comediettas, suitable for drawing-room representation, published by Messrs. Dean and Son, of Ludgate-hill. They may be played without the aid of much in the way of scenery and costume—a single picture at the back of the room sufficing for the one, and a young lady's ordinary wardrobe furnishing the other. We have selected "Sigismund" from among many "little plays," not because it is the best of the series, but in consequence of its fitting the space at our disposal. Each play is published separately, but the whole collected together form a handsome volume. Perhaps it may be interesting to our readers to know that these "little plays" have been selected by our beloved Queen for the amusement of the royal children.]

ONE KIND ACT.

"WHEN Mary and I were married we were young and foolish, for we had nothing to be married with; but Mary was delicate, and I thought I could take care of her best. I knew I had a strong arm and a brave heart to depend upon. We rented a chamber, and began housekeeping. We got together a little furniture—a table, bedstead, dishes; but our money failed us before we bought the chairs. I told Mary she must turn up a tub, for I could not run in debt. No, no. It was not long before our rich neighbour, Mrs. M——, found us out, and, kindly enough, she supplied us; half-a-dozen chairs were added to our stock. They were old ones, to be sure, but answered just as well for us. I shall never forget the new face those chairs put upon our snug quarters — they never looked just right before. The tables are turned with Mrs. M—— and me now; she has turned a poor widow, but she shall never want while I have anything—never!" cried the old man, with a beaming face. "I don't forget those old chairs."

Ah! now the secret was out. It was the *interest of the old chairs* which maintained the poor widow. She was living on the interest, and compound interest, of a little friendly act done years before, and it sufficed for herself and her daughter.

How beautiful it is to see how God blesses the operation of his great moral law, "Love thy neighbour," and we should often see it could we look into the hidden paths of life, and find that it is not self-interest, not riches, not fame, that binds heart to heart. The simple power of a friendly act can do far more than they. It is these — the friendly acts, the neighbourly kindness, the Christian sympathy of one toward another, which rob wealth of its power to curse, extract the bitter from sorrow, and open wells of gladness in desolate homes. We do not always see the golden links shining in the chain of human events, but they are there, and happy is he who feels their gentle but irresistible influence.

LES MISERABLES.

VICTOR HUGO's famous romance is one of the most elaborate and marvellous works of fiction ever conceived; for, beside containing the incidents usual in novels, it abounds in social, political, historical, and biographical episodes, occurring at various periods during more than forty years. But the actual story is comparatively simple and highly interesting. As many of our readers may not peruse the novel, either in the original language or its English dress, we give them a brief outline of its plot and principal incidents:—

Jean Valjean, a peasant of Faverolles, being reduced to extreme misery for want of work, breaks the shop windows of a baker, and steals a loaf of bread. The theft is to provide food for his starving sister, with her seven children. This happens under the Directory. He is condemned to five years' hard labour at the galleys. He is no longer Jean Valjean, but No. 24,601. At the end of the fourth year his turn for escape, in accordance with the mysterious *Camorra* of the galleys, arrives. He escapes, but is recaptured. The maritime tribunal add three years to his sentence, making it eight years. In the sixth year his turn to escape comes again. He tries, but does not succeed; is detected, and suffers an additional five years to his sentence, two in double chains: in all thirteen years. In his tenth year his turn comes again; again he takes advantage of it, but fails, and has three years for the fresh attempt: sixteen years. He makes, in the thirteenth year, one last attempt, but succeeds only to be recaptured in four hours: three years for these four hours—a total of nineteen years. He is liberated in 1815. He had entered the bagne in 1796, for breaking a window and stealing a loaf. Jean Valjean leaves the hulks the owner of a blouse, a knapsack, 109 francs 15 sous—his earnings of nineteen years at Toulon—and a yellow passport, in which he is described as a released convict, and a very dangerous man. At the beginning of October, 1815, about an hour before sunset, he enters, weary and footsore, the little town of D——. He seeks food and lodging at one inn after another, offering prompt payment, but is repulsed in consequence of his yellow convict's passport He goes to the gaol, but the keeper refuses to receive him. He crawls into a dog-kennel, but the dog bites and drives him away, "as though he were a man." He wanders into the fields to sleep by starlight, but there are no stars. He comes back to the town to sleep on a doorstep, when an old lady who has no money, but some charity, recommends him to crave an asylum at a house next door to the town hospital. This house was once the hospital itself, and its neighbour was the episcopal palace; but the Bishop of D—— has changed mansions with the destitute. By this bishop, the saintly Monseigneur Bienvenu Myriel, he is received and succoured, and put to sleep in the best bed, in dangerous proximity to a closet full of plate. The ex-convict, brutalised by nineteen years at the galleys, rises in the night and makes off with all the valuables, save a pair of silver-branched candlesticks. He is captured by the gendarmes and brought back to the Bishop's house; but Monseigneur Myriel does not hesitate to commit a pious fraud; declares that he had given him the plate; asks him why he did not also take the candlesticks which he had bestowed upon him; and, as he dismisses Jean Valjean with spoons, forks, and candelabra, whispers to him, "Never forget that you have promised me to employ this money in becoming an honest man. Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. *I have bought your soul of you.* I withdraw it from black thoughts, and the spirit of perdition, and give it to God." This is very French, but it is surely also very noble.

Jean Valjean goes away bewildered and half beside himself; but he is not yet entirely free from the dominion of the Fiend, and, by a half involuntary movement, robs a Savoyard, called Petit Gervais, of a two-franc piece. This is one of the most shocking, and yet most artistic, incidents in the book. Awakening to perfect coherence, Jean Valjean is horror-stricken at what he has done, and tries in vain to discover the Savoyard and make restitution. He then begins the work of atonement in right earnest; devotes himself to industry; has ingenuity enough to revive a drooping branch of manufacture, that of black beads; realises a large fortune, becomes Mayor of M.-sur-M——, a town he has enriched, and where he founds hospitals, schools, and refuges. He is idolised; but he remembers what he has been, what he may become again if recognised as the relapsed convict, Jean Valjean, instead of the worthy bourgeois, M. Madeleine, and thinks only of making his peace with heaven. A poor girl called Fantine now comes on the stage.

She has been a Parisian grisette, ruined and abandoned by a heartless student of the Quartier Latin, called Tholomyés. He leaves her with a babe. To support this child—who has been placed under the care of a villanous and rapacious couple named Thénardier, who keep a wine-shop at Montfermeil, near Paris — poor Fantine works and works her fingers to the bone. She procures employment in M. Madeleine's factory at M.-sur-M——, but is discharged therefrom, as she thinks, by order of the Mayor, but really through the rancour of a prudish devotee, the hypocritical widow of an apostate monk. Forced to send remittances to the grasping Thénardiers, Fantine becomes a lorette. She has previously sold her hair and her teeth to travelling pedlars. Walking the streets one night, bald, toothless, and in a low-necked dress, a ruffianly dandy, in front of the officers' *café*, grossly insults her, and crams a handful of snow down her back. In a rage she claws his face. She is arrested by the terrible Police-Inspector Javert, carried off to the station, and is about to be sent to prison for six months when the Mayor orders her to be released. Poor Fantine dies soon afterwards; but Jean Valjean promises her on her death-bed to protect her child.

In the meantime an innocent man has been arrested on the charge of being the relapsed convict and robber of Petit Gervaise, Jean Valjean. After a dire internal struggle, splendidly described, the Mayor of M.-sur-M—— goes to Arras, denounces himself as the real Valjean, and is recommitted to the galleys. He has time, however, to escape for a few days, withdraw his large fortune from the banker's hands, and secretes it in the forest of Montfermeil. He finally evades punishment by leaping overboard from a transport, and is supposed to be dead; but he reappears at Montfermeil to carry out his promise to Fantine, and rescues her little girl from the hands of the brutal Thénardiers, who have treated her with the most revolting cruelty. This little girl is Cosette. The formidable Inspector Javert, however, continues to hunt for the escaped convict, and Jean Valjean is so closely pursued that he only escapes by scaling the wall of the Convent of the Petit Picpus, pulling Cosette after him. The whole neighbourhood being closely watched by Javert and his agents, the difficulty now is for Jean Valjean to get out of the nunnery. Fortunately, the gardener, Père Fauchelevent, is an old man to whom he has formerly done a service. A nun has died in the convent, and her last wishes were, contrary to the regulations of the sanitary police, to be buried in a vault of the convent chapel. The Lady Superior consults Fauchelevent as to how this is to be managed. The crafty old gardener manages to serve both the monastic ends and his own. The old nun is duly buried in the vault in a coffin which she had used for years as a bed; the coffin sent by the municipality is filled by Jean Valjean, who is duly carried in a hearse to the Vaugirard Cemetery, where he is lowered into the grave; but, owing to the death of the gravedigger, on whose stupidity and inebriety the gardener had reckoned, and the substitution of a philosophical *fossoyeur* who *will* work and won't drink, the supposed nun very narrowly escapes being buried alive. He escapes, however, and is afterwards enabled to return without suspicion to the Petit Picpus, where he is installed as assistant gardener. Little Cosette, as a reward to the old gardener for his zeal and discretion in the case of intramural interment, is received as a *pensionnaire* in the convent boarding-school. Years elapse. Jean Valjean becomes older, and hopes to have eluded the recognition of society and Inspector Javert; while Cosette has grown up to be a blooming and beautiful girl.

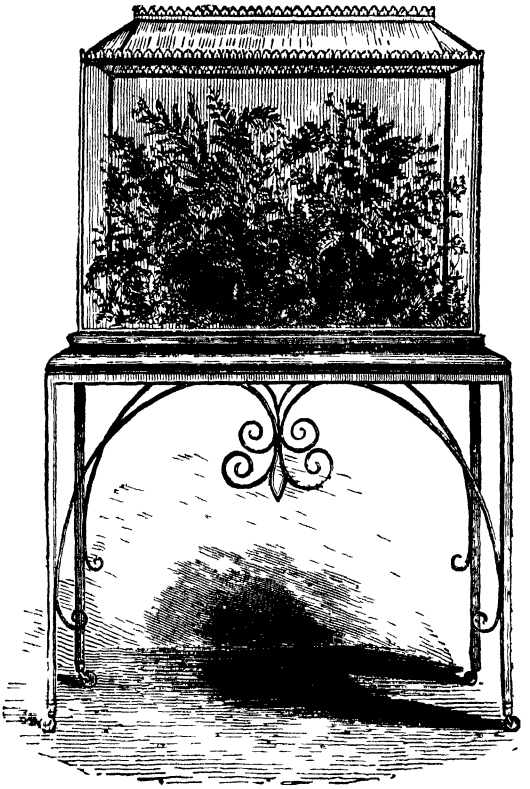
It seems late in the day for a hero to make his appearance—that is, a hero in a sentimental sense—for the heroic hero is, throughout, 'Les Misérables,' Jean Valjean; but it is not until this point that we are introduced to Monsieur Marius Pontmercy, the son of the Colonel Baron de Pontmercy, and the grandson of a cynical and profligate old bourgeois of the *ancien régime*, M. Gillenormand, who hates Bonapartism, and turns his grandson out of doors for venerating the memory of his father. Marius becomes an advocate, but has a hard struggle to live, and dwells in a wretched garret near the Boulevard de l'Hopital. Walking in the Luxembourg Gardens, he meets Cosette, who is now living under the protection of Jean Valjean, whom she supposes to be her father, and who passes by the name of M. Lablanc, in the Rue Plumet. A Platonic attachment springs up between the young couple, and their courtship is favoured by Marius discovering that the railings of the garden in the Rue Plumet are decayed and removable, affording him easy ingress for nocturnal but perfectly innocent meetings. By the side of this pretty pastoral a dismal tragedy gradually unfolds itself. Next to Marius' garret is a den occupied by a begging-letter writer,

who goes by the name of Jondrette, but who is no other than Thénardier, the ex-cabaretier of Montfermeil. This Thénardier happened to be a sergeant at the battle of Waterloo, and was robbing the presumed dead body of Colonel Pontmercy, when the colonel, being only wounded, revived. The gallant soldier imagined the felonious sergeant to be his preserver, loaded him with thanks, and in his will desires his son Marius to help and befriend Thénardier and his family, wheresoever and whensoever he may come across them. Now, Jondretta, in the pursuit of his begging-letter vocation, has entrapped M. Leblanc (or Jean Valjean), who is an unwearied philanthropist, into his den. He has formed a plot to rob and murder him; but this conspiracy Marius overhears by means of an orifice in the partition between the garrets. He gives information to the police, and is provided by Inspector Javert with a pair of pistols, which he is to discharge at the proper moment as a signal to the police agents posted in the neighbourhood. In the interval, however, he learns to his horror that Jondrette is Thénardier, the sergeant of Waterloo, whom his father deemed to be the preserver of his life, and whom he is to befriend on all occasions. Marius has an agonising struggle between his duty to the dead and his duty to the living; but, ultimately, the Gordian knot is cut by Javert and his men, who, impatient of the delay, rush into the den and capture Jondrette and the gang of felons he had summoned to his assistance. M. Leblanc, who has narrowly escaped assassination, not caring to meet Javert, vanishes through a window, and, thanks to a rope ladder, gets clear off.

Subsequently, Jean Valjean is made wretched by discovering the amour between Cosette and some unknown person. The lovers are compelled to bid each other farewell, and Marius, in despair, joins the students and artisans in the defence of a barricade in the Rue de la Chanvrerie during the sanguinary insurrection which took place in Paris, in June, 1832, on the occasion of the funeral of General Lamarque. Javert is seized and condemned to death as a spy, but is rescued, to his amazement, by Jean Valjean. The barricade is captured by the troops, and all its defenders put to death, save Valjean, who escapes down a sewer, bearing the body of Marius, whom he has recognised as the lover of Cosette, who is seemingly dead. At the mouth of the main sewer he comes across Thénardier, who imagines that Valjean has just murdered a man, and agrees, on receiving a share of the plunder, to open the grate, of which he has a key. But he only opens it to make his own escape, and to deliver Jean Valjean into the hands of Javert, who is waiting at "the sewer's entrance." Javert, however, allows his benefactor to escape, but is so overwhelmed with remorse at this dereliction of his official duties, that he characteristically drowns himself in the river Seine.

Marius is borne to the house of M. Gillenormand; revives; is forgiven by his grandfather; and, through the instrumentality of Jean Valjean, who settles six hundred thousand francs on his adopted daughter, is married to Cosette. There is a very painful but somewhat natural episode towards the close of the book, in the temporary estrangement of the newly-wedded pair—intoxicated as they are with unhoped-for bliss—from Jean Valjean. They are horror-stricken at the thought of being beholden for wealth and happiness to an ex-galley slave, and believe him besides to be guilty of a robbery and murder, of which he is entirely innocent. Under this neglect poor Jean Valjean pines away, and it is only in the last chapter that Marius and Cosette discover how ungrateful they have been to their benefactor, and fly to implore his forgiveness. It is all but too late. Jean Valjean is on his death-bed; but he has strength enough to bless the young couple, and then dies tranquilly and happily. We must not omit to state that the unconscious agent in clearing the character of Valjean is Thénardier, who, as a final *coup*, succeeds in extorting twenty thousand francs from Marius, and emigrates to America, where he very consistently turns slave dealer.

Such is the barest outline of this wonderful story, which is admirably translated by Mr. Wraxall. The social and political bearings of Victor Hugo's extraordinary book are so insisted upon, and are of such grave performance, that its claims to applause for intensity of interest, for ingenuity of construction, for versatility of character, for subtlety of analysis, for vigour of description, for eloquence of diction, for profundity of thought, and—notwithstanding the consistent boldness and occasional licence of expression—for sound morality and pure religious feeling, are hardly sufficiently recognised by its readers.



MRS. EWART'S FERN CASE.

GARDENING FOR THE MONTH.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—There is little or no change in the garden work, for while we write the ground is like a wet sponge, and we do more harm than good treading over it. But it may not be the same in all parts of the country, so that while we legislate, as it were, for our own locality, people in some parts of the country may have comparatively dry weather. This is, in such case, an excellent time for planting asparagus beds, and putting in sea-kail sets for spring cutting. Among all the various ways of producing this for table by forcing, such as covering with the proper pots, and surrounding and covering with dung, potting them, and covering them with an earthen cover (pots and covers made on purpose), and growing them in any hot place, and other modes equally troublesome—the sweetest and best, though latest, are only covered with a bank of earth in the open ground about ten inches high, there to remain until the longest shoots break the top surface. You then take all the bank from that plant carefully, and cut the shoots off close to the crown of the root.

Some prefer heaping up with ashes, and the plan suits anybody fond of grit, for it is almost impossible to clear out the ashes from the heart of the plant, whereas ordinary soil washes out perfectly clean. Sets of sea-kail may be had at 10s. or 12s. per hundred, and they may be planted in a row a foot apart. You have then only to earth them up, and if you have more than a row, the next must be three feet off. When you have cut them in spring, you level the bank, and allow the plants to grow their own way till they die down in the autumn. The offsets should then be trimmed off, and every bit of any size may be planted to grow into strong sets or roots for the next year. This delicious vegetable may be grown in the smallest garden, for though a fine open situation may be required for its permanent strength and health, all the growth we want is smothered the whole winter, and the crop to be cut cannot very easily be affected. We will not say so much for the summer's growth.

The Flower Garden.—It would be well to pick off the blooms of polyanthuses and auriculas, for if these be allowed to flower undisturbed, it will spoil the natural, or spring bloom. Mere border flowers are of little or no consequence; but the better class of show varieties, which are wanted at their proper season, must not be allowed to bloom now.

Auriculas, the extreme delicacy and beauty of whose flowers are remarkable, will throw up blooms in autumn and early winter; they are not only out of character, but will prevent a good spring truss unless picked off the instant they rise. We have a one-light box of seedlings, and one-half of them have pushed up stalks, only to be plucked as soon as large enough to lay hold of, and by those means strengthen them for the flowering at the proper spring season.

Grape Vines.—In this country grapes are an uncertain crop out of doors, but since it has become the fashion to make British wines, and that they can be made as good as foreign if people avoid the water, a vine or two where there are walls or houses to train them on may be useful. The principal object is to select those most likely to ripen, or to make wine, if the season prevents them from perfecting their growth. If we could only grow two, one should be Black Hambro'; the other White Sweetwater, both excellent bearers. The former goes under ten aliases, but it is the only black worth growing out of doors. The latter has two aliases, for it is called Stillwell's Sweetwater and Dutch Sweetwater. It will nearly always ripen; but there are the Royal Muscadine and Early White Malvasia, either of which would be good substitutes for Sweetwater. However, these should only be attempted on a wall or house that has the sun nearly all day.—*Glenny.*

Flowers in Towns.—The Druids, with their sacred herbs and flowers, are almost forgotten—the worship of Friga, the Saxon goddess of Fertility, is laid aside — the orgies of Flora, the Roman May queen and goddess, have been suppressed—the maypole has been cut down and preached down —London is little better than a stony plain; yet the love of flowers still exists; that which God has made beautiful, no law of man, no wilful perversion of mind can destroy. The infant craves for flowers, children deck each other with them, and woman places them on her bosom and in the sick chamber, perhaps because they are the most innocent and pure of God's children, for she feels deeply, and her feelings often lead her aright when man's reason carries him astray. The Druids have left their holly and mistletoe in the castle and the cottage—the flowers used at Easter revelries of Friga and Flora have been consecrated to the service of the church—the maypole has dwindled to a bouquet in the lord chancellor's court and a dance of the so-called sweeps in the streets; but, whatever may have been the enjoyments of our ancestors at the opening of the season of flowers, we have no reason to envy them, for their flowers, though sweet, were wild and not at all profuse in their blossom; whatever was done by them was little more than a replantation from the broad forest or moorland home to the enclosed weedy space in the castle termed a garden. Now, he who loves flowers may have them all the year round; for him the maypole may blossom every morning, from New Year's day to the festival of the Holy Innocents. Chained to the desk by labour, or lashed to the bed by disease, or tied to home by the bonds of love—neither man nor woman needs forego the love of flowers. There are now in England flowers of all seasons, for all tastes, for all temperatures, and by ordinary care, and at small expense, any one desirous of adding to the enjoyments of home the tranquillity, vivacity, and brilliancy of a garden, has it in his power to do so. He has but to follow out the directions of those who have studied the subject as a profession, watch the health of his plants, note their likes and dislikes, and

his little home will become to him the Kew of his heart, and the Chatsworth of all his desires, so that it may be said of him as Xenophon said of Cyrus - "Wherever he resides, or whatever place he visits in his dominions, he takes care that his paradises shall be filled with all that is beautiful and useful which the soil can produce." —*Parlour Gardener.*

We have much pleasure in introducing to our readers the new fern case and stand of Mrs. Henrietta Ewart, 346, Euston-road. This elegant adjunct to the drawing-room or conservatory, may be purchased complete for three guineas.

STIRRING THE FIRE.

"How delightful!" I exclaimed, on entering the parlour one evening, to find it deserted. A bright fire was blazing in the grate, and a large easy chair standing inviting near it. "Now," thought I, "shall I be able to have a little pleasant converse with my dear fellow-councillors." I was speedily ensconced in the easy-chair, with the lamp shedding a soft light on the large sheet of pure white paper before me. Everything around me seemed auspicious for a fine flow of soul, and, leaning back among the downy cushions of my chair, I patiently waited until Memory or Imagination should favour me with a glimpse of their treasures. I had just dipped my pen in the ink, when there came a rap at the door, and nurse presented herself with a very troubled face :—

"If you please, Miss Smith," said she, "would you come to master Fred? he is quarrelling with Miss Laura, and he won't give up for anything that I can say to him."

"I'll come immediately, nurse," I replied, somewhat annoyed, I confess, at the interruption, and laying down my pen and treasured reflections at the same time, I followed her to the nursery.

Master Fred did not see me the moment I entered. His little form was stretched to its proudest height, and, with a defiant expression on his flushed face, he was holding a vigorous discussion on his rights to superiority with Miss Laura—a little lady of seven summers, and his senior by a year.

"I tell you, I'm strongnr than you, and besides, men are always masters of *women*," he shouted in angry tones.

"But," persisted Laura, "I'm *older* than you are."

"*That's* nothing," he replied contemptuously, "I —" but here he caught sight of me standing in the door. Instantly the flashing eye was on the ground, the proud head was bent, and with a very guilty countenance master Fred slunk away to his seat.

"Master Fred and Miss Laura, you must both come with me;" and, taking a hand of each, I led the trembling little culprits to the parlour. "Now, you must sit very quietly," said I, placing them on separate stools, "until you can come and tell me that your naughty temper is all gone, for I cannot speak to you while you are feeling so." I knew the ingenuous natures of the two children, and predicted I should not have to wait long. And so it was.

Freddy's eyes were full of tears, and so were Laura's, when, simultaneously, they came to tell me how sorry they were for being so naughty. "And so am I," I replied gravely, "for you have disappointed me. You, Laura, are older than Freddy, and should not have persisted in saying such naughty things. And Freddy, you should have remembered that, if you are stronger than Laura, God gave you that strength, that when you are grown up, you might, if required, be able to guard and protect her, and not that you should be rude and unfeeling to her. And if you live to be a man, Freddy, you will find that the greatest and the best of men have always been kind to their mothers and sisters, and thought it an honour that they should be dependent on them. I want you to be like these, Freddy. Now, kiss your sister, and then go to the nursery, and never let me hear such a sad account again."

The children kissed each other affectionately, and bade me good-night. Still Freddy lingered.

"What is it?" I asked. "Will *you* please kiss me, Miss Smith?" and the blue eyes filled again.

"Certainly, I will, Freddy, because I

see you are sorry for your naughty conduct," I replied, instantly stooping down to press a kiss on his open, noble brow.

Once more my pen was resumed, but, alas! "the spell was broken." There was a great gap between the thoughts that occupied my mind at the commencement of the evening, and those that rose up within me as I once more leaned back in my chair and strove to resume my former placidity. But, no! the inner calmness was disturbed, for the little incident just narrated had touched a chord in my memory whose vibrating would not suddenly cease. The days of my childhood passed before me—the home where I was so tenderly nurtured, the loved ones who guided me through the progressive stages of babyhood, childhood, girlhood, up almost to womanhood —and then lay them down in that sleep

"From which none ever wake to weep."

The cozy parlour faded from my view; and, in its stead, rose the favourite haunts in my village home. I was once more in the little room that, when a child, I called "my study." I looked again from the small window on our garden-plot, and the ivy-covered summerhouse in the corner. I even fancied I could discern the form of my mother sitting there at her sewing, and looking up, now and then, to bestow a kind word or smile on my little brother and sister playing near her. Her eyes were bright, and her cheeks round and blooming. There were no lines on her brow in those days, but there are now; and, sometimes too, I can discern a silvery thread gleaming in her smooth, glossy, brown hair. A gentle shade often mingles with her smile *now*, but

"I would not *that* efface;
To me she is more fair,—
'Tis strong affection's trace
Which mothers only wear."

But the scene changed with the passing years. The little study had to be abandoned for a large, chilly school-room; and the half-yearly separation from home was certainly then the greatest trial I had to endure. The little brother is now a young man just beginning the battle of life; and the sister is a tall, graceful, young maiden, yet under the sheltering roof of home; while I ——. But here came another rap, and away fled my musings! Alas! alas!

Nurse again. This time she bore in her arms a little figure robed in white, and who is known throughout the establishment as "Master Johnny."

"Please, Miss Smith, I *am* sorry you have to be troubled so; but Master Johnny will not go to sleep until he has bid you good-night."

I had been accustomed to go to the little thing after he was put to bed, and give him a good-night kiss. This evening, however, I had omitted the ceremony.

The dear child reached forward for me to take him; and, as he nestled down in my lap, or twined his fat little arms around my neck, exclaiming with a gush of affection, in his childish vernacular, "I *do* lub you, I do, bery much!" I could not resist. Every other consideration sank into insignificance; and I clasped him fondly to my heart, in a long and warm embrace. Poor nurse, however, was waiting somewhat impatiently for her charge, so I was compelled to yield him up to her for consignment to his little cot; and, as the door closed upon her and the bright little face peeping over her shoulder once more, I seized my pen and nervously essayed to write. But the fountain was sealed, and I was compelled to lay it down again. I leaned back in my chair, and with closed eyes, and hands pressed tightly over my forehead, strove to recall the truant ideas.

This last-mentioned effort, however, had a contrary effect; for, instead of squeezing out thought, it squeezed out pain, reminding me, perhaps, (?) that my brain was not quite so wooden as I supposed it to be, so I was glad to let my hands rest on my lap again.

"Oh!" murmured I, wearily, as the clock struck seven, "the evening is slipping over, and I've done nothing!" The fire was glowing and crackling in the grate, and, as my eyes rested on it, I envied those happy minds who never feel the difficulty of "choosing a subject;" who, upon so apparently an idea-less topic as a fire, can contrive to write pleasantly and profitably—aye and could even see "faces" in it, whereas I'm sure I could

see nothing but red coals, and smoking coals, and black cinders, and fast dropping ashes. "What shall I do?" thought I. A change of scene, or a little brisk occupation for a time might have been beneficial, but the atmosphere of my own room, I knew, would freeze thought as it flowed, and Fancy would never dare to unplume her wings. The drawing-room was not to be thought of, for I remembered a certain evening not long ago, when, on taking my seat at the table to write, all the younger branches of the family seemed immediately to be seized with the same desire. (Doubtless they obeyed the dictates of their bumps of imitation—which, by-the-way, are unusually large—but which I certainly would have preferred influencing them at a more convenient time.) Well, I was so beset by the importunate little people requesting paper, pencil, &c., that I determined never to go there again. Even little Johnny, who that evening had been allowed to join the elder children, was seized with the prevailing mania, and came toddling up to my chair, exclaiming, "Pease, *me* wants to write;" at the same time giving my sleeve a gentle pull, and thereby effecting a kind of triangular flourish in the centre of my paper, by no means so ornamental as I could have desired. So the drawing-room was not to be thought of.

The minutes flew by. Eight o'clock came—half-past eight—nine. I rose, determined to puzzle my brain no longer, when—O wondrous sight!—instead of a cheerful fire meeting my weary gaze, a piano, chairs, ottoman, &c., presented themselves! By what reversionary law, natural or supernatural, had my position been changed? It seems that, although mentally I was incapable of moving, physically I certainly was not, for, in my nervous anxiety during the last hour, I had actually pushed my chair completely round, and had been sitting "pussy-cat" fashion, with my back to the fire. Of course I was speedily in a proper position, but, alas! the bright, cheerful fire had gone out—died for want of stirring!

For want of stirring, did I say? Ah! yes. And as I mournfully replaced my unused sheet of paper among its companions in the desk, and prepared to leave the now chilly room, I thought, how often do other fires beside those made of coals go out for want of stirring. Sometimes, in the occurrences of life, two persons are thrown much into each other's company. Interchange of ideas on different subjects, perhaps, reveals them to be of congenial natures. A friendship is formed, and the constant intercourse they may for a time enjoy kindles the spark into a flame. But circumstances occur which necessitate a separation. Nevertheless, although a distance of many hundred miles stretches between them, in spirit they often meet. Warm and kind are the letters interchanged between them, and, for a time the fire burns brightly, but, as the years glide by, and bring no prospect of a re-union, the letters grow fewer and farther between, till at last they cease altogether, and then, for want of stirring (if I may so speak) with memory, faith, hope, and kindness the fire of friendship goes out.

Again, a youth as he draws toward manhood, feels kindling within him aspirations after something great and good. The elements of all that is honourable and worthy are springing up within him, and require only energy and will to stir them up into a flame; but, unhappily, he becomes associated with weak-minded indolent companions, and he imbibes their worthless ideas, to the extinction of his own noble ones. Time passes by, and you see him in his manhood vacillating, purposeless, useless. The fire has gone out for want of stirring.

But, my dear friends, it's cold work moralising before a fireless grate, and I fear the chill that is creeping over me, will somehow associate itself with my present reflections, therefore I feel sure you will permit my departure. However, before I say good-bye, I have a request to make, which is, that whenever you feel the fire of indignation, or ambition, that has not for its purpose something useful and good kindling in your bosom, don't stir it, and it will assuredly die out. But, on the other hand, when from the altar of your heart ascend the pure flames of genius, charity, friendship, and love,

let each be fanned and fed with its own congenial element, and, above all things, don't let them die out for "want of stirring!" LUCINDA B.

"CHALK YOUR BOBBINS."

EVERY one knows that Sir Robert Peel, father of the late Prime Minister of England, and grandfather of the present baronet, made his money by the cotton spinning. In the early part of his career his business was not remarkably extensive, but suddenly he made a tremendous start, and soon distanced all his rivals. He grew immensely rich, as we all know, but we do not all know the lucky accident to which he was indebted for his enormous wealth. In the early days of the cotton spinning machinery, a great deal of trouble used to be caused by filaments of cotton adhering to the bobbins, or tapes, which then formed portions of looms. These filaments accumulating soon clogged the wheels and other parts of the machinery, and rendered it necessary that they should be cleaned, which involved frequent stoppages and much loss of time. The great desideratum was to find out some plan of preventing this clogging by the cotton, and Sir Robert, or Mr. Peel, as he was then, spent vast sums in experiments. He employed some of the ablest machinists in the kingdom—among them James Watt—who suggested various corrections; but spite of all they could do, the inconvenience remained—the cotton would adhere to the bobbins, and the evil appeared to be insurmountable. Of course, these delays seriously affected the wages of the operatives, who, on Saturdays, generally came short in proportion to the stoppages during the previous days. It was noticed, however, that one man always drew his full pay—his work was always accomplished; in fact, his loom never had to stop, while every other in the factory was idle. Mr. Peel was informed of this, and knew there must be a secret somewhere. It was important that it should be discovered if possible. The man was watched, but all to no purpose. His fellow-workmen tried to "pump" him, but they couldn't. At last Mr. Peel sent for the man into his private office.

He was a rough Lancashire man, unable to read or write—little better indeed than a mere animal. He entered the presence pulling his forelock, and shuffling on the ground with his clumsy great wooden shoes.

"Dick," said Mr. Peel, "Ferguson, the overlooker, tells me your bobbins are always clean. Is that so?"

"E'es, master, 't be."

"Well, Dick, how do you manage it? Have you any objection to let me know?"

"Why, Master Pill, 't be a saort of secret loike, ye see; and if oi told, t' others ' know 's moch as oi," replied Dick, with a cunning grin.

"Of course, Dick, I'll give you something if you'll tell me—and if you can make all the looms in the factory work as smooth as yours."

"Every one 'n them, Master Pill."

"Well, what shall I give you? Name your price, Dick, and let me have your secret."

Cunning Dick grinned, scratched and shook his head, and shuffled for a few minutes, while Mr. Peel anxiously awaited his reply. The cotton lord thought his servant would probably ask a hundred pounds or so, which he would most willingly have given him.

Presently Dick said, "Well, Master Pill, I'll tell 'ee all about it, if you'll give me a quart o' beer a day as long as I'm in the mill: you'll save that ten."

Mr. Peel rather thought he should, and quickly agreed to the terms.

"You shall have it, Dick; and a half-gallon every Sunday into the bargain."

"Well, then," said Dick, first looking cautiously around to see that no one was near—"this it be;" and, putting his lips close to Mr. Peel's ear, he whispered, "Chalk your bobbins!"

That, indeed, was the great secret. Dick had been in the habit of furtively chalking his bobbins, which simple contrivance had effectually prevented the adhesion of the cotton. As the bobbins were white, the chalking escaped detection. Mr. Peel was a sagacious man, and saw through the affair at a glance. He at once patented the invention, had "chalking" machinery contrived, and soon took the lead in the cotton spinning department. This was the foundation of his princely fortune. It is but right to add that he pensioned off Dick handsomely.

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.—Think twice; think *what* to speak, *how* to speak, *when* to speak, to whom to speak; and withal hold up your head, and look the person to whom you are speaking full in the face with modest dignity and assurance. Some lads have a foolish, sheepish bashfulness, shear off, hold down their heads and eyes, as if they were guilty of sheep stealing! Never be ashamed to do right.

BOOKS WORTH BUYING.

THERE are books and books. Some valuable as works of reference, and "without which no library can be complete;" some overloaded with erudition, and others merely amusing; a large number that really do justify the stereotyped phrase, and "combine amusement with instruction;" and not a few that are neither instructive nor amusing, but simply worthless. Some books are made to be read, others only to be looked at on a drawing-room table; some are welcomed as old and tried friends, others are received with civility as mere passing acquaintances. An instant's glance at a new book usually informs the reader to which class it belongs. Again, there are books which many buy but few read thoroughly; such, for instance, as Guide Books, Directories, Almanacks, and Annuals; while, on the other hand, there are volumes that are largely read, but not often purchased. In this latter class are to be found the majority of the three volume novels patronized by Mr. Mudie and the other great book-lenders. In fact, books have as many characteristics as their readers. Every genuine book is, more or less, a part of its writer—a bit of his life and way of thinking, translated into words and given to the world.

And as there are books worth reading, though you only borrow them, so there are books worth buying and reading, and keeping and prizing—books which to handle only is a pleasure, and to present as souvenirs is happiness to both giver and receiver. And, the best of it is, that such books are not usually very high priced. A well-printed, well-bound, and interesting volume, is about the best gift we know of.

Novelty soon wears off jewellery, ribbons, gloves, and embroidered braces, but a pretty book may be taken up again and again with renewed delight.

We have pleasure in drawing the attention of our friends and readers, from time to time, to some few "Books Worth Buying." Lying before us are a number of handsomely got-up volumes belonging to the series entitled

BOOKS WITH A MEANING.

They are published by Messrs. Hogg and Sons, at 3s. 6d. each; and are uniformly well printed on good paper, admirably illustrated with wood engravings on separate pages, and intelligently written by popular authors. The titles of some of them will give an idea of the general scope of the design. Thus we have "Links in the Chain," chapters on the curiosities of animal life; "Leaves from English History," "Half-hours with the Sacred Poets," "Flowers of Christian Chivalry," and "Our Untitled Nobility." The last volume, by Mr. J. Tillotson, comprises well-compiled biographies of William Smith, the father of English geology; Marshall Hall, the Two Brunels, William Scoresby, the sailor clergyman; Thomas Raikes, the founder of Sunday-schools; Captain Coram, the philanthropic projector of that noble charity the Foundling Hospital; Thomas Dick, the author of the "Christian Philosopher;" and others. The writer has made his selections with much taste, especially as his materials were occasionally rather scanty. For instance, no biography of Dr. Dick having appeared, many facts in his life were unpublished, and consequently unavailable. The last edition of his "Christian Philosopher" was edited, and many new subjects introduced, by George F. Pardon; but as this is not stated on the title page of the book, it could not well have been known to Mr. Tillotson; and so with several others. But all that *is* stated is correct, though some slight omissions may as well be made good in the next edition of our "Untitled Nobility."

Of similar character are many of

MESSRS. LOCKWOOD'S BOOKS.

A most excellent volume by the indefatigable veteran, John Timbs, is entitled "School Days of Eminent Men." Here

FIVE ENGLISH HEROES.—FROM TIMBS' "SCHOOL DAYS OF EMINENT MEN."

in the manner which Mr. Timbs has almost made his own, we have graphic notices of the lives of celebrated British authors, statesmen, divines, philosophers, poets, heroes, and inventors and discoverers, from the times of the good King Alfred to those of the good Queen Victoria; with sketches of the progress of education and the foundation of public schools in England. Twenty portraits of great men, drawn by William Harvey, illustrate the text; and numerous engravings of places of interest, connected with their lives, are aptly introduced. One of these page illustrations we are enabled to transfer to the "Friend;" and if we were about to present a New Year's gift to any inquiring youth, we know of no book more entirely suitable than this.

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE'S BOOKS.

The new volumes issued during the present year from the press of this enterprising firm, comprise, "Hoyle's Games Modernised," a work which has long been wanted, and which is now presented with all the recent improvements; and the new laws of chess and draughts, whist, and the other card games; billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, &c.; the whole illustrated with diagrams, and neatly bound in cloth for half-a-crown; the "Story of Cervantes," by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, a most interesting work; "Dick Rodney, or the Adventures of an Eton Boy," by Mr. James Grant; the "Wild Man of the West," by Mr. Ballantyne, a tale of stirring adventure in the Rocky Mountains; "Fish Culture," a highly useful and interesting account of a comparatively new discovery; and "Hodge Podge," a medley of humouros poetry, Christmas stories, fairy tales, anagrams, riddles, comical sketches, epitaphs, acting charades, &c.; derived from a variety of sources, and edited by the conductor of "Every Boy's Magazine."

THE BOY'S OWN BOOK OF POPULAR PASTIMES.

A most amusing sixpennyworth, by Mr. W. F. Peacock, author of the "Further Adventures of St. George," &c., is published by Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, It consists of original poetical charades, rebuses, enigmas, puzzles, transpositions, conundrums, anecdotes, facetiæ, &c., with seasonable stories and poems,—grave and gay, curious and comic; together with a "most remarkable yarn." Mr. Peacock, in a clever preface, gives the history of the book, and promises another, which will doubtless be read with interest, entitled "Stories for Schoolboys."

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

The newest and funniest is the "Life and Adventures of Young Cock-a-Doodle," a saucy young chick, who would get into mischief in spite of his friends, and who comes to grief at last in the most satisfactory manner, as shown in a variety of capital comic pictures, printed in colours, and an appropriate story, well told. This well got-up book is published by Messrs. Ward and Lock for a shilling. The same firm also publish a very large number of books for children, beautifully illustrated—genial, humorous, and well printed.

We have exhausted our space, and so, for the present, *vale*.

THE HAPPY ISLES.

THOU can'st not find on any map,
Nor on chart, their names enroll'd;
Thou may'st see them in the sunset,
Floating in a sea of gold.

Little sea-girt isles of glory,
Tipp'd with silver, ting'd with green;
Crimson, purple, deftly mingled,
On their shining shores serene.

Basking in the radiant sunset
Of the sun's bright majesty;
Fairy isles of golden cloudlets,
Nestling in a ruby sea.

Aptly did the heathen name them
Future regions of the blest;
Where the souls of the departed
Entered on eternal rest.

We, a truer faith confessing,
Hold them emblems all divine
Of the realms where aye the blessed
Sun of Righteousness shall shine.

Where, in robes of snow-white splendour,
Martyrs, saints, have their abode;
Where the pure in heart and spirit
Dwell for ever with their God!

SNOW.

THE MAGIC DOLLAR.

BY FRANCES HOPE.

About the middle of the last century, there lived in the old town of Groningen, in Holland, two noted misers, named Jan Van Buren, and Christina Mayer. The latter was the widow of a lawyer, whose death was commonly attributed to starvation, to such an extent had his wife carried the economy of her domestic arrangements.

Whether the unfortunate lawyer had been won by the beauty, the grace, or the amiability of Christina, it is impossible now to decide; but it is certain that, at the period of our story, she could no longer lay claim to any share of personal attractions, her nose having acquired a striking resemblance to the beak of a falcon, and her chin evincing a marked predilection for the first-named feature by assuming a graceful curve, as if for the purpose of joining it.

The regimen to which the unfortunate lawyer had been subjected, and which was said to have been productive, in his case, of such fatal results, had not, to all appearance, agreed much better with the lady, who was a perfect impersonation of famine; and her attire was so strictly in keeping with her gaunt frame, and hooked nose and chin, that a stranger, seeing her for the first time, was irresistibly reminded of those ancient dames whom fanciful painters are accustomed to represent mounted on broomsticks.

On her husband's death, Christina had retired to a wretched garret at the top of her house, not, as the innocent reader may suppose, for the purpose of indulging her grief, but in order to let the principal apartments at the highest possible rent. The house, however, was old, and, as years passed on, repairs became necessary. The provident owner would not hear of wasting money for such a purpose, but at length a day came when rain and storm could no longer be kept out, and it became uninhabitable. A serious conflict now arose in the good woman's mind—was she to repair the house and keep her lodgers, or to let it go to ruin and lose her rents? The idea of the large sum which the repairs would cost made her shudder; she could more easily suffer her nails to be torn off, or her hair pulled out by the roots, than part with so much money. She chose a middle course—the repairs were promised, but nothing more was done. The lodgers in despair dropped off one by one, and the house remained as it was, on Christina's hands.

"Nothing for nothing" was one of our heroine's maxims. "If you wish to be well served, serve yourself," was another. In accordance with the latter, she kept no servant, and, indeed, no servant would have been satisfied with her bill of fare. The very rats, finding nothing to live on, deserted the house; and the only living things which kept possession were the spiders, never molested by broom or duster, and a large black dog named Fury, which was the terror of the neighbourhood. It may seem strange that a lady of Frau Christina's habits should maintain such an expensive appendage as a full-grown dog, but it must be remembered that, besides keeping off thieves by the terror of his presence, he lay on her feet at night, and thus answered the purpose of an eider-down coverlet. A protector of the kind was no doubt necessary in a house where it was believed incalculable riches were stored, and the dog and his owner being alike morose, ill-tempered, quarrelsome, and inhospitable, the similarity of their dispositions led to a reciprocal friendship.

If the supposed riches of Frau Christina did not of themselves materially increase her comforts, they were at least indirectly the means of doing so. Around her, as around all who are supposed to hoard money, legacy-hunters congregated, and, as they knew her disposition, they seldom came empty-handed.

She, delighted at anything that saved her expense, accepted all that was offered, while she laughed in her sleeve at the

donors; and the delicacies thus obtained found their way to the market, where food of a poorer description was purchased in exchange. In this way, a brace of woodcock or a young fowl would often supply the wants of Fury and his mistress during an entire week. Mynheer Van Buren, when he heard these stories, would shake his head, and exclaim—"An excellent manager is Christina Mayer! A capital manager, I must say!" Very few, however, echoed this sentiment, as the story current in the town was that Fury, an emissary of Satan, had purchased the soul of Christina for a dollar—only a dollar—but such a precious one! A dollar which conferred on its possessor the power of accumulating riches to an indefinite amount.

Some who heard this story, and recollected the proverb—"Speak of the Evil One, and he draws nigh"—maintained a profound silence; others shrugged their shoulders, and declared that, although the lady was vindictive and avaricious to an almost incredible degree, they could not venture to assert that she had entered into a compact with the infernal powers; but the greater number of the towns-people believed the report, and shunned her accordingly.

Of her admirer, Jan Van Buren, it is right that we should say a few words. His personal attractions were about equal to those of the lady. It would have been hard to decide which was the more emaciated of the two; but while Christina's features bore, as we have said, a strong resemblance to the visage of a falcon, the no less prepossessing physiognomy of Jan, with its round eyes and gaping mouth, reminded one quite as vividly of a vulture about to seize its prey.

It was recorded of Jan that in his early childhood, having received a florin as a Christmas gift from an uncle, he had been so delighted with the glittering toy as to lay aside for it all his other playthings. From that time, the only game in which he took pleasure was that of make-believe banking, which was always supposed to end by his accumulating a large sum of money. At seven years old, although not otherwise intelligent, he thoroughly understood the rules of interest; and at ten, he invented a lottery, by means of which he succeeded in transferring the money of his young companions from their pockets to his own. On another occasion, he borrowed all their pocket-money at high interest, promising to repay both interest and principal on a certain day; but the day came, and neither was forthcoming—Jan declared himself bankrupt, and kept all.

His father, a wealthy brewer, with little brains, paid the amount; but far from blaming his son's dishonesty, he laughed at the trick, and the boy continued to advance, with giant strides, in the path of rapacity and cunning.

On the death of his father, he inherited the brewery, with all the money that had been made by it; but soon found that, however lucrative the business might be, lending money at exorbitant interest would prove much more profitable. The brewery was therefore sold, and Jan began life as an usurer.

His wealth would have enabled him to live in princely style; but he preferred hiring a mean lodging in a low suburb of the town. Here he shut himself up with his riches, making it a rule never to leave his den except on pressing business, as going out for idle amusement seemed to him a loss of time and an unnecessary waste of shoe leather.

Strange to say, notwithstanding his avarice, Jan fell in love with a poor but pretty girl of the neighbourhood, and was on the point of presenting himself to her parents as a suitor for her hand; but, at the last moment, he stopped to calculate the probable expenses of housekeeping; and, shuddering with horror at the amount, drew back without taking the final step. From that time, he laid by, every year, in a separate purse, what he called his "matrimonial expenses;" and experienced so much pleasure in seeing the sum accumulate that he could not imagine how he had ever thought of putting it to any other use.

Fate had, however, decreed that he should encroach on this sum, although not for the purpose for which it was originally intended. His young niece, Gertrude, who was also his god-daughter, being left destitute by the death of her

parents, he became her legal guardian, and had to take her under his protection. To say that the little girl was received with open arms under her uncle's roof would be to overstep the bounds of truth; but she was received there, and, from that time forth, a new problem occupied the mind of our friend Jan—to support and clothe a child at the least possible expense. As to her education, he depended, he said, on her own good abilities to improve on the elementary instruction which she had already received. A single hope sustained him through this hard trial—that of securing a wealthy husband for his little charge, and stipulating that the money he was now expending on her should be made good to him.

If Jan acquitted himself with a bad grace of his duties as a guardian and godfather towards little Gertrude, dame Nature, on the other hand, did her best to supply for his deficiencies. The child was gifted, in no common degree, with qualities of mind and person; and soon becoming aware that her little stock of accomplishments was nothing in comparison with the acquirements of her young acquaintances, she formed a plan which her natural energy and perseverance enabled her to carry out.

She took her uncle's housekeeper into her confidence; and, aided by this faithful old servant, obtained a supply of fine needlework and embroidery from some of the wealthy families of the environs. Knowing her circumstances, and pitying the friendless girl left to the mercy of the old miser, her employers paid a high price for her work. She was thus enabled to obtain masters; and, aided by her own talent and industry, she found herself, at eighteen, in no degree inferior to most well-educated girls of her age, and possessing over them all the advantage of owing her acquirements solely to her own zeal and perseverance.

Suitors now began to gather round her, attracted, we will hope, by her beauty and amiability, as well as by the fame of her uncle's wealth; but it so happened that the one on whom she bestowed her affections was a young Frenchman, named Ernest de Clichy, an *avocat* of talent and good family, but possessed of small means, and having yet to make his way in the world. To his suit Mynheer Van Buren positively refused to listen; and, finding that the attachment of the young people appeared to have taken deep root, he at length forbade the visits of the young lawyer.

We must now return to Christina Mayer. The period of which we write was that of the Seven Years' War; and it often happened that troops were quartered in Groningen; and, in case of necessity, billetted on the inhabitants. Now, on the very day which witnessed the abrupt dismissal of poor Ernest, such a number of soldiers arrived in the town that no less than four—a sergeant, two privates, and a drummer-boy—were quartered on the lawyer's widow. Her reception and entertainment of these unwelcome guests may be imagined; but no effort of economy on her part could prevent their consuming such a quantity of meat and bread, and running through such a supply of candles and firing, that the shock was more than she could bear. Her trouble and anxiety were so great as to bring on an attack of paralysis, of which she expired in a few hours. Her visitors, returning to supper on the second evening, found her lying on a settle in the kitchen quite dead, the dog Fury standing over the body, and guarding it with glaring eyes. All those who fancied they had any claim on the old woman now crowded to the house. They expected to find a will, but no such thing was in existence; for Christina, who could not bear even to contemplate the possibility of leaving her hoarded treasure, had never made one. The news fell like a thunderbolt on the legacy-hunters; and when they saw the wealth, for which they had toiled and flattered, handed over to two cousins—her nearest of kin—who had never taken any trouble to gain her favour, their indignation burst forth, and they went their way, bemoaning their hard fate, and taking themselves to task for their folly in wasting time, trouble, and gifts on the old sorceress.

Meanwhile, the co-heirs having made arrangements for the funeral, and sent Fury to lodge with a neighbouring farmer, decided on selling the old ruined house

for building materials. For some time no one came forward to bid for it, but at length a purchaser offered, whose appearance in this new character caused universal surprise.

We have seen that Jan Van Buren was one of the very few persons who entertained a lively admiration for the talents of Christina. He had not, during her life-time, paid much attention to the story of the dollar, as he knew by experience that it was possible to amass a fortune by other than supernatural means—but the rumour gaining ground from the circumstances of her death, took such hold on his imagination, that it haunted him both in his sleeping and waking moments, and his sole ambition was to obtain possession of the wonderful coin, without, however, entering into any compact with the powers of darkness.

He resolved not to let the co-heirs suspect what he was about. They were very young men, honest and well-meaning, but gay and ready for any amusement or frolic.

Jan began his operations by inquiring of them if their late relative had left any rare old coins—"She was known," he said, "to have been fond of such things, and as he was just then making a collection, he would willingly purchase any at a fair price."

The young men replied that they had found nothing of the kind, "not so much as a dollar," they added, laughingly, for they had from the first understood the object of Jan's manœuvre .

"As to the dollar," rejoined the miser, with an unsuccessful effort to appear at ease, "I am, of course, aware that, supposing it to have any existence except in the imaginations of the gossipping townspeople, it would be useless to offer to purchase it from you. At the same time, I must remind you, that anything of the kind is supposed to entail fearful peril on its possessor."

The young men, much amused, assured him that, up to that time, no dollar had been found, and added that, "if it did exist, it was probably concealed beneath the walls or flooring of the old house."

We need not advert to the spirit of mischief which prompted this suggestion. Suffice it to say, that it seemed a ray of light to our friend Jan, who at once jumped at the conclusion that the precious coin was concealed in the ruins, and decided on purchasing them, as they stood, without further delay.

The bargain was made on the spot. The co-heirs were glad to accept a moderate sum for their newly-acquired property, and Jan entered on immediate possession, while they took their way through the town, boasting to all their acquaintances of the wonderful feat they had performed in inducing the miser to loosen his purse-strings and pay down the money, that he valued as his life, in the hope of finding a charm beneath the crazy old walls.

Monsieur de Clichy was one of the first to whom they communicated the intelligence, and, strange to say, he appeared, from that moment, to recover from the depression into which he had been thrown by his recent disappointment.

Sarcasms now fell thick as hail on Mynheer Van Buren, but he turned a deaf ear to them, and, resolved to lose no time, established himself at once in his new house, with shovel, pick-axe, and pincers, and all alone, began his search through the desolate ruins.

Christina's own chamber was the scene of his first efforts. Unaided, he raised the boards and the hearth-stone, loosened the woodwork of the windows, and even removed the tiles from the chimney, but all to no purpose. He next transferred his search to the garret, which she had inhabited when her house was full of lodgers, but still without success; and proceeding "from garret to basement," he knocked, sounded, groped, and dug, in every available spot, but still without lighting on anything remotely resembling a dollar.

Night was now closing in; so, wearied and disappointed, the old miser swallowed a few mouthfuls of the coarse black bread, which, with a little sour beer, he had provided for his supper, and lay down on Christina's miserable pallet, his thoughts fixed on the precious dollar, which, he still felt convinced, must be concealed in some part of the old tenement.

He thought of employing labourers to pull down the house, but soon rejected the idea, when he recollected the facility with which the coin could be concealed by any workman who might happen to find it. Having formed, and, on reflection, abandoned this and many similar projects, he at length recollected the dog Fury, supposed by the townspeople to be the demon or familiar spirit from whom Christina had received the coin. Why had he not thought sooner of Fury? He was still engaged in laying plans for obtaining possession of the animal, and, through him, by some means, discovering the secret hiding-place, when the twelve strokes of midnight sounded from the clock of a neighbouring church. As the last stroke died away, the rattling of chains was heard along the passage, followed by fearful groans and shrieks. Jan had taken the precaution of locking the door; but of what avail could locks or bolts be against a company of demons? He threw himself on the ground, and hid his face in his hands, expecting every moment to find his solitude invaded by a hideous array of goblins. The lock, however, remained untouched, but the noise continued, and he at length clearly distinguished, through the din, the sound of his own name several times repeated, and, in conjunction with it, the word *dollar*, followed by peals of ringing laughter.

This state of things continued for an hour, during which our hero experienced several alternations of feeling. When the noise was at its loudest, his terror was so great, that a cold shudder ran through his frame, and his hands trembled with agitation, but, at the least cessation, his courage would return, and, thinking to himself that the demons could intend him no injury, he would make up his mind to open the door, and confer with them in plain terms on the subject of his wishes. He was, however, deterred from carrying this last plan into effect by the recollection that he had neglected to provide himself with the means of striking a light, and he could not muster sufficient resolution to face his goblin visitors without one.

The church clock struck one, and instantly all was silent—the sudden calm appeared as terrific for the first few moments as the uproar with which it contrasted; but as no further disturbance occurred, poor Jan, literally worn out by the terrors of the night, and his exertions of the preceding day, fell into a sound sleep, which lasted until long after sunrise.

His first idea on awaking was, that he should fly at once from this habitation of demons, and have it razed to the ground, without a day's delay; but a little calm reflection soon changed his train of thought.

He did not for an instant doubt that his nocturnal visitors were the emissaries of Satan; but then, he argued with himself, as they had never done any harm to Christina Mayer, why should not he also conciliate their good-will? At least, it was worth trying for; and, having made up his mind to the attempt, he prepared to pass another night in the old house, taking the precaution, however, of providing himself with candles. The hours passed quickly, and again, at the last stroke of midnight, the horrible clamour began. The noise approached the door, and here we must admit that his courage failed for a moment; but the chinking of money on the floor, followed by the distinct sound of a coin rolled from one end of the passage to the other—doubtless by demon hands—inspired him with superhuman resolution. He laid his hand on the lock, and at that instant a rushing sound swept along the passage, and then all became suddenly still.

Disappointment and vexation now took possession of Jan. He thought that the goblins had departed, and that his opportunity was gone for ever, when lo! at the very door where he stood, his hand still on the lock, there came the sharp ring of metal—the dollar was actually knocking against it.

He threw the door open, but started back in momentary horror, for opposite to him, leaning against the wall, was the lean and shrivelled figure of Christina Mayer, enveloped in a winding-sheet. Jan was not, however, a man to give way long to nervous terrors, particularly if they seemed to interfere with his interests.

He therefore soon recovered himself on perceiving that the spectre held in her hand a glittering coin, which he felt sure could be nothing less than the famous dollar.

"Speak!" said Mynheer Van Buren, in tragic tones—"speak, spirit of my departed friend, and say what it is that troubles thee, and recalls thee to this world of care!"

Our hero, as my readers will perceive, had studied his part, and had made himself familiar with the conventional form of address supposed to be favoured by apparitions. But Christina's eloquence was apparently not so much at her command. She replied but by the single word, "*Behold!*" uttered in a smothered—perhaps, we should say, a sobbing—tone, as she held the dollar close before the avaricious eyes of the old miser.

Jan's courage redoubled—

"Speak again, troubled spirit," said he, "and say is this thy magic dollar? and dost thou return in order to be delivered from it?"

"Thou hast judged aright," replied the spectre, in a sepulchral tone.

"I am ready to free thee," said our friend; "lay it on the window-sill—to the right—and I will take charge of it."

Like Sir Richard de Coldinghame, of ghostly renown, "*The vision shook its head.*"

"I understand," said the sapient Jan—"'*Nothing for nothing.*' It was always your favourite maxim. What do you want in exchange?" And here our readers will perceive that Jan dropped the solemn *thou* of his first address, and, finding that the apparition retained some at least of the peculiarities of his late friend, addressed her in a more business-like and familiar style—"Do you seek prayers for the good of your soul?"

"No!"

"Do you wish a tombstone and a complimentary epitaph?"

"No!"

"Explain yourself, then," said the bewildered miser.

"I only part with the dollar," said the spectre, in hollow tones, "on condition that you give up to me, absolutely and for ever, your ——"

"My what?" gasped Jan, quaking all over. "Not my soul?"

"No," replied the spectre, and a peculiar gurgling sound issued from her ghostly throat; "not quite so bad as that, my dear friend."

"My strong box, then?" said Jan. "Oh, dearly beloved ghost, say anything but that! It is an heir-loom in my family, and I cannot resolve to part with it."

"Not that either," said the lady.

"What then?" persisted Jan, apparently much relieved.

"I only yield the dollar," said the ghost, "on condition that you in return yield to me your niece, Gertrude. My maxim has always been, as you remark, 'Nothing for nothing.'"

"My niece, Gertrude!" echoed Jan, who really cared for the girl, as much as it was in his nature to care for anything. "Whither do you want to take her?"

"That rests with me," replied the spirit.

Jan shuddered.

"Could we not come to terms in any other way?" he faltered. "Would you accept a hundred crowns instead? It would take me a long time to make them up again; but no matter, you shall have them. The girl is a good girl, and I would not willingly consign her to ——"

"Stop!" thundered the spirit, raising her lean arm with a menacing gesture. "You do not seem to set much value on this coin; and I tell you now, plainly, that if you persist in rejecting my proposition, I vanish with it on the instant, and you never see it more. I give you ten seconds to decide. Will you marry Gertrude at once to Ernest de Clichy?"

"If it must be either the fiend or the lawyer," growled Jan, "I suppose I had better decide for the latter. But it is too bad. The expenses of her maintenance and education will never be made good to me. I warn you that she gets no marriage portion."

"Has De Clichy asked for any?"

"I must admit that he has not."

"Nor will he do so. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes," said Jan, eagerly, extending his hand. "Now, the dollar."

"Not so fast, old friend!" said the goblin; "we don't do business in such an

unbusiness-like manner in the other world. Let Gertrude be publicly affianced to De Clichy to-morrow—let that day week be fixed for their marriage, and to-morrow night the dollar shall be yours."

"But if you will not trust me," said Jan, "who is to answer for your good faith?"

"Falsehood," said the spectre, solemnly, "belongs only to mortals. If you do not wish to trust me, you are at liberty to cancel our agreement, and, in that case, you need never return hither."

"I hold to the bargain, and I will expect you here to-morrow night."

"To-morrow night, then," echoed the spectre, and, as she uttered the words, the church clock struck one. The candle which Jan held was suddenly extinguished, as if by a breath. He withdrew into the room to seek another, but, on his return, the phantom had disappeared.

More dead than alive, he threw himself on the wretched pallet, but sleep was banished from his pillow by the recollection of the night's adventures, and the reflection that by his agreement with the spectre he had given up all hope of a rich husband for his niece.

He rose, however, at break of day, and repaired to his own house, where, summoning Gertrude, he told her, in his most ungracious manner, that she was to prepare at once for her betrothal, which he meant to take place that very day.

The poor girl was at first thunder-struck; but she soon became reconciled, on hearing that the bridegroom elect was the suitor who had been so unceremoniously dismissed the preceding week.

For some reason or other, Ernest showed less surprise on hearing of the sudden change in their prospects. He made no difficulty about the marriage portion, and the contract was drawn up in haste, and signed that evening. Night came, and Jan repaired once more to the deserted house. Midnight struck, but no goblin appeared. The first quarter, and then the second, rang out from the old church tower, and still the miser was alone; but just as he began to despair, and to think that Frau Mayer had repented of her bargain, a sharp knock was struck on the door.

Trembling with excitement he seized a candle, and opened it in haste, and there stood Christina, yellow and shrivelled as ever, but arrayed in full riding costume, with a hat and feather, buckskin gloves, and a silver-mounted whip.

Her voice was steadier to-night, and she appeared perfectly self-possessed, as she said:

"Behold me equipped for my last journey! All is at an end; and this night I quit the earth—take the dollar! It has been a source of boundless wealth to me, and it will be equally so in your case, for after me, you are the mortal most worthy to possess it."

As she finished this address, the spectre placed the dollar in Jan's hand, but it had no sooner touched him than he uttered a fearful cry, and letting dollar and candle fall, threw himself on the ground. When he recovered sufficiently to rise and look about, he found that Christina had disappeared (doubtless on her equestrian expedition), and that the day was just beginning to dawn, while his burnt hand bore testimony to the reality of the night's adventures. Before seeking surgical aid, he looked round for the cause of so much mischief, and saw the dollar lying on the floor at a little distance, looking, it must be confessed, quite innocent, and by no means suggestive of an infernal origin. Having ascertained, with infinite caution, that it had become cold, he ventured to take it up and examine it, when, to his delight, he found that it bore on one side an inscription in strange characters, which seemed to hint at a supernatural origin and power.

His burnt hand was carefully tended by Gertrude, to whom the interest evinced by her uncle in the preparations for her marriage continued a mystery.

The wedding feast was on a liberal scale, and Jan astonished the bride and bridegroom by presenting them, on the day of their union, with a purse containing a sum of money, which enabled them to begin house-keeping in a better style than they had anticipated.

But this was Jan's last act of liberality; from that day, he resumed his former penurious habits. He provided a morocco case for the dollar, and it was generally

believed that he made it a daily habit to visit the precious deposit, in the hope of finding it increased to a considerable sum.

It must be admitted, however, that the coin did not multiply, but as the affairs of Jan continued to prosper in a remarkable manner, he attributed his success to the presence of the magic dollar, and continued to hold it in high veneration until his death, when it fell, with all his wealth, into the hands of Gertrude and her husband.

It was only then that Monsieur de Clichy acknowledged to his wife that the precious dollar, which had been productive of so much good fortune to them both, was nothing more than an antique medal, and that the apparition of Frau Christina, with all its accompaniments of shrieks, groans, and rattling chains, was a trick got up between him and Christina's cousins, for the purpose of inducing the old miser to consent to the marriage of his niece.

Whether Gertrude forgave the deception practised on her uncle, or thought it necessary to cherish eternal resentment against the originators of such a plot, history does not mention.

CHRIST is the sun, and all the watches of our lives should be set by the dial of his motion.

THE ANTELOPE.

THIS gentle and social creature is common in the wilds of Southern Africa, where vast herds of antelopes gather, yet where, strange to say, every species keeps apart, —the natives of the plains separate from those of the forests, and these again distinct from the antelopes of the plains and marshes; every site retains the species peculiar to it. The general mode of life of all the species is social—they love to congregate together; anything like loneliness appears to be abhorrent to them. Providential, then, is the arrangement, that creatures of such habits are mild

and inoffensive; for very fearful would be the result, if the vast herds of antelopes were animated by the fierce instincts of the lion or the tiger. A traveller in Southern Africa thus describes the herds on one of the plains of that region:—

"At this high level we entered upon a very extensive, open plain, abounding to an incredible degree in wild animals; among which were several large herds of quakkas, and many *wilde-beests* or *gnues*; but the *spring-bucks* were far the most numerous, and, like flocks of sheep, completely covered several parts of the plain. Their uncertain movements rendered it impossible to estimate their number, but

I believe, if I were to guess it at two thousand, I should still be within the truth. This is one of the most beautiful of the antelopes of Southern Africa; and it is certainly one of the most numerous. The plain afforded no other object to fix the attention; and even if it had presented many, I should not readily have ceased admiring these elegant animals, or have been diverted from watching their manners. It was only occasionally that they took these remarkable leaps, which have been the origin of the name; but when grazing, or moving at leisure, they walked or trotted like other antelopes, or as the common deer. When pursued, or hastening their pace, they frequently took an extraordinary bound, rising with curved or elevated backs high into the air, generally to the height of eight feet, and appearing as if about to take flight. Some of the herds moved by us almost within musket-shot, and I observed that in crossing the beaten road, the greater number cleared it by one of those flying leaps. As the road was quite smooth and level with the plain, there was no necessity for their leaping over it; but it seemed that the fear of a snare, or a natural disposition to regard man as an enemy, induced them to mistrust even the ground which he had trodden."

THE FASHIONS.

LITTLE change is observable in the costume for ladies since Christmas; in the highest circles, both in London and Paris, graceful simplicity, rather than mere display, being everywhere observable. Our beloved Queen still remains in deep mourning; and consequently the style adopted by those about the Court is exceedingly quiet, not to say sombre.

OUT-DOOR DRESS.— Mantles of various kinds are decidedly the mode, though the Paisley shawl still has its admirers, and the paletot is not without its wearers. The mantles recommended as most distinguée are those of plush, with sleeves and a loose back. Some of violet plush lined with quilted black taffetas. A silk cord to match is placed all round the edge of the mantle. A thicker cord, with tassels, fastens it together in front, just under the little collar. The same-shaped mantle is also made in golden-brown plush, lined and trimmed to match, and also in aluminium-grey plush, lined with white quilted taffetas. Collets of black velvet, trimmed round with a deep guipure, are also worn. Rich embroidered medallions are placed round the mantle, and between these and the lace a kind of mossy trimming, formed of black feathers, which has a very elegant effect. Fur as a trimming is still greatly in favour. It is, perhaps, more generally worn on black velvet, but ermine or chinchilla may be used with violet, blue, brown, or drab. Zibeline and sable are always fashionable; Astracan should be of the best quality, that of an inferior kind has become so extremely common. Both rotondes and paletots are made in woollen velvet. For simple toilette, poplins and taffetas are most in vogue.

CARRIAGE AND VISITING DRESSES.— These dresses are much more luxurious; they are composed of splendid moire, rich brocatelle, China satins of cheveux de la Reine, light-brown colour, faded rosecleaf, or Mexican blue. Generally, these magnificent robes, being of thick material, have little ornament. The skirts are full, and cut pointed, forming a very decided train. Trimming of passementerie for the body is frequently put on like a veste Figaro.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—For young children, both male and female, Scotch plaid poplins are much in favour. Velvet dresses are trimmed with grecques, festoons, or bands of velvet; these are, of course, of black on coloured robes, and coloured on black, and are always edged on each side, either with a guipure ruche or with stars and hanging drops of psssementerie.

PETTICOATS.— In muddy weather the fashion of the petticoat becomes quite an important matter. First, there are those of cashmere of different shades—red, grey, magenta, blue, groseille, &c. At the bottom of the skirt a tuyaute of the same, with two rows of black and white braid; and, above this, a narrow galon of black silk, braided with white. Then there are the skirts of woollen serge, in all colours. The newest style is of white cashmere, with medallions of black velvet; and round the bottom a black ribbon, embroidered with white grecques, and edged

with narrow plisses of ribbon. Perhaps the skirts made of quilted taffetas are those to which the word "comfortable," may be the most properly applied.

BALL DRESSES.—Tarlatane and tulle are very fashionable for ball costume. Many tarlatanes are made with flowers or spots and stripes of coloured velvet, either black, blue, rose, red, &c. A charming material also for full dress is the foulard. Nothing is prettier than a foulard with the ground of porcelain, blue, rose, pale green, mauve, or black flowers on white ground. The white foulards are very beautiful, and even more finely fabricated than some silks; suppleness and firmness are united in them; and it is impossible to tear or crumple a dress of Indian foulard of good quality. A plain white foulard, trimmed with blue, rose de Chine, or light green, is exceedingly pretty and simple, especially suitable for young ladies. Wreaths are much worn, although more simple head-dresses are still in favour. We have seen some very pretty ones, which consist of a simple bow of velvet or lace between the bandeaux, with an enamelled comb in the back hair, or a bow and long ends of velvet or lace.

BONNETS.—One of the newest bonnets is a capote of white crape, the drawings far apart, trimmed with a curtain of plain velvet, blue, Solferino of Lavane; the front edge also of velvet; at the side a large rosette of black lace, in which is placed a bunch of flowers in velvet, the same shade as the curtain, mixed with the ends of ostrich feathers, forming a fringe. This bonnet is sometimes trimmed with a simple bouquet of curled feathers, or one flat feather. Felt bonnets are also worn. A very pretty one is trimmed with a drab velvet curtain, the same colour as the bonnet; on the front a full piece of velvet, ending at the sides in two bows and fastening; two ostrich feathers. The strings, of piece velvet, are cut on the bias, lined with silk, and edged with lace. In the inside, a quilling of Mexican blue velvet and coquilles of black lace.

THE HAIR.

Colour has always been a point of considerable interest in the physiology of the hair. It was for a long time believed that the colouring fluid circulated in the centre of the hair; but the idea has been exploded by the researches of modern microscopists. Bienvenu states, that the various colours of the hair may be reduced to three principal ones—black, red, and white, of which all the others are merely so many different shades; but, remarks Mr. Cazenave, a French physician, "it appears to me that white is either the result of absence of the colouring matter, as in the Albino, or of discolouration of the hair, as we see in certain diseases: therefore I think it better to reduce the types to two principal ones, as Grellier has done; namely, red and black, to which belong the intermediate or decreasing shades, brown, chesnut, fair. Independently of these distinctions, the colour of the human hair is subjected to certain influences, the study of which is not devoid of interest. Thus the colour varies in a remarkable degree, according to the climate in which men live. The nearer we approach the north, the fairer we observe the hair of the inhabitants. According to the investigations of Liebig, the composition of the prevalent tints of hair are shown in the following per centages:—

	Fair Hair.	Brown Hair.	Black Hair.
Carbon	49.34	50.62	49.93
Hydrogen	6 58	6.61	6 63
Nitrogen	17.94	17.94	17.94
Oxygen and Sulphur	26.14	24.83	25.50
	100		

These analyses would lead to the inference that the brightness of the beautiful golden hair is attributable to the excess of sulphur and oxygen, with a deficiency of carbon. The colouring tint forms, however, but one portion of the difference existing between the soft luxuriant tresses of the Saxon girl, and the coarse blue-black locks of the North American squaw. The size and quality of each hair, and the manner in which it is set in the head, tell powerfully in determining the line between the two races.

LITTLE sins multiplied, become great. There is nothing less than a grain of sand—there is nothing heavier than the sand of the sea when multiplied.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER.

THE great social event of the last month has been the receipt of a letter from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in which she distinctly accuses Englishmen and Englishwomen with having fallen away from their old hatred of slavery, and with favouring the South and condemning the North in the deplorable civil war now raging in America. The history of the event which has called forth this remonstrance from the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is as follows:—

About eight years since an address, signed by more than half a million of Englishwomen, including wives of Cabinet Ministers, duchesses and countesses, wives of generals, ambassadors, *savans*, men of letters, and common labourers, was presented to the women of the United States, praying them to use their influence for the abolition of negro slavery in that country.

This address, splendidly illuminated on vellum, was sent to America at the head of twenty-six folio volumes. It was forwarded to Mrs. Stowe, with a letter from a British nobleman now occupying one of the highest official positions in England, with a request on behalf of these ladies that it should be in any possible way presented to the attention of her countrywomen. To that unique address Mrs. Stowe has now sent a reply, which is published separately, in the form of a little volume, by Messrs. Low and Son, of Ludgate-hill.

Mrs. Stowe commences with a sketch of the momentous events which have happened since the receipt of that address, which it perhaps had some influence in bringing about. She tells of the slavery agitation in the South, the struggles in Kansas and Nebraska, the John Brown outbreak, the election of Mr. Lincoln, and the secession of the Gulf States, which "met and organised a Confederacy, which they openly declared to be the first republic founded on the right and determination of the white man to enslave the black man; and, spreading their banners, declared themselves to the Christian world of the nineteenth century as a nation organised with the full purpose and intent of perpetuating slavery."

Mrs. Stowe proceeds to show, by Southern testimony, that the preservation and extension of slavery was the foremost object of secession. It is then shown that the issue on which the last Presidential election was decided, viz., the exclusion of the "domestic institution" from the territories, really embraced the whole question of slavery, because without room for expansion it must perish. "In the meanwhile, during the past year, the republican administration, with all the unwonted care of organising an army and navy, and conducting military operations on an immense scale, have proceeded to demonstrate the feasibility of overthrowing slavery by purely constitutional measures. To this end they have instituted a series of movements which have made this year more fruitful in anti-slavery triumphs than any other since the emancipation of the British West Indies." These measures—the abolition of slavery in the district of Columbia, the exclusion of slavery from the territories, the concession of the right of search for the suppression of the slave trade, and Mr. Lincoln's plan of peaceable emancipation with compensation—are familiar to our readers. Mrs. Stowe pleads that the proposal to restore "the Union as it was" should be fairly interpreted by these avowed principles and

acts. She proceeds to show that an immense change in an anti-slavery direction has been effected "by the constitutional war power of the nation."

"In the beginning of our struggle," writes Mrs. Stowe, "we believed that you were sincerely anxious to abolish slavery. We said, 'We can wait; our friends in England will soon see whither this conflict is tending.' A year and a half have passed; step after step has been taken for liberty; chain after chain has fallen, till the march of our armies is choked and clogged by the glad flocking of emancipated slaves; the day of final emancipation is set; the Border States begin to move in voluntary consent; universal freedom for all dawns like the sun in the distant horizon; and still no voice from England. No voice? Yes, we have heard on the high seas the voice of a war steamer, built for a man-stealing Confederacy with English gold, in an English dockyard, going out of an English harbour, manned by English sailors, with the full knowledge of English Government officers, in defiance of the Queen's proclamation of neutrality. So far has English sympathy overflowed. We have heard of other steamers, iron-clad, designed to furnish a slavery-defending Confederacy their only lack—a navy for the high seas. We have heard that the British Evangelical Alliance refuses to express sympathy with the liberating party when requested to do so by the French Evangelical Alliance. We find in English religious newspapers all those sad degrees in the downward sliding-scale of defending and apologising for slaveholders and slaveholding with which we have so many years contended in our own country. We find the President's proclamation of emancipation spoken of in those papers only as an incitement to servile insurrection. Nay, more; we find in your papers, from thoughtful men, the admission of the rapid decline of anti-slavery sentiments in England."

To this letter, Archbishop Whately has replied; and, taking the general tone of society on the subject of the civil war into full consideration, avers that British feeling on the subject of slavery has in no wise cooled; but that the braggadocia and insolence of the North, as represented by her accredited organs, has somewhat estranged the English people, and inclined them to look with favour on the efforts of the South. The Archbishop is right. British sympathies are now, as always, with the oppressed and ignorant negro; but it does not follow that we should express admiration for the Yankees, whose conduct during the civil year, and whose proved cowardice and incapacity, have excited the contempt and disgust of all Europe.

FAMILY COUNCIL

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Council.—I am extremely pleased with your exertions this month. You have begun the year well—go on improving. The Definitions are generally good, though some are mere statements of fact, and not explanations or delineations; as for instance, we can scarcely be said to define "Friendship," when we say it is the feeling that existed between Damon and Pythias, or between Byron and Moore; much less do we rightly comprehend the nature of a definition when we merely take a given word and bring it into a sentence: as in the case of "Prevail," to which one Councillor adds, "I will." Nor do we require the simple dictionary meaning, as in more than one case given; though, by-the-way, Walker's definition of Friendship, as "the state of minds united by mutual benevolence; highest degree of intimacy," is extremely good.

Passing from Definitions to Criticisms, allow me to warn you against a tendency to

cerbity, which is in more than one instance discoverable in your remarks upon each other's efforts. Kindliness and courtesy have been the characteristics of our intercourse; pray let us continue in the path we have hitherto pleasantly pursued.

I am very glad that you generally approve of the various small alterations and improvements in the contents and arrangement of the January number. In the Pastime Department you have been very industrious and very successful; and I may add, very honourable, for I do not detect above two or three instances of non-originality in the Charades, &c., submitted for publication, and even these may be unconscious plagiarisms. I must once more request the Councillors to *write plainly, briefly, and on one side of the paper.* The "Alexandra Galop"* having been highly appreciated by our readers (as it deservedly merited), I am anxious to encourage competition in original musical compositions, and would suggest that the best songs or poems contributed to the "Friend," should form the subjects of these compositions, as I am proud to be able to boast of many contributors whose poems are worthy of being set to music. In this department I have a friend, an excellent musician and composer, who is willing to perform the editorial duties. As an inducement to our contributors in this department, I shall be happy to re-arrange the music types in song shape, and provide them with copies for their own use (in all cases where not fewer than one hundred are ordered), at the expense merely of paper and print, and will further award Prizes for this as well as our other Offerings.

But now as to the important subject of the

PRIZE AWARDS.

After careful and conscientious consideration of the claims of the several Councillors, I have awarded

Twenty Prizes in the First Class,
Twelve Prizes in the Second Class, and
Ten Prizes in the Third Class.

Each book will be inscribed with the name of its possessor, in the autograph of the Editor, and be accompanied by an engraved *Certificate of Merit.*

Like Certificates will be forwarded to all the Councillors who have not obtained Special Prizes.

The Prizes and Certificates are now in course of delivery, and in the March number will be published the names of the Prizeholders, and the volumes awarded to them. Those of the Council who object to their real names and addresses appearing in the list of awards, will be kind enough to signify the fact on or before the 14th instant. In such cases, the *noms de plume* will be inserted.

A Councillor kindly forwards the following

ANALYSIS OF THE PRIZE AWARDS DURING 1862:—

"During the year 1862, there have been 199 Members of Council. Of these 81 have appeared once in the Class Awards.

22	have appeared	Twice.
20	"	Thrice.
5	"	Four times.
10	"	Five times.
6	"	Six times.
5	"	Seven times.
9	"	Eight times.
9	"	Nine times.
12	"	Ten times.
14	"	Eleven times.

And 6 only have appeared twelve times."

* See "Letter Box," ISLAVERNAY.

I trust, my dear friends and Fellow Councillors, that my decisions will be received by you all in the spirit of candour and friendship. Remember,

"It is not the value of the gift,
That makes the present dear."

Ever faithfully yours,
THE PRESIDENT.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

CANDOUR. | KINDLINESS. | ACERBITY.

LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

Our appeal on behalf of the Distressed Operatives in the North has not been responded to with the liberality we were led to expect. Indeed, some of those subscribers who wrote, requesting us to open a Subscription List in the "Friend," have failed to forward their names and contributions. We have, however, pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following :—

Messrs. Adams and Gee	£1	1	0	Gilbert A.	£0	1	0
The Editor	1	1	0	One months' contributions from the *employés* in the "Family Friend" Printing Office, 23, Middle Street, Smithfield	0	13	6
M. M. B.	0	1	0				
Jane C.	0	1	0				
Penny Collection by C. F. P.	0	3	0				

OFFERINGS FROM OUR COUNCIL.

A PLAY UPON OLD TUNES.

"MY OLD FRIEND JOHN,"

"Dost thou remember" the days "Long, long ago," "When you and I were young," and we went "Sailing on the summer sea," in "Dublin Bay," singing "Begone dull care" to the tune of "All among the barley," played by "The lonely harp" that once belonged to "Sally in our alley?" Since then—we have both been "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," in "The Bay of Biscay," and "The minute gun at sea" warned us that "The storm o'er the ocean flew furious and fast," but "Morn on the mountains" brought us "Brighter hours." I dare say "The lads of the village" have forgotten the existence of "John Anderson," and "Billy Barlow"—for even "The old arm chair" at "My ain fireside," has become a "Memory of the past," and "The grave of little Bell" is close by "The churchyard stile." At that time "Ben Bolt" and "The captain with his whiskers" were rivals, but "Sweet Ellen Bayne" was "A lass that loves a sailor," and tho' he was a "Whistling thief," she would have "Poor Joe the marine." "The mistletoe hangs in the castle hall," but "Lord Lovel" is "Far, far away at sea," bringing home "Eily Mavourneen" from the "Valleys of Cashmere." Those were "Happy days" when "Pretty Polly Hopkins" became "My own, my guiding star," for "Two merry hearts were we." "There's a path by the river" leading to "The wishing gate," where we lingered "One summer's eve in pensive thought"—to gather "The rose peeping in at the window;" but while listening to "The convent bells," what do you think she said?—why—"Kiss me quick, and go!" Well—though "She has gone from my gaze," "Her bright smile haunts me still,"—and now—"My lodgings on the cold ground" "In the Strand"—next door to the "Widow Machree," who dearly loves her "Drops of brandy"—my only companion is "The kettle that sings on the hob;" but, as we should "Be happy while we may," I have come to the conclusion that it's "All for the best."

Sometimes I think that "I should like to marry," if I had "Some one to love me," but "I am so very shy;" and as sure as I determine to go "The whole hog or none," I hear "The chosen one" say—"I'll be no submissive wife," and "I strive to forget"—leaving the ground free for "Sir Harold the hunter," or "Any other man." And now—"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day," and "The postman's knock" has brought me "Katie's letter" containing "Good news from home;" so I must say "Good-bye sweetheart, good-bye"—hoping, "When other lips and other hearts" are "Down among the dead men,"—that "You'll remember me," and ask—"How are your poor feet?"

"I'm not myself at all;" but only
"Old Bob Ridley."

DAISY H.

TRUE WISDOM.

"What is WISDOM, would you know?
Man's most noble gift below."

WISDOM walks with cautious tread,
'Mid the evil and the dread;
Waging ceaseless war with sin—
Found without, or found within.
Wasting not the sands of time;
Spreading 'round the truth sublime;
Tending woe, repressing strife,
Showing souls "the way of life."
WISDOM looks to God each hour,
Trusts Him when the storm-clouds lower,
Feeling that the "Only Wise"
Loveth while He doth chastise.
WISDOM tests each thought and deed
By *one standard*—Heaven-decreed:
Never from "the cross" allured,
RESTS on HIM who it "endured."
Hour by hour, and day by day,
Tracts "the Life, the Truth, the Way;"
Ever strives to "grow in grace,"
"Runs" with zeal the holy "race."
Asks of God each work to bless,
Seeks a "crown of righteousness."

CARACTACUS.

GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY.

NEVER yet have I met with a man on whom Fortune had lavished her smiles so profusely, and to whom Nature has bestowed such a power of winning the world's goodwill, that no individual has been found ready to magnify his peccadilloes, and to misconstrue his motives. And you, worthy Monsieur the President, and you, Messieurs et Mesdames of the Council, has such a favoured mortal been of the number of your fellow-travellers in your walks through life?

I am afraid that we are all of us, in unguarded moments, prone to uncharitableness in judging our neighbours' motives; and yet do we not wax wrath, when in a like manner our own are misconstrued. Thus, we will say, by way of example, Brown, who is a worthy man, opens his heart and his pocket to a struggling brother, whom he thus saves from utter ruin. Robinson, in the enthusiasm of the moment, speaks of this act in terms of the most extravagant eulogy, and invokes interminable benedictions on the head of the benevolent Brown. But Jones, who wishes you to think him a very shrewd and clear-headed man, winks at you with one of his knowing winks, and whispers to you (of course in strictest confidence), that "Brown isn't the man to go against his own interests, Brown isn't! He has something in his eye, Brown has! And it's only a sprat to catch a mackerel." And, putting his forefinger on the side of his nose, and again winking at you knowingly, Jones thinks he has formed a correct estimate of his neighbour's motives. Now, without pausing to show that both of these gentlemen went into extremes, I would ask, on which side do you think it best to err? Shall we go on through life undervaluing our neighbours' good deeds, or, in drawing out our picture of human-nature, shall we use just a shade too much of the *coleur de rose?*

Have we not, all of us, our whims and our one-sided opinions on pet subjects, and and do we not stick by them boldly? *Chacun a son gout* is a French proverb. "Everybody has the gout," is the translation of the hunchback philosopher of Fleet Street; and this variety of *gout* often leaves a bitter pang behind. Is it my fault, if the viands I set before my guest are not such as to suit his delicate palate. And yet, thereby, I lower myself in my friend's estimation.

On a recent occasion—it was at the approach of the merry season of the year—a certain member of this honourable assembly took unto himself the task of amusing his fellow-councillors. He would be merry, he said to himself; he would crack jokes, even though they may be at his own and his friends' expense.

If it pleases him to don the cap and bells, will you not laugh at this poor man's pleasantry? Will you not let him ride his hobby-horse to his heart's content? But there are some of you who have denied him this privilege; who, in short, have mis-

understood his motives. *Post equitem*, says the Latin delectus, *sedet atra cura*. And if it was not Care himself who sat behind this hobby-horseman, it must assuredly have been some near relative of that sable gentleman's, to have brought the rider into such perplexity.

I will throw off the mask, and assume the first person singular. It is I, the notorious man, the writer of "A Family Party," whose well-meaning intentions have been thus sadly misconstrued.

It is true that, with a single exception, my jokes were received in good part. Snow's retort I take as one of those pleasing censures at which friends laugh, and become better friends afterwards. Gipsy has evidently made some sharp reply, but of the nature of that sharp reply I am not permitted to form a judgment. But it is evident that Kate Leslie is terribly in earnest, and, in the way of censure, determined to "go the whole hog or none;" accordingly, she declares my conduct to be open to the triple charge of envy, jealousy, and impudence! Is not Catherine coming it a trifle too strong? and if not, what do you think of our worthy President for allowing this wicked Councillor to give vent to such evil passions through the medium of these pages?

Did I not endeavour to be impartial whilst I, good-humouredly, abused my friends? Did I not hurl my shafts of wit even at the *head* of our honoured President? (You remember about the goose-quills.) Did I spare Caractacus, or Lucinda, or Gipsy, or Alexander? And yet I protest that against none of these persons do I bear malice, as imputed to me by the indignant Catherine.

It may be, Kate, that you were not unreasonably indignant. If I slighted you, it was more "from want of thought than any want of feeling." It is true that I did not so much as *mention your name* in that "Family Party." But I will not be so hard-hearted as to charge *you* with envy and jealousy.

And now, my friends of the Council, let me bring before your notice another instance of diversity of opinion. Touching that burlesque written by Blanche Alsington, our critics are strangely at variance. Quoth Caractacus. "I would bestow a word of *emphatic admiration* upon Blanche Alsington's *brilliant* burlesque." Quoth Leila S., "I wonder that the pen of *any lady* should have produced so *coarse* a burlesque." Allow me, with my usual assurance, to "decide where judges disagree." I fear that both of our friends have overstepped the bounds of prudence, and gone into extremes. The burlesque was *not* brilliant, Caractacus, at least to one who is familiar with the doings of Byron and Brough; nor is it strictly original, since its best pun is extracted from Tom Hood's ballad of "Faithless Sally Brown."

> "The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
> Enough to shock a saint,
> That though she did seem in a fit,
> 'Twas nothing but a faint."

But I, who can laugh vociferously at a Christmas pantomine, and go home and sleep the sounder afterwards, protest that it was *not* coarse and vulgar. Should it not rather be characterised as an amusing and cleverly-written trifle?

These two questions may be worthy of your consideration:—Was Blanche's burlesque brilliant, or was it coarse? Did your humble servant, in his "Christmas Story," aim solely at exciting your risible faculties, or was he prompted by those evil passions of envy and jealousy? Here are two prisoners arraigned at the bar. Let the President be the judge; let his Councillors form the jury. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, what is your verdict, and what thy judgment, O learned Daniel?

MAX.

MUSINGS.

AND the Heliotropes were faded,
And the wild dove's song was still,
And the wind and haze were braided,
With the dark around the hill.
And the moon looked white and chilly,
Like the ghost of some sea lily,
Gone to drift about the sky,
Charged with immortality!

But I thought of young moss-roses,
With their green spray round their breasts;
Sitting in its shadowy closes,
Just like laverocks in their nests.
But I thought of stars that quivered
(Where the cliffs are silver-rivered)
Like great drops of golden wine,
Scattered down from the Divine.

But I thought of mist-blooms dropping
In some lonesome purple lake,
But I thought of white swans stopping,
There to listen, half awake,
To the low, sweet whisperous wailing,
Of the water music, sailing
With the blue flags o'er its breast,
Toward the shore in search of rest.

And I thought of painted summers,
Flying through the airhouse woods;
Of delicious spicy murmurs,
Swimming airy amber floods.
But I thought of angel kisses,
Full of bright eternal blisses,
Waiting past the night for me—
But I thought of thee—*of thee.*

GEO. MATTHEWSON.

DEFINITIONS.

DISINTERESTED.

That which is evident in the feelings of the Editor towards the members of the "Family Council."
EWOL TENNER.

The President of our Council, while awarding the prizes.—C. T. RYE.

What, in all cases, we ought to be as far as concerns the business of others.—HONORIA.

1. A youth giving his seat, in a crowded theatre, to an old and ugly woman.
2. The Roman, Marcus Curtius, leaping into the gulf to save his country.—REBECCA.

What every member of our Council should be.
ANNA GREY.

1. Works that square truly with the Scripture plan,
And spring from love to God or love to man.
2. A mother's love.
3. A quality without which friendship belies its name.
4. The charity that "seeketh not her own."
LILY H.

1. Esteeming others better than ourselves.
2. Enjoying thoroughly the song or piece sung or played better than you could do it yourself.
3. Doing rightly, without troubling yourself about what others may think of it.—C. CROCHET.

1. To do good with a feeling heart without any mercenary motive.
2. Mr. Peabody's munificent gift to charity.
3. Prince Albert's general line of conduct during his valuable life.—SPECTATOR.

1. The heart that can for others feel,
And, self-forgetting, seek their weal.
2. Quite other than *uninterested*, being most interested in another.—GORGONIA.

1. Twin sister to generosity.
2. Florence Nightingale's care of our poor soldiers.
BUSY BEE.

The efforts made by the people of England to relieve the distressed operatives of Lancashire.
AMELIA.

The miser in the cause of the distressed operatives.—HORATIO.

Free from the rule of the specious tyrant, self.
CARACTACUS.

1. A mother's love.
2. They who "do good and lend, hoping for nothing again."
3. Florence Nightingale at Scutari.
KATE LESLIE.

The peasants who were reaping corn in the fields when the British army landed in the Crimea, and did not leave off work to look at them.—IVANHOE.

A cat's-meat man giving five shillings a-week to the distressed operatives (a fact).—LINCOLN.

1. A mother's love.
2. What a judge should ever be.
3. "I say, Georgie, the snap-dragon burns my fingers. If I give you my place, will you get the raisins out for me?"—NELLA.

Thoughtlessly granting a request, which, by so doing, you barter against your own desire.
CARMARTHEN.

The labours of the philanthropist.—MARGUERITE.

Contributions to the Lancashire Fund.
ST. CLAIR.

Ruth, chap. I., 16, 17, v.—IRENE.

1. The feeling which prompts us to give unto others what we often need ourselves.
2. A lifeboat's crew, having saved the lives of several of their fellow-creatures at great risk, refuse any reward or remuneration.
3. Nonchalance in a lesser degree.
4. I'm sure I don't care, it won't affect me in the least.—ELIZABETH H.

1. Forgiving an injury to a harmless enemy.
2. King Alfred sharing his last loaf with a beggar.—DORA.

1. Our Father's care for us all.
2. To be oblivious of self.
3. The purest source from whence our acts can spring.
4. The aim of philanthropy.
5. The laws of "the Court of Equity."
6. What the voice of conscience incites us to be.
7. True charity's garb.
8. What the acts of a judge should be.
9. Sinking self, in our earnest zeal for others.
10. Half brother to justice.
11. What a mother's love for her children should be.
12. The overseer of truth.—MIGNONETTE.

Foregoing one's own wants for the benefit of others
IAGO.

1. Rejoicing in the success of a rival.
2. Interest in all but self.
3. The pleasure of giving pleasure to others.
4. Richard the First's conduct to Prince John.
5. Sacrificing self at the shrine of generosity.
ISABEL.

1. True charity.
2. The labours of the Lancashire "Relief Committee."—LUCINDA B.

1 Florence Nightingale tending our wounded soldiers in the East.
2. Sisters of mercy.
3. A feeling not often displayed.
4. A young lady tending an aged relative who is *not rich*.—FORGET-ME-NOT.

1 Doing good to those from whom it is impossible to expect any return.
2. Inviting the poor, the blind, the maimed, and the halt to a feast.
3. Blest is the man who gives nor seeks return,
Disinterested love and charity within him burn.
4. A ragged school teacher.—JANE C.

A poor man giving of his poverty to aid the Lancashire distress.—FAN.

1. A word to too many members of the "Law," that seems never to have been rightly explained.
2. A small gem much to be valued in friendship.

1. The good Samaritan.—VIOLA.
2. Acting according to the impulse of the will, uninfluenced by ulterior motives.
EMMA BUTTERWORTH.

1. The utter abnegation of self.
2. The voluntary ragged-school teacher.
FLORENCE.

The conduct of a true Christian.—GILBERT A.

1. True charity.
2. A friend in deed, and a friend in need.
3. Love hand in hand with poverty.—MAX.

The conduct of the man who went down the deadly well to extricate his fellow-men.
LITTLE GIGGIE.

A characteristic only too seldom discoverable in our actions when tested in the crucible of conscience.—ILLA.

Miss Nightingale giving to the distress in Lancashire.—ADA.

1. The good Samaritan.
2. Charity and almsgiving.
3. Doing good without expecting any return.

TERRA COTTA.

Forgetful of self in behoof of another.

ADELINE A.

1. The actions of the good Samaritan.
2. Service rendered with the sole intention of doing a kind action.
3. A necessary qualification of genuine charity.

BUSK.

1. Nephew Bob recommending his maiden Aunt, (aged 86), to make her will.
2. He is too disinterested who does right regardless of self.
3. Garibaldi typifies it.
4. An M.P. voting for government in a critical division, next day receiving an appointment of £2,000 a year.
5. "Without fear or favour."
6. What I am in the "three per cents."

ZANONI.

The character of Lord Shaftesbury.

PAULINE S.

The quality of that deed which shows an utter abnegation of self.—KATRINE.

Jonathan's love for David.—JESSIE.

What no human being is.—GIPSY.

FRIENDSHIP.

A feeling towards all we ought to cultivate.

EWOL TENNEB.

1. A quality possessed by those who alone are truly amiable.
2. The first step to love.—CARMARTHEN.
1. The nursery for all the virtues.
2. A heavenly flower that earth will still produce.

NELLA.

Friendship is a golden tether,
Which bindeth kindred hearts together.

IVANHOE.

1. One of the greatest but rarest of earthly blessings.
2. Each other's thoughts and joys to share,
Each other's burden of sorrow to bear,
Each other's failings with kindness to view,
To be in the storm, as in sunshine, true;
Ever hand in hand—heart link'd to heart,
A bond which nought save Death can part.

KATRINE.

True friendship has, in short, a grace,
More than terrestrial in its face,
That proves it Heav'n descended.

A. LINCOLN.

The indissoluble personal communion resulting from spiritual affinity.—CARACTACUS.

1. Love without wings.
2. An oasis in life's desert.
3. A star shining through the clouds of adversity.
4. A chrysalis which often contains the butterfly, love.—KATE LESLIE.

An unseen link binding hearts together.

MARGUERITE.

The feeling that existed between Jonathan and David.—AMELIA.

A precious, though rare jewel, which should be kept in a golden casket.—BUSY BEE.

1. The band that binds two kindred spirits.
2. A receipt to halve a sorrow and increase a joy.
3. The sympathy which heightens joy and lighten sorrow.—GORGONIA.

The fruit of love.—JESSIE.

1. The attraction of earthly bodies.
2. The recognition of the soul's relationship.
3. Social gum.—GIPSY.
1. Love without its wings.
2. The cement of life.
3. The love of the mind.
4. All love's devotion, without its fickleness.

NELLIE.

Through reports evil and good,
Continue the brotherhood;
The distressed relieve,
Others faults grieve.
Succour the weak,
Of none evil speak.
For the sake of your friend,
The world's frowns endure,
Continue to the end,
Friendship so pure.—C. T. RYE.

1. The oak and ivy supporting and beautifying each other.
2. The rainbow shining more brightly the darker the cloud.
3. A charm that doubles our joys, and halves our sorrows.
4. A glorious opportunity to bear one another's burdens.—C. CROCHET.
1. The heaven-appointed medium for genial intercourse and mutual aid.
2. A union that bespeaks reciprocated duties and delights.
3. A provision for the supply of the natura craving for sympathy.
1. The most valued gem in the mind's coronal.
2. The feeling existing between Damon and Pythias.
3. Perfect confidence.
4. A union of our finest feelings.
5. Friendship is like the cobbler's tie,
That binds two souls in unity.
6. Materialised love.
7. A softener of the ills of life.—ANNA GREY.
1. Damon and Pythias.
2. Byron and Moore examples.
3. A bond of unity and love.
4. What good Christians feel for each other.
5. A balm to soothe the aching heart.

SPECTATOR.

Only to be met with in true friends.

STANTONVILLE.

Oh! friendship, sweetest, exquisite delight,
For fine according spirits form'd alone;
'Tis thine our feeling bosoms to unite,
And youthful hearts thy melting ardours own.

VIOLET.

The crowds whom we smiled with when gladness was ours,
Are summer's bright blossoms, and autumn's gay flowers;
But the friend on whose breast we in sorrow repose,
That friend is the winter's love, beautiful rose.

PAULINE S.

A beautiful chain, fragile, if composed of base metal; capable of enduring every strain if formed of the pure and true.—ILLA.

1. Unmoved by struggles, toils, or strife,
When based on virtue, ends not but with life.
2. A sweetener of the bitter cup of adversity.
3. The most noble sentiment, save love, that man can feel.
4. A flame that, when lit in the heart of the noble-minded dies out only with life.—ZANONI.

1. David and Jonathan.
2. The bond of affection and love.—BUSK.
1. Akin to love.
2. In full bloom at Christmas.—TERRA COTTA

1 Supports and strengthens the mind, and alleviates the pains of life.
2. Mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweetener of life, and soldier of society
DORA.

Love's pioneer—ST. CLAIR

1 A plant that will often bud and bloom,
When from light and verdure riven,
But though it may flourish on this side the tomb,
It can only flower in heaven.

2. A ship in which we embark a costly freight of hope, and trust to find it stranded on the shores of time, and overwhelmed by the waters of indifference.
3. "L'amour sans ailes"
4. The affection of David and Jonathan
5. A neutral tint, less rosy than passion, but more enduring than love.
6 An image that needs but a spark of Promethean fire to make it immortal—DAISY H.

1. The ship freighted with a rich and valuable cargo.
2. The speech of two fond hearts.
3. A pure and holy bond
4. Mutual trust.
5. A knot which, if once securely tied, we rarely wish unfastened.
6. As snow for purity, as iron for strength, as the stars for unity.
7. "A single soul inhabiting two bodies"
8. A strong and habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of each other.
9. David's love for Jonathan.
10 The soul's consoling angel.
11. The heart's dearest treasure.
12. Two earthly beings having one aim and end in view.
13. The "unity" that is strength.
14. Perfect confidence.
15. The cord which remains unbroken in our transition from an earthly to a heavenly state.
MIGNONETTE.

To assist a friend in time of need.—ADA

1. A commodity largely dealt in by the members of the Council.
2. A balm that will counteract the world's ill-usage.
3. Peace and good will among men—MAX.
1. The firmest earthly bond of union.
"Friendship was given us by nature as the handmaid of virtues, and not as the companion of our vices"—*Cicero.* GILBERT A.

A feeling which, I trust, is felt by all the F.F.C.'s.
LITTLE GIGGIE.

A very desirable ship to sail in company with o'er "life's stormy main"—EMMA BUTTERWORTH.

1. The union of two hearts, which, like Juno's swans, are uncoupled and inseparable.
2. A plant which grows slowly in the soil of reciprocal merit
3 Society's indissoluble cement.—FLORENCE.
That which existed between Damon and Pythias.
IRENE.

1. Cupid's master of ceremonies
2 A jewel often sought but rarely found
3. A sentiment strangely developed between London sausage-makers and all stray cats crossing their premises.
4. A feeling often shown between gentlemen and lamp-posts upon being a little "upset" by "that rich bit of salmon"—VIOLA
That which, if sincere, sweetens many of the ills of life—FAN.

1 A sunbeam that gladdens our pathway through life
2. A remnant of Eden
3 A golden thread that binds congenial souls together.
4 Mutual regard, founded on esteem and sympathy—JANE C.

1 The sweetener of the Marah-waters of life.
2 A rare gem, of which there are too many base counterfeits.
3 The bond uniting the Family Council.
4 A flower that blooms in the summer of prosperity, and which is strengthened or destroyed in the winter of adversity—LUCINDA B

1. A priceless jewel, when set in sincerity.
2. The stepping-stone to love.
3. A temple dedicated to constancy, which should ever be guarded by sincerity from the entrance of distrust or envy.—ISABEL.
1. That which is more frequently expressed than experienced
2. A strong link in the chain of affection.—IAGO.

True friendship is a Gordian knot,
Which angel hands have tied,—
By heavenly skill its texture wrought,
Who shall its folds divide?

In vain Death's all-triumphant sword
May strive the limbs to sever,—
The union of the twisted cord
In heaven shall last for ever.—ROSALIE.

The tie that unites us—HORATIO

1 A bond of union existing between two mortals, when strongly cemented by love, cannot be effectually severed only by death.
2. That which cheers and sustains many a drooping heart.
3. A jewel beyond price, not bought by the gold of the world.
4 "The shadow of evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life."—*La Fontaine*
ELIZABETH H.

1. Twin sister to love.
2. What the people of North and South America do not feel for each other.
3. A beam of light on life's rough pathway, shed by one we love.
4. What Jonathan and David felt for each other.
FORGET-ME-NOT.

PREVAIL.

Truth's ultimate result—FLORENCE.
1. A powerful influence used either for good or evil.
2. Gentle force.

3 The mute eloquence of a mother's tear over the heart of her erring child —ELIZABETH H

What Isaac did when he wrestled with the angel
EMMA BUTTERWORTH

What an earnest Christian endeavours to do, by his daily life and calling —FAN.

Our President a word has given,
Which must cause I think some frowns,
With Caractacus, I wish I could
Induce him only to give nouns.
JANE C.

1 The watchword of determination.
2 The Christian's excelsior.
3. The end of truth
4. Though wealth, fame, and fortune, alternately fail,
Disinterested friendship will ever prevail
ISABEL

1. The feelings of awkwardness evinced in a snob (by birth), upon being in the presence of gentility.
2 Intense disgust of Miss Lavinia Acidscrew, (spinster), upon seeing that affected puppy, Captain Oakland, paying attention to her young niece, Amy Lawrence
3 A hot temper unchecked in youth
4 Love of flirtation with some young ladies, upon being in any gentleman's presence
5. Kind wishes and loving kisses at Christmas
JESSIE

1 To conquer our weaknesses.
2 To battle with one's passions and effect a cure
3 To conquer or die
4 I came, I saw, I conquered —MIGNONETTE

The ultimate, though not always the present, prerogative of great truths —ILLA

What two combatants desire to be able to do
DORA

The wedge of perseverance, severing the rock of determination —ADELINE A

The sure consequence of determination and steady resolution —TERRA COTTA

1 What the two blind men determined to do when they knew that the Son of David was passing by.
2 The successful battering against a stubborn will.—BUSK

1 Distress does in Lancashire
2. 'Husband I want some change" Then ensues ten minutes coaxing, ended by tears,—and the lady does prevail
3 What Christianity is to do —ZANONI

Having solicited a much valued friend's Carte de Visite, and was refused, and, shortly after, making another request, when, to her great delight a beautiful likeness was forwarded —STANTONVILLE

The ambitious man's ardent desire —HORATIO

1 What we should do with individuals to obtain them as fresh subscribers.
2 What Philippa of Hainault did in begging of her husband the lives of the six men of Calais
3. The result of perseverance
4 What Julius Cæsar did in England
5 What Garibaldi has done over all hearts
6. God's laws over all minds, if not over all hearts —ANNA GREY.

1. What righteousness and truth are eventually destined to do.
2 The imperative fiat, in obedience to which the Divine purpose leaps to its accomplishment.
3. What both parties in the American contest are striving to do.
4. To win the laurel, and gain renown,
By bearing opposing forces down.—LILY H.

1 A result best obtained by adding perseverance to industry, and determination to both
2 To gain a position in spite of opposition
GORGONIA.

1 "To laugh at impossibilities, and cry, 'It shall be done!' —*C Wesley.*
2 To attempt great things, and expect great things
3 To overcome all hesitation, and lead a lady to the piano (or altar) in triumph —C. CROCHET

1 What Samson did over the lion.
2 What I hope health and prosperity will ever do in the home of every Councillor —BUSY BEE

Strength overcoming weakness —AMELIA.

1 What might frequently does when contesting against right
2. What truth must always do, in the end.
KATE LESLIE.

A prayer answered —MARGUERITE

What we should wish to see truth do
LITTLE GIGGIE.

Influence, power to gain and extend,
As must (who can doubt it?) our "Family Friend"
CARACTACUS.

At *your* request I will do so.—IVANHOE

1 The aim of the suppliant.
2 The limit of persuasion —GIPSY

1 What inclination should never do when opposed to right and reason.
2 What perseverance and industry always do
NELLA.

Pancakes on Shrove Tuesday —A. LINCOLN.

To overcome evil with good —IAGO

The sequel to perseverance —LUCINDA B.

1 The happy issue of a determination
2 To eradicate the opinions of a bigot
3 Coriolanus and Veturia "Mother, thou hast saved Rome, but lost thy son!"—CARWARTHEN

What is much resorted to when wooing—to win.
EWOL TENNEB

The power of the wind and waves over the skill and ingenuity of man —KATRINE.

What justice should do, and what we all hope the first class prizes will do for last year.
IRENE.

TRIPLE DEFINITIONS.

Disinterested friendship will ever *prevail.*
MAX.

Friendship is *disinterested*, only as it suffers love for another to *prevail* over love of self —DAISY H.

Friendship is a feeling that exists without any *disinterested* love, and where all united joys *prevail.*—HONORIA.

In the words of our President—"May *disinterested friendship* continue to *prevail* among us all"—TERRA COTTA

If *disinterested* our actions we'd have
When trouble our neighbours assail,
Let not the left know what the right hand bestows,
Such *friendship* will surely *prevail.*—IAGO.

"Lie quiet, my boy, till the lot behind have followed me," said Squire Neck-or-nothing, as he leaped over Dabbs in the ditch when hunting; "for although there is but little *friendship* between us, perhaps a feeling for your own safety will *prevail* with you to follow my *disinterested* advice"—CINDERELLA.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c.

18.

A youth walked by a maiden's side,
But not "in fancy free;"
For he in tender accents cried,
"My *first* I give to thee.

"If coldly you my suit receive
I shall be greatly vexed,
For stronger than you may believe,
My passion does my *next*."

The maiden gave a cold reply;
The youth he strode away;
And slow the hours that night went by,
And sleeplessly he lay.

And what think you disturbed his rest?
The love that tore his soul?
Ah, no! he supped on toasted cheese,
And suffered from my *whole*.

GORGONIA.

19.

'Tis in my *first* the Yankee rides;
My *next* is certainly not yours;
My *whole's* a colour mantling oft
In maiden's cheeks when with their wooers.

CARACTACUS.

20.—GEOGRAPHICAL QUESTIONS.

1. At what place should soldiers rest?
2. Where should Quakers reside?
3. What Irish town is suggestive of their jaunting cars?
4. Where would you expect all the people to be young?
5. What place is suggestive of candle ends?

BUSK.

21.

My *first* is a word of surprise
When danger is suddenly feared;
My *next* is to wander abroad
From the home in which we were reared;
And my *whole*, if you knew it, I ween,
Is a fruit on the table oft seen.

RUTHENPHARL.

22.

Sir Harry was young, and Sir Harry was gay,
In his youth was allowed to have much his own way;
So it followed, of course,
That his mind wanted force,
And his habits were bad, and could not have been worse.
On each little finger he wore a large ring,
He could hunt, and play billiards, could dance and could sing;
But some of his acts will not bear mentioning.
Now his conscience forbid him to look on the past,
And all his companions, of course, were my *last*,
And to say much in little, he lived rather "fast."
In his own world, you know,
He lived *comme il faut*,
For of every ball room Sir H. was *the* beau;
So the dowager smiled with a smile so bland
As she saw her young daughter give him her hand,
And in the dance stand.
For Sir Harry was rich, and Sir Harry was grand,
And his rivals allowed him to carry his point,
Though they would, if they could, put his *first* out of joint.
But how can that mother see him stand
By her spotless girl (with my *whole* in her hand),
And smile on him still with her smile so bland;
How can she do it? I can't understand.
Is she so blind as to contemplate
Making her daughter *his* future mate?
If such her design, then I'll "prognosticate"
That she'll find her mistake just a trifle too late.

MAX.

23.

a. When is a lamp like a lady provoked?
b. When is a dog like a town in Essex?—CARACTACUS.

24.

My 2, 5, 3, 4, is a hazard; my 3, 4, 5, 6, a close connection of the muscles; my 4, 5, 6, 7, more than one of the bovine species; my 6, 5, 6, 7, a numeral; my 4, 5, 3, 3, what 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, deserves; my 3, 5, 2, 7, a title for a king; my 2, 5, 3, 1, is to get up; my 2, 1, 3, 5, 6, is got from trees; my 5, 2, 1, displeasure; my 3, 5, 6, our legacy from Adam; my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, a talented F. F. C.

BLACKNESS.

25. SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

a. A conqueror, a pronoun, and a verb.
b. Five-eighths of a coin, rest, a circle, a constellation, and a consonant.
c. A coin, and part of an island.
d. Four-fifths of a proposition, rather more than half a body of soldiers, and an article.
e. A wild monarch, a consonant, and senile.
f. A bequest, a personal pronoun, and part of an auxiliary verb.
g. Iron, noise, and a conjunction.
h. A cipher, and three-fifths of a village.
i. A husbandman.
j. A conqueror, two-fifths of an insect, a noble piece of work, a vowel, and two-thirds of a measure.
k. A desire, the most important letter in the alphabet, and a title of honour.
l. A hamper and half a dress.
m. The beginning of a traitor's name, a vowel, and handsome.
n. Half a tree, and ourselves.
o. A good deal of joy, and two consonants.
p. A renowned conqueror.
q. A fish, and a French article.
r. Resolution, a letter that stands alone, and the last of a preserve.
s. An honourable distinction, part of a musical instrument, an article, and three-fourths of a town in Asia.

JANE C.

26.

Without my *first*, each plant and shrub
Would wither, droop, and die;
My *second* dwelleth in the sea,
By many thought a rarity;
When you have found these out, you'll see
My *whole*—a pretty little tree.

ELIZABETH H.

27.

My *second*, a parental name;
A female's name, if cut in two,
Will bring my *third* at once to view;
And either half will do, I ken,
If placed aright; and if so, then
My *whole*, which is these four combin'd,
A river in the States you'll find.

BUSK.

28.

You may find me, entire, on your head;
Deprived of my tail, on a tree;
And, afterwards beheaded, in a bed of celery.
CARACTACUS.

29.

My *first* is what's frequently drunk by gentility;
My *next* is a word which expresses ability;
My *whole* denotes what can be moved with facility.
GORGONIA.

30.

My 6, 5, 1, 3, 4, is a fish; my 2, 1, 5, 4, is a Scripture character; my *whole* is very useful to sailors. BUSK.

31.

I am a word of ten letters—my 5, 6, 2, 8, 5, is a wild flower; my 4, 2, 1, is a river; my 10, 9, 7, 8, is to repose; my 4, 5, 2, 10, 8, is a map; my 5, 9, 10, a pronoun; my 1, 2, 3, is one of God's noblest works; my 4, 2, 3, is a vessel; my 8, 6, 3, a number; and my *whole* is an English manufacturing town. FORGET-ME-NOT.

32.—MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

a. A friend of Æneas.
b. A famous marsh.
c. A giant, the son of Neptune.
d. A wife of Vulcan.
e. A lovely valley.
f. A noted hunter, also a constellatioa.

The initials name a furious goddess.
MIGNONETTE.

33.

My *first* is seen in every book,
And if in halls of state you look,
You'll doubtless find me there;
You never will my *second* find
When frost and snow all Nature bind,
And every tree is bare;
In town my *whole* collects a crowd
Of rich and poor, of vain and proud.
PAULINE S.

34.

King Henry the Eighth, when engaged in the chase,
Away from his servants had strayed;
Hungry and thirsty, he wished for some food,
(No matter how plain, if only 'twas good),
And rest, too, if such could be had.
So rousing himself, he then on his way
Proceeded, till soon, to his joy,
He saw a fine abbey, wherein he might hope,
After moderate use of hot water and soap,
With comfort my *first* to enjoy.
The abbot with kindness the stranger received,
And soon, to the monarch's relief,
Refreshment was brought, substantial and good,
Fish, pastry, and game, and most delicate food,—
'Mongst the rest a fine surloin of beef.
King Henry attacked the last-mentioned dish
With such eagerness that his host cried,
"Could I eat with the relish that you do this day,
A hundred pounds sterling I'd willingly pay,
And thanks to the doctor beside.
"My digestion is weak; such a joint as roast beef
I never could manage, I'm sure;
A piece of a wing, or a slice off the breast,—
Any small thing like that agrees with me best,
Beef or mutton I couldn't endure."
After thanking his host, King Henry returned
To his palace, and sent for his guard;
"Go, seize me the abbot that lives on the hill,
Bring him here safely, but do him no ill,
And put him securely in ward."
My *second* elapsed, the abbot began
To sigh for his dainties with grief;
He began to get hungry—a feeling till then
Unknown to his rev'rence, when one of his men
Brought in a fine sirloin of beef.
"'Tis my *whole*, please your rev'rence," the serving-man said;
The gratified abbot, with haste,
A hearty meal made on the generous food,
When, looking around, the king, he saw, stood
By his side, who thus him addressed:—
"Your physician I've been, my lord abbot," he said,
"To teach you the use of your knife;
A hundred pounds pay me at once, or you'll find
You'll have to submit, and make up your mind
To stay here all the days of your life."
The abbot, too glad at the chance of release,
The money consented to pay;
Let free, he returned to his abbey with speed,
And evermore after took very good heed
What he to mere strangers did say.
TERRA COTTA.

35.

To get a kiss I did my *first*;
I only wish'd my *second*;
The maid she bade me do my *whole*,
But quickly back she beckon'd.
BUSK.

36.

Ha! ha! I show just what your feelings would be
On meeting a ghost in a forest at night!
Now don't in a passion decapitate me—
You'll find, if you do so, I'm certainly *right*.
CARACTACUS.

37.

Three-fourths of a unit, and something that grows,
Which your horse has to eat now and then, I suppose.
(He certainly would, if he had what he chose.)
Make a wonderful creature that no country shows,
For that it is fabulous, every one knows.
GORGONIA.

38.

Take my *first* from my *second* my *whole* remains.
ELIZABETH H.

39.

Whole, I am a prickly shrub; behead me, I am a drinking vessel; transposed, I am one of the points of the compass. FORGET-ME-NOT.

40.

If you, in balmy summer time,
An apiary draw near,
Where busy bees the hours improve,
My *first* you're like to hear.
If many lodgings you frequent,
In London or elsewhere,
My *next* perhaps you'll come across—
It's neither rich nor rare.
And if you wish to find my *whole*,
Where shall I bid you look?
In puff or quack advertisement,
Or many a foolish book.

41.

Five letters compose me: there's really no knowing
How much of life's comfort to me you are owing.
Though under control, I'm so potent (don't doubt me)
That science and art would be crippled without me.
Behead me, and lo! the result of that course is,
I'm now representing a wagon and horses.
Now cut off my tail, and you'll surely be able
To place me in this shape at eve on your table.
When, strange though it seems, it is perfectly true,
My *original self* will be present there too!

CARACTACUS.

HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURES.

5.

The scene is a tent, pitched on a battle-field. It is night; the victory is decided, and the defeated are fleeing from their conquerors. Inside the tent, before a crucifix, kneels an aged man; and, by the flickering light of the fire, we can observe he is fervently thanking Heaven for the success he has witnessed, though so feeble to achieve. While his lips are yet moving, his solitude is disturbed by the entrance of one of the defeated soldiers, who, hastily drawing out a dagger, and, as a last act of revenge on the noble spirit before him, plunges it into his bosom, and, instantly retiring, leaves his victim dead on the ground. EDEN ROBINSON.

6.

The scene is the balmy shore of the blue Mediterranean. On the waters a boat is seen, sailing leisurely along; in it there is a company of youths, who are enjoying the fragrant breeze that is blowing from the coast, laden with a thousand delicious odours, when, suddenly, a squall arises, with all the fury peculiar to the region. The boat is in danger of being swamped, and the youths of meeting with a watery grave: but, suddenly, a youth of thirteen, who has been walking on the shore, enjoying the beauty of the scene, dashes into the waters, and strikes out manfully for the imperilled lads, whom he reaches, and ultimately rescues from a watery grave. A. ERSKINE.

7.

An army, after gaining a series of splendid victories, is encamped on the banks of a river. The king, who has so successfully led them on to battle, enters the water to bathe, and is swept away by the current and drowned before any of his brave followers could rescue him. ELIZABETH H.

8.

A party of men are slowly riding through a narrow mountain pass; the foremost of them (who holds the highest rank and is the leader) is suddenly stopped by a woman and her children, who kneel at his feet, and plead that her husband might be released from prison. At that moment an arrow, sped from an unseen bow, pierces the breast of the man. He falls from his horse mortally wounded, causing consternation among his followers. With great exertion he raises his drooping head from the ground, and, with his last breath, cries, "There is but one in the land who could have took such unerring aim!" and instantly expires. At the same time a shout is heard, resounding among the rocks, "The tyrant is dead! the land is free!" ELIZABETH H.

9.

In a magnificent palace a banquet is held. Twenty persons are seated at table. At the head sits a man in the prime of life, small in stature, but of fair open countenance. He is drinking excessively, pledging and drinking the health of each one individually. He now calls for a cup of great size. When filled, he drinks to the dregs; it is filled again—he again drinks—and immediately falls down insensible. In another apartment, the same individual lies on his death-bed. A raging fever is consuming him. A number of soldiers surround his couch: to one at his side he delivers a ring, which he has taken from his finger; he then holds out his hand for all to kiss. One of them asks him who was to be his successor. He answers, "The most worthy." Another inquires at what time they should pay him divine honours. "When you are happy!" says he, in a faint voice. Soon after he expires. EMMA BUTTERWORTH.

ANSWERS TO PASTIMES.

(*On pages* 86—88.)

1.—Dearth, earth.

2.—A. Lear. B. Edgar. C. Iago. D. Othello. E. Emilia. F. Miranda. G. Stephano. H. Trinculo. *Miseltoe.*

3.—Pa-nora-ma. 4.—Blacking. 5.—Pat-riot. 6.—Par-a-pet. 7.—A Shadow.

8.—*a.* Roast Beef. *b.* Mince Pie. *c.* Snapdragon. *d.* Charade.

9.—Cheat, heat, eat. 10.—Rogue, Apple, piG, Eye. 11.—Pal-ace.

12.—*a.* Truth. *b.* Henry. *c.* Earth. *d.* Christmas. *e.* Orange. *f.* Menagerie. *g.* Pollock. *h.* Love. *j.* Ivry. *k.* Martyr. *l.* Eternity. *m.* Nelson. *n.* Tennyson. *o.* Spurgeon. *p.* Oxford. *q.* Franklin. *r.* Thackeray. *s.* Hotspur. *t.* Earl. *u.* Summer. *v.* Emerson. *w.* Alfred. *x.* Outram. *y.* Nile. *The Compliments of the Season.*

13.—Handsome. 14.—Chill, hill, ill. 15.—Ben-edict-ion(ian). 16.—Fare-well. 17.—Broom, room.

HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURES.

1.—Cardinal Montalto elected Pope, 1535.

2.—The Death of King Hardicanute.

3.—Entrance of Leolf into the presence of Edmund the Pious.

4.—Coriolanus before the city of Rome.

ADVICE GRATIS.

(*The Hieroglyphic Letter.*)

Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and dishonesty; bear the pain of defeated hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl; wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown grey with unblemished honour, bless God and die.—*Heinselmann.*

LOVE AND DISCIPLINE; OR, TWO WAYS OF TEACHING.

CHAPTER IX.

A FATHER'S SUSPICIONS.

It was shortly after Célestin's departure that Rigobert had the visit from Solomon, of which we have given an account. With whatever temper and hostility he received this child, painful sensations were awakened in his mind by what had been said; he could not help associating them with certain irreconcilable circumstances and certain

words that escaped his son's lips, which threw him into a profound reverie. Surprised at his long silence, his daughters, busy at work, at last looked at him, and asked if he were suffering more than usual. Instead of replying to their question, the old man said to the eldest—

"Marine, you must go to my sister."

"Not to-night, father, it is too late; we cannot see to work any longer, and she lives at such a distance;"

"You can take Louise with you."

"The poor child is still more tired than I; besides, father, you cannot be left alone. It will be time enough to-morrow to go and thank her for——"

"For what, Marine? It is that which I cannot really say. You heard what the child, who is just gone, said; do not you suspect that something inexplicable has occurred? This lost watch—the address given by my sister—Célestin's agitation. Is it possible that, his request being refused, the unhappy creature—ah! I tremble at the thought of it, prison—death—what would that be to the sacrifice of honour?"

"Oh dear! what do you suspect, father? Has poor Célestin ever given you reason to suppose him capable of so base an action? Ah! do not let my aunt, or any one, know that you have even imagined it. If I were to go this evening for an explanation, she would perhaps guess your anxiety, and, right or wrong, my brother would certainly be lessened in her estimation."

"These are cautions to which I yield, believing him innocent, Marine; but be assured that if I thought him guilty I would be the first to desire his punishment. I could not even forgive myself for remaining in this uncertainty. To-morrow I must search into this matter, and you must see my sister before your brother returns."

Marine, without opposing her father any more, went to bed in the hope that night would calm him, and that her brother would arrive soon enough to justify himself fully, without having recourse to others; but Rigobert, whose anxiety had not permitted him to close his eyes, woke his daughter at sunrise, and again desired her to go to the florist. Marine, compelled to obey, got ready as slowly as possible, and at last went down stairs. However, instead of going directly where her father sent her, she waited in the street for Célestin's return, who indeed soon appeared, and asked her, with surprise, what she did there so early.

"I am waiting for you to go with me to our aunt."

"What folly! replied Célestin, quickly. You have no business with that woman."

"I must at least obey my father, who has charged me to convey to her his thanks for her kindness yesterday."

"This is insufferable obstinacy! I tell you she does not wish to see any of us."

"Is that possible?"

"Very possible. She told me so in plain terms."

"How can any one lend money to people whose presence is so displeasing. To a brother! No, Célestin, that is unnatural, and I am persuaded she would be angry at our taking her at her word. I shall therefore go."

"Once more, Marine, that cannot be; let us go up stairs again together, perhaps, I shall be able to make my father understand."

"Before going into his presence, let me tell you of a circumstance that occurred yesterday, after you left for Neuilly."

Célestin, frightened, dropped his sister's hand, which he held, and asked her, in a low voice, what she meant. His change of countenance troubled the poor girl, but that not being a suitable spot for conversation of this kind, they went down the street and gained the Boulevard, where there were then but few people. There, Marine related to him the interview between her father and Solomon, and the strange suspicions which had been awakened by it; she saw the young man's countenance fall, as she proceeded, his whole frame shook, and he struck his forehead with an air of despair. Terror seized her also.

"You do not say anything, brother," she said, "alarmed at his silence. "Perhaps you are offended? The youth did not accuse you, he only wanted information from you."

"All will be discovered," he said, in a low voice.

"Célestin—cannot you give me any comfort? My dear brother, is it possible that you have——" Marine dared not pronounce the word.

"Has my father cursed me?" asked the young man, wildly.

"Oh, why should he? you give me dreadful pain."

"Adieu, Marine."

"Where are you going?"

"I am going—to drown myself."

"Oh, my brother! my dear brother! whatever you may have done, take pity on yourself, remember there is a God above; do not drive me to despair."

Whilst saying this she clung to him, in order to prevent his escaping, but the fragile creature was unable to compete with a youth whose reason had left him. He gave her a violent push, and started off at a rapid pace. Marine endeavoured to follow him, suppressing her tears as well as she could, and the sobs that choked her, sometimes running quickly, and sometimes struggling with the impediments in her way. Avoiding public attention as much as possible, the poor girl would perhaps never have succeeded in overtaking him, had not Célestin been arrested in his progress by an acquaintance, and obliged to enter into conversation with him, little thinking that so trifling an event would be attended with such important results. This circumstance gave Marine time to reach her brother, but, overcome with fear and running so quickly, she fell to the ground fainting. Célestin, greatly surprised, supposing her far off at this moment, touched by her determination to follow him, raised her, weeping, and carried her to a neighbouring shop, where she received every requisite attention.

Célestin's friend, much astonished, asked him how his sister came there, and what had occasioned such a sudden illness. He, at the same time, discovered a wildness in the young man he had not before observed. Marine, on returning to consciousness, explained the mystery partly to him, for, but little satisfied with her brother's protestations, she said, in a low voice, to the stranger: "For the love of God, if you take any interest in this unhappy young man, do not suffer him to leave you, he is seized with despair and intends to drown himself."

"Drown himself!" repeated the friend, horrified. "What! Célestin, was it that which made you run so fast as almost to upset me? No, no, I do not leave you until I know what is on your mind."

"Pardon a moment of frenzy," replied the young man, hanging down his head.

"A word is not enough for me," replied the friend; "I shall take you to your father."

"That is impossible; I cannot appear before him—my sister knows that well."

"What great fault have you committed? Both of you are silent! Ah! my children, you must tell me this matter, if you wish me to assist you. I am a father, also, and it is vain for me to guess. I do not see what could make me inexorable towards one of my children."

"I shall never have the courage to reveal my disgrace to you," said Célestin, covering his face.

"It is at least a good sign that you feel it so keenly."

They had continued walking, whilst conversing thus; the friend, who was a countryman, a gardener by trade, and an old acquaintance of Rigobert, being near his lodgings, made the brother and sister accompany him there, and having seated them in a retired nook, again entreated Célestin to open his whole mind to him.

CHAPTER X.

THE CONFESSION.

THE man, by whom Célestin and Marine were accompanied, was older than the former, yet much younger than their father, had formerly worked under Rigobert, to whom he partly owed his knowledge of horticulture. In his turn he had had the young man for some time as his apprentice, whose confidence he endeavoured to gain, and from whom he parted only on account of his natural giddiness, which prevented his settling to anything—not from any disagreement. Such was the tie which existed, or rather had existed, between them, for they had lost sight of each other since that time, so that the man in question did not recognise Marine, who was now a grown-up, sensible girl. It was not without difficulty that his earnest entreaties at last obtained from Célestin the details of his sad adventure.

"Since you insist upon it," said the young man, in despair, "hear, then, my disgrace, although it is very hard to be compelled to accuse oneself, and I do not see what benefit I shall derive from it, notwithstanding your kind intentions. Know, however, that what I have done was not to obtain the smallest indulgence for myself; solely to prevent my father from losing his liberty."

"His liberty! Jean Rigobert!" exclaimed the friend. "Some debt, no doubt! but how can this be? I knew him in easy circumstances."

"Things have greatly changed since then," replied Marine, sorrowfully, "our mother's death was to us the harbinger of numberless misfortunes, which have ensued one after the other, without giving our father time to recover his ground, so that he has no longer either health or fortune."

"I was not aware of these disasters, my poor children, or you would have seen me long ago; for if it be allowable to neglect friends in prosperity, it is unpardonable to abandon them in adversity. Your father was so good to me in my youth that it is right I should think of him now. It is true I am hardly in a position to assist him, as the garden I cultivate is not my own, and I have not always the money to pay the rent when due, but professions of affection cost nothing. Otherwise I should have been able to find you a good place as gardener, Célestin, if, as it seems, you are out of employ."

"Alas!" replied Célestin, hanging down his head, you are now touching a tender point. My sad vacillation is the cause of my trouble, I have tried so many trades——"

"That you do not know one, my boy. And it must be so, as the proverb says, 'He who undertakes too much succeeds in nothing.' I would add that it is a great pity, for when you left me you were beginning to understand the pruning of fruit trees, which is very important. However, you are not yet too old to make amends for time lost; you had better take your spade again, if it were only to weed a garden, than throw yourself into the river because you are miserable."

"But our poverty is not the sole cause of my despair, although it is that which has driven me to it. Do you not know that one step involves others? Having made a bad bargain in renting too high a barren piece of land, my father contracted a debt, which rendered him liable to an arrest, and it was necessary to use every means to procure the money. From the little confidence that a family inspires who have not even a bed to lie down upon, there was no one to whom we could look but Madame Daran, my father's sister. Her husband left her some rents and a good business as florist, which she carries on with equal success and economy. It was to her, therefore, that my father sent me. After having humbly explained the object of my visit and received her first refusal without being altogether discouraged, I listened patiently to the bitter reproaches she heaped on me for not being able to support my family at my age, and prefering, to honest industry, the disgraceful occupation of a beggar. Yes, my sister—yes, my friend, that is the term she applied to me, her own nephew! I felt the blood boil in my veins."

"May God forgive her the insult!" said Marine.

"She rather deserves to be punished for it," replied the kind gardener, but there are people like her, who, in opening their purses, think they have at least a right to treat you with contempt, just as we do with land of a bad quality, which we cover with manure to improve it.'

"Would to heaven your comparison suited her case! but you will see it does not bear upon it. I suppressed my anger, feeling that I had no right to contradict her, and again addressing her as politely as possible, I said it was not for myself I came to solicit her, that my father ought not to suffer for my faults, and that I could not believe she would allow him to be taken to prison for the paltry sum of 200 francs. 'A paltry sum!' she exclaimed, 'that is truly the language of idle dissipated people! It will be a long time before Célestin Rigobert can earn it. Only the industrious know the real value of things. This sum, although it may appear small to you, I could not afford just now, having engagements of my own to meet.' 'If you have it not yourself, aunt (which I said thoughtlessly, but in order to leave her without excuse), I am sure you would find it in the purse of your friends. Who would dare to mistrust you!' 'No one, I hope, nephew; but do you know why? Because I am a provident person, paying everybody and owing nothing. Be assured, then, that I will not risk my good reputation on your account, or of those belonging to you. I am sorry for my brother's misfortunes. Had he been ruled by me, he would have married, upon my recommendation, a wife whose fortune was derived from a good estate. Now I cannot give him what I have not.' 'At this moment a young gentleman came in to purchase a pot of flowers, and Madame

Daran took this opportunity of dismissing me. I was dismayed, indignant, persuaded that I should get nothing from that cruel woman; but, thinking of my father, I could not make up my mind to go away without another appeal. I, therefore, placed myself in a corner close to the door, to wait until she had concluded her business. From that spot I saw the youth, who appeared to be at most but fifteen years old, take from his pocket a handkerchief, in which was something which I mistook for money, wipe his face, and then place it on a case near me."

Here Célestin's voice faltered—his words were pronounced with difficulty—he dared no longer raise his eyes; and they who listened to him, guessing but too well what he was going to say, partook of his embarrassment and avoided looking at him. The kind man even wished him to abridge his painful recital.

"No," replied Célestin, bursting into tears, "it is right you should know how gradually I fell into this abyss. You will, perhaps, better understand what it has cost me."

The tears he shed having somewhat relieved him, he proceeded—

"The idea of taking possession of the handkerchief did not come into my mind at once, nor even when the child went away without taking it; for, wholly absorbed in my cruel aunt, I did not notice his thoughtlessness, but, refused a second time, with more harshness than before, I seized my basket and the handkerchief which was near, at the same time, and went out quickly. Even then, I was so far from meditating a bad action, that my first care was to look for the youth, in order to restore what belonged to him. I looked in vain; I could find him nowhere. You will, perhaps, ask me why, instead of taking the handkerchief unknown to Madame Daran, I did not give it to her, as it was most probable the youth would soon return to ask her about it? What shall I say to you? Satan inspired me with a proud desire to prove to the son of a rich man, which the young gentleman seemed to be, that my rags covered an honest heart. Perhaps a hope of reward mingled with it; but, as I said, the devil took possession of me, as the sequel will show. Curiosity prompted me to unfold the handkerchief. I found in it—not money, but a box, in which was a new gold watch, such as ladies wear. My first thought at the sight was that what I held in my hand would pay my father's debt. It took such hold of me that I could not shake it off. I should have been afraid of robbing any one of a sum of money; but a trinket appeared to me a superfluity of no consequence. The paper in which the watch was enveloped having an address, which I supposed must be that of the owner, I said to myself, by way of encouragement, that, one day or other, I would return the price of it, as that was my father's intention, had his sister consented to his request. I, therefore, turned my steps homeward, drowning thought as well as I could to avoid reflection, but arrived at our door, I wondered what sort of reception my father would give me; and, with regard to this act, it was impossible for me to deceive myself. All I could say would never make him believe that a theft was a loan, and I knew that the prospect of the gallows would not make him swerve from his principles. I must have the price of the watch, in order to make him believe the lie I was meditating, but not knowing its value I was afraid of betraying myself. The sight of a pawnbroker's shop put an end to my wavering."

Célestin concluded his recital by the detail of what he had suffered to hide from his family his trouble, shame, and sorrow. He had lost no time in employing this unfortunate money to relieve his father from the fearful debt, imagining that his conscience would be easier; but this hope was delusive, remorse seized upon him like a vulture, and discovery so quickly followed his crime, that he saw no remedy but death.

"No, no, young man," replied the gardener, "it is not when under the weight of crime that we should long for death. Have you then more fear of man than of God? Is it not the height of madness to risk one's eternal salvation, for the sake of, I suppose, a few months' imprisonment? You say it is less punishment than infamy that you wish to avoid; but, dear me! the opinion of sinners, like yourself: how can it be compared to the terrible judgment of God? We need not be very learned to understand that."

"You are right, my friend," said Célestin, pressing his hand. "Whatever be the consequence, I must live to repent. My only resource is to enlist, for I shall never see my father again."

"You say that you know the owner of the watch," continued the friend, "and it is only pawned for the sum of——"

"Two hundred and fifty francs."

"If you could redeem and restore it, that would be sufficient, would it not?"

"Yes, but there is the difficulty. The creditor would not return the money, were our whole family even to be put in prison."

"No, but if a friend lent you that sum? Come, Célestin, let us understand each other; I can be that friend."

"You!" exclaimed the young man, with surprise, "did not you tell me just now——"

"That I am not well off, and such is the case. But if poor folks do not help each other, who will think of coming to their assistance? Should I not be delighted if your father did for one of my children, what I am doing for you? A first fault in life is like a blight on the tree; if it be destroyed at once, it is nothing, but if it be permitted to increase, then the tree is ruined."

"Oh, my generous friend!" replied Célestin, "my deliverer! my father! what shall I, on my part, do, to prove my gratitude?"

"I will tell you, my boy, and I hope you will think me reasonable. I have no one to help me in my garden but a son, still very young, although the little fellow knows more than I do on many points. Consider these two hundred and fifty francs as wages paid in advance, and come to work for me, at the usual rate of payment, until the debt is liquidated. Do you agree to this?"

"May God reward you!" said Marine, with tears in her eyes.

"I am at your service for the rest of my days, if required," continued Célestin, but have you reflected upon the uncertainty of life? We are ruined, and if anything were to happen to me, your money would be lost."

"Well, let us leave that to God," replied the gardener. "Give me your hand, it is a settled point, nothing remains but to arrange matters with Rigobert, I will see to the rest, that is to say, the restitution of the watch."

CHAPTER XI.

THE PRISONER OF FEAR.

At six o'clock the following morning (a day so much dreaded by Solomon) Angelique slept soundly, when she was awoke by hearing her name called in a suppliant tone. She raised herself up quickly in bed, and, listening, recognised her brother's voice.

"Angelique! sister!" he said, in an under tone, "open the door directly, I entreat; I have a favour to ask of you."

Prompted by curiosity, uneasiness, and a desire to oblige, the little girl hastily put on a morning wrapper, and immediately let in her brother, whose pale face, eyes red, from want of sleep, and downcast countenance, struck her with astonishment.

"Are you ill, my poor Solomon?" she asked.

"Oh, very ill, I assure you. In the first place, I have not closed my eyes all night, and have been up ever since daybreak, forming a thousand plans, without having the courage to carry one into execution. My first intention was to go to St. Cyr, and for that purpose I rose early."

"What do you want to do there?"

"Angelique, I have but one end in view—namely, to avoid M. Philéas, at least until Madame Olympe undertakes to appease his anger, and obtain my pardon."

"What great fault have you committed?"

"The idea of asking such a question! Has sleep made you forget last night's adventure? You are indeed fortunate, sister," added he, sighing.

"And you very easily alarmed, brother. You are like the hare in the fable, which was put to flight by everything."

"Is it, then, nothing, in your opinion, to lose a watch worth three hundred francs, one intended as a present for Madame Olympe? Is it nothing to abuse the confidence reposed in me, and, at my age, to display the giddiness of a little girl of six?"

"What a fuss you make about that," said Angelique, bursting out laughing.

"To laugh when I am in despair, that is too bad."

"But, my poor boy, what would you have me say? My tears, if I could cry, would not restore to you either the watch or your good reputation. If I were in your place, instead of vexing myself, I should say to M. Philéas, 'I am exceedingly sorry for my fault; the recollection of it will keep me from committing a similar one. However, I am young, and you must forgive me, were it only in consideration of the errors you may have committed at my age.'"

"A fine speech! And do you think it would be heard?"

"Why not? I have often said almost the same to my godmother."

"You know well, Angelique, that our training is different. Madame Olympe considers you too young to be thoughtful, and M. Philéas thinks me too old to be a child."

"We are, however, of the same age, Solomon."

"Yes, but not of the same sex. You may get angry for nothing, cry at the least scratch, do foolish things and laugh at them, fly into a passion about a fine dress, despise the sciences—"

"Do I do all that?"

"I am not saying you do, but that you *may*, whilst I, taking Cato for my model, must neither laugh nor cry, nor care about dress, nor yield to pain, and am compelled to make study my recreation."

"I must confess, my little philosopher, that you are somewhat proud, if you think you can accomplish all these great things."

"If I do not accomplish them, I shall at least endeavour to do so, because it is my duty, as my guardian insists upon it. But I am losing time in talking thus, when I should have told you the object of my visit. Can you hide me anywhere?"

"Certainly, although I do not see the necessity of it."

"Only until Madame Olympe's return."

"It is a curious idea, but I consent willingly; besides, nothing amuses me so much as seeing a search made for any one."

"Nobody will look for me, Angelique," he replied, sorrowfully; "M. Philéas is not a person to vex himself for the loss of such a little boy as I."

"My godmother would have a nervous attack on such an occasion."

"That may be, she is a lady; men ought to have more firmness."

"Whether one wears a coat or a gown," replied Angelique, impatiently, "is it possible to help having a heart, which loves those who love us?"

"M. Philéas says that the affection of women is like a piece of water, exposed to every wind; but that ours should resemble a deep well, the surface of which nothing disturbs."

"Yet it seems to me that you greatly fear the wrath of this deep well. Do you anticipate he will be severe with you—that he would even ill-treat you?" added Angelique, lowering her voice.

"Oh, no! it would be for the first time in his life. But, although he has never laid a finger upon me, it is impossible for me to express how his presence awes me. Think what it must be when I am conscious of having incurred his displeasure? Oh! hide me, I entreat!"

"Poor boy, you grieve me. Let us see, where shall I put you?"

"In the closet that communicates with the dining-room."

"That is a good plan; scarcely any one goes there, yet it is very dark; the window is always shut, daylight hardly penetrates between the splints of the blind. If I attempt to raise it, that will, perhaps, create suspicion."

"It matters little to me whether it be light or dark, Angelique, provided no one comes there to look for me before Madame Olympe returns."

"I am afraid that Hersilia is now at work in the room which leads to it."

"No; I saw her come out with a basket on her arm, and I availed myself of the opportunity of coming."

"Very well; let me first ascertain that Dominique and the cook cannot discover us, and then I will conduct you to your hiding-place."

She had soon completed her search; and, seeing nothing to frighten them, she returned to tell her brother. They both repaired to the dark closet, walking on tip-toe.

"Now," said Angelique, laughing, "here you are my prisoner. It rests with me

either to reduce you to bread and water, or feed you on biscuits and confectionery; but just now you must go without both, because I have not the key of the pantry, which vexes me, especially as you made such a poor dinner yesterday. As soon as Hersilia comes back I will try to get you something."

"Oh, that does not trouble me," said Solomon. "Sorrow takes away my appetite."

"For a boy who adopts Cato as his model, this, my dear brother, is showing very little courage. I, who am of the sex that you and M. Philéas despise so greatly, I am not so easily depressed."

"There is no harm in being ashamed of one's faults, Angelique."

"Nonsense, if you had yourself stolen the watch, you could not be more unhappy. Good bye. Try to take courage, and to amuse yourself as well as you can. Hersilia must not discover us. Depend upon me for playing my part well."

The servant had indeed no idea of what had passed in her absence, nor was she astonished to find Angelique dressed earlier than usual, knowing that she wished to buy the work-bag, which she intended for her god-mother.

"If you did, from the love of what is right, half of what you do for gratifying your inclination," said the servant to her, "we should only have to praise you."

"Why do you thus reflect upon me, Hersilia?"

"Do you forget what you are told daily to no purpose, that a little girl should rise early, instead of giving way to indolence? You do not keep your bed the less on that account; but, for the gratification of a whim, you can easily leave it. The purchase of a work-bag makes you active this morning."

"You treat as a whim the proper wish I feel to give my god-mamma pleasure. I did not expect this from you."

"You are very clever in warding off a reproof, Angelique. I am sure you can be acceptable to your god-mamma without flowers and a work-bag, by showing more docility and zeal in improving your temper and education."

"She has not, I suppose, instructed you to tell me so," replied Angelique, drily. "However, you will see that this morning, at least, your sagacity is at fault. Although dressed so soon I do not intend to go out. I have been thinking that the dahlia is good enough without anything else. I shall not buy the bag."

"It is not more beautiful than it was last night, and you are wrong not to add some useful thing to an object of mere fancy. I have completed my household affairs early, in order to be ready to accompany you. Take my advice, and make haste."

"No. I tell you I shall not go out."

"Why?"

"Because—I do not wish."

"But, when I tell you that your plan was good, what reason have you for giving it up?"

"One moment we wish for a thing—the next we do not. It seems to me that this does not require explanation."

"Do you know what that vacillation of desire is called?"

"Call it what you please It does not signify to me."

"What! is it nothing to you to pass for a capricious and whimsical girl, less reasonable than the meanest animal? For even the butterfly—the emblem of frivolity—has an end in view in flying to the right hand sooner than to the left."

"You say so, but you know nothing about it."

"Excuse me. Instinct is a ray of light given by God to the animal for its guidance; and, as it never fails, we must conclude that this instinct is as perfect as its Author."

"Dear me, Hersilia, you are very learned this morning," exclaimed the little girl, ironically.

"I only repeat what I have heard my teachers say many times. You would know more about it than I, if you listened to them with equal attention."

Angelique was about to reply, perhaps with some fresh impertinence, when Dominique's voice was heard.

"Does not some one call you?" she said to Hersilia.

"Yes, it is Dominique. I charged him to tell me when his master could be seen."

"What have you to say to him?" replied Angelique, with some disquietude.

"Do you think I am inclined to tell you? You have your business, and I have mine also."

"I am coming, Dominique, I am coming."

"First, give me the key of the pantry," said Angelique, detaining her.

"The key! for what? It is not breakfast time. Besides, I shall not be long with M. Philéas."

Angelique allowed her to go up stairs without knowing how to justify her request.

THE VALENTINE.

So to day is the 14th of February, thought pretty Clara Edwards, as she opened her eyes on Valentine's day, 1854, and she sighed as she thought of the events of the past year; and almost wept when she remembered that it was useless expecting a letter written in the dear familiar hand-writing that had addressed so many to her.

"Come Clara, make haste!" exclaimed her cousin Emily as she rapped at the door. Don't you hear the postman's knock, and aunt declares that if there are any letters for you, you shall not have them brought to you."

"Actually six, Clara," said her brother John, as she entered the breakfast-room; "Why you little puss, more than the rest of us have had put together."

Clara turned the letters listlessly over, evidently they had no attraction for her, one falling upon the floor, she raised it, exclaiming, as she looked at the writing, "It is from Fanny:

"Myrtle Cottage, Feb 14.

"My dearest Clara,—How could you be so cruel, but you must rescind your unkind determination. What would my birth-day party be without your presence—so come you must *ma belle*. You remember the old custom, the first person you see on this memorable day is to be your Valentine for the year. Oh Clara! close your eyes and do not open them till after your arrival in my little boudoir. *Au revoir*.

"Yours ever,

"FANNY TEMPLE.

"P.S. Bring all the valentines you receive in the course of the day."

Clara sighed as she finished perusing this epistle, for thronging through her mind came memories of that last Valentine's party, the event of which she so bitterly regretted. About a year and a half before the day on which our story commences, Clara was betrothed to Ernest Huntley, a young barrister, whom she had known from childhood. For a short time the course of true love ran smooth enough, but clouds soon obscured their happiness.

A beautiful girl with fascinating manners, it was not wonderful that Clara should excite universal admiration. Neither was Ernest displeased that it should be so, if it had ended here, but Clara showed that she was pleased with

admiration, and was easily led into a flirtation. Several quarrels ensued between these lovers, and Ernest declared that the next time she trifled in like manner, he should consider their engagement broken.

They had received invitations to Fanny Temple's Valentine party in 1853, but owing to some of his professional affairs, Ernest was unable to become Clara's escort. At this party Clara met with a Mr. Rushton, a former admirer, by whom she was drawn into a flirtation. While waltzing with him in the latter part of the evening, she suddenly saw Ernest standing beside her. He gazed on the astonished girl, for a moment, with an expression of contempt, turned from her, and left the room. She saw him no more. The next day a packet of her own letters to Mr. Huntley were delivered to her; and she heard that he had left Glasgow, with no intention of returning.

Poor Clara, long and bitterly did she repent the fault which had occasioned her this loss. She now discovered for the first time how well she loved Ernest. During the past year she had resisted the persuasions of her friends, to participate in their festive entertainments, but though this year had been a sad one to her, still it was not without its beneficial effects. She had learned to think, to weigh her words, her actions. Clara Edwards, as we see her on this Valentine's morning, was of an entirely different character to she who had been Ernest Huntley's affianced. From this Valentine party she had especially shrank, and she was surprised that Fanny, who was acquainted with all the facts of the case, should repeat her invitation. The latter part of the letter, too, puzzled Clara exceedingly. What could Fanny mean!—who was Clara to meet in her boudoir?

A thought, a hope suddenly arose; but it was crushed at once; it could not be. Still as Fanny so much desired her presence, on her birthday, she would overcome her feelings of reluctance and accompany her sister and cousin to Mr. Temple's house.

The evening arrived. Clara stood in Fanny's boudoir—"Positively, dear Clara you are more pretty than ever," said the latter as she left her. Fanny's words were true, for though Clara's features were divested of the bright sparkling beauty by which they were formerly characterised, still that was more than compensated by the spiritual expression that now reigned on her sweet face. Clara remained alone for a few moments, then the door was opened, a step was heard, that well remembered step, Clara raised her eyes, and was clasped in Ernest's arms.

MAY B.

THE LOCKED DOOR: A TALE OF TERROR.

"Now, then, nursey, I want a story," said little Emily Price. "You know you promised me one, if I put away my toys and if I didn't tease the kitten any more."

"Well, and what sort of a story shall it be, Miss Emily?" said nurse. "Shall I tell you about the Black Bull of Norway, or the Three Little Pigs who wore Red Nightcaps, or what?"

"No! I m tired of those stories," said Emily. "Tell me a true story this time, nurse; something about yourself."

"Well, then," said nurse, "go and get your stool, and sit down quietly; and then I'll tell you a story of something that really happened to me. It was at my first place, when I was quite a girl," said nurse, as soon as Emily was seated at her feet, "in the country, at the house of a Mr. Vernon; and, as the cook had got a holiday to go and see her friends, and the master and missis were both gone out to dinner, you see there was nobody at home but Mr. Wilfred and Miss Blanche, the eldest son and daughter, and Elizabeth, the upper-housemaid, and me. Well, it was between nine and ten, and we had tidied up the kitchen, and were sitting at our needlework, when Elizabeth says—

"'Lor, Jemima, didn't you hear a noise at the back door?'

"'No,' says I, 'I didn't,' for it was some way off from the kitchen, and you had to go down a long passage, past the pantry and scullery, to get to it.

"'Well,' says he, 'I'm sure I heard something. Should you mind just going to see that the fastenings are all right?'

"'Not a bit,' says I; though the honest truth was I didn't much like the job, as there had been a good many robberies lately. Well, just as I had taken up the candle, all at once, we heard one of the doors in the passage shut with a loud slam. Elizabeth, she set up a shriek, and ran out, and I after her; and we both rushed into the parlour where Mr. Wilfred and Miss Blanche were sitting.

"'Wilfred' says Miss Blanche, when she heard our story, 'you had better go and see if anything is really the matter.'

"'I don't believe there is anything at all,' says her brother. 'Its only the cat, or the wind; and I'm not going to disturb myself for that.'

"'I believe you're afraid, Wilfred,' says Miss Blanche. 'Give me a candle, and I'll go myself.'

"'Oh, I've no objection,' says Mr. Wilfred; 'only mind and scream out if you see anybody.'

"'Stuff and nonsense!' says she; and away she went as bold as brass. We heard her go along the passage and as far as the back door, and then she came back, looking rather serious.

"'Well,' says Mr. Wilfred, 'what is it, after all!'

"'I'm afraid there really are thieves in the house,' answered Miss Blanche, 'for the back door is open and the pantry door is fastened inside.'

"'Good heavens!' exclaims Mr. Wilfred, catching up the poker. 'We shall all be robbed and murdered.'

"Elizabeth was just going to set up a scream, when Miss Blanche clapped her hands over her mouth.

"'Hold your tongue, you foolish girl,' says she, 'and listen to me. You, or Jemima, must run out, as quick as you can, down the road to Mr. Herbert's, and ask him to come here, as quick as possible, with his gun.'

"I looked at Elizabeth and she looked at me, and Miss Blanche could see pretty plainly we neither of us much fancied the job.

"'Well,' says she at last, 'it seems I must go myself. At any rate, I suppose you won't be afraid to open the house door when I come back.'

"'But suppose there are some more of the gang waiting outside,' says her brother, 'you may be robbed and murdered directly you leave the house.'

"'Look here,' says Miss Blanche very quietly; and what do you think she did? She went to the sideboard, opened the drawer were the knives and forks were kept, and took out the carving knife. 'Look here,' says she again, as she twisted her handkerchief round the handle to get a firmer hold, 'this will protect me while I go to the Herberts'; and, when I come back, I shall have a man and a gun besides.'

"And with that she threw her cloak over her shoulders, and away she went. I don't think she was gone more than a quarter of a hour altogether; but I know it seemed to me at least double the time as we waited for her, none of us saying a word, but listening to hear if the thieves were coming out upon us yet; and you may fancy, Miss Emily, how rejoiced we were to hear her come in with Mr. Herbert.

"'Come along, my dear fellow,' says Mr. Wilfred, who got very bold all at once; 'we'll go and beat up the scoundrels' quarters, if they won't surrender. You know you will be quite justified in shooting them.'

"'All right,' says Mr. Herbert; and away we all went to the passage leading to the pantry-door.

"'Come out, you rascals!' shouts Mr. Herbert, 'or I shall fire through the door.'

"'Stop, stop,' says Mr. Wilfred. 'It's an awful thing to shoot one's fellow-creature. Perhaps they'll come out quietly if I speak mildly to them.'

"'Aye, do,' says Miss Blanche; and then Mr. Herbert can shoot them easily when they open the door.'

"'Blanche, I am ashamed of you,' says her brother. 'I wish you would put down that knife—it makes me quite nervous. My good men,' he calls out, 'if

you will open that door, and come out without injuring any one, I promise you that you shall be allowed to go away without any attempt to stop you.'

"'If you don't come out in five minutes,' says Mr. Herbert, 'I shall fire through the door.'

"'If you do,' whispers Miss Blanche, 'send one barrel through the top panel and the other through the bottom, and you'll be sure to hit them.'

"'Do be quiet, Blanche," says Mr. Wilfred. 'I think I hear them whispering inside.'

"We all listened, but could hear nothing, and at last Mr. Herbert calls out—

"'Time's up! If you're coming, you'd better make haste about it.'

"There was no answer; and, presently, bang—bang, went his double-barrelled gun, making two great holes in the door, and such a clatter and crash of glass and china as you never heard before.

"'Depend upon it,' says Mr. Wilfred, 'they are mortally wounded; and it was their dying struggles that made all that noise.'

"Just then Mr. and Mrs. Vernon came home; and you may fancy how astonished they were when they heard what had happened. The coachman was called in to our assistance; and Mr. Herbert soon beat the door open with the butt-end of his gun, and what do you suppose it all turned out to be?"

"I don't know," said Emily. "I suppose the thieves were all killed."

"No," answered nurse. "The wind from the open back-door had made the pantry-door slam to; and the lock, being an old one, had got fastened: and that was the whole affair." BLANCHE ALSINGTON.

MY VALENTINES.

YES, dear reader, it is quite correct; and your eyes did not mislead you, for the title is really "My Valentines." I have them, and am not ashamed to own it; to justify myself, will the reader take a peep at them with me? hear a little of their senders?

This and this I received when I was (in D'Israeli's phrase) "young and curly." You don't think much of it—the paper is worn, and the ink faded; the large characters are almost illegible; and the note—for it is nothing more—has an altogether antiquated look. It was the first I had ever received, and I have such old-fashioned notions that I am not ashamed to say that I regard the tale of "Calf-love," it reveals almost with reverence. It was delivered in an old-fashioned way—now that the penny post is universal. On the fourteenth of a certain February—I daren't say how many years ago—a knock resounded at the door of "the cot where I was born," and, obedient to a command from *Paterfamilias*, I opened it, and discovered—no one. On looking about, a substitute was seen, for, just under the door was—the "val." you now see! I shall not forget my feelings soon when I discovered it was directed to "yours obediently." I was so innocent ("green" in "fast" vocabulary) that I read it aloud, commencing "The rose is red," &c., to the assembled family, amid "cheers and laughter," accompanied by the intimation that I was beginning almost before I was out of my pinafores. I often see the writer of it now—for the name was boldly signed, and I am almost tempted to ask—if I dream'd that she sent me it: "Does she send them now?" Speak low, please! Why, the idea is preposterous!—I almost shudder at the thought when I look at her now, dressed in the most expansible crinoline, and the leader of *ton* here. Why, the idea will make me afraid of her when next I see her, and make me quake with fear, even behind the "altar of 'the grand old monarch, Trade,"'—(Caractacus will understand me).

Next is one given to me personally, blushingly,—for ladies did blush then—by the fair damsel herself, and I still preserve it as a token of her friendship. It was a parting gift, and it was tear-bedimmed. Since then she who gave it has shed happy tears over her first-born, ay, and often her husband and I have laughed over the episode of the "shameless gift,"—to use fair Annie's own term for it, in after life.

What next?—a packet of "comics." Why do I keep them?—simply to bring down the vanity the perusal of the others sometimes raises. And most horrible caricatures they are—rather too bad; for, though I am by no means handsome, my legs have no dislike to each other, so as to make them attempt to

separate, as in this "cut;" my hair is not of such a deep red hue as this is; my head is set upon my neck—not on my shoulders, as here; and I decidedly cannot have such an extraordinary and awful facial development as this. Then the mottoes that are appended to them are horrible enemies to egotism on the part of the recipients.—For instance, one kindly tells me that "rather than wed a thing like me, she'd wed a ring-tailed monkey!" Now, I would be the last to interfere with this lady's private opinions; I only suggest that she might have waited till the offer was made. A second fair (?) lady informs me in a vulgar but expressive phrase, that she knows "I only want her 'tin;'" at this imputation I must exclaim—

"Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity,
Under the sun."

But there really was no necessity for her to impute the unworthy motive to me, for, between ourselves, she has no "tin!"—I, consequently, could not desire it.

Here is one—gay and sprightly as herself—from a country cousin, headed, "Friendship's Token." It recalls to my mind a summer visit; how unmercifully she quizzed me and my town made-up appearance. Dear Coz., was it "Friendship" when I would have gallantly "handed you over the style," was it friendship in you, with malice prepense, to overbalance me, and—there was a splash in the pool, and—but this has really nothing to do with the subject.

I pass those and those by, for I know they were sent merely to tease the "awkward lad," and pause at a well-known handwriting. As I gaze at it, I wonder does the writer ever think of her school-boy friend and protector. Does she ever, in her Australian home, think of those in her motherland, who were her friends and her playmates in childhood, and companions in youth, ere marriage brought a new home, new feelings, and new duties.

Then I pause, for a handwriting—oh! how well-known and fondly remembered—stands before my sight; the handwriting of one who has gone where there is neither sorrow nor sin. I gaze at it; her image seems to stand before me as of yore, gently and uncomplainingly "fading away."

"So calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those she left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb;
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er her untimely lot."

So she faded from the earth, and many a tear was shed when the home that had known her knew her no more.

And now, when long years have rolled into the dark abyss of past time since then, I strive to recall her graces of form and her mind, and picture to myself the Eden she created around her. And then sweet thoughts and pure hopes of a meeting throng my mind; thoughts that tongue cannot utter, nor pen express.

So, dear reader, while the spell is upon us, let us lay aside "My Valentines" carefully.

"Take them up tenderly,
Lift them with care."

And if thou hast been in any degree amused or instructed by them, our time has not been wasted.

ZANONI.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"A Happy New Year!" Will the home circle remain unbroken? Will "the Reaper, whose name is Death," spare alike our bearded grain, and our bright flowers? Relatives, friends, will they each, and every one, be here this day twelvemonth; or must a great and bitter cry go up from our habitations, from—

"The grief that mantles up its head,
Loathing the laughter and vain pomp of light,
When darkness, from the vainly doting sight,
Covers its beauiful?"

"A Happy New Year!" Will health be ours—unbroken slumbers—buoyant waking hours—free footsteps amongst the glories of nature, or amid the busy haunts of our fellows? Or is there in the present year, unseen and unsuspected, a time of weariness and suffering stored up for us, of sleepless nights and painful days, when the heavy head and burdened heart shall find no rest, and "the grasshopper shall be a burden?"

"A Happy New Year!" Will care be absent from our dwellings? Will our bread be certain, and our waters sure? And will it be thus also with those dear to us? Or are ease, competence, wealth, howsoever it may be with us now, already spreading their wings to fly away and leave us, but that weariness of the flesh and spirit, that hoping against hope, that so soon lines the brow, and dims the eye, and weighs down

the bounding heart with the heavy burden of hopelessness?

"A Happy New Year!" Will the trials of the past one be removed; its desires granted?

"The old wound when stricken is the sorest;
The old hope is hardest to be lost."

Are both these griefs to be spared to us? That bitterness which each heart knoweth for itself; that joy with which a stranger intermeddleth not; those unconfessed projects and ideas; those unspoken griefs; those unseen crooks in each lot, are we to realise the one—to walk free from the other? Tell us, oh, friend! is this to be to us "A Happy New Year!" or not.

Who can answer this question? Ah! and there is one deeper still; one that we may well ponder over in humility of soul. Would all these gifts, if granted, prove to be *true* blessings to us? One alone can solve this problem — One in whose merciful and fatherly hand our future rests undeveloped. He can give, and He can withhold; He knows, as we cannot, where an ardently-desired boon would, if granted, prove a curse; where an earnestly deprecated affliction would eventuate in the fulness of peace. Then let us place ourselves and those dear to us simply and fully in His keeping, in the darkness as in the light, in the night of sorrow as in the full sunshine of joy; receiving every gift as given by Him, enduring every deprivation as permitted by Him; ever, ever, with His blessing, striving to draw nearer to Him, to know a more perfect union and communion with Him, our Saviour. Let us do this; let us, with His help, do this; and then, come what may, earthly weal or earthly woe, health or sickness, prosperity or adversity, we may rest assured that, in the best sense, in the only sense that is of real and vital importance, the season will be to us "A Happy New Year!" ILLA.

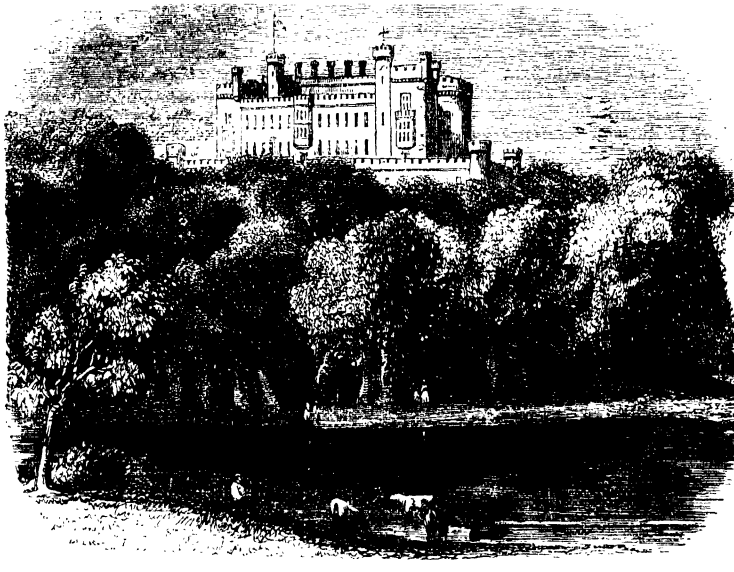
POPULAR IGNORANCE.

AN officer in the Punjaub made a sketch of a scene in that province, and sent it for publication to an illustrated journal in London—there are so many illustrated journals now that I need not be afraid of being charged with making any particular allusion. The Punjaub (as the reader, who is doubtless better informed than the rest of the public, probably knows) is a singularly open country, where large trees are "conspicuous by their absence," and where most of the outward characteristics of an eastern clime are found wanting. His sketch was pronounced by the acutest critics at the mess, to be "very ugly and very like," and so it probably was. It was duly despatched, and nearly forgotten, when, three months afterwards, the outward Indian mail bore in its bosom (that is to say, in one of those square boxes which the Admiralty agent is always so fidgetty about) a copy of —— (no earthly power shall induce me to give up the name), addressed to the officer in question. The paper was eagerly opened, and in its middle, in the most conspicuous position, appeared the sketch. The sketch —but so "transmogrified," to use the artist's own expression, as to be scarcely recognisable even by its parent. It was all palm trees. In the foreground they stood out in rich masses; in the middle distance they appeared much less conspicuously, but still unmistakeable, with their long, strait, and bare stems, crowned with leafy luxuriance. In the extreme distance they might be seen, growing out of the edge of the horizon, and sharply cut against the clear sky. Palm trees, in fact, prevaded the picture. It was all palm trees, with just a bit of river and a scrap of mountain, and a ruined temple, put in to keep them in countenance—to connect them, in fact; and I need scarcely add that not a single palm tree had appeared in the original sketch. The artist was in what his friends called a "beastly rage," but which I will be content with alluding to as a pardonable passion; and in this spirit he despatched a vigorous remonstrance to the "publisher, or editor, or whatever you call the rascal,' by the next mail. Something like another three months rolled on, when out came a rejoinder. The "publisher, or editor, or whatever you call the rascal," was very sorry; the sketch was a very welcome one, and, in case the artist should care about remuneration, he enclosed a cheque for a not unhandsome amount; but it had been found necessary to make some additions to it, as the fact was that the public would not have any eastern scene without palm trees. The public demanded palm trees, and the public would have them. It was of no use being truthful if nobody believed you, and so palm trees must be put in, even at the sacrifice of truth.—*Ganges and the Seine.*

CONUNDRUM.

When may a stuffing of bread
Be properly put in a bed?
What! can't you discover when?
Pshaw! when it is "*down* again!"

CARACTACUS



BELVOIR CASTLE.

BELVOIR CASTLE,

LEICESTERSHIRE.

"'Tis an old and stately castle,
In an old and stately wood,
Thoughts and shadows gather round it,
Of the ages it has stood."

WILLIAM the Norman was followed to England by a train of landless lords, whose fidelity he requited by extensive territorial grants in his newly-acquired kingdom. One of these barons, Robert de Todenci, his standard bearer, was rewarded by the munificent grant of forty manors, or lordships, all contiguous, although in the several counties of Leicester, Lincoln, and Northampton. The eagle-height of this wood-clad rock was a fitting feudal site, and there the military liege-lord erected his fortress-home. The position of the present castle, which is the precise spot on which Todenci towers stood, very much resembles that of Windsor. From the tall tower, the whole vale of Bever is seen extending into the three shires already named, and from thence may be traced the boundaries of the many manors that have descended to the present noble owner from his Norman ancestor. At the foot of the rock at Belvoir there stood a priory, when Todenci usurped the lordship of the valley, and such institutions being then held sacred, even by the most despotic and unjust of mankind, he not only protected it but endowed it, and there at last his remains were laid in the year 1088. His immediate successor assumed the name of Albini, and the last of his line was among the resolute barons who wrested the charter from King John.

By the marriage of Catherine, only child and heiress of William de Belvoir, with Robert de Ros of Hamlake, two great estates were incorporated; and to this a further addition was made, about the close of the fifteenth century, by the union of Robert de Manners, of Ethdale in Northumberland, with Eleanor, sole surviving sister of Edmund, last Lord de Ros. Thomas de Manners was created Earl of Rutland by Henry VIII.; and it is remarkable that this dignity had previously been confined strictly to the members of the blood-royal.

The representatives of this ancient and illustrious family have not looked tamely on while revolution shook the kingdom to the centre, or invasion threatened its peace from abroad. In the Third Henry's reign, Robert de Ros displayed so much zeal in public business, that the king granted him free-warren in the lordship at Belvoir, in 1257, and leave to hold a weekly market and annual fair there, in 1261; his principles, however, could not be purchased, and, in 1264, he was amongst the insurgent barons who vanquished the royal army in the battle of Lewes. An extent was afterwards issued against his estates, but he was permitted to compound, and on his return he raised the curtain-walls of his castle of Belvoir still higher than before. When King Charles summoned both houses of Parliament to attend him at Oxford, the Earl of Rutland remained at Westminster, along with twenty-one recusant peers. This decisive conduct exposed his castle to the vengeance of the offended party, and Belvoir valley continued for some years to be the theatre of many a tragic scene. The village of Belvoir and church of Woolsthorpe were burned down by the parliamentary army, with the earl's consent, in 1645, and the castle was surrendered by the royalists in the following year. In 1649, it was considered advisable to dismantle, in fact to obliterate, this stronghold; and the compensation voted to the noble sufferer for the demolition of his castle, razing of his fair village, and destruction of his forests, was 1,500*l.*! From the ruins of this ancient pile, a stately structure once more arose in the year 1688, to which additions have been made by successive owners, until "Belvoir art's master-piece and nature's pride" has become celebrated as one of the evidences of our unlimited wealth, perfect institutions, and refinement in taste.

The present sumptuous building was almost raised from its foundation by the fifth Duke of Rutland, aided in the execution of his splendid conceptions by James Wyatt. The alterations, additions, and decorations were in progress during fifteen years, and, in 1816, the works suffered a calamitous interruption, from a destructive but accidental conflagration; the paintings lost on this occasion cost 10,000*l.*, and the restoration of the building 100,000*l.*

Two sovereigns of the Brunswick line have honoured Belvoir Castle by their presence: George IV., when Prince Regent, on the 2nd of January, 1814; and her most gracious Majesty the Queen, on the 4th of December, 1843. An interesting circumstance marked the visits of the Prince Regent and of Queen Victoria to Belvoir. The Staunton tower is an outwork of defence, and the family of that name hold the manor of Staunton by tenure of Castle-guard, the nature or condition of which is, that they shall appear with guards for the defence of that post when called upon by the lord of the castle. Whenever a member of the royal family visits the castle, it is customary to present him or her with the key of the tower, and this ceremony was performed on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit, by the Rev. Dr. Staunton, who presented a golden key, on a velvet cushion, to our beloved queen, immediately after her arrival at Belvoir.

A distressing circumstance has recently invested Belvoir Castle with peculiar interest. The Duke of Rutland lately met with an accident in the hunting-field which was at one time thought to be so serious as to be likely to end fatally. Happily, the danger has passed, and the Duke is likely to recover. His Grace was born in 1815, and is thus in the prime of life. He is a conservative in politics, but as a gentleman and a landowner he is generally esteemed.

LAW versus LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

LISLE'S LAST BALL, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"Now, Ada, I think that will do; I am quite ready for the ball—my last ball," she added, with a sigh.

"Well, Miss Somers, I think you will not be sorry. It is a sad life, and it does not give you very much pleasure."

"You don't understand it, child," returned her mistress, sharply. Then smiling, continued—"Well, well, as he wishes it, I suppose I must submit."

The speaker was a young lady apparently about twenty years of age. That she was lovely was a fact of which she seemed perfectly conscious, inasmuch as she was attired in the very gayest fashion for the amusement of the evening. She was not a languid beauty. The bright sparkle in her eye, the merry smile which played on her face, and the quickness of her movements in general, spoke as to energy of character. Had a physiognomist been present, he might have traced, in the profile before him, and in the decided manner of speech in which she expressed herself, symptoms of a certain wilfulness of disposition which might be called up by any opposition she might encounter.

But then Lisle Somers was a spoilt child, of course. Her parents had doted on her from her infancy, and had given her wishes the rein in everything. Her father had died but a year before, leaving a widow, who was almost an imbecile; and hence Lisle had the management of the household within her own control. She was very fond of pleasure; and, until lately, had never known any restraint. But an engagement contracted within the last six months had altered affairs. Her affianced lover, George Earle, a gentleman of birth and education, prohibited her indulgence in these gaieties. Lisle was a girl of a proud, indomitable spirit; but she loved Earle and submitted. She was aware his objection arose from conscientious motives, and she respected them. Besides, she could not deny to herself the fact that the dissipation in which she indulged was baneful alike to her physical as well as to her moral constitution. On the day after a ball she would find her mind unsettled and indisposed to anything good. The feelings she experienced after such occasions were powerful witnesses against the life she led.

George Earle, as he gradually obtained an ascendancy over her mind, remonstrated. At last she promised not to attend any more. Unfortunately, however, on the day she pledged herself to him on this matter there arrived an invitation she had been expecting for some time from a very dear friend, who was going to have a large ball previous to removing to another part of the country. Here was a dilemma. She could not refuse, the case was so urgent. It would be a mark of disrespect to decline it; and that could not be overlooked. And yet her promise. George Earle was inflexible. She dared not apply to him to give way in this instance. Would he not think her vacillating, and hold her in contempt, if not break off the engagement altogether? She could not submit to go and ask him. If he came, in the meantime, she might possibly broach the matter; but against anything more than that her pride rebelled. Then was she to go? Her principles of rectitude replied firmly —No! But the tempter was there to probe her weak side. What right had George Earle to ask this of her? Was she not able to use her own discretion? And, if she was not to have liberty to do as she liked now, when would she have? He had no right to dictate to her before marriage. She was perfectly willing, she argued, to meet his wishes then; but it was an insult for him to dictate to her her actions at present. She would go, and not ask anybody. Once having come to that decision there was no returning. She made up her mind, and would not relent.

The eventful evening came, and George Earle had never looked near. Lisle Somers, all equipped for the festivities of

the night, drove off in her carriage; but it was with a foreboding heart. A buzz of admiration went round as she entered the gaily-lighted room. The friend saluted her with a joyous smile—

"Well, my dear, you have come to dazzle, as you always do."

"Nonsense, Florence," returned Lisle, forcing a laugh.

"Dear me, child, how pale you look; are you ill?"

"I think not. I dressed rather hurriedly; perhaps that may have disturbed me a little."

"Perhaps so; at any rate, you will soon be better. See, here is young Lord Vardy coming this way. He is anxious, I believe, for an introduction. Well, I must undertake that office upon myself."

While compliments are being exchanged we may just look round.

Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, whose is the establishment into which we have entered, were people of fashion, and their house was much frequented by the gay and idle. Mrs. Chambers and Lisle had been schoolmates together, and hence the intimacy which had sprung up between them. Charles Chambers was the owner of a large fortune, and made free use of it. He was courted in an extensive circle for his affluence and liberal habits. He was going to reside near N——, on account of a situation he had obtained there as colliery-viewer, for which occupation he had been educated. As we have already intimated, this was a farewell gathering of his friends previous to taking his departure for the north.

Among the company present were about half-a-dozen military acquaintances; three or four of the young nobility of the neighbourhood, with whom Chambers was accounted a first-rate fellow in consideration of his free and open house; a large number of marriageable young ladies, with a proportionate degree of the other sex, of the swell sort, who had come to descant upon the merits of their host's wine and the aforesaid interesting portion of the community.

It would be tedious to enter into any description of the evening's amusement. How the young people talked, and laughed, and flirted—how they turned, and whirled, and sailed, and marched—how the music shimmered, and softened, and rose, and swelled—how the unhealthy excitement of the festive moments left its flush on the cheeks of those whose motto was—

"On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

These are subjects on which I have neither the heart nor the ability to write; and so will let them pass.

Lisle Somers had little pleasure that night. She thought of the dark, reproving eyes of George Earle, and she was troubled. Thoughts like these drove her to the other extreme. Her friends never thought her so gay, never so witty, never so brilliant. She astonished them all with the readiness and point of her repartee. Lord Vardy was enchanted. He never left her side during the course of the whole evening, but secured her hand for each successive dance Lisle was rather pleased with the impression she had made. Vardy was the greatest prize of the evening, and that everybody knew.

"Happy fellow," said one.

"You mean a lucky girl," replied a second.

"Tut, tut, you are both off the mark," said a third, coming up, "do you not know that Miss Somers is engaged to Earle, that proud, dark fellow, a great friend of the Duke of——; you know him, don't you?"

"Oh, perfectly," said the first; "but why is he not here to stop the attentions of Lord Vardy?"

"He hates dancing. He is a Baptist, and very religious. But we must not talk about him, for he gets to hear of everything. One thing I may say, and I certainly won't get into a row for saying it, that he is the first gentleman in town, and his character is irreproachable. Although he is not universally liked, yet I never heard a bad word of him, and that is more than many can boast."

"But why is Miss Somers here tonight?" resumed the first.

"That is more than I can tell. I heard that he had stopped her dancing,

yet here she is to-night; she may have taken leave and come."

"Hush! she is coming this way."

At this warning the little party of gossips moved off, and dispersed in the crowd.

"I tell you, my lord, it is impossible; your attentions have been much marked to-night, I am sure, and I will thank you to discontinue them."

"Your lover is not here; he cares nothing for you," replied Lord Vardy, persistently.

"Oh! dear, can you not understand I am engaged. Really, sir, I shall have to request some of the gentlemen to interfere."

"But he dare not continue his claim if I enter the field."

"You must thoroughly misapprehend your position, if you think for a moment to presume upon your nobility, and thereby intimidate me. I must inform you that you act under a delusion, for I remain uninfluenced by any such argument; or if, on the other hand, by the same show of power you think to discourage the addresses of Mr. Earle, I must also give you to understand that you are greatly mistaken, for that gentleman is the last person in the world to stand in awe of your lordship, and would not resign his right to my affections for any man living."

Poor Lord Vardy winced under the bitter sarcasm of Lisle Somers, and was about to give some silly reply, when Mrs. Chambers came up and told Lisle that a gentleman wished to see her below.

The heart of the beauty beat quick as she received this message, and she asked anxiously, "Where is he?"

"In the front room immediately below this."

"Do you know who it is?"

"No; the servant brought the message, and forgot to ask for his card. Oh, dear, you have no idea what I have to put up with, they are *so* stupid."

"Well, I suppose I must go and see what he wants," said Lisle, trying to affect a carelessness of manner.

"Stop, child," said Florence, "you must throw a cloak over your shoulders, or the air will chill you. You will find one in the adjoining room, on the first chair next the door."

Lisle left the room.

Lord Vardy stared in mute astonishment.

"Must I go to protect Miss Somers?" said he.

"I do not think it will be necessary, I dare say Miss Somers would prefer to go alone," returned Mrs. Chambers; "I believe it will be Mr. Earle," she continued.

Lord Vardy appeared relieved, as his gallantry, which was only a show, was declined.

But we must follow Lisle. Assuming a self-confident air, she entered the room. The gaslights shone on the dark, haughty features of George Earle. For a moment he gazed steadily into her face, then spoke:

"You here, after the promise!" he said.

"Well, George," she returned in a tremulous voice, "I did not expect it either, but it is a case of great necessity, and I thought—"

"I can listen to no explanation, after the pledge you gave me," he said, interrupting her sharply.

"But when I promised I did not foresee this invitation," she answered.

"I should have thought," he returned, in a low, withering voice, "that your pledge to me would have been deemed more sacred than any friendship you may have contracted. Besides, if you had put the smallest value on your character for truthfulness this would not have happened."

"You surely do not intend to accuse me of——" she could not finish the sentence, for there was a cold, hard light in his eyes, which chilled and froze her blood.

"You understand what I mean," he replied, mockingly; "I thought to have found a paragon of virtue in you, one to whom my happiness might safely be entrusted, but I have been miserably deluded. I have been cherishing an affection for a deceiver, who has contemptibly been playing a double game."

"Take back that word, George," she

said, in a quivering tone. "Reproach me as you like, but call me not that. I had no wish to deceive you—you know I never had."

"It is too late," he returned firmly; "reparation is untimely at present, and our engagement must come to an end."

So far Lisle Somers had wished to conciliate, and had received his sarcasms without retaliation. Had he remonstrated, expostulated, she would have conquered, but the bitter mockery of his voice, and the cold scorn in his eyes, threw a solid wall around his heart, which she found to be impregnable. Then, as if remembering the humiliation of her position, she felt the demon at her breast, and her pride rose, as dark and lofty as his own.

"Then be it as you will, Mr. Earle," she said, her voice trembling in intensity; "you have condemned me without a hearing, and that explanation shall never be given by me which might adjust the matter between us. When I gave you my promise, I did so out of respect for what I deemed your consistency, now I see the foul trap which was laid for me, and into which I have fallen. You tired of me, and wished to be free. To accomplish that, you extorted from me a pledge which you knew, which you hoped, I might break, so that you might make that a pretext for ending our engagement. Mr. Earle, it was base, it was unmanly, to use the superior power with which your sex is endowed, to blight the happiness of a poor girl. Had you come in a manly way, and asked me to consider you free so far as myself was concerned, you would have been welcome to your liberty if you could have enjoyed it. I would never have believed that you would have acted as you have done, and I despise you for it. But that you may never feel a moment's pain on my account is still my wish. Adieu." And she turned to leave.

George Earle had never expected this. He had loved, and loved her still, with a deep, ardent love. It had been a fearful struggle to give her up, and to attribute this sacrifice to foul motives, was more than he could endure. Lisle's burning words went tingling to his heart, and moved him to a frenzy. "Stop, Lisle, let us not part thus—we must understand each other. Will you, if it is only for your sake." Here was a fearful pause—had she given in, they might both have been saved. Earle was thoroughly unmanned, and off his guard. But the tempter was busy heaping coals on the fire of her pride. What an opportunity to humble that haughty man. And away she went to the battle, with the hollow satisfaction of winning such a victory.

"No, sir," she returned, and a scornful light flashed in her eyes; "you pronounced your own doom when you thought to seal mine. 'IT IS TOO LATE.' You will not forget those words. Farewell." And she left the room.

George Earle sank down in a chair exhausted. He had come full of wrath and pride, to make another feel how terrible it was to break faith with him, and that pride had received a fall. He had built up an idol of righteousness in his heart, which he worshipped daily, but the haughty Pharisee felt not there the presence of gentle love. He gave no mercy, and received none. He had scorned from his presence the erring one, and felt all the gloom and misery of guilt himself.

The prayer which went up every day was unanswered, because its requirement was unmet:—"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

Two windows were open that night to the gentle evening breeze. At each open window sat the possessor of a broken heart, gazing long hours into the silent moonlight, which lingered in the valley, and slept on the far sea. And she thought how she had sinned, and how she had been sorry for it; how she had sought mercy, and how she had found it not. But her troubled heart saw its resting-place at last. It went up—up through the still quiet night—up, and it passed among the stars—up, through the shining angels, and it stayed not to listen to their song — on it went, and found the Palace-royal of heaven, and the Son of the King took off its load, and sent it back again, with a strange music playing all the while within.

Happy Lisle! the ball will have no more pleasure for thee, for thy master hath higher joy for the children of his love. And he sat and gazed vacantly at the waving elms. But dark thoughts fought within, and there was no peace there. He would not humble himself to seek that forgiveness which he had denied to a fellow mortal, and sleep closed not upon his aching brain that night.

And there are witnessing angels in this world, and every evening they carry up their report to that tribunal from which there is no appeal.

CHAPTER II.

THE INAUGURATION, AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

Six months had passed away. It was the evening of the opening of a new music hall in the town in which our plot is laid. All the *élite* of the neighbourhood were present to honour the inauguration. There was a little mystery connected with the performers. They had to consist of certain gentlemen of the town, who were to remain *incog.*, until their appearance on the platform. The entertainment was to consist of music, both vocal and instrumental, and of readings from popular authors. For days and weeks beforehand, there were surmises made as to whom the amateurs would be. There was a good deal of brilliant local talent, and little doubt existed as to the ultimate success of the affair.

The great night came at last. Carriages drove up in scores, and deposited their fair burdens at the doors of the hall. As all the seats were previously taken, though the place was crowded, there was little confusion. The hall was gaily decorated with festoons of flowers, and elaborately wrought mottoes gleamed out amid the floral beauties which so artistically adorned the walls; and the carved and coloured ornamentings, which appeared on the front of the galleries, added not a little to the effect which so much beauty in art and nature was calculated to inspire. But, undoubtedly, the fairest sight in that brilliant scene, was the dazzling row of female loveliness in the front of the side elevations. Arrayed in all the hues of the rainbow, decked with gems from every land beneath the sun, and set off in all the magnificence which the finery and fashion of the age could produce, these butterflies of the evening had come to be admired, and to pronounce their various opinions on the various performances. None could feel the overwhelming effect which such a scene imposed so much as those who were least accustomed to it. It is a matter of little surprise that the boy just entering society, should feel the unhealthy excitement of similar scenes with a strange, bewildering delight, and that while the giddy pleasure which they produce charms away all sense of danger, that he should set his bark on the edge of that whirlpool which may ultimately lead him into the centre of destruction. It is almost needless to say that I refer to the intoxicating delights of the theatre and the ball.

Of course there were gentlemen present in abundance, and these, if not so showy in their attire as the ladies, were only inferior in that department on account of the restrictions which society imposes on our sex.

At length a silence fell upon the hum and gossip which filled the hall, and the notes of the noble organ at the end of the room rolled out grandly the royal air "God save the Queen;" and in honour of that prayer which is known to every child in the land, the whole assembly stood up and sang those glorious lines.

The music and readings followed. But we cannot stay to describe these, as our business is not here, but rather to follow the history of the characters in our little tale. Taking advantage of an interval in the programme, two ladies resumed a conversation which had been interrupted at the commencement. One of the ladies was little and round, presenting rather a matronly appearance; her face was undeniably pretty, and wore a charming smile. The other might boast of the highest order of beauty, but a sad, dejected air sat upon her countenance, which seemed pale through undue and harassing anxiety.

"Well, Lisle," said the former, "so

you have given up attending balls. For shame, see how ill you look."

"It is not the desire to return to those amusements which has depressed my spirits so much of late, and also shown its effects externally. You may know the reason some day."

"And, you naughty child, you actually think to hide the cause from me, and I know all the while, as well as you can tell me. When you separated from George Earle, your heart was still his. What made you quarrel, you silly child? Why, Charles and I would have made it up long ago. You loved each other, and yet you quietly and coolly, as if you were perfect strangers, said good-bye after two or three minutes' difference, and hoped never to see each other again. I declare that Charles and I, ever since we went to N——, have done nothing else but talk about it. He said that if it had been fifty years ago, he would have called Earle out; as it was, he had a good mind to give him a horsewhipping. If it had not been for your foolish wish to hide his fault, everybody should have known about it. But you don't care so much about him now, do you, dear?"

"No—no," said Lisle, hesitating.

Oh! how her heart misgave her when she uttered that belying monosyllable. How it beat back quick affirmations in throbs which she tried to still by pressing her hand against her bosom lest Florence should hear them.

"Well, child, I am glad I have seen you. I always intended to come up to your inauguration, and it has given me great pleasure to have a chat with my dear Lisle once more. But you must get better, do you hear? There's Lord Vardy and ten thousand a-year will have you directly, if Earle has forsaken. I won't have you sitting in the house, pining away. I am glad I persuaded you to come here. You must give up this foolish fancy, and you will get a handsome husband in a twinkle."

"I don't wish to marry."

"I know a little too much of the world to believe that small fib, my child. Never tell me such a thing again. It is what you young ladies who are disappointed in love always say; but allow me to tell you that you do. It is of no use trying to make yourself believe that you don't, because you do, and it will be the only thing that will mend you. What do you mean? Why, once you were full of life, and pride, and wit, now you sit with your hands crossed before the fire as gloomy and ugly as a nun. It won't do, Lisle; we must have a change. You must come over to N——, and stay a few weeks with us, and I promise you we will have no balls if you don't like them."

"Oh! thank you," said Lisle, brightening up at the idea, 'I think I will. I have often thought of coming over to see you, but never managed to summon up courage to de so."

"Well, you will, as I have your promise. Hush, dear! they are going to commence again. I wonder who we are going to have next?"

A few lively strains of music here put a stop to the chatter of the ladies and gentlemen. After an air or two from a popular opera the performers retired, and a gentleman stepped from behind the screen, and announced that he was going to give readings from Shakespeare. There was silence the moment his full, clear, voice fell upon the ears of the assembly.

"Dear me, Lisle! how you tremble. What is the matter? Are you ill?"

Poor girl, the blushes came hot upon her face, and she shook her face nervously, for there, in all his pride and glory, and magnificent manhood, stood he who was, despite all she could do to the contrary, all-in-all to her—George Earle.

"I am better, thank you, Florence."

"You must try to control your feelings, dear, or you may be noticed."

Lisle did not reply, she never heard the remark. Her ears were open only to the tones of that voice which gently, clearly, filled the hall.

The first reading was from "Romeo and Juliet," the last act. The effect was overwhelming. Nothing could exceed the fire, the grief and anguish, with which the different parts were rendered. He seemed thoroughly to appreciate the spirit of the great author in the production of Romeo, and a visible thrill went through the hall during his last speech.

With a pathos which seemed to melt the very hearts of his audience, he gave those magnificent passages on which we have often lingered—

"Beauty's ensign, yet
So crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

. . . . . .

"I will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids. O here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh."

It was transcendently grand, and there was not one hardly in that room but what felt his liveliest sympathies laid under tribute to the oratorical powers of George Earle.

On coming to the part when *Juliet* discovers the dead body of her lover, a tear glistened in the eyes of Lisle Somers, and stole down her cheek. No wonder she felt it, when she saw, in the glowing admiration of that crowded hall, so noble a tribute to the genius of him who was once her lover, and also felt the strange power he exerted over others upon herself—no wonder, I say, that her emotions were so kindled.

Florence saw the intense interest with which she listened to every word, but said nothing.

When he had finished, the hall rose to applaud him. He was rapturously encored. As a substitute, he read the closing scene in "King Lear," and the mad grief of the aged monarch was rendered with a power in no way inferior to the thrilling sorrow of *Romeo*. The propriety of tone in which he personated the different characters, proved him to be a master of his art.

As soon as he was done, Mrs. Chambers turned, and said to Lisle, "He must have attended the theatre himself, to have perfected the intonations of the voice in so dramatic a manner."

"He was never in a theatre in his life," returned Lisle, warmly; "certainly he has listened to all the great public speakers of the day, but you ought to be aware that imitation can never accomplish such success as that. It must be intuitive, to appreciate so genuinely the spirit of such good poetry as that. There is a world of difference between merely assuming and actually feeling."

"Well, well, as you like it," said Florence, with a smile.

The programme for the evening was at length concluded, and the assembly broke up. Florence had a large number of ladies to congratulate, and, in the meantime, Lisle repaired to the refreshment rooms, where she waited for her volatile friend. She had just sat about five minutes when a gentleman entered. She did not notice him at first, but on casually looking round, she discovered, to her surprise, that it was Earle. His back was turned to her at the moment, as he was getting something at the stall. Her first impulse was to leave the room, but she was afraid that he had seen her, and determined to remain. She had a strange, indefinite sort of fear lest he should address her. How she longed for Florence's arrival, and she knew not why, yet so it was. She heard him turn on his heel and approach her. She trembled slightly. In another moment he would speak, but she was relieved. Mrs. Chambers came bounding in.

"Oh, dear child, have I kept you waiting? I am sorry for it, but I could not get away. But, come, your carriage is waiting."

Lisle rose and left the room, but, just as she reached the door, she could not resist the temptation, and stole the forbidden look. George Earle was standing with his face towards them, and his large, mournful eyes encountered hers full. Both instinctively averted their gaze, and yet it was too late, they had seen each other. She reached the carriage she hardly knew how, and yet here she nearly made a mistake.

"Mr. Earle's carriage," said the man in livery, correcting her.

"Where are you going?" said Florence, laughing and pushing her on to the next one, which proved to be her own.

And the dark eyes were looking there all the while.

A carriage lined with velvet, and emblazoned with a coat of arms, drove rapidly past.

"See! there he is!" said Florence, quickly, and that other is the Earl of

A——, who has likely come over to spend a week with him in town. There, he saw you full!"

"Hush!" said Lisle, leaning back.

"I am sure I can't tell what will be the end of all this," said Mrs. Chambers, endeavouring to sigh.

Poor Lisle could not tell. It did not trouble the former much, but the latter was too much excited to repose that night.

"Then let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungallèd play;
For some must watch, whilst some must sleep,
So runs the world away."

. . . .

"And so you are reconciled at last. I always said it would be so. Well, you must tell me all about it, as your letters were very brief."

Three months after the events last recorded, and our two old friends met again. Florence was on a visit to the town, and had come straight from the train to see Lisle.

Lisle, with the old sparkle in her eye, and the old bloom upon her cheek, was sitting at the open window. It was the early spring. The carefully-trained flowers on the stand filled the room with a delicious fragrance, and the more modest beauties of the garden, in their tasteful and varied order, were not to be despised. Lisle, in her sweet, pure morning attire, seemed fresh and lovely as the spring itself. All the varied luxuries of a refined taste were at hand in that clean little parlour, which she denominated her *sanctum sanctorum*. It was Liberty Hall, and she was the presiding divinity.

In reply to Mrs. Chambers' question, she answered, "Well, it is rather a romantic story, if you must know it all. I don't know what George would say, though; but, as you are such an especial friend, and as you have become so conscientious on my account of late, I suppose you must know it. It took place just about a fortnight after the inauguration. One evening I went out for a walk—it was about eight o'clock—it was a beautiful mild night. I went rather further than I expected. You know Hawksworth Castle? Well, I got as far as that. When I had reached the carriage drive which overlooks the declivity, I thought it time to return, as it was then nine o'clock. I was just directing my steps homeward, when I descried a rare plant, in search of which I had been for some time past. It was only about two feet below the walk. You understand my small *penchant* for botany. It was too strong to be resisted. I considered for a while how I should reach it. There was no way but going down carefully towards it, which I did; but no sooner were my feet off the walk, than the ground, which was very soft after a recent shower of rain, gave way beneath my weight. I grasped hold of the grass with all my strength, and thus saved myself from falling. But, as soon as I endeavoured to regain the path, my feet slipped away again, and left me in a worse position than before. This I tried two or three times, but with similar success. At last I gave up in despair—my hold got weaker and weaker, and a fainting sensation came over me. Just then I heard the sound of carriage wheels. I gave a slight cry. In another minute I was lifted firmly on to the pathway. I remember nothing more, until I was aroused by the jolting of the carriage. I opened my eyes. George Earle was sitting before me. Endeavouring to master those feelings which my surprise naturally gave rise to, I said,

"'You will excuse me; but I slipped in reaching for a flower.'

"'Do not mention it,' he said, kindly; 'I am only too happy to serve you, Miss Somers.'

"I said nothing, and there was a silence; at last he broke it. He took my hand gently, firmly, and looking me me full in the face, said, 'Lisle, Lisle, have you forgotten George Earle?'

"I could not answer.

"'You have not forgotten him?' he said, softly; 'but are you ready to forgive him?'

"I tried to say yes, but added something about 'the promise.'

"'The promise has been kept since that night,' he said. 'Lisle, you have been watched ever since. I have seen you when you thought it least. Will six months of anguish atone for the pain I

gave you that evening. I have been humbled, and am a better, at any rate a wiser man, to-day for it. Will other six months purchase your pardon ?'

"'I have no wish,' said I, 'to bestow another day's anguish upon you. If anything is wanting from me, George, to make you happy, you have it to-night, you have it now. But you believe I broke my faith with you—'

"'Don't mention it, dearest Lisle,' he said, interrupting me; 'unless you wish to rob me of the happiness you have this moment conferred upon me. We will forget the past, except the lessons it has in reserve for mutual forbearance and Christian charity. I am thankful for the example your recent life has set me in that divine love without which gion is a dead and barren thing.' And now, Florence, you know the rest."

"Well, my dear, allow me sincerely to congratulate you. Mr. Earle is a noble-hearted gentleman, and I wish you every happiness a union with him can afford. Lately, I understand he has been foremost in every good work, and is more respected than ever. But when are you going to be married ?"

"Oh! let me see. Why, it is just four weeks to-day. You must come over and see the wedding. George intends to have it celebrated in grand style. In fact, his friends will have it so, or he did not want it. But they insisted on having it according to the position he holds, and he is obliged to submit. Some think he is rather hasty, but he declares that he wants a wife, and will wait no longer."

"And quite right, too," said Florence, vehemently; "I have no faith in long engagements. You will be far happier when you are married, you may take my experience for it."

Lisle laughed merrily.

"Well, as to that, you will know better than I do, surely."

Reader, the tale is ended.

The gifted head, the humble heart, the willing hand—these are beauties rarest, but the noblest, godliest, best.

Fit are they to adorn the King's Archangels on the throne's footsteps—then are they not esteemed fairest among men ?

Woman, loveliest flower in Eden, lesser in dignity than man, is she not divinest when she weaves her will into his, and casts the halo of her sweet affection around his royal path ?

Stars of the far deep, flowers of the summer, shells of the sea, things of the systems, the vale and the strand, ye are bright, but less beautiful than these.

RUTHENPHARL.

SONG OF THE WIND.

FROM north to south, through earth's uttermost length,
I have journeyed on in my pride and strength;
I have scattered the snow-flakes far and wide,
And lash'd into fury the rolling tide;
I have dash'd the waves 'gainst the iceberg's breast,
Till drops fell and froze on its mantling crest,
Where they flashed like gems for the Ice King's crown,
And have veiled in beauty the mountain's frown.

I have howled and battled in ocean's caves,
And shrieked a lament o'er its victims graves;
Then snatched the sea-weed that covered the shore,
And flung it far back midst the water's roar.
Then a frail boat tossed in merciless sport,
Till it leaped as if by a demon caught;
And tears and curses were mingled with prayer,
As the crew met their doom in wild despair.
Then onward again, but in milder mood,
I traversed the forest's dim solitude;
I bore on my wings the mocking-bird's song,
And carried its wondrous music along.
I rode on the top of the mammoth tree,
Swinging its branches with maddening glee,
Then flew over valleys and prairies bright,
With a speed that rivalled the mandu's* flight.

On to distant scenes, that no mortal knows,
Where the fierce polar bear roams o'er trackless snows;
From thence I have wandered on mountain chains,
And have roved at will over boundless plains;—
I shrank from the side of the loathsome snake,
And moaned as I swept by the lifeless lake;†
And o'er desert sands my fiery breath‡
Became the herald of poison and death.

O'er moorland and hill, o'er morass and fen,
And over the sin-stained dwellings of men,—
Anywhere, everywhere, onward I flee,
And each changing aspect of life I see;
I have passed o'er ocean, city, and wood,
Working the will of the Author of Good;
And my course will last till that final day,
When time, earth, and I must all pass away.

NELLA.

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* "Mandu," an American bird, famed for its swift running.

† "The lifeless lake," the Dead Sea.

‡ "My fiery breath," the Simoom.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE.

CALL not this world a "vale of woe"—
The epithet is too severe!
The poorest hearth might sometimes glow;
There's much the dreariest path to cheer:
Is not the Ruler of our sphere
His servants' Everlasting Friend?
The brightness of existence here
Doth greatly on ourselves depend!

His sun irradiates rocks and meads,
Beams on "the unjust and the just;"
His hand supplies the wholesome needs
Of all who strive and humbly trust;
Be wholly "wretched" no one must,
And each may his estate improve;
All forms of animated "dust"
Were fashioned by a God of love.

Ye recreants, who, with jaundiced eyes,
Look on life's ills as on the grave—
There's good ye fail to recognise,
There's blessedness in being brave!
And ye who Luxury's table crave—
Ignore ye not a richer feast?
Not happiest they the most that have,
But such as really wish the least.

Earth's wond'rous storehouse doth not hold
Enough to meet the worldling's "wants;"
The potent lord of wealth untold
Dissatisfaction's pennon flaunts,
As well as he whom Famine haunts—
Naught can a morbid craving 'suage;
Nor can aught outward Dives vaunts
Make tranquil or his youth or age.

Since then not in th' eternal lies
All that an Eden here creates—
Since Misery oft wears glittering guise,
And Fashion's idle mummery sates—
What wishes have we? loves and hates?
Whence spring our acts? and what their end?
Peace watches aye at Virtue's gates,
And kindred joys her steps attend.

They find of happiness no dearth
Who daily, hourly sow the seeds;
Deep shadows fall on many a hearth
From home-born passions, self-wrought deeds:
The murmurer this conviction needs—
Much suffering hath no foreign cause,
But surely, though untraced, succeeds
Its subjects' breach of being's laws.

Then call not earth a "world of woe"—
It is not to the good, the wise!
Aye on its banks Hope's flowerets grow,
Light permeates its darkest skies!
One Providence doth all comprise,
And solid "peace" is theirs who feel
That "all things" which His truth disguise
Combine to "work" their highest weal.

'Tis even so! In every sphere
Some sunlight may to man extend;
While, if his aims and efforts here
Unto his Maker's glory tend,
That God will prove his changeless "Friend,"
His breast shall oft with gladness glow—
So much doth on ourselves depend,
Not one need be o'erwhelmed with woe!

CARACTACUS.

THE ANGEL "LOVE."

WHAT are the ties, O earth!—
The thousand ties, that bind my heart to thee?
What constitutes their might—their priceless worth?
Who threw them round my spirit at my birth?
Answer, oh! answer me.

Who forged that golden chain
Whose staple is the glorious Heaven above?
What sweetly circles me in hours of pain?
Oh! did I hear thee right? Say, say again,
'Tis "Love"—'tis "Love!"

Yes, Love alone hath form'd
Each magic link, each rivet bright and true;
And when the tempest has around me storm'd
My heart within hath been supported—warmed,
Till light has broken through.

How strong is every link!
And watchful Love doth keep them bright and clear.
Oftimes she's raised me when about to sink,
Sweeten'd the bitter cup my lips must drink,
And dried the falling tear.

Sometimes there comes a gloom:
Death snaps my heart's most loved and cherish'd tie,
Low lays my treasure in the narrow tomb,
Withers the flowers that erst did sweetly bloom,
And dims my aching eye.

And then, when sorrowing most,
Love pours her balm into my wounded breast,—
Tells me the missing link shall not be lost;
'Twas purchased at a high and holy cost,
And now is with the blest.

O Love, truly thou art
An angel sent from thy abode on high,
To elevate and purify the heart,
And draw it heavenward, when earth's joys depart,
And loved ones droop and die.

And thou wilt not be pent
Within the narrow limit of one breast:
Upon a world-wide mission thou wert sent,
Freely, fully, and sweetly to be blent
With trouble, toil, and rest.

Thou'rt not a stagnant pool;
But an o'erflowing, ever-running stream,
Bearing the breath of Heaven where thou dost roll,—
Shedding, o'er many a darken'd, gloomy soul,
A bright, refreshing beam.

O come, sweet Love, and free
The world of hate. All pride and strife remove.
The golden bonds of blissful unity
Link round each heart, until this life shall be
A type of that above.

LUCINDA B.

IMPUNITY oftentimes causeth impudency, but forbearance is no acquittance. The longer the hand is lifted up, the heavier will be the blow at last. Of all metals, lead is the coldest, but being melted, it becomes the hottest. Humble souls know how to apply this, and proud souls shall sooner or later experience this.—*Smooth Stones taken from Ancient Brooks, by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

MISS MOCK MODESTY.

It was on the 10th of February, 18—, when two young maidens, full of fun and frolic, were busily engaged in sorting some of those charming trifles called valentines. The sorters were greatly amused; at first, by the beauty of design and delicacy of colouring of some of the pictures, and lastly, at some of the grotesque images of the commoner ones. These last would not be sent in love, but by persons wishing to annoy and wound the feelings of the receiver. There were some for ladies and some for gentlemen. These last were in divers ridiculous attitudes—some stroking their stubby moustaches, others smoking curious pipes, while their costume seemed to exhibit all the colours of the rainbow, and all the shapes and fashions ever invented. Various, too, were the dress and appearance of the ladies. Among them was a little old lady, dressed very youthfully in green, with a fan in her hand, which she was holding up to her cheek, which was highly rouged; with the other hand she seemed to be checking the progress of some gentleman who was courteously bowing to her. Underneath the picture was written, "Miss Mock Modesty," and some doggrel lines, deriding old maids in general (and the present old maid in particular) as useless, idle, chattering mischief-makers, and alluding to "listeners" in very rude terms.

"Oh, look at this, Bell!" said the eldest of the two girls. "Is not this old lady just like Aunt Meggy about the eyes and forehead?"

"Yes, that she is, Fanny; it is a capital caricature; and that is just the way she looks when you are running on with your nonsense, and drawing rather too strongly on your imagination in relating events."

"Let's send it to her; do—it will be such fun. She won't know where it comes from. Do send it."

"Well, then, you must direct it, or the directions will betray me."

"Oh, you could disguise your hand; but I will do it if you like."

"Yes; it will be better so; we will lay it aside till we have done, we may see the portrait of some more of our friends."

Now for a few words about "Aunt Meggy," who was to be favoured by her nieces with the elegant missive.

Aunt Meggy had been left an orphan at the age of 18, the eldest of four children. When her parents died, a consultation was held by the brothers of the deceased as to the propriety of giving up the business which her father had carried on for many years, and by which he had supported his wife and family. He had been enabled to save a little money, but not enough to keep his children without work. Two of these children had yet to be educated, and they must all either be indebted to their uncles, or Margaret, who had lately assisted her father, must devote herself entirely to the business, and try and keep a home, and pay for the two young ones' schooling. Margaret was most anxious to try to do this; she could not bear to be dependent even upon her near relatives. One of her uncles who lived near, promised to assist her with advice and counsel; to go to market for her, and help her with the management of the small farm attached to the business; and without this aid, Margaret found she must have given up in a few months; but as time passed, and she grew accustomed to her work, it became more easy and pleasant, though her's were no trifling duties. There was the business to manage, household expenses to watch, employment, alike useful and instructive to be found for her sister, who was just at that age when girls most need a mother's care; and her young brother and sister to train to good habits of industry, obedience, and piety—to these she, who had so lately been a fellow-playmate, was now father, mother, and sister, all in one.

There came a time when her principles were to be tested. Margaret was a pretty girl, and there were those who, seeing how well she managed, how her business appeared to prosper, and the happy

looks of her household, would fain have found a closer relationship with her; but she felt she had a duty to perform to her family, and she must not indulge in such day-dreams; though, when wearied with business cares, which were too heavy for her, and with family troubles she was not experienced enough to remedy, she would only have been too glad for a stronger arm to lean upon.

About four years after her parent's death she received an offer from one whom they had known well and respected much. It came at a time when she was particularly cast down. Her sister was about to be married and leave the neighbourhood for a distant county; that would leave Margaret to increased cares, while her brother and sister were still too young to assist her.

Mr. Sidney urged his suit, begging to be allowed to consult with her uncle; and to this Margaret gave a reluctant consent, for she knew her uncle did not anticipate such a thing, and would consider it very inexpedient. Her surmises were correct.

After Mr. Sidney's interview with him, her uncle had a long conversation with Margaret, pointing out to her the fact that if she consented to marry Mr. Sidney, she would deprive her brother of the means of establishing himself in life, for the business must, of course, be given up; and, when he left school, he must get a situation, or be apprenticed, and fight his way alone and unassisted, while the younger sisters must also leave school, and be put to some trade. If, on the contrary, Margaret would give up all thoughts of marriage till her brother was old enough to take her place, Annie might have a good education; and Herbert would have the means of providing a comfortable home for them, when he should need the old homestead himself.

Margaret promised to think it over, and she determined to deny herself for her orphan brother and sister. At first she indulged the hope that Mr. Sidney would wait for her, though she was too generous to wish for an engagement with him under such circumstances; but this hope was denied her soon, for Mr. Sidney removed to another town, and his feelings of affection grew colder, and, though Margaret had his esteem, yet he wanted a wife, and was not very long before he married.

Margaret overcame her disappointment. Her sister, after receiving a sound and accomplished education, returned home; and her brother began to render her assistance in the business. Margaret began to look forward to the time when she might leave it entirely to Herbert when symptoms of spinal complaint made their appearance in his frame. These increased, and he was soon unable to take any active part in the duties of life; and to Margaret's other cares were added those of nurse. Years passed on. Annie married, leaving Margaret alone with the invalid. Days of toil now varied by nights of watching; for Herbert, in his selfish love for Margaret, too often forgot how weary she must be. At length he was released from his pain, leaving Margaret to weep his loss, and yet to feel the comfort that she had done much to render that dying bed a happy and peaceful one. Nights of watching had done their work on her. She was no longer "pretty Margaret;" but a premature old woman, whom gossips noticed as an "old maid quite laid on the shelf." She was enabled to give up business, and rented a pretty cottage near her old home; and her leisure hours were often employed in working for her sister's children, and in visiting the sick and needy around her. Her nieces used often to visit her, though they began to think themselves of age to laugh at their aunt for being fidgetty and old maidish.

After the valentine was posted, Fanny forgot all about it in more pleasing engagements, till one morning she received an invitation to spend a little time with her aunt, who was not feeling very well. The invitation was accepted, and Fanny could not but notice a great change in her aunt. She, who generally seemed so cheerful and active, was now dull and nervous, averse to seeing any one who called, and hardly to be persuaded to take her accustomed walks.

One day Fanny came upon her aunt unexpectedly, and what was her surprise to see the forgotten valentine spread out before her.

"Why, aunty, said she, "do you have valentines?"

"Yes, my dear, I am sorry to say so, for it is not at all pleasant."

"Why, aunty, I like having them, it is such fun, guessing who sent them"

"It may be so to you, dear, for I presume you have never been troubled with such as this. Read it, dear. You will see I am held up to ridicule and contempt. Some one has been kind enough to enlighten me as to the estimation in which I am held, but I am sure I am innocent of 'listening,' and I have never intentionally made mischief. Whoever sent it, might have been more tender to an old woman's feelings, who will not be here long to trouble them."

My readers may imagine Fanny's feelings—for the sake of a little fun, she had wounded one who had always been most kind and indulgent to her. Her mind went back to the many indulgences she had received, to some of the acts of self-denial she had witnessed in her aunt, and she burst into tears.

"Nay, Fanny, my child, it is scarcely a weeping matter for you, at all events. I can see all do not think so badly of me; you at least love me."

"Oh yes, aunt, indeed I do; but oh, do forgive me, for I sent this ugly thing. I did not mean to hurt your feelings, but when we were sorting them, this one looked a wee bit like you, aunty, about the eyes, so Bell and I thought we would send it. We did not mean any harm. Do, pray forgive us, and think no more of it."

Aunt Margaret's face brightened, and she freely forgave her niece, but added, "For the future, Fanny dear, let all your little jokes be good-natured ones, especially to old people, for they live alone, and are apt to take these jokes as serious affairs, and it is a pity to cause any one any needless sorrow."

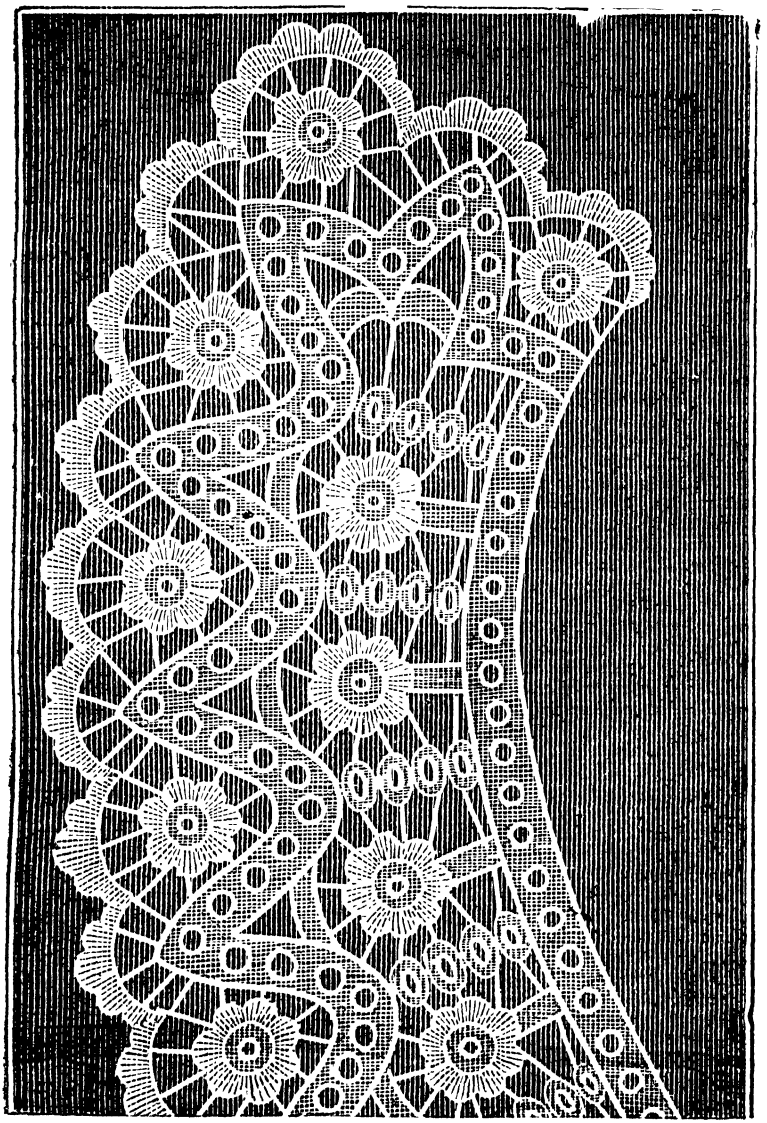
Reader, take Aunt Margaret's advice; send as many loving valentines as you please, but do not rashly wound the feelings of any, for each heart has its share of sorrow, and it is cruel to add to it the sting of derision and contempt, and this often is caused from thoughtlessness, and for the sake of a "little fun." Surely there can be no real pleasure in wantonly wounding even an enemy.

FLORENCE.

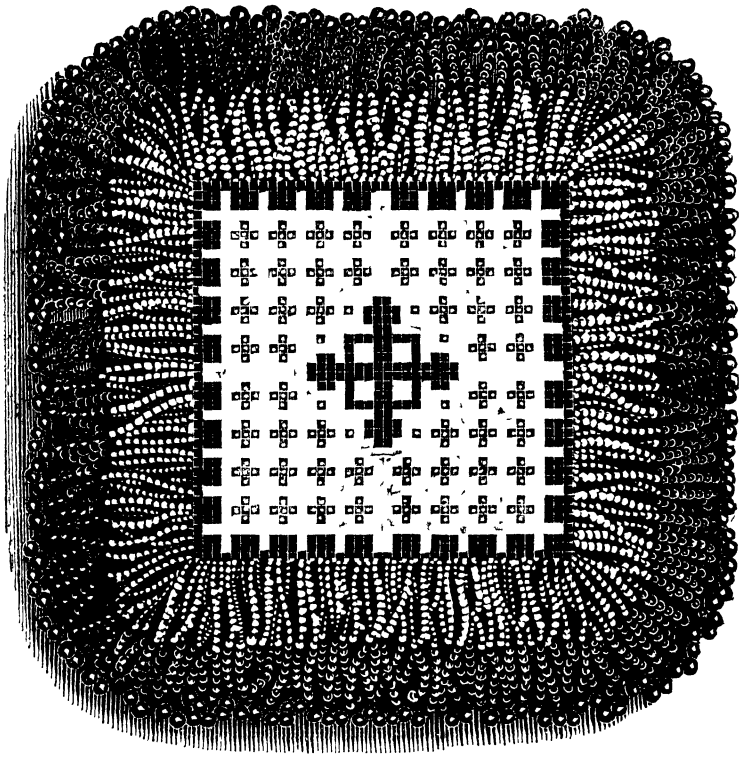
THE WORK-TABLE.

COLLAR IN GUIPURE EMBROIDERY.—The collar being an essential article of dress, we supply the design for one, which will be found both rich and elegant when completed, although it does not require any great amount of work. Collars are now worn very small. The engraving shows the right size for any lady. The only difference that need be made is in the length round the neck, which can be adjusted by adding one or two more scollops if required. In commencing the embroidery, the first thing is to put in the connecting lines (Venetian bars) with No. 8 Boar's-head Crochet Cotton. The outline must then be traced with No. 30 of the Perfectionné Embroidery Cotton, and worked with the same. The largest flowers are worked in raised button-hole stitch; the small holes are sewn round. The two lines which enclose the oval holes must be done in the fine button-hole stitch. When the embroidery is completed, the parts of the muslin which are under the connecting lines of the crochet cotton must be cut away, leaving the design clear and distinct. The proper material for this Collar is cambric muslin. Connecting lines, or Venetian bars, are worked by passing one, two, or more threads across any open space, and then covering them from end to end with close button-hole stitch. Raised button-hole stitch is worked by passing a few stitches of thick soft cotton the opposite way of the work for a foundation before working the button-hole stitch; the greater the number of threads the more the work will be raised.

SCENT SACHET.—This elegant little sachet is one of the most tasteful arrangements for introducing a pleasant perfume into the drawers in which young ladies keep the various articles of their wardrobes. It is made of bright blue seed beads and transparent white and gold



COLLAR IN GUIPURE EMBROIDERY.



SCENT SACHET.

beads. The material on which these are worked is very fine white sampler canvas. The size of the canvas must be measured by the centre square in our illustration, being left sufficiently large for tacking over the edges and turnings in. Then, counting the stitches, a bead must be taken on the needle, and fastened with a slanting stitch on each thread of the canvas. The first line is a row of blue, the second three blue and two white alternately. This will be the commencement; but counting the stitches in the illustration and following them accurately will be the most certain way of ensuring success. The blue border goes all round; the ground is in the transparent white, the stars are gold. When the two squares have each been worked, care having been always taken to fasten off the thread at the back, they must be laid upon each other, the edges being turned neatly in, and sewn together with small stitches on three of the sides. Then a very thin layer of cotton-wool is to be laid flat in the inside, having first had a few drops of some sweet essence placed upon it, of any kind of perfume preferred; or a few

grains of musk may be introduced; but this, of course, is all according to taste. When this has been done the fourth and last side of the sachet must be sewn up, thus finishing the interior square. It now only remains to ornament the sachet with the fringe, which gives it a very elegant finish. This is done by first putting the needle through the two thicknesses of canvas, close to the blue border at any corner of the square, then threading fifteen of the white beads, twelve of the blue, three of the gold, twelve of the blue, and fifteen of the white, which completes the loop. The needle must then be passed through the next thread of the canvas, and this must be repeated all round. The beauty of this fringe depends upon its being done with great regularity, and care being taken that a loop may come between every thread of the canvas, which makes a very rich as well as elegant fringe.

COOKERY.

Of all the arts upon which the physical well-being of man, in his social state, is dependent, none has been more neglected than that of cookery, though none is more important, for it supplies the very fountains of life. The preparation of human food, so as to make it at once wholesome, nutritive, and agreeable to the palate, has hitherto been beset by imaginary difficulties and strong prejudices.

Many persons associate the idea of great wealth with culinary perfection Others consider unwholesome, as well as expensive, everything that goes beyond the categories of boiling, roasting, and the gridiron. All are wrong. Wholesome and luxurious cookery is by no means incompatible with limited pecuniary means; whilst in roasted, boiled, and broiled meats, which constitute what is termed true English fare, much that is nutritive and agreeable is often lost for want of skill in preparing them. Food of every description is wholesome and digestible in proportion as it approaches nearer to the state of complete digestion, or, in other words, to that state termed *chyme* whence the chyle or milky juice that afterwards forms blood is absorbed, and conveyed to the heart. Now, nothing is further from this state than raw meat and raw vegetables. Fire is therefore necessary to soften them, and thereby begin that elaboration which is consummated in the stomach. This preparatory process, which forms the cook's art, is more or less perfect in proportion as the aliment is softened, without losing any of its juices or flavour—for flavour is not only an agreeable but a necessary accompaniment to wholesome food. Hence it follows, that meat very much underdone, whether roasted or boiled, is not so wholesome as meat well done but retaining all its juices. And here comes the necessity for the cook's skill, which is so often at fault even in these simple modes of preparing human nourishment.

Before we proceed further, we may be allowed to observe with regard to underdone meat, that fulness and indigestion, attended with numerous other complaints, needless here to enumerate, are more or less the especial inflictions borne by those who indulge in it, though such inflictions are invariably attributed to other causes. Pork, veal, and all young meats, when not thoroughly dressed, are absolute poison to the human stomach; and if half-raw beef and mutton are often eaten with impunity, it must not be inferred that they are wholesome in their semi-crude state, but only less unwholesome than the former meats. Vegetables also half-done, which is the state in which they are often sent to table, are productive of great gastric derangement, often of a predisposition to cholera.

A great variety of relishing, nutritive, and even elegant dishes, may be prepared from the most homely materials, which may not only be rendered more nourishing, but be made to go much further in a large family than they usually do. The great secret of all cookery, except in roasting and broiling, is a judicious use of butter, flour, and herbs, and the application of a very slow fire—for good cooking requires only gentle simmering, but no boiling up, which only renders the meat hard. Good roasting can be acquired only by practice; and the perfection lies in dressing the whole joint thoroughly

without drying up the juice of any part of it. This is also the case with gridiron meat; whilst a joint under process of boiling must be made to simmer gently.

With regard to *made-dishes*, as the horrible imitations of French cookery prevalent in England are termed, we must admit that they are very unwholesome. All the juices are boiled out of the meat, which is swimming in a greasy heterogeneous compound, disgusting to the sight, and seasoned so strongly with spice and Cayenne pepper that it would inflame the stomach of an ostrich. French cookery is generally mild in seasoning, and free from grease; it is formed upon the above stated principle of reducing the aliment as near to the state of chyme as possible, without injury to its nutritive qualities, rendering it at once easy of digestion and pleasant to the taste.

HOW TO COOK FISH.

To Boil Fish.—For all kinds of fish put two spoonfuls of salt to every quart of water; put the fish in with the water cold; remove the cover, and only let the water simmer. Try with a skewer, whether the flesh of the fish stick to the bone; if so, it is not enough, if the flesh drop off, it is too much cooked. A mackerel will take from fifteen to twenty minutes, a haddock a little longer; a pound of fish takes from fifteen to twenty minutes.

To Bake Fish in a Tin Dish.—Scale and clean the fish; dry it well; put an ounce of butter or dripping in the dish, and sprinkle a little chopped parsley and onions at the bottom; lay in the fish, season with pepper and salt, and lay over the rest of the chopped onions and parsley, with some bread-crumbs, and a little bit of butter or fat, and a little water or broth over all; put the dish in the oven or before the fire until done. A large sole will take about an hour.

To Fry Fish.—The art of frying fish consists in having plenty of grease in the pan and making it boil to the utmost before putting in the fish, which should have been laid to dry for some time in a cloth, and then rubbed with egg, and dipped in bread-crumbs; the grease should be so hot that it browns the fish not *burns* it; the fish should be turned once. A fish *well* fried is not an economical dish, because it requires a great deal of fat to fry it in.

To Grill Fish.—Mackerel, herrings, and sprats, when not boiled, should be baked or grilled, not fried.

EHRENBRETSTEIN CASTLE.

Of all the fine old castles which abound on the Rhine, few, in my opinion, excel in grandeur that of Ehrenbretstein; but, perhaps, I saw it under peculiarly favourable circumstances. We arrived at Coblentz about four o'clock on a warm August afternoon, almost wearied with gazing at the beauties of the beautiful Rhine. However, we were to proceed early the next morning, and could not leave without visiting Ehrenbretstein Castle; so, despatching dinner formula as expeditiously as possible, we started, and began to mount the steep ascent on which the fortress stands. Steep indeed we found it; but with the view from the summit in prospect, fatigue was quite a trifle, and we toiled on bravely. As we approached the first tower a delightful strain of singing reached our ears, which we supposed to be the soldiers of the garrison, indulging in a chorus during supper time; but whatever it was the harmony was perfect, and I even now fancy I can hear the melodious strain sounding so deliciously sweet in the still evening air. Almost directly after the song died away we were joined by one of the soldiers, who was to act as our guide. He was a remarkably tall, handsome man, and seemed disposed to do the honour of the castle thoroughly well; but, alas! I blush to confess it—not one of us understood German! English, French, and Italian, I tried in vain, he knew not a word of either; and we could only silently express our admiration of all he showed us. At last we gained the top of the highest part of the castle. Really lovely was the scene beneath us. The day had been stormy, and dark clouds still hung on the horizon, but the setting sun was tinging them with purple and gold, which seemed to shed a deep blue

light over the landscape. In the distance the sparkling Moselle took its winding course; before us Coblentz lay nestled in the surrounding hills; while on our left rose the stately towers of Stobzenfels. Our guide seemed well pleased by our evident admiration, and after giving us all the information in his power, he gathered a little bouquet of the pretty wild flowers growing on the flat roof of the tower where we were standing, and with soldier-like politeness presented them to me, and I have them still, as a pleasing remembrance of my visit to Ehrenbretstein Castle. ISABEL.

A TRULY AGREEABLE HELPMATE.

INSTEAD of turning every young woman into "a heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb," better let us have her a "neat-handed Phyllis," cooking savoury messes, and looking at lambs, like Lady Walter Scott, with a chief eye to their speedy appearance in pasties. She holds all the husband who holds his stomach. That is the true pianoforte for the accomplished instrumentalist to play upon, who wishes to be mistress of her own household. The ear never tires, the heart never nauseates of that music, if pitched at the right key. Literature, drawing-room accomplishments, graceful manners, a fine bearing, an elegant conversation, are admirable charms no doubt; but they don't make, and they don't keep a home. The woman who, in middle society—I hardly know why I make the limitation—has quartered herself upon a husband whose future is but a contingency, and cannot be cook, nurse, sempstress, and housekeeper on an emergency, enjoys her establishment under false pretences.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

CHESS.

GAME II.—SCOTH GAMBIT.

Between Messrs. PAULSEN and OSCANYAN.

WHITE—MR. PAULSEN.	BLACK—MR. OSCANYAN.
1 P to K 4	1 P to K 4
2 K Kt to B 3	2 Q Kt to B 3
3 K P takes P	3 P to K 5th
4 Q to K 2d	4 P to K B 4th
5 P to Q 3d	5 K B to Q Kt 5th ch
6 P to Q B 3d	6 K B to K 2d
7 Q P takes P	7 B P takes P
8 Q takes K P	8 K Kt to B 3d
9 K B to Q Kt 5th ch	9 Q B to Q 2d
10 Q to K 2d	10 K Kt takes P
11 K B to Q B 4th	11 P to Q B 3d
12 Q B to K Kt 5th	12 Q B to K Kt 5th
13 Q Kt to Q 2d	13 Q Kt to Q 2d
14 Castles (K R)	14 Q Kt to Kt 3d
15 K R to K sq	15 Q B takes K Kt
16 Q Kt takes Q B	16 Q Kt takes K B
17 Q takes Q Kt	17 Q to Q B 2d
18 B takes B	18 Kt takes B
19 K R takes Kt ch	19 Q takes K R
20 R to K sq.	20 Q takes R ch
21 Kt takes Q	21 Castles Q R
22 Q to K Kt 4th ch	22 Q R to Q 2d
23 Kt to Q 3d	23 P to K R 4th
24 Q to K 6th	24 K R to R 3d
25 Q to K 4th	25 K R to Q 3d
26 Kt to K sq	26 K R to Q 8th
27 P to K Kt 3d	27 K to Q sq
28 Q to K 5th	28 Q R to K 2d
29 Q to Q Kt 8th ch	29 K to Q 2d
30 Q takes Kt P ch	30 K to Q 3d
31 Q to Kt 8th ch	31 K to Q 2d
32 Q takes R P ch	32 K to Q 3d
33 Q to Kt 8th ch	33 K to Q 2d
34 K to Kt 2d	34 K R takes Kt
35 P to Q R 4th	35 K R to Q R 8th
36 Q to Kt 7th ch	36 K to Q 3d
37 Q to Kt 4th ch	37 K to Q 2d
38 P to Q R 5th	38 P to K Kt 3d
39 P to Q R 6th	39 P to K Kt 4th
40 Q to Kt 7th ch	40 K to Q 3d
41 Q to Kt 8th ch	41 K to K 3d
42 P to Q Kt 4th	42 P to K Kt 5th
43 P to Q B 4th	43 K to B 2d
44 Q to Kt 7th	44 K to B sq
45 P to K R 3d	45 Q R to K 8th
46 R P takes P	46 R P takes P
47 Q to B 8th ch	47 K to K 2d
48 Q takes Kt P	48 Q R to K Kt 8th ch
49 K to B 3d	49 K R takes Q R P
50 Q to K Kt 7th ch	50 K to K 3d
51 Q to Q B 7th	51 Q R to Q R 8th
52 K to Kt 4th	52 Q R to R 5th
53 K to Kt 5th	53 Q R to R 7th
54 P to K B 4th	

And Black resigns.*

GAME III.—QUEEN'S BISHOP'S PAWN'S OPENING.

Between Messrs. RAPHAEL and MARACHE.

WHITE—MR. MARACHE.	BLACK—MR. RAPHAEL.
1 P to K 4th	1 P to K 4th
2 P to Q B 3d	2 P to Q B 4th†
3 K Kt to B 3d	3 Q Kt to B 3d
4 K B to Q B 4th	4 K Kt to B 3d
5 K Kt to Kt 5th	5 P to Q 4th
6 K P takes P	6 K Kt takes Q P
7 Q to K B 3d	7 Q takes K Kt
8 K B takes K Kt	8 Q to K B 3d

* This game was played during an excursion party to High Bridge, in the neighbourhood of New York, on the 20th of October, 1857. It was one of two games played at once, without the use of any boards.

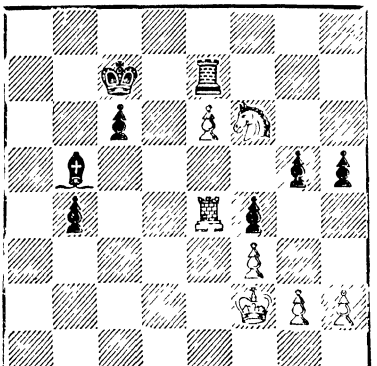
† Weak, since it effectually cramps the movements of his King's Bishop; the correct move is 2 P to Q 4th

WHITE—Mr. Marache.	BLACK—Mr. Raphael.
9 K B takes Kt ch*	9 Q takes K B
10 Q takes Q ch	10 Kt P takes Q
11 P to Q 3d	11 Q B to R 3d
12 P to Q B 4th	12 Castles
13 K to K 2d†	13 P to K 5th
14 Q P takes P	14 Q B takes B P ch
15 K to B 3d	15 K B to Q 3d
16 Kt to B 3d	16 K R to K B sq
17 K R to K sq	17 Q R to K sq
18 B to K B 4th	18 K B takes B
19 K takes K B	19 P to K B 3d
20 Kt to R 4th	20 P to K Kt 4th ch
21 K to B 3d	21 Q R to K 4th
22 Q R to Q B sq	22 B takes R P
23 Q R takes B P	23 Q R takes Q R
24 Kt takes Q R	24 P to K B 4th
25 P to K 5th	25 B to Q 4th ch
26 K to Kt 3d	26 P to K R 4th
27 P to B 3d	27 P to K B 5th ch
28 K to B 2d	28 K to B 2d
29 R to Q R sq	29 R to Q R sq
30 R to R 6th	30 B to B 5th
31 R to R 4th	31 B to Kt 4th
32 R to Q 4th	32 R to K sq
33 P to K 6th	33 K to Kt 3d
34 P to Q Kt 4th	34 P to Q R 4th
35 Kt to Q 7th ch	35 K to B 2d
36 R to K 4th	36 R P takes P
37 Kt to B 6th	37 R to K 2d
38 Kt to Kt 8th	38 R to K sq
39 Kt to B 6th	39 R to K 2d†

And the game was drawn.

The subjoined diagram represents the situation at the termination of the game:—

BLACK.



WHITE.

* Since he intended to exchange Queens, why not have done it thus?—

9. Q takes Q	9. Kt P takes Q
10. K B takes Kt ch	10. Kt P takes K B

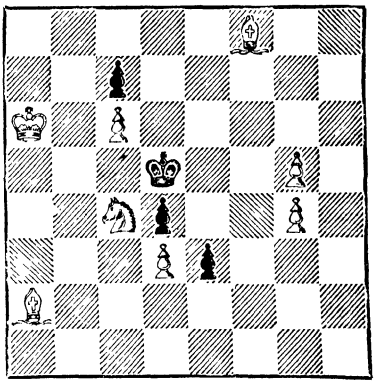
doubling Black's Pawns in an awkward manner on the Bishop's files.

† White has no better way of defending the Pawn.

PROBLEM II.

BY EUGENE B. COOK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in Four moves.

THAT FAVOURITE TOPIC.

Servants! servants! How often have I sat wondering at the perversity of taste, in otherwise refined, well-educated women, which led them so incessantly to discuss their servants' failings in the drawing-room, whilst at the same time, they laboured so hard, by studied superiority, to teach those servants that their place was emphatically in the kitchen? Why will people occupy so much of their time talking about people they yet will not talk to? Certainly, if servants have done nothing worse, they have lowered the tone of conversation in our ladies. Returning from our round of morning calls, where we have sat in all the stiff formalities of morning grandeur, listening to an endless tissue of other morning callers' grievances, inflicted upon them by their respective servants—"insolent," "purloining," "inefficient," servants—if we could enter, that same evening, all the handsome well-lighted dining-rooms of our city homes, we should find, at a charitable computation, one-half the ladies telling their poor, tired husbands about the shortcomings of Mary, and Kate, and Ellen, and Martha; whilst they would rather hear of almost anything else—even of the unpaid bills. One very methodical housekeeper once took her hus-

band up into the fourth story of the house and showed him a table which had not been dusted: "There," said she, "can you imagine anything deeper than that Margaret's viciousness? I have told her to dust that table every day since she has been here—now look at it." "My dear," said her husband, solemnly, "I have this day been cheated of a thousand pounds; I have had a forgery brought to my attention; two murderers were brought into court before me, I looked at them with horror; but, anything like the guilt of Mary remains for me yet to see!" The solemnity of these remarks, we have reason to believe, checked the volubility of our lady for some time.

We all have very noble sentiments about making home happy. No doubt we all wish to make the "fireside" attractive, and perhaps we succeed; but perhaps we could succeed still better if we weeded our conversation of these topics, so universally fascinating to women, and so invariably detested by men.

That servants have faults—often many, sore and provoking, and well meriting censure—no one with any extensive knowledge of the class could deny. But that ladies so generally take the very worst method of counteracting (if not of confirming) those faults, we as confidently believe. Now, eves-dropping is a failing often left to the charge of female servants, and if, indeed, they are guilty of this contemptible practice, never certainly were any parties more sure to realise the truth of the old proverb, about "listening ears hearing no good of themselves," for, ten to one, they will find themselves the theme of conversation; their failings, real or supposed, hauled up for animadversion in the drawing-room; and what likely will be the result upon them! Will it send them back to their household duties with more Christian tempers or faithful feelings? How should we regard those persons ourselves, who, inadvertently or purposely, we caught back-biting us? I don't think the effect would be encouraging or improving in our general nature; neither would such animadversion be salutary upon those who, if they are vicious, will feel all our will without our power to resent it; for, after all, there is not so much difference, naturally, between the hearts which throb under a calico print and those which beat beneath richest silks. Education is the real difference, the great distinction; and here, incomparably, the lady has the advantage; and we cannot help thinking that, if ladies, with such advantages, would study more the philosophy of human nature—that their humble sisters are creatures of "like passions with themselves," having the same heart yearnings for sympathy and kindness which is natural to all the sex; if they would regard the little offices of sympathy and spontaneous kindness on their part as something apart from mere duty, something to be valued and paid back in kind, with ready sympathy in their small troubles; if that young lady would look up with a bright smile, and thank the weary girl who has dragged up all those weary flights of stairs to attend upon her in her own apartment; if, when that same patient, unobtrusive girl has once more descended to the "regions below," but is presently called up, to let her young mistress out or in at the door, if that young lady, with all her leisure and polite finish, would not brush past her with such absolute indifference, if she would rather look kindly up, and utter half a dozen pleasant words to her, or even a well-bred "thank you"—those casual words, so easily spoken which cost so little, but are worth so much, to the poor retainer, who is far away, no doubt, from home and friends—would go far, we think, to win that service of the heart, which is a thousand times preferable to that enforced by a haughty carriage and a cold, distant demeanour; and if, when servants should require correction, would it not be far more proper and effective to reprove the delinquent to her face, instead of going behind closed doors to talk it over, or carry the disagreeable story into a neighbour's house; or worse and more inexcusable still, to pour the weary tale into a weary husband's ears, who has escaped from the busy turmoil of the day—has quitted the crowded walks of weary men, and sought his own fire-side, in hopes of rest and enjoyment—not surely to be worried still further with domestic wrangles Women can talk well and agreeably of the events of the day—of music, of all the arts, in fact; most women have a gift for it, and can describe a picture, a play, a public speaker, a tour, better than men; and it being their peculiar and proud province to make the world attractive, more beautiful, and more agreeable, how can they throw away this immense privilege, and, eschewing other subjects far more useful and agreeable, mount instead, for hours and hours, that perpetual hobby, servants! servants?

L. B.

FRIENDSHIP.

Whom call we friend? Oh, to that name
Full many a false heart lays a claim!
'Tis not the gay companion of an hour,
Or him with face avert when fortunes low'r;
'Tis not the one whose conversation light
Would make you think that error e'en were right;
'Tis not acquaintanceship, though stamp'd by time,
Which tried may brittle prove as wintry rime;
'Tis not the one who bids the stream to flow
Of wit and satire, to another's woe;
'Tis not the being who, by careless word,
Could drive into a brother's heart the sword
Of envy, of contention, or of strife,
Embittering man's allotted span of life,
And adding to the trials to all are gi'en,
The cutting sneer—that ready blade of spleen;
Though such th' applauding laugh, without dissent,
Excites, unworthy is the neighbour lent
To merriment destructive in its end
To bear the name, the honour'd name of friend!
To whom shall we apply it? Who may wear
With blameless reputation 'gainst the tear
Of years of change, misfortune badge so fair?
'Tis founded on religion, charity—
A mutual bond of Christian purity—
Not fierce, uncertain, wavering; but the light
Must yield a steady flame, fervent and bright—
Not blinded to another's faults, but pride
May hold no share in the reproval; hide
Thine own self from e'en the proper eye,
And trust the word of Him who cannot lie.
Humility will best adorn thy mien,
And to th' offender make his error seen.
As thou dost give to others, so receive;
If mildly chiding pure his aim believe.
Demand not confidence; but, if bestowed,
It is a sacred trust; and though the road
To fame, to wealth, or pleasure open prove
Through the betrayal, let not thou the love
Of sordid treasure snap affection's chord,
The which, if parted, not the miser's hoard
Can e'er unite. But 'tis not only meet
That thou be faithful; thou must be discreet—
Quick to discern the interest of thy friend,
And, if 't be possible, promote his end.
Should treacherous Fortune bless thy friend's estate,
Beware lest Envy lay her snaring bait
T' entrap thy soul: be steadfast, firm, and true;
Oh, fall not off; nor, basely cringing, sue
The favour of the great. But, if reversed,
Should Poverty remind him earth was cursed,
Then guard lest Pride estrange his heart from thee;
Through every change of fortune faithful be—
If double-tongued Report bring to thine ear
Aught that would spot the fame of one held dear,
Believe it not while yet a doubt remain;
Foul slander every generous heart will pain:
Learn from himself the truth, whate'er it be,
And form thy judgment then with charity.
If Nature talent on thy friend bestow,
Grieve not at praise his fellow-creatures owe;
Or if superior thou thyself dost feel,
Neither for that let thy affection reel;
But joyfully and humbly learn t impart
The gift in trust to thee with grateful heart.
Should his opinion vary from thine own,
Despise him not; perchance he have no known
The reasonings upon which thou dost decide;
Or, if thyself in error, do not hide
Thy consciousness of wrong in firm denial,
Or argument that will not bear the trial.
Be kind to all, but love not all alike;
Though all are brethren, 'twould but serve to strike
The blow of apathy upon the heart,
And lose true friendship's most endearing part.
Remember that 'tis sacred, and with care
And long approval link the chain so fair,
Which, once united, gradually cement
By pure, unswerving conduct, without rent
From foes, misfortune, tempest, cold, or heat.
'Tis not the storm-wind only that can beat
Aside affection's bonds; a word, a breath,
When all looks calm, may shatter them to death,
If wrongly ta'en, or though at random spoken,
Produce distrust, and scatter every token
Of by-gone love. Seek not here perfection;
Life will be gone e'er thou hast made selection
Of even one. Hast thou thyself no fault?
Severely judging, dost thou not exalt
Thyself o'ermuch? Lastly, preserve discretion;
And, as in earlier days, concession
Thou didst yield to win thy friend,
Still do so to retain him till life's end;
Withstand the poisoning darts by Satan hurl'd,
And hope to meet him in a better world,
Where never more shall sin have power to soil,
And God releases thee from sorrow's toil.

ADELINE A.

HOME.

I ask'd the mariner, What is home?
His son'rous voice replied,
A fertile isle in the rolling sea
Of life's resistless tide,—
The one bright star by which Neptune's sons
Their path o'er their wide deep guide.

I ask'd the soldier, who bared his breast
Unto the enemy's lance.
He told me 'twas that which nerv'd his arm
In battle's deadly chance,—
That fired his eye midst the din and roar
And running fire's advance.

I ask'd the scholar, and bright his eyes
Beneath his pale brow gleamed.
Home! On this earth 'tis a Paradise
From heav'n, by love redeemed,
Where, in happiness peace, and joy,
Our child hood's dreams were dream'd.

I ask'd the invalid, from whose cheek
The mantle of earth was loos'd,
And radiantly beam'd her pallid face,
Though heart and mind were bruised,
And earthly desires with earthly joys
Their bitterest stings had used.

Then, raising her shadowy hand on high
Towards heaven's glorious dome—
To the blue expanse, where fleecy clouds
In crested billows clomb—
Where God, in His realms of mystery reigns,
She whispered, "*There is home.*"

SNOW.

ON A BUNCH OF SEA-WEED.

Oh, call us not weeds!
We are flowers of the sea;
For lovely, and gay, and bright-tinted are we.
Our blush is as bright as the rose in your bowers,—
So call us not weeds,—we are ocean's gay flowers.

ELLEN S. P.

ANOTHER "NIGHT ADVENTURE WITH A MOUSE."

HAVING read, in the last number of the "Family Friend," an account by a fair correspondent, of "An Adventure with a Mouse," in the dead of night, I am induced to forward a somewhat similar incident that happened to myself some half-dozen years ago, differing, however, in the proceedings and result. I may observe that I am quite free from any antipathy to the mouse tribe; and if the little animal did not disturb my rest, I should be very indifferent to its presence; indeed, in my eyes, it is a pretty, though troublesome and mischievous little creature. On the occasion in question I had retired to rest, and was composing myself for my first sleep, when sundry scratching noises near at hand convinced me that one of these small quadrupeds was at large in my chamber. To make certain that the disturber was on my side of the wainscot, I got out of bed, and placed a bit of biscuit, that happened to be at hand, on the floor; in a few minutes I distinctly heard the biscuit moved, and presently it was dragged under the bed. On placing the night-light on the floor, and looking under, there, sure enough, was mousey nibbling the biscuit with as much unconcern as if he and I had been old acquaintances. Possibly he regarded the presentation of the biscuit as a mark of my friendship and esteem; at any rate he only retired when I advanced to take possession of the food. Having returned to my couch to determine on the best means of securing the intruder, he took advantage of the quiet to explore every corner of the apartment. After making himself heard in various directions, a scuffling, scrambling noise near the window informed me that he was busily engaged in converting the curtain into a ladder. Accordingly, in a very few moments, running from end to end of the cornice above the window, and peeping over, there was my friend, enjoying a finer bird's-eye view of the room than ever was beheld by its master. A short survey satisfied his curiosity, and a repetition of the scrambling noise, followed by a jump, indicated that his mouse-ship was again on the floor. After sundry excursions about the room, his next object of ambition was a chest of drawers standing against the wainscot in a recess. With several slips, judging from the sound, he clambered up the back of this piece of furniture, and was soon visible running backwards and forwards on the top. On the drawers stood a small cabinet, and on that again was a pile of flat boxes containing a collection of insects, the uppermost being about seven feet from the floor. "Excelsior" appeared to be his motto, wherever there was anything to climb, (I wonder if a mouse ever ascended Mont Blanc), and after a considerable amount of scratching and scrambling, he was again monarch of all he surveyed, flitting from corner to corner to make his observations, perhaps much disappointed that he could get no higher. By the time he quitted his high station, I had fixed upon a plan for his capture. I wished to take him alive, being generally desirous of keeping and taming any creature that comes into my possession. No trap was at hand, but there was a small box in the room, the lid of which opened with a hinge, and as the said lid was a mere frame, covered with wire gauze, a view of the interior could be had when the box was closed. To convert this into a trap, I placed the box on the floor, lid downwards, put the bit of biscuit inside as a bait, and raising the box up about an inch, by inserting a piece of wood, to which a long string was tied, with the other end of the string in my hand, I went back to bed. After some minutes' patient watching, during which the mouse seemed to visit every part of the room except that in which the snare was laid, the biscuit rattled slightly. It was an anxious moment. I listened intently—it moved again; with a jerk of the string, the box closed; and jumping out of bed, I took the cage and its captive, as I thought, to the light; but lo! there was no captive, and no biscuit—the active little animal had not only made its retreat in time, but had also secured the booty. It was not until the mouse commenced gnawing its prize that I knew where it had been conveyed; then, by a sudden *charge*, I drove off the terrible animal, and regained possession of its prey. Again I set the trap in order, taking the precaution of tying the bait, so that the mouse must go well inside the box to reach it; then, string in hand, I again betook myself to bed, and lay on my elbow, with ears all intent for a nibble. Fortunately it was summer time, or my ardour might have cooled considerably during the experiment. The love of sporting is, however, strong in Englishmen, and no doubt it supported me through the fatigues of this eventful night. Wearily

passed the time, for mousey had probably learnt a lesson of caution, and I began to doubt if he would again tempt the danger he had so narrowly escaped. For some time he seemed, I thought, to avoid that part of the room, and as he had become somewhat less restless, I was nearly making up my mind to leave him to his own devices, and seek forgetfulness of my ill success in a quiet sleep. Drowsiness would soon have settled the question, without any special consent on my part, when a slight stir of the biscuit in a moment quickened my attention; he was at it again, and, wide-awake now, I held the string all ready for the twitch the instant a repetition of the sound showed that the animal was in the right position. I had not long to wait this time; again the biscuit grated, and, at the same moment, the wooden prop was withdrawn, and the box closed. It seemed to me impossible that the mouse could have escaped this time, and on taking the box to the light, there, crouching in one corner, was the captive. I was, of course, much pleased to find my meritorious exertions were rewarded, but the creature being secured, there was nothing more to be done; so having carefully fastened the lid, and placed the box on the mantelpiece, I once more retired to bed—this time to sleep; not, however, entirely undisturbed, for the perverse animal contrived to make nearly as much noise in the box as he had before done out of it. The next day he was transferred to a small cage, which I built for his special occupation, but from some unknown cause he did not survive his capture more than a fortnight or thereabouts.

I was more successful with another specimen, which was entrapped in the following manner:—A mouse made its appearance in the sitting-room, and no trap being within reach, I took a dormouse cage, and making an elastic spring out of an India-rubber trouser-strap and two crooked pins, so attached it to the door of the cage that it required a little force to open it. A pencil was so placed as to prop the door open, the other end of the pencil being in the cage, and supported against a bit of biscuit. The next morning the mouse was caught,—in nibbling the biscuit it had, as intended, displaced the pencil, when the door snapping to made the intruder prisoner.

This individual I had for many weeks, and tamed it in a certain degree, though its natural timidity was never quite overcome. One one occasion it had escaped, and with faint hope of recapture, I put a piece of cake in the inner chamber of the cage, and set it on the floor; in a very few minutes mousey was heard at work on the cake, and by stepping up and closing the door he was secured. He accompanied me from the neighbourhood of London to the Isle of Wight, the cage wrapped in brown paper, and I noticed some fellow-passengers at a loss to account for the slight sounds which now and then issued from the parcel. His death was attributed to over-exercise, having greatly exerted himself in a wheel-cage, which I had recently made for him.

I will conclude this mouse history by describing a contrivance by which one of these animals may often be captured, when no regular trap is at hand. Place a wash-hand basin, inverted, on the floor, and having filled a thimble with tallow or other grease, insert it, on its side, under the edge of the basin, so as to prop the latter up, and allow the mouse to get under. The mouth of the thimble should be placed inwards, and the mouse, in its efforts to get at the grease, will push the thimble out of its position, and the basin will fall over the animal. The captured mouse can be carried away by slipping a cloth under the basin, or it may be spread on the floor before setting the trap. GORGONIA.

FRIENDSHIP.

It is difficult to conceive any situation more desolate than that of an individual absolutely without a friend. Friendless! The very word strikes upon the ear with a chilling sound; a cold shiver seems to run through the mind at the thought! Cheerless, forlorn, solitary, and forsaken, like Marius seated amidst the ruins of Carthage, with not a single companion to bewail with him his fallen greatness; like Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," sailing alone on the wide ocean; like a stranger in the busiest thoroughfares of the great metropolis, who sees, among the countless faces he meets and passes, not one with which he is familiar—not one with whom he can exchange a nod of recognition or a kindly greeting,—a friendless man thus lives alone, while surrounded by multitudes of his fellow-creatures; for "without a friend, the world is but a wilderness."

> "A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
> Poor is the friendless master of a world;
> A world in purchase for a friend is gain."

A friend, then, is a very valuable acquisition, and friendship must be a great blessing to its possessor.

But what is a friend, and in what does friendship consist? These may seem very simple questions to ask, but are they so readily answered? We shall see.

Now a friend is a familiar and convenient title, by which it is customary to designate everybody with whom we are on any terms of intimacy—with whom we interchange the courtesies of life: visitors, acquaintances, companions, and relatives, all come under this appellation. We receive a formal visit from a slight acquaintance, and we say *a friend* has called to see us; we write a letter, and are uncertain in what style to address our correspondent, and "Dear Friend" suits our purpose admirably; a distant relative dies, whom, perhaps, we have never seen, and of whom we know very little, but we put on mourning attire, because we have "lost a friend."

All this is exceedingly convenient, and sounds well; but if we come to examine the strict propriety of this mode of expression, we shall find it to fall somewhat short of the mark. Friendship does not depend upon acquaintanceship or consanguinity; it consists not in the interchange of civilities, the observance of outward forms of politeness and intimacy, but of something more substantial, more *useful*, than mere courtesy. Everybody knows the fable of the "Hare and many Friends." The poor hare, who, in his days of prosperity, thought he possessed a friend in every animal he knew, soon found, to his grief, that when fortune deserted him, and he stood in need of assistance, they were only acquaintances. Real friendship differs from nominal in this respect—it is the same in prosperity as in adversity; when it is most wanted it is most active. A real friend takes an interest in our welfare; he rejoices when we are happy, and grieves when we are in trouble. Friendship, therefore, is nothing more or less than practical sympathy in time of trouble, and practical aid in case of need.

Unlike love, which invests its objects with a halo of perfection, blinds the eye to faults, and views every excellence *en coleur de rose*, friendship is keenly alive to any shortcomings; and, while it grieves over the disclosures, endeavours to correct those defects by counsel, remonstrance, advice, or warning. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend," says Solomon; and though this sincerity may not be palatable or well received, yet it is one of the most valuable features of true friendship.

Notwithstanding the plain, unreserved, straightforward, matter-of-fact characteristics of friendship, there is, in the firm and mutual regard of true friends, a spice of romance, which gives to the most prosaic narrative an air of "sensational" import, standing out in prominent relief among the incidents belonging to each particular history, and imparting to that history a deep and exciting interest.

Conspicuous among the events of the eventful career of David is the mutual attachment which existed between him and Jonathan. The self-sacrificial devotion of Damon and Pythias is a circumstance which will ever be familiar, as illustrating the length of personal abnegation to which friendship may impel.

Wherever friendship exists it produces an equality. The mutual understanding and confidence, the familiarity, the intimacy of friendship, are incompatible with patronage or servility, either of which produces a distance and reserve, creating a wide and inseparable barrier to the unconstrained familiarity of intimate friends. There may be a difference in actual rank, but virtually there is no distinction.

Thus friendship is sympathetic, but not patronising; warm, but calculating; sincere, but kind, honest, and faithful; and, being governed more by calm reason than influenced by the impulsiveness of passion, is impartial in its judgment and reflective in its operation.

"Hast thou a friend, as heart may wish at will?
Then use him so, to have his friendship still.
Would'st have a friend? Would'st know what friend is best?
Have God thy friend, who passeth all the rest."

EMMA BUTTERWORTH.

NOT TIME.

HE has not time to attend to those black-eyed boys of his, so the little fellows are learning street lessons!

He has not time to take the baby for a little while, or even bring in the coal and water, so his frail young wife is breaking down with cares and toil!

He has not time to stop to kiss his wife, so her heart is aching for the love of one she thinks indifferent!

He has not time to stop and say he was too hasty, so that friend is carrying with him the remembrance of a bitter wrong!

He has not time to drop into the school-room for an hour, and so a worthless teacher is allowing worthless principles and habits to root out the good which their mother has implanted in his children's minds!

He has not time to set out flowers and

shrubs in the garden, and so it is growing up to weeds and briars!

He has not time to eat his meals properly, and so he suffers terribly from indigestion!

He has not time to read an agricultural newspaper, and so he farms it in the good old way, and wonders that his neighbour raises so much larger crops than he!

He has not time to be a Christian, so he runs a very narrow chance of being saved!

Busy man! what has he time for? Time to delve for gold, and drive close bargains! Time to wring the purses of the poor, and hoard the last worn shilling that he can grasp! Time to sell the debtor's farm on mortgage, and add the proceeds to his money in the bank! Time to collect the usury which has ruined the man whom he has obliged (?) by lending him a sum of money in necessity! Time enough for all this!

Man of business! you must needs, perhaps, take time for death, ere long, and still more time for judgment! "I haven't time," will not avail at the inexorable call of a just Judge.

TWILIGHT AMUSEMENT.

At a party, the other evening, I was much pleased with what seemed to me the new arrangement of an old game One great advantage is that it requires no pencils or paper; and may, therefore, be played in the twilight.

A word is chosen, and each person is requested to quote a remark (prose or verse) in which the chosen word occurs. As, for instance the word fixed on might be *life*. The first person would, perhaps, repeat from Shakspeare, "The web of our *life* is of a mingled yarn good and ill together" The next, "The trials of *life* are the tests which ascertain how much gold is in it." Another,

"Not by appointment do we meet delight
And joy. They need not our expectancy;
But, round some corner, in the streets of *life*,
They, on a sudden, clasp us with a smile."

Again, "Most of the shadows that cross our path through *life* are caused by our standing in our own light." A fifth might say, "The charm of London *life* is that you are never glad or sorry for ten minutes together; in the country, you are one or other for weeks." Or, "Four things come not back: the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past *life*, and the neglected opportunity."

There is no occasion to give your authority; and this privilege tends to lessen any difficulty connected with the game, inasmuch as everybody is sure to have a number of aphorisms, &c, floating about their minds, though they are not always able to refer them to their source. GIPSY.

TO THE SUFFERERS IN LANCASHIRE.

"The needy shall not alway be forgotten"
Psalm ix. 18.

"Not alway be forgotten,"—
O! blessed promise given,
A drop of Heaven's own balm to soothe
The bosoms anguish-riven.
Ye brave, true-hearted sufferers,
Look from behind the pall
A glorious beam from the Source of Light
Is resting on you all.

"Not alway,"—no! *not alway*.
Courage, my drooping friends!
Sweeter far is the "time of peace"
When the time of mourning ends.
Bravely ye've borne the bitter blast
With spirits patient, true:—
Droop not, the Everlasting Arms
Will surely bear you through.

"Not alway be forgotten,"—
Our Father's hand on high
Hath hung this rainbow promise out
Athwart the gloomy sky.
He sees His children's woe-worn gaze,
Their drooping, nerveless hands;
And the silken cord of cheering Hope
Hath twined 'mid Famine's bands.

"Not alway be forgotten,"—
O! blessed morning-light,
Dawn on the darken'd homes of want—
Scatter the shades of night;
Let honest forms at Labour's shrine
In swelling service bow,
And the glistening of toil be seen
On every manly brow.

My patient-hearted brethren,
Suffering privations dire,
Your native worth, as gold refined,
Gleams brighter in the fire.
Through tear-fill'd eyes we proudly view
Your brave, devoted band,
And own ye are our truest wealth—
The glory of the land!

"Not alway be forgotten," –
Courage! this night of woe,
If bravely borne, will win you thrones
Higher than earth can know
Look up, my brethren, His regards
How nobly ye have striven,—
Look up, and see your names inscribed
In the registry of Heaven! LUCINDA B.

EDA'S BIRTHDAYS.

JUNE 14th. Heigho! Seventeen to-day! How quickly the time passes! and yet I do not think, were it in my power, that I would wish the years that have gone back again. Uncle said this morning that I was almost a woman; and aunty laughed—she does not think I shall ever be one. Dear aunt! she is very good to me. I do not know which is the most precious—the pretty little watch and chain she gave me, or the beautiful horse uncle surprised me with. I shall be better mounted than Bella Winton now; my Moro is far handsomer than her Julian. But what nonsense I am writing! It was a funny freak of mine only to write in this book on my birthdays. What a curious affair it will be if I live to be an old woman! There is, at present, nothing but happiness recorded in it. Must a change come? Will its pages ever be blotted with tears? I know not. But come, it will not do to speculate on sorrow now, before the flowers I wore this evening in my hair are faded. How gloriously my party went off! My feet quite ache with dancing. That was a capital speech Walter Glen made proposing my health; my face felt very hot after so much praise. Frank Fielding looked very handsome, but I am afraid he is a sad flatterer. I wonder whether I am really prettier than Bella. What a pity it is people cannot look at themselves quietly! I should so like to be able to jump out of my skin, and take a good peep at myself as I sit here. Now, I declare I will not write another word—I cannot write sensibly to-night. How uncle would laugh could he see this! Good-bye, old book! Of the seven birthdays that have been noted on your pages, this one is certainly brightest and best.

June 14th. Only one short year has passed since I closed this book; but oh, how long it seems! "Almost a woman," I wrote then; now I could doubt if I were ever a child. Everything appears changed—I most of all; wiser in worldly matters; sadder, ah! how much. I trust it has made me wiser too. Now that I can look back with some degree of calmness, let me note the events that occurred in the year; perhaps it will do me good; for, in the midst of all my grief, I know there is still much left for which to be thankful. First of all, there was dear uncle's death. I never knew how dear he was till we lost him. I shall never forget his dying words. God grant I may profit by them! "Eda, my darling, I promised your widowed mother to cherish her only child, and now from that child I ask a similar boon—be a daughter to your aunt. May the God of the fatherless and the widow watch over you both, and keep you unspotted from the world!" I do not believe that poor uncle ever thought that there would not be sufficient left to enable aunt and me to live in comfort; but when his debts were paid—and aunt would have them cleared off to the uttermost farthing—there remained but a scanty pittance. All our beautiful furniture was sold; but, worse than that, was parting with Moro, uncle's last gift. However, I ought to feel pleased he has so good a master as old Mr. Winton; and Bella always gives me an account of his "cleverness" whenever she writes. I should have been somewhat annoyed had any one told me a year ago that Eda Mapleton would ever become a governess; but so it is. I had a hard struggle to conquer my pride. I shall never forget the choking sensation in my throat when I entered that large school-room, and met the gaze of so many inquisitive eyes. It seemed presumptuous for me to think of teaching girls, some of whom were older and much taller than myself. I fancy Mrs. Lane made me sing and play in order to command their respect. It was fortunate I had devoted so much time to music. My pride had another lesson when I received my first quarter's salary. I felt as if I thoroughly hated Mrs. Lane for making me feel what, with some of my old "hauteur," was considered a bitter humiliation. But these struggles make me better, and I have been more than repaid by the know-

ledge that they have enabled me to procure for aunt many little luxuries, of which she would otherwise be deprived. She is, I hope, comfortable now, though, at first, the change from our large house to these small lodgings sorely tried her. It was very kind of Mr. Winton to give me my piano; that, and a few other things, brought from "home," make our mean parlour very dear to me. There have been many mercies in all our trouble; thank God for them, and enable me from this my eighteenth birthday to lean on Him alone more than I have hitherto done!

June 14th. I had forgotten it was my birthday until aunty wished me "Many happy returns" this morning. I smiled back at her; but my heart asked if I could ever be happy again. How little she knows of this wild grief that is almost more than I can bear! Let me see what was the origin of this fresh trouble. The girls, I do not know why, are very kind to me at Mrs. Lane's, and ask me to most of their parties. At one I met Ernest Wynford; of that and subsequent meetings I will not write. At length he told me he loved me, and I—I acknowledged his love was returned. I am glad my dream did not last long, or the awakening would have been still worse. He introduced me to his mother, and, as if she saw her son's infatuation, she began speaking of his future prospects. He was a surgeon, and in a few weeks was to begin his practice in a village some distance away. Then she said how much depended on his "marrying well," &c., and —but no matter what else; my resolution was taken. That night I wrote to him, and bade him farewell for ever. He has called and written since. I refused to see him, and returned his letters unopened. I pray for him night and morning, that he may not suffer what I have borne. Yet I have the consolation of knowing that I have caused no estrangement between mother and son; and He who says "As the day is, so shall thy strength be" will help me.

June 14th. I feel in such a delirium of joy that I can scarcely hold my pen. Can this happiness be deserved? There will be no account of the events of the year to-night; the changes in plan, thought, and hopes that this day has brought have obliterated them from my memory for the present. It was a holiday; so, after breakfast, I was going to settle down quietly to some work, when Patty, our little maid-of-all-work, came to say a lady wanted to see me. I went down to the sitting-room, and there found Mrs. Wynford. I fancy she smiled at my embarrassed manner, and then suddenly said (she has a quick, abrupt way of dashing into a subject)—

"Eda, my dear, I have come to bring you a birth-day present, and to offer you a mother's welcome. Will you accept it?"

I was so astonished that I could not speak, and she continued—

"I told you my son must marry well, that his wife must be rich; I meant rich in love, in faith, in self denial. Such an one I have found—Eda, it is yourself. Ernest is worthy of you, and you cannot refuse his mother, when she asks you to marry him."

She said much more that I will not repeat. It appears she had seen our love from the first, and determined to try it. Before leaving she gave me a locket containing portraits of herself and Ernest. He came this afternoon. We had a long happy talk of our future hopes and plans, and, perhaps, it will seem more like truth when it is written—our wedding will be next month.

June 14th. Were I to search all the dictionaries in the world I could never find words to say how happy I am. My life seems one bright flood of sunshine. My husband is just the very best, dearest one there could be. Aunty would put a dozen dashes under those adjectives. Sometimes I tell her I feel positively jealous of her. She is an important part of our household; and, as Ernie says, is invaluable in assisting him to take care of his careless little wife. Mrs. Wynford has been paying us a long visit; she has sent me to-day a charming little silver tea-service. As Ernie has not seen it yet, I shall use it this evening. Ah! there is Ernie's footstep, so I must put away pen and ink, and make tea. The dear fellow is tired, I dare say; he is such a favourite with all that his practice

is constantly increasing. As he said the other day, "Thank God for that and all other blessings." NELLA.

THE FOUNDLING: A TRUE TALE.

SEVERAL years ago, near a populous city, a wealthy family resided. They were very charitable, and probably the circumstance I am about to relate may have been occasioned by it. One evening a violent ringing was heard at their door, and a servant opening it found a basket, but no one could be seen who had placed it there. It was taken in, and great was their surprise on seeing a lovely babe, fast asleep. The children clapped their hands with delight, and the youngest little girl declared it was sent for her, for she had often said she should like a live doll. The nurse was consulted as to the best means of caring for it that night, as the next day it must be sent to the workhouse or Foundling Hospital. The children begged their mamma to let them keep it, and all their pocket-money should be spent on it.

"Your papa must be consulted, my dears."

When he came home he was made acquainted with the affair, and he could not help laughing at what he called a queer joke. The children begged that the little girl might not be sent to the workhouse.

"You know, my loves, I cannot refuse you anything reasonable." But he feared it might be a bad precedent, and he knew not where such cases might end. However, he would leave it all to their dear mamma's judgment.

The next morning the lady consulted her two elder daughters on the subject. They said they had been talking it over the previous evening in their chamber, and just now had been looking at the child, and they thought it did not appear like an English child Possibly it might be claimed after a time. Their mamma said she had taken a great fancy for it; she thought Nancy, their old servant, whose husband was dead,—and two only of their children were left to her (girls),—might perhaps undertake the care of the babe for a few years; and that nurse might be trusted to call on her, naming all particulars, and their desire for keeping it secret that the child was sent by them. Matters were nicely arranged, and only four of the family were let into the secret: the children were told that it was put out to nurse—that it would be well cared for—and that they must think no more about it for the present.

Four years passed, and no inquiries had been made for the little girl. She appeared very healthy and old Nancy could not bear the idea of parting with her; so she was told that the child should remain with her another year, and then she must be put out to have a plain education, to enable her to obtain a living in a respectable way, should her parents never claim her. Weeks and months rolled over, and no applicant appeared for the child; so Mrs. J. put the little foundling to a school for a few years, and then had her in her own family as a waiting-maid on her daughters—the two elder only knowing who she was. She was instructed in dress-making, getting-up fine linen, and in other things likely to be beneficial to her. She was of a very amiable disposition, and beloved by all who knew her. Mr. J. seemed to have forgotten the occurrence, which had transpired many years ago, for he never alluded to it—he was so taken up in business matters.

When the foundling was in her seventeenth year, the eldest Miss J. was married to a very rich gentleman, and took Sarah Jane with them on the continent. Her mistress knew many languages, which was a great advantage to them when travelling in foreign countries

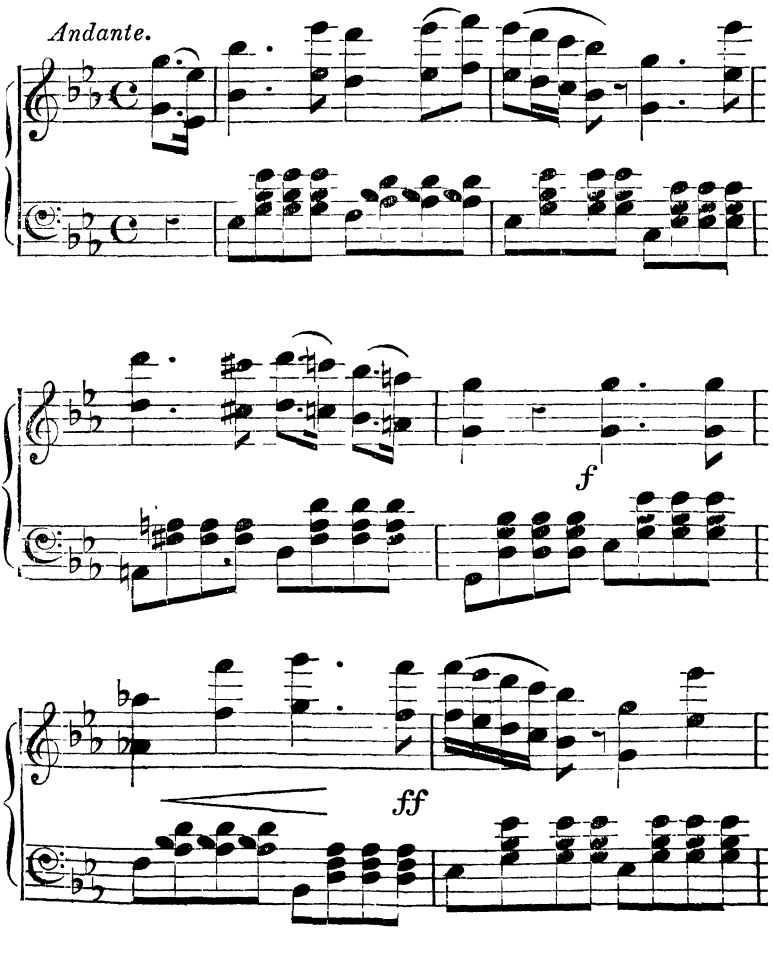
When Sarah Jane was twenty-one, she was made acquainted that she was a foundling, but that it would be kept a secret by the family until she wished it divulged. She said she was so attached to them that she should never think of leaving them. She had a very excellent situation with her present mistress, never being allowed to mix with the servants, but having a parlour, &c., to herself. Working for her mistress, and being employed on charitable missions to the poor, she led a very happy and useful life, and often saw members of the J. family: one of them, who wanted "the little live dolly," little thought she was that individual.

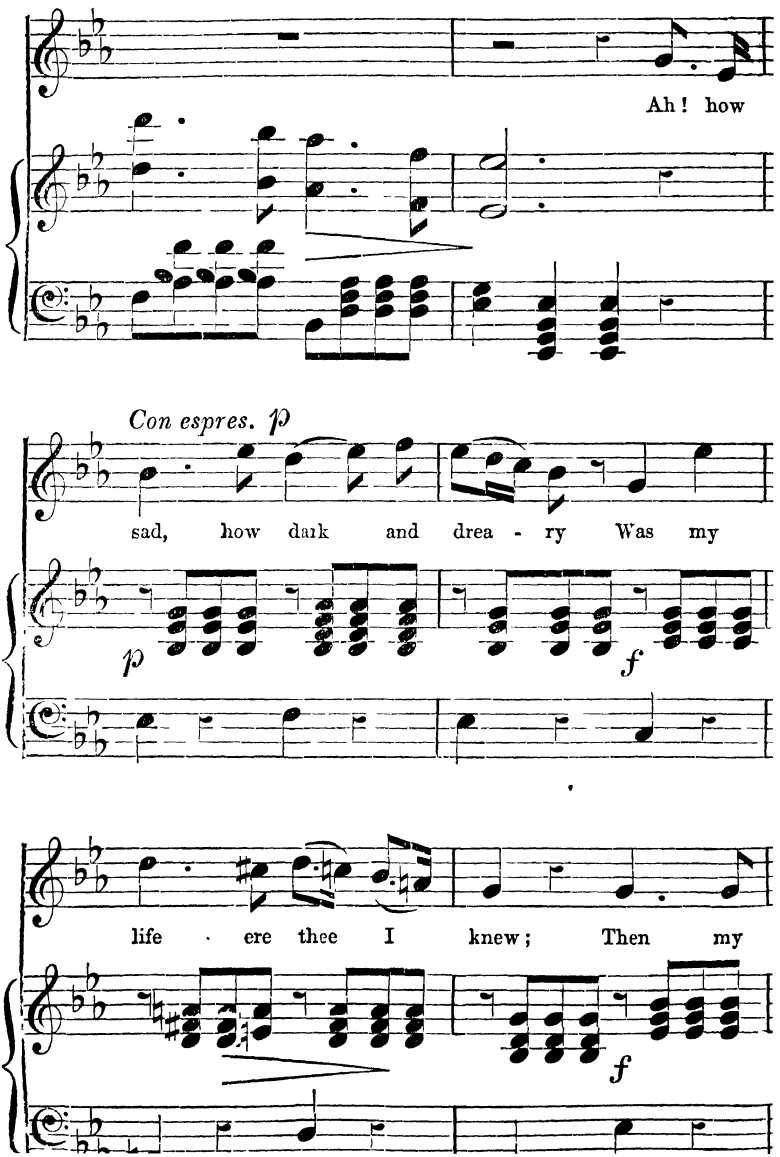
I hope my readers, young and old, may not feel disappointed at my being unable to say whom her parents were. Cruel of them, as it appears, to forsake their offspring, not knowing their motive, we must not condemn them. There is One whom I trust will not forsake her. In His hands it must be left. ANNA GREY.

EVELINE.

(SONG.)

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY JOSEPH ESSEX.




Ah! how
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sad, how dark and drea - ry Was my
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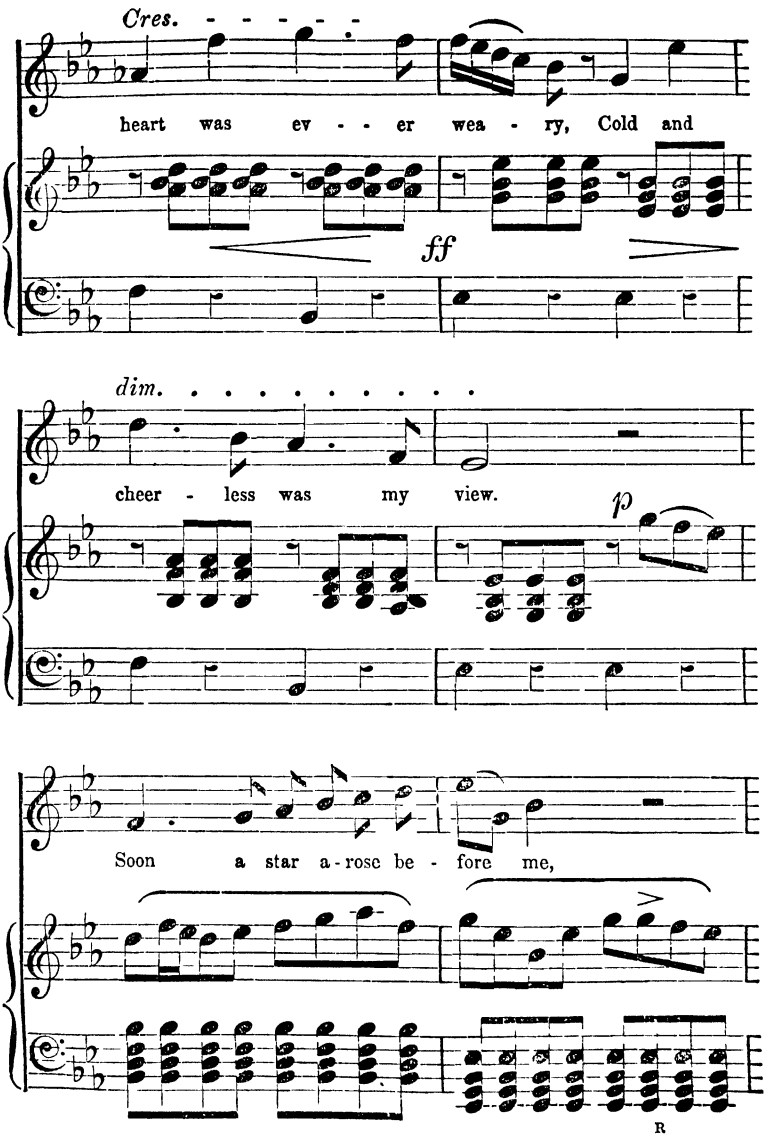
f
life - ere thee I knew; Then my
f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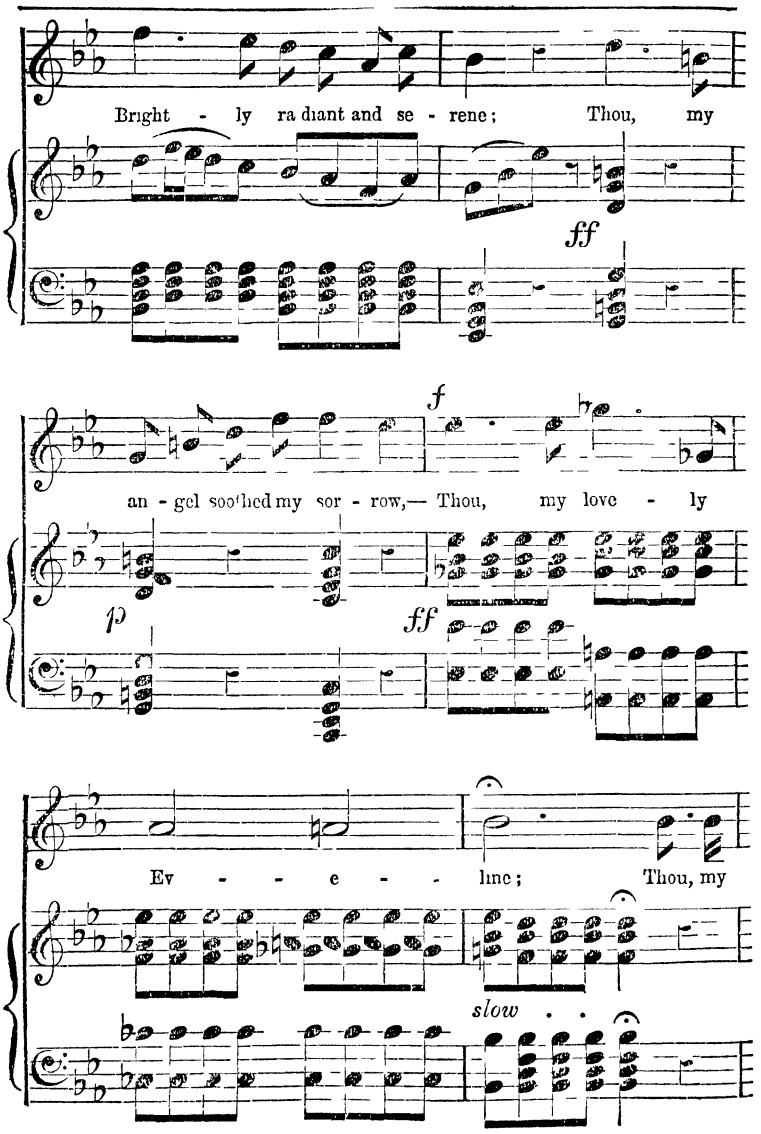
Soon a star a - rose be - fore me,


Bright - ly ra diant and se - rene; Thou, my
ff
f
an - gel soothed my sor - row,— Thou, my love - ly
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Ev - - e - - line; Thou, my
slow

an - gel, soothed my sor - row,— Thou, my

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love - ly Ev - e - line.

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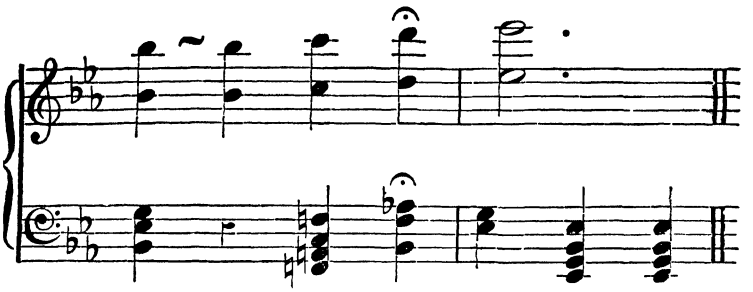


Now the earth seems gay and joyous,
Now all nature smiles around;
Warbling songsters hover o'er me;
Fragrant blossoms strew the ground.

Should sad thoughts again oppress me,
'Twill be when thou art unseen;
For thy charms dispel all sadness,
Sweetest, loveliest Eveline.

EVIL INFLUENCE; OR, THE WORLD'S OPINION.

"THIRTY-SIX pounds a year, did you say, Fanny?"

"Yes; that is very moderate, I think, considering the aristocratic neighbourhood, combined with the elegance of the house."

"Aristocracy and elegance, Fanny, must have but little hold on so important a subject. The rent is far more than we can afford to pay at present; and if we study comfort, and intend to practise economy, the house in George Street will be all we can desire. I have the keys, and if you like you can go and look over it. Will you? Come—banish all idea of Portman Square; you know my salary will not support the many expenses such a large establishment will entail."

"I am sure it will if you would but try for one year. Mrs. Page says they manage comfortably, and Mr. Page's income is but little more than yours; and I would rather not commence housekeeping at all if our income is so small as to enforce us taking a house in so mean a locality as George Street."

"You are mistaken, Fanny; but if you will be persuaded to go and see the house you will think differently; and now I must go; you will, in the meantime, consider of it."

"I have no reason to consider; I have already decided," replied Mrs. Grantham, indignantly.

He did not ask what her decision was, but affectionately kissed her, and bade her good-bye. As soon as he was gone, she indulged in a passionate outburst of grief. Hers was not the calm, inward grief that springs from the heart, enfeebling both body and mind, for such is only to be found where true sorrow dwells. No; hers was only passionate, hysterical grief, because her stubborn, obdurate will must yield to the will of another. Had she thoughtfully considered the cause of her present state, she could not with sincerity have wept; but because others, weaker even than herself, had thought right to instil into her mind a love for outward show—no matter what expense might necessarily be incurred—she had, as might be expected, felt justified in making her husband give way to

ıll her foolish whims. But, fortunately, ıe was a man of high principles; a man ɔf honour—one who would scorn to live ıt the expense of another. Of this, perhaps, Fanny was not yet aware, and had thus expected to govern, not to be governed. This miserable desire was not self-instilled; it was the fruit of evil influence; the folly of listening to the voice of others whose happiness is centred in another's misery. Had Edwin Grantham been permitted to peer into the darkened future, he would have acted differently; but he had not, and his only hope of victory now rested in the almost fruitless attempt to displant that noxious weed—evil influence.

Edwin Grantham was a clerk in a mercantile office. It was a responsible situation, although it needed but a wise and honest man; and, perhaps for once, the right man was in the right place. Previous to entering upon the situation he now occupied, he had been clerk in Mr. Bouverie's office, the father of Fanny, his wife. He had always been spoken of in the mercantile world as a wealthy man; and Fanny, being his only child, was accordingly reputed his heiress. The position of heiress is not an enviable one, as far as regards comfort. Courted and flattered by a host of brainless, money-seeking men; admired and petted by dozens of matronly ladies, with marriageable sons, she is always open to criticism, and becomes vain and heartless. A constant longing to excel others in fashion and worldliness takes possession of the heart, and the innocent, loveable girl becomes harsh, worldly, and tyrannical. Thus it was with Fanny Bouverie. She had been exposed to all the frivolous gaiety of the world; she had been induced to become extravagant, no matter at what expense, and all for the silly purpose of creating a sensation in the fashionable world. While surrounded by all this pomp, Edwin became enamoured of her. To have declared his love for her would have been madness, as he well knew her father sought a rich suitor for her hand, therefore he kept it a profound secret, but not for long, for, in the midst of all his earthly toils, Mr. Bouverie was summoned to another world. Death came unexpectedly as it often does; he was unprepared to leave this world—was he prepared for another? that momentous question none could answer. In less time than it had taken to enrol his name amongst the wealthy, it was known that Mr. Bouverie had died a beggar. Fanny was thus cast adrift on the rugged world, without even the necessary means of subsistence. Of all her numerous friends, not one came forward to lend her a helping hand. Her innumerable suitors all fled from her side, all but one (Edward Grantham); he was still the same friend, may perhaps, even nearer than before. He would not declare his love now, in the midst of her afflictions. He sought to win her love first; he supplied her with ample means of subsistence; and sought to re-instate her as near as he could in her former position. Many little luxuries he denied himself, so that she might have more, and all was done so secretly that Fanny was not aware who was her benefactor. An elderly maiden aunt, hearing of Fanny's forlorn condition, offered her a home until she could procure a situation. Fanny did not care to be dependent on the bounty of a stranger, she, therefore, readily accepted the offer, and became an inmate of her aunt's house. Edwin, as a friend, was allowed to correspond regularly with her, and before two years had elapsed, they were solemnly united as man and wife. Unhappily she had retained many of her former habits, and each succeeding day tried to exert greater influence over him she had vowed to obey.

The morning of our introduction to her, she had been urging him to rent a much larger house than he could afford. We have heard Edwin's affable reply. We will now see which conquered. In the course of the day, one of her intimate lady acquaintances called in. To her she unfolded, what she doubtless called her "tale of woe." This lady was Mrs. Page, whom Fanny had held up to her husband as an example. Of course she persuaded her not to abandon the house in Portman-square, but to persist in having it, or else to refuse to commence housekeeping at all. Accordingly, when Edwin returned in the evening, she was

duly prepared to meet him with an ultimate decision. It is unnecessary to narrate the long controversy that ensued ere she gained her object, but she triumphed, and by dint of coaxing, and no little stupidity, she persuaded him to rent the house she had set her mind upon. Having gained one point, she lost no time in finding another. A large house must, of course, be handsomely and appropriately furnished, and she meant that it should be so. Edwin loved her too well to deny her anything in opposition to her wishes; she, therefore, had all she wished; nor did the expense end here When she once, what she termed "comfortably settled," company must be entertained, large parties must be given; her lady friend did, so must she.

Months and months passed on in this way, Edward saw his circumstances were greatly embarrassed, but he was silent, he could not venture to tell her of his troubles, but endeavoured by constant, and assiduous attention to business, to pay some of the many debts. But a sadder and more important affair happened to make him lament his wife's fatal propensity. Four years had elapsed since he had first entered upon his present office, and his employers perceiving his trustworthiness and ability offered to accept him as a partner, provided he could furnish a certain sum. The amount he had not got, nor, under the present circumstances was he likely to have it. He therefore told them he must decline their kind offer, at the same time refraining from making any allusion to the cause of his doing so. This he disclosed to his wife—she was sorry, but that was of no use; friends she certainly had, but none that would lend the required sum. They could advise gratuitously and that was all. Edwin did not mention it again, he did not taunt her with her sinfulness as many would have done.

Christmas, the season of festivity and gladness, was now at hand. Fanny was busy preparing for the reception of company, and counting the days that must elapse before they could arrive. To Edwin it brought far different thoughts; to him it was a sorrowful, gloomy time. While she was inventing something with which to outshine her neighbours, he was ransacking his brains to find out how to pay the debts she had incurred. The time, with its different results, came for both. She was pleased with the success of her plans, he was on the verge of madness. Never had he imagined the amount of his debts would be thus; where he had estimated shillings, pounds stood in countless numbers. Jewellers, drapers, milliners, and upholsterers' accounts lay before him. Dozens of things, which he had never seen, which had been bestowed on unworthy objects, he was now called upon to pay; and, alas! he knew not how. His salary would not pay one quarter of them. His first impulse was —not as many would have done - to go and blame her who was the cause of all this trouble; no, he applied himself more vigorously than ever to his occupation, hoping thus to defray the enormous expenses entailed. He kindly begged her to act as economically as possible in future; but, although she patiently listened to him, she did not heed his words.

Time fled heedlessly; she still went on in the same manner. People became impatient for the settlement of their accounts. Edwin paid all he could, the rest he promised to pay shortly; and yet they would not rest. Summer came, with all its joyous beauty. Paterfamilias, with their wives and darlings, were rushing to the sea-side; and, of course, Mrs. Grantham must go too. Edwin coaxed and pressed her to yield, but in vain; she had resolved to go, and would. Finding she could not gain permission so readily as she expected, she became cold and indifferent towards him. One morning she was more persuasive than ever, and Edwin, to avoid an altercation, left home earlier. After he was gone Fanny began to weep, and, while in this state, her husband entered the room. A deathly pallor was spread over his face, and so altered was his appearance, that Fanny started from her seat with amazement, and hastily exclaimed—

"Good heavens, Edwin! what is the matter?" at the same flinging her arms around his neck.

"Woman!" he angrily replied, as he pushed her away from him, "if you

would avoid danger, leave this house instantly."

"Mercy, Edwin! pity, me! for——"

She did not finish her sentence, but fell senseless on the floor. It was the first unkind, harsh word she had ever received from him since she became his wife; and though she had often, and did now, deserve much worse treatment at his hands, this, the first word, pierced the utmost recesses of her heart. The unrelenting and ambitious woman was humbled; she had knelt at her husband's feet imploring mercy—she, who would but an hour before, had any one foretold such a thing, considered him the veriest madman on this earth. When Edwin saw her prostrate before him he first felt and knew the power of the words he had spoken, for, unhappy man, he had tried to address her calmly, but when he saw her, the origin of all his misery, before him, his stern nature returned; the thoughts of his ruined fortune, his forlorn condition, his blasted hopes, all rushed into his bewildered mind, and made him more conscious than ever of her faults. Unthinkingly he had allowed those words to pass his lips—heedlessly they had been uttered; yet, in spite of all, their deadliest power had been inflicted on her—he had loved, perhaps too well. Absorbed in thought, he stood totally regardless of her condition, until a deep groan escaped her lips, then, as if struck by some magic power, he knelt by her side, calling upon her name with maniacal fondness. With the return of consciousness came that unwelcome visitor—grief. Not a word did he receive from her lips, nothing but sobs and tears came to give him an assurance of her repentance. After a long silence he ventured to speak to her.

"Come, my own Fanny," he began, "do not weep any longer; forgive me those unkind words, they were unintentional. I was hasty, but if you only knew how- "

But suddenly he checked himself.

"Only knew what?" asked Fanny, looking up with tearful eyes.

"Why, that we are ruined."

"Ruined! Good heavens! Ah!—you are not in earnest; it cannot be."

"Yes, Fanny, I am in earnest; it is far too serious a matter to trifle with. You now see me before you a ruined man. Not one article of any kind amongst this useless furniture is mine; it must all be sold."

"Can you not induce them to wait," asked Fanny, eagerly.

"Wait! no, indeed. I cannot. They have already been put off as long as they can."

"Why did you not tell me of this before, Edwin?"

"Fanny, do not ask that question. Have I not repeatedly told you to be more economical; to do away with so much finery and pomp, as we were living at a higher rate than my salary would support? Did you heed me? Did you act as a woman of principle would have done? I do not wish to reproach you, but you know I have warned you repeatedly."

Fanny made no reply; she hung down her head, as if afraid to meet his gaze.

"But now," he continued, "it is too late; and, perhaps, it is as well, for we can start life again, and this time, I hope, we shall agree in such matters as these. We must content ourselves with a humbler sphere; but if we are spared to each other we may be happy; for, depend upon it, riches create no enjoyment, beyond the mere effort of assuming to outshine our neighbours, if I may term that happiness. Let all the past be buried in oblivion, and all our mind be directed to the future."

"Edwin, you have been a better husband to me than I have deserved How can I repay you for all your kindness?"

"By being contented and happy in our new home. But not a word more in my praise; you considerably overrate my good qualities, and any further transgression will be punished by a kiss," he replied, kissing her.

Perhaps we have already intruded too long on the privacy of the young couple to be justified in remaining as witnesses of the truly affecting scene that followed. Suffice it to say that holier and better feelings existed between them than heretofore. It wanted but one more proof to complete their mortal happiness, which was that it should always remain

thus; that the new love so lately sprung up between them should exist for ever. Reader, was it so? Can you guess?

. . . . . .

Hope—bright, joyful hope—has in her train many mournful attendants—despair, grief, remorse, envy—all await her bidding to afflict some poor creature with their poisonous talons. How many arise in the morning with their hearts overflowing with joy, who, long before the sun has reached its meridian height, are plunged into the dark abyss of despair! As it is with us all, so it was with Edwin Grantham. He had hoped that the sudden transition from plenty to poverty would prove a blessing; that his much-loved wife would patiently bear up through all his trials; that she would nobly baffle against poverty and its temptations, shunning her former friends and their advice as she would evil. But, alas! he had hoped in vain. She again turned to the counsel of her friends. She could not bear the idea of living in a meanly-furnished house; she would leave him until his prospects were better. At first it sounded improper. Nay, it did not only sound, it was so in reality. "What will the world think?" was the first question she put to herself. "But stay, what will the world think of me—a merchant's daughter—living in a back street?" No; she could not do it; she would leave—and so she did. Imagine Edwin's grief, his dismay, on hearing of her decision. Words are inadequate to express what he felt. If you, dear reader, have ever been deserted by a friend whilst surrounded by trouble and adversity, you, and you alone, can form an idea of his feelings. Now, when her presence was most needed, when a faithful and loving wife would have clung closer than ever to her husband, she was going to leave him. It was an awful thought, and I will dwell no longer on such a scene.

She left, and went to reside with her aunt at a fashionable watering-place, he, of course, furnishing her with necessary means. He, the much-wronged husband, was left alone. Harder and harder he worked to regain his station in life—not for his sake alone, but that she might come back to him again. At the forfeiture of health and rest he worked, living meanly, and lodging with a deputy-clerk. Was she happy? Was she free from the burden of a guilty conscience? Could she examine herself, and plead "Not guilty?" No; she was miserable; her conscience was continually taunting her with her sinfulnes, and still she continued in the same path. Had she foreseen the future she would have fled from the tempter's power; she would have acknowledged her faults to her heavenly Father, and craven forgiveness of Him. But she could not foresee one single evil; consequently, she continued in the same path, following the current of her own inclinations, until something should intervene to reclaim the unloving, unfaithful, worldly wife.

. . . . . .

It is a beautiful autumnal day, the sun is sinking to rest, and as it sheds its crimson rays o'er sea, plain, and woodland, they fell on the face of a wasted female form, who is reclining on a bed in a pretty detached house. No one who looks on that poor, slender young creature would ever guess it was Fanny Grantham. Yet it is her, though but a shadow of her former self. Body and mind both diseased, she was now a sorrowing, dying creature. Sorrowing! Yes, for though she will doubtless in a few hours be summonded to God's awful tribunal, her thoughts are still lingering on earth; she fears to die without seeing her husband, from whom nor with whom she has exchanged a single word for two years. Her aunt enters the room, and inquires if she is better, as her husband is waiting below to see her. Instantaneously a change passes over her face, and, raising her hands as if in supplication, she murmured—

"God, I thank thee! prepare me to meet the struggle." Then, turning to her aunt, she said, "Fetch him at once, for I am dying, and I have much to say."

In a moment Edwin entered the room. It was not on Fanny alone that grief had left its traces, for her husband looks pale, wearied, worn out.

"Fanny, my own wife!" he exclaimed, clasping her hand to his lips.

"Edwin, oh, my husband! pity me, pray for me, ere I die," she murmured, in hollow tones, and fell back on her pillow.

"Help! water, quick, she is dying!" cried he.

"Nay, do not call any one, I am better now; but, Edwin, I am so weak."

"Do not exert yourself, dear, I can wait."

"Wait! ah, wait, even now I am so near death, if I might I would. But it is awful, I must resign, now I feel death hovering over me; but the past, of which I dread to think, makes me fearful to meet the future—to know that I leave this world unforgiven. Oh, 'tis awful!"

"Unforgiven? Fanny, by whom? Speak, so that you may die in peace with all."

"By one whom I have made the most miserable of God's creatures. By you, Edwin."

"Good God! this is too much," he frantically exclaimed. "Hear me, my beloved wife," he continued in a tone of agony, "by me you are forgiven. Long, long ago, I forgave you all."

"Oh! Father I thank thee that my prayer is answered! Edwin, would that we had never met, you would now have been happy. But stay, I am dreaming, it is not reality, Edwin, are you here?"

"Yes, darling," close to you," he replied, with emotion.

"Now I know you are, but why do you weep? See, they are coming; cannot you hear them singing. I am going away. Edwin, be happy—forget—me."

A letter she had held in her hand fell at her side, and her spirit had fled. Edwin leant over her, and, kissing her marble forehead, murmured, "Thy will, O Lord, be done." He then broke the seal of the letter, and read as follows:—

My injured husband, ere this reaches you I shall be no more. Edwin, my loving husband, it is to beg your forgiveness I now write. Do pray for me, heaven will reward you. Tell all my friends I die the victim of folly, of evil influence, tell them not to trust in this world, not to shun a loving heart for the sake of pride, or they may, like me, bitterly repent. Edwin I cannot speak to you as I would. I dare not mention the past, therefore, I can only say I repent my every action. Farewell, do try and be happy, do not think of me; forget me—I am not worth thinking about. Farewell. my own Edwin, my husband, pray forgive your miserable, dying, but repentant wife

FANNY.

When he had read it, he knelt by her bedside as in prayer. For a long time he continued thus, when Fanny's aunt, wondering at the prolonged silence, entered the room, and, to her unexpressible horror, found them both dead. Yes, while in the act of praying for her he had loved, God had called him away to meet her in heaven, where there would be no more separation.

They were buried in the same grave, a plain marble monument marks the spot, bearing the simple inscription

TO THE MEMORY
OF
EDWIN AND FANNY GRANTHAM,
THE VICTIMS OF EVIL INFLUENCE.

ROSALIE.

THE BEST OARS.

PROBABLY the most ancient mode of propelling boats through the water by hand-labour was by means of oars of nearly the same shape, and worked in the same manner as those now in use. And to all appearance there is no likelihood of a change, for although many savage tribes work their canoes and other narrow boats with hand-paddles, and attain great speed with them, yet seamen of civilised nations, whose boats are mostly of a more burdensome character, and whose bodies are encumbered with clothing, have, without exception, given preference to the oar as an instrument of greater power, and worked with more convenience. And, truly, there is no more beautiful instrument than an oar, when we consider its simplicity, the ease with which it is worked, and the readiness with which its position is accommodated to the ever-varying motion of the boat and the sea's surface. Fir oars have always been considered the most desirable for life-boats, as they do not bend so much as ash oars, and as they float much lighter in the water, and will therefore better support any persons in it in the event of accident. Experiments have been made by the National Life-boat Institution to test the relative strength of oars, when it was ascertained that an oar made from a good white Norway batten, or from a white Baltic spar, will bear as great a strain as any other, each being as free of knots as possible.—*The Life-boat.*

MY JOURNEY HOME.

ONE pleasant evening, a few weeks ago, I was seated in a railway carriage, and being whirled along a road which, although not very familiar to me, still terminated I knew in "home." Those who have experienced a separation from that cherished spot, and its more cherished habitants, will have some idea of my feelings as I sat in the corner of the carriage apparently calm and self-possessed, but with such a tumult of joy within that I scarcely knew how to repress the smile that would occasionally spread itself over my face. Sometimes I caught the eye of my fellow-traveller opposite fixed upon me with a half curious, but kind glance, as if he would like to know the cause of my joy. He was a pleasant, fatherly-looking, old gentleman, who, from the first moment I saw him, won my esteem. I had some slight difficulty in getting into the carriage, and this was increased by the knowledge that I was rather late. He was already seated; but, the moment he saw me, he took my little parcel, and offered his hand so kindly and politely that I tendered him mine, and my sincerest gratitude at the same time. The act was simple and common in itself, but the manner won me. However, after I had expressed my thanks, I thought it prudent to maintain silence; and yielded myself to the indulgence of those delightful anticipations (now so near fulfilment), which, for many months, had been the solace of my lonely hours.

In the momentary silence occasioned by the stoppages at the various stations on the line, I had caught the sound of children's voices singing. On inquiry, I learned that a party of school-children, with their teachers, were returning from a day's pic-nic in the country. At one station we stopped longer than usual, and their clear, sweet voices floated distinctly to my ear in the still evening air. I know not what the words of the song were; but the chorus, in which they seemed to join with redoubled earnestness, was—

"We are on our journey home!
We are on our journey home!
Shout, shout, the victory!
We are on our journey home!"

How heartily did my spirit echo to these words, and throb in unison with the simple, flowing melody in which they were sung! Yet, at the same moment, there arose within me a question that flashed searchingly through my soul. *Where is thy home?* Not the first time it had made itself heard in my heart. On a similar occasion, long ago, it had urged itself with inexpressible earnestness; and eventually suggested the lines below. How solemn seemed that inward voice—*Where is thy home?* Truly I felt earth is not my home. Changes constantly pass over it, afflictions darken it, and the angel of death often spreads his wings over it, and bears away the most loved from amongst us. No! earth is not my home. How sweetly and consolingly the words came to my mind—

"I'm but a stranger here—
Heaven is my home!
Earth is a desert drear—
Heaven is my home!"

Yes, and my present journey reminded me forcibly of that other and more important journey on which I was travelling. In my earthly home a beloved mother I knew was anxiously waiting the return of her absent child; and, in my higher and eternal one, an early-lost father was watching over his daughter as she trod the rough, uneven paths of life, ready, with a welcome, when the hour arrived that should re-unite her to himself—"the branch to the parent-stem." Surely, in bereavement there is blessing. The desire to meet again those "not lost but gone before" is as a link drawing our souls heaven-ward; and the ties that in death appear for ever riven asunder, are, in reality, only strengthened and united to our hearts firmer and closer than before.

Evening deepened into night. The old gentleman opposite looked sleepy; and a noble little fellow next him, who,

during the whole of the journey had bravely endeavoured to keep awake, yielded at last to the general drowsiness, and changed the hard seat of the carriage for the softer and more genial one of his mother's lap. The school-children, too, had evidently wearied their little throats, for I heard nothing of them at the last station; but, after a little further travelling, a long, loud whistle announced we were drawing near the termination of our journey. Everybody was wide awake when the ticket-collector's lamp flashed in their faces. Ladies began to fidget after their parcels and draw their shawls around them; and gentlemen buttoned up their coats and rubbed their moustachios with awakening zeal. At last we fairly stopped in the large, well-lighted station of one of England's principal seaports; and I had just alighted from the carriage when I discovered, amid the moving mass, that face whose every lineament is indelibly stamped on my heart Another moment and I felt on my cheek the warm tear and fervent kiss of—*my mother!*

"WHERE IS THY HOME?"

"WHERE is thy home?" I ask'd a child,
Whose little hand in mine was press'd.
She smil'd, and pointed out to me
The spot on earth she loved the best.
"Seest thou that little humble cot
That's sheltered by the old oak tree?
My home is there. No other spot
Can ever be so dear to me.
And every morn and even, there
We bow the knee to God in prayer.
"And seest thou too the little brook?
How cheerfully it runs along!
And, when the summer days are here,
I love to listen to its song.
And then I care not for the world,
I have no wish afar to roam;
For all I love on earth are here
In this my own dear, happy home!"
Her little heart, so full of love,
Knew not the better home above.

I ask'd her when a mother's cares
Were stamp'd upon her gentle face;
I ask'd, and she remember'd not
The question of her early days.
The smile that I had ne'er forgot
Was once more lighting up her eye,
As silently she took my hand
And press'd it as in days gone by:
"This is my home, my friend," said she;
"A happier home there cannot be;
"For he who won my young heart's love
Has cherish'd me and been my guide;
And now confidingly I rest
On him whatever may betide.
But come, my friend, with me, and see
What makes a mother's bosom swell:
The earnest hope, the sick'ning fear,
A mother's heart alone can tell."
Her tears flowed fast—she could not speak,
But bent to kiss her baby's cheek.

Years passed away. Health, beauty fled—
Her cheek and lip had lost their bloom;
And she, the once fair, beauteous girl,
Was hastening to her early tomb.
And while I gaz'd upon her face
Now furrow'd with disease and care,
I wonder'd if her heart were chang'd,
Or if earth's idols still reign'd there.
With prayerful heart I breath'd once more
The question as in days of yore.

"My home is not on earth," she said;
"My husband and my babe are gone;
My parents and my friends are dead;
But yet I am not left alone.
Jesus is now my strength and guide!
Soon I shall leave this world of pain,
And meet with those I've loved on earth—
My husband and my babe again.
Jesus, Thou hast my sins forgiven;
I cannot fear; 'My home's in *heaven*!'"

LUCINDA B.

MORAL COURAGE.

MORAL courage suffers from what is termed animal courage, inasmuch as it aims at a higher motive, and can be exhibited solely by responsible and intellectual beings. A boy would, perhaps, fight a bigger boy for any injury he might have suffered at his hands. In so doing, he simply exhibits his animal courage; and is, in that respect, no whit superior to the bull-dog or game-cock. But if he have fortitude and strength of mind sufficient to enable him to avow a fault, confess a crime, or withstand temptation, his courage is of a higher nature—he displays a nobleness of mind and strength of character which is sure to be appreciated by every intelligent person.

Some people are, as I believe, constitutionally timid; their courage and bravery are naturally small and limited; they can only attain to that standard of moral excellence here discoursed of by incessant endeavour and earnest resolution. They must summon reflection to their aid: they should consider and resolve boldly to do what is right, and ignore the consequences.

This is the only way by which naturally timid people (that is to say, people who lack strength of mind and determination—the true "nobility of soul,") can overcome their cowardice and become morally courageous.

TERRA COTTA.

THE MARVELS AND MYSTERIES OF A SEED.

HAVE you ever considered how wonderful a thing the seed of a plant is? It is the miracle of miracles. God said, "Let there be 'plants yielding seed,'" and it is further added, each one "after his kind."

The great naturalist, Cuvier, thought that the germs of all past, present, and future generations of seeds were contained one within the other, as if packed in a succession of boxes. Other learned men have explained this mystery in a different way. But what signify all their explanations? Let them explain it as they will, the wonder remains the same, and we must still look upon the reproduction of the seed as a continual miracle.

Is there upon earth a machine, is there a palace, is there even a city, which contains so much that is wonderful as is enclosed in a single little seed—one grain of corn, one little brown apple-seed, one small seed of a tree—picked up, perhaps, by a bird for her little ones—the smallest seed of a poppy or a blue-bell, or even one of the seeds that float about in the air invisible to our eyes! There is a world of marvels and brilliant beauties hidden in each of these tiny seeds. Consider their immense number, the perfect separation of the different kinds, their power of life and resurrection, and their wonderful fruitfulness!

Consider, first, their number. About a hundred and fifty years ago, the celebrated Linnæus, "the father of botany," reckoned about 8,000 different kinds of plants; and he then thought that the whole number existing could not much exceed 10,000. But, a hundred years after him, M. de Candolle, of Geneva, described 40,000 kinds of plants; and at a later period he counted 60,000, then 80,000, and he supposed it possible that the number might even amount to 100,000.

Will, let us ask, have these 100,000 kinds of plants ever failed to bear the right seed? Have they ever deceived us? Has a seed of wheat ever yielded barley, or a seed of a poppy grown up into a sunflower? Has a sycamore-tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beech-tree from a chestnut? A little bird may carry away the small seed of a sycamore in its beak to feed its nestlings, and, on the way, may drop it on the ground. The tiny seed may spring up and grow where it fell, unnoticed, and sixty years after it may become a magnificent tree, under the shade of which the flocks of the valleys and their shepherds may rest.

Consider next the wonderful power of life and resurrection bestowed on the seeds of plants, so that they may be preserved from year to year, and even from century to century.

Let a child put a few seeds in a drawer, and shut them up, and sixty years afterward, when his hair is white and his step tottering, let him take one of these seeds and sow it in the ground, and, soon after, he will see it spring up into new life, and become a young, fresh, and beautiful plant.

M. Jouannet relates that in the year 1835 several old Celtic tombs were discovered near Bergorac. Under the head of each of the dead bodies there was found a small square stone or brick, with a hole in it, containing a few seeds, which had been placed there beside the dead by the heathen friends who had buried them, perhaps 1,500 or 1,700 years before. These seeds were carefully sowed by those who found them—and what, think you, was seen to spring up from this dust of the dead?—beautiful sunflowers, blue corn-flowers, and clover, bearing blossoms as bright and sweet as those woven into wreaths by merry children playing in fields.

Some years ago a vase, hermetically sealed, was found in a mummy-pit in Egypt, by Wilkinson, who sent it to the British Museum. The librarian there having unfortunately broken it, discovered in it a few grains of wheat and one or two peas, old, wrinkled, and as hard as stone. The peas were planted carefully under glass on the 4th of June, 1844, and, at the end of thirty days, these old seeds were seen to spring up into new life. They had been buried probably about 3,000 years ago (perhaps in the time of Moses), and had slept all that long time, apparently dead, yet still living in the dust of the tomb.

Is not the springing of the seed an emblem of the resurrection of the dead? Accordingly it is mentioned by the Apostle Paul, in 1 Cor. xv., where, from the springing of the seed, he explains the doctrine of the resurrection unto life.

THE VALUE OF TIME.—One of the hours each day wasted on trifles or indolence, saved, and daily devoted to improvement, is enough to make an ignorant man wise in ten years—to provide the luxury of intelligence to a mind torpid from lack of thought—to brighten up and strengthen faculties perishing with rust—to make life a fruitful field, and death a harvester of glorious deeds.

LESSONS FROM THE LEAVES.

We men sometimes, in what we presume to be humility, compare ourselves with leaves; but we have as yet no right to do so. The leaves may well scorn the comparison. We who live for ourselves, and neither know how to use or keep the work of past time, may humbly learn, as from the ant, foresight; from the leaf, reverence. The power of every great people, as of every living tree, depends on its not effacing, but confirming and concluding the labours of its ancestors. Looking back to the history of nations, we may date the beginning of their decline from the moment when they cease to be reverent in heart and accumulative in hand and brain; from the moment when the redundant fruit of age hid in them the hollowness of heart whence the simplicities of custom and sinews of tradition had withered away. Had men guarded the righteous laws and protected the precious works of their fathers with half the industry we have given to change and ravage, they would not now have been seeking vainly in millennial visions and mechanical servitudes the accomplishment of the promise made to them so long ago: "As the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect so long enjoy the works of their hands; we shall not labour in vain nor bring forth for trouble, for they are the seed of the blessed Lord, and their offspring with them."

This lesson we have taken from the leaf's life; one more we may receive from its death. If ever in autumn a pensiveness falls upon us as the leaves drift by in their fading, may we not wisely look up to their mighty monuments? Behold how fair, how far prolonged in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valleys, the fringes of the hills! So stately, so eternal! the joy of man, the comfort of all living creatures, the glory of the earth, they are but monuments of those poor leaves that flit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass without our understanding their last counsel and example; that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may build it in the world-monument, by which men may be taught to remember, not where we died, but where we lived.—*Ruskin's Modern Painters.*

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

M. Guizot draws the following parallel between the English and French nations:—

When we attentively compare the history and social development of France and England, we are almost equally astonished at the resemblances and the differences. Never have two nations of such diverse origin and condition been more thoroughly united in their destinies, or exercised on each other, by the relations of war and peace, a more constant influence. A French province conquered England; and England possessed for many years a number of the provinces of France. As this national struggle passed away, the institutions and political views of the English became a subject of admiration to some of the most political minds of France—Louis XI. and Philippe de Comines, for example. In the midst of Christendom the two people have followed two very different religious standards; but even this diversity has become a new ground of their contact and association. It was in England that persecuted French Protestants, it was in France that persecuted English Catholics, sought and found an asylum. And when kings in their turn were banished, it was in France that the king of England, and in England that the king of France, were refugees; nor was it until after a long sojourn in this refuge that Charles II., in the eighteenth century, and Louis XVII., in the nineteenth, returned to their respective kingdoms. The two nations, or rather the upper classes of the two nations, have had the caprice to borrow of each other their ideas, their manners, and their fashions. In the seventeenth century it was the court of Louis XIV. that gave tone to the English aristocracy. It was in the eighteenth century that Paris went to London for models. And when one rises above these matters of history to look at the great phases of the civilisation of the two countries, he immediately perceives that, on the whole, they have proceeded in almost the same career, and that the same attempts and alternatives of order and revolution, of absolute power and of liberty, have occurred in both countries, with most striking coincidences, at the same time with the widest diversities.

PEOPLE WE CAN DISPENSE WITH.

The man who "can't live within his salary," and is always wanting to borrow money, but who wears as fine broadcloth and expensive sleeve-buttons as his employer.

The woman who brings up her daughters

on a diet of curl-papers and dancing-school, and who "cannot account for Anna Maria's conduct," when she elopes with a penniless adventurer.

The man who would rather buy a new coat (on credit!) and cheat the tailor, than be degraded by a neat patch on his elbows.

The woman whose stocking toes resemble a cullender in their ventilating conveniences, but who considers a nicely executed darn in the skirt of a dress to be vulgar.

The man who is always "making up his mind," who answers every question with, "Well, I don't know exactly!" and stands with his hands in his pockets, until it is too late to do anything else with them.

The woman who always has to stop and sew on her bonnet-strings when she is going out—who is universally behind-hand—who is too late at church, too late at market, too late to get her railroad ticket, and invariably arrives at the steamboat landing just three seconds after the plank has been taken up.

The young lady who never can remember the minister's text at church, but who makes the hair of her dear particular friends stand upright with a repetition of the horrors she has devoured in her last yellow-covered romance.

The man who "has no faculty to work," but has an amazing faculty in attending political meetings, standing at street corners, and running after fire.

The woman who can't get a minute's time to mend the girls' aprons and the boys' jackets, and who spends her leisure in leaning out of the window, on her elbows and hearing about "that dreadful murder" from her next-door neighbour, while the children are paddling in the wash-tub, and the soup burning in the pot.

THE O'CONNOR DON.

In Celtic nations, clanship supersedes all other affections. Friendship sits lightly, and love more lightly, for both are generally the result of impulse. In Irish, "to fancy" means to love:

> "All my fancy is for Nancy—hark, sweet tally ho!"

But feud, faction, and faith are immortal. Dining one day at the hospitable table of the then member for Dublin, George Hampden Evans, I had the good fortune to sit next my friend, the O'Connor Don, of Ballyna Gar, as legitimate a representative of the supreme kings of Ireland as any sovereign, on or off his throne, at this moment in Europe. I perceived him throwing looks, very like defiance, across the table, at our opposite neighbour and mutual acquaintance, the Honourable Mr. Ffrench, M.P., which induced me to ask—

"Are you not on good terms with the Ffrench family?"

"I have no *reason* to be, at all events. You, of course, know the way they have treated us."

I pleaded ignorance, and he then entered on a long detail of grievances, public and private, of which the Ffrenchs were the cause to the O'Connors. He was interrupted in the middle by Mr. Ffrench asking him to take wine, to which he courteously responded, and then resumed his story.

"But when," said I, "did all this happen—lately?"

"Well, not very long ago, in the last years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth."

After dinner Mr. Ffrench came to me, and said—

"I am sure O'Connor Don was complaining of me."

I said, "Rather."

"What did he accuse us of?"

"Oh, of robbing him in the reign of Queen Elizabeth."

"Well," said he, "and if we did, were we not robbed ourselves by the Cromwellians? I forget all about it, but I know there was an old grudge; and it is very odd that though I forgive him he cannot forgive me."—*Lady Morgan's Memoirs.*

THE FOREST BIRD.

Oh! sing to me, bright bird!
Ah! would I could make each sweet sad note
On the summer air thus wildly float—
My song would soon be heard,
And I'd feel blest as thee, sweet bird.

My soul was a voiceless lyre;
But thy music so long its depths hath thrill'd,
And its restless fever hath so still'd,
It now feels like a winged choir,
And, silent no more, it fills the air
With a note of joy drowning dark despair.

And, oh, sweet bird!
Had I thy wings
I'd fly away
From earthly things;
I'd fly aloft to that blissful shore
Where the weary-hearted weep no more.
Ah! warbling bird, could I soar like thee
My fettered soul would soon be free.

GEO. MATTHEWSON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

In the year 1642, in the plain but substantial manor-house of Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, was born Isaac Newton, the greatest philosopher the world has hitherto seen.

"God said, 'Let Newton be, and all was light!'"

He was an assiduous, sagacious, and faithful interpreter of nature; who asserted in his philosophy the majesty of God, and exhibited in his life the simplicity of the Gospel. No finer example as boy or man could we select to place before our imitative younger readers. Isaac Newton's whole life is full of instruction, but we can only at present glean from it a few passages.

He was not a quick schoolboy, until he was stimulated to excel by the cruelty of a boy immediately above him in his class. This tyrant at length kicked him so severely in the stomach as to occasion him very severe pain. It affords a pleasing proof of the nobleness of his disposition, that the only revenge he sought was that of excelling his persecutor. He immediately applied himself with great diligence to his studies, till he succeeded in getting above him in the school; and the stimulus once received, he never rested till he got to the top of his class.

He was a sober, silent, thinking lad; observant and constructive. There are many remarkable stories told of his experiments in practical science. When a very little boy, he provided himself with a complete assortment of little tools—saws, hammers, files, and the like, which he acquired great dexterity in handling, and while his companions were busy in the playground, the little philosopher would be industriously labouring in some quiet corner, to invent or complete some mechanical work or model.

In his twelfth year he was sent to the public school at Grantham. A windmill was being erected near, and he employed his leisure time in watching its progress, and acquired so thorough a knowledge of the machinery that he constructed a small working model of it, which he placed on the top of the house where he lodged, and delighted himself and his young friends by observing it put in motion by the wind. The machinery was so complete a copy of the original as to excite general admiration; but this he further improved upon by an ingenious contrivance for propelling it by means of a mouse, which was stimulated to exert its power by unavailing attempts to reach some corn placed over his head,—this he styled his miller.

The next mechanical contrivance of Isaac's was a water-clock. On the top of an upright box he placed another, adopted as a reservoir of water, which was perforated with a small hole, and by the continual dropping of the water, a float was kept in motion, that turned the index of the dial-plate as it rose. The young inventor perfected this ingenious contrivance with such care, that it was used as a clock long after his departure.

Another thing he invented—for which, we are sure, all boys will respect his memory—Paper Kites, to which he delighted to add paper lanterns, lighted, and send them flying over the country on dark nights, like fiery flying comets, to the astonishment of the rustic folk. He also made picture-frames for his own drawings. And there was not a better time-keeper in the country than Isaac's Dial, long afterwards preserved. It was formed by him upon one of the walls of the house; a very remarkable natural sun-dial, or shadow-dial, for it was by carefully noting the moving shadows passing gradually along the walls and roofs, that he was enabled to construct it. Which of you, dear readers, have noted the moving shadows passing along your walls and roofs,—have noted them with sufficient patience and accuracy as to know the hour of the day by them?

When he was a student at Cambridge University he kept note-books, and from them we learn that when he was twenty-two years of age he purchased a prism, not to learn of it merely what was known, but to study light as it had never before

been studied—from light itself; and so he became at last the interpreter of the mysterious secrets of light to an awed and astonished world.

To him we owe the grand discovery that light consists of rays differing in colour, and that each colour has its own specific and unchanging angle of refraction; as, for example, the red rays are invariably the least bent from the straight line, and the violet rays are always the most so. These principles he applied to the telescope, which he newly constructed, so that Newton's reflecting telescope forms the basis of all the modern improvements in that instrument. His first telescope was only six inches long.

The telescope is a tube containing glass lenses, or optic glasses, that bring distant objects near to the sight. It had been discovered in principle by Roger Bacon, of the thirteenth century, and was first practically invented by Galileo, the great Tuscan philosopher, but he left it of very limited power. Newton seized the idea, as one of the utmost value to science, and constructed telescope after telescope, each of increased power, until he produced one which magnified nearly a thousand times. The very first time he directed this new instrument to the heavens, he discovered three of Jupiter's moons.

Newton's great work is called the "Principia," which has obtained im-

mortal fame. Its principal subject is the law of gravitation,—that grand discovery which revealed for the first time to the human race the system of the universe.

But, most wonderful of all, the marvellous philosopher was a humble Christian. A short time before he died, he said that "he appeared like a child on the sea-shore, who had been amusing himself with gathering a few shells, while the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before him." And Newton was right. The wisest and best of mortals can look but a little way into the vast temple of the Deity. Pride is the weakness of ignorance.

The habits of Sir Isaac Newton (for he was knighted by Queen Anne) were very simple. His mind was strong and vigorous to the last; and he lived to the age of eighty-five, dying full of honours, and was buried in state in Westminster Abbey.

GARDENING FOR THE MONTH.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—In the kitchen garden crops are growing fast. Lettuces are being planted out. It is much the same with cauliflowers. Rhubarb is forward, and must be covered with litter to protect it. Continue to plant potatoes and sow peas and beans, to succeed those already growing, or for a first crop if none had been sown before. Also sow spinach, and plant out cabbages at half the distances they should be left to grow. This will enable us to draw every other one, when half grown, to eat as greens. Small quantities of carrots, parsnips, onions, turnips, and beetroot may be sown on a warm border for the chance of early

crops, though they will sometimes fail, yet such as do not will come in useful. Radishes and lettuces may also be sown in small quantities, both of which may be protected easily.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—May has invaded the territories of February. There has been round London what holiday folks would call splendid weather, and vegetation has met it more than half way. Pansies, violets, polyanthuses, and primroses may be seen in many gardens and the wallflower is coming into bloom on the tops of walls and in common borders. Camellias, primulas, salvias, abutilons, many ericas, jasminum nudiflorum, burchillias, some of the orchids, hyacinths, habrothamnus, bilbergias, and many other subjects, are in full flower in common greenhouses. The weather has very little to do with them. They are always more forward in a hard winter, because the necessary firing to keep out frost produces an artificial temperature much higher than it would be in mild weather without fire heat.

Ranunculuses should now be planted The beds already prepared and settled down must be raked even, but not fresh dug. Draw drills with a proper hoe, two to three inches deep and six inches apart; place the tubers' points downwards, pressed lightly into the soil, and cover about two inches to two and a half with the earth well crumbled. This will not quite fill the drill, but it will hold the rain better than if quite level. They will need no other care till they are up, when the surface will require stirring, the lumps breaking, and the soil laid close to the stems; but of that hereafter. Anemones want the same treatment. Many plant both seven and eight inches apart every way instead of six; of course the drills are drawn accordingly.

Pansies are growing fast; but a little broken straw or peas haulm should be strewn over them to keep off the frost Pinks are in the same predicament: they are upon the move, and a similar precaution will be useful. The surface of the beds in both cases should be stirred and top-dressed with some decayed cowdung, or, for want of that, well decomposed ung from an old hotbed. We have both these plants in frames, with carnations, piccotees, and double wallflowers; the drier they are the better.

The greatest enemy to the garden is the slug, especially among the polyanthuses; and if these be not exterminated as soon as they are discovered, they will destroy a whole bed in a short time. We only know one effectual remedy, and that is lime water. Sowing of lime, which is commonly resorted to, is ineffectual. It kills all it reaches, but it cannot be made to reach any under cover Lime water will soak into the ground, and reach all their holes. Water will only take up a certain quantity of lime—whether you put a peck or a bushel to a barrel of water, and stir it up, the strength is the same. Wait until the water is perfectly clear, and be careful not to stir up the lime to thicken it. Lime water in the clear state will kill all sorts of vermin, and not damage the plants. Worms in pots will be cleared off with one watering, and the plant need not be wetted above. There are some things that the slugs seem to prefer over cabbage leaves, but, by laying cabbage leaves on the ground, and examining the under side every morning, the enemy may be swept off into lime water. But when they prefer the plants to the cabbage leaves, they must be destroyed with lime water, not merely on the plant, but in all the corners and holes in which they conceal themselves. They are especially destructive in rockwork, for their harbours of refuge are very numerous, and difficult to reach in any other way than filling all the holes and corners and crevices with lime water. Even snails whose houses are waterproof, cannot stand it on the surface they adhere to: they give way the moment the water reaches them from underneath. Some recommend chloride of lime to be sprinkled, but the more simple remedies are the best. Everybody can make common lime as useful as the chloride by mixing it in water, and in that state it is the most effectual. We have had no frost to kill snails and slugs, and we can well believe that a north border of almost any plants will be devoured, if something be not done to get rid of them. We have seen a fine collection of pansies reduced to

naked stalks, and many will not recover.

SMALL GARDENS.—Mr. Loudon used to say that it required as good a gardener to manage a small garden, as it did to keep up one of ten or a hundred acres. Without going to this extreme, we may fairly assume that there is great difficulty in keeping up the appearance of a small garden, and providing a succession of flowers. At many villas the ground allotted to each is inconsistent with the size of the dwelling, inadequate to produce vegetables and hardly large enough to make a tolerable show as an ornamental appendage to the house or a flower garden. The larger portion of this is often in front, and unless the plants can be removed as soon as they are out of bloom, it can never be kept in high condition. On this account a small garden is often more expensive than a large one, because many little sacrifices are necessarily made for the sake of appearance, and great management is required to make this sacrifice as small as possible. Generally, one of the two gardens, either the back or the front, is occasionally untidy. The greatest assistance towards enabling us to keep a first-rate appearance, is a good system of pot-culture; for, by a judicious observance of the seasons, and a succession of plants grown in pots, and kept ready at all times to be moved and replaced, a garden need scarcely for a single hour be other than neat, well stocked, and abundantly supplied with flowers and ornamental plants.—*Glenny.*

OUR FUTURE QUEEN.

THIS month of March, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, is a month of jubilee; for the young Prince of Wales, our future King, takes to his home and heart Alexandra of Denmark, our future Queen. May the day be far distant when they attain to the high honour of a throne! At the moment at which we write our beloved Victoria is preparing to welcome a daughter to our shores, and a loyal and devoted people are anxious to do all fitting honour to the chosen wife of the first gentleman in the land. More than sixty years have passed away since a Prince of Wales was united in marriage. Let us hope that the future of Albert Edward and his lovely and accomplished bride will be brighter and happier than was the future of the fourth George and the ill-fated Catherine of Brunswick. But, without instituting comparisons between the last and the present Prince of Wales, we may say, that the times have so improved—the mental culture of the young Prince is so superior to that of his great-uncle, and the circumstances of his marriage are altogether so much happier—that there is not the shadow of a fear of any, the slightest, approach to the scandals of the dead past.

In presenting our readers with a portrait of the Princess Alexandra, we gladly acknowledge our indebtedness, for the details which follow, to a handsome and interesting little volume published by Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall.

The choice the Prince has made for his bride and future companion in life has fallen upon a young lady not more remarkable for her personal attractions than for her mental endowments. It may, indeed, be questioned whether, within the circle of the European courts, he could have made a wiser or better election. Nor must it be forgotten that this is not the first matrimonial alliance which has been formed between the House of Hanover and this notable family of Oldenburg of Denmark. In the year 1743 Frederic V. was married to Princess Louisa, the daughter of his Britannic Majesty; and at a still later date the Princess Caroline Matilda of England was united in marriage to Christian the Seventh. This latter union was almost as unhappy in itself and its issues as was that of Caroline of Brunswick with

George the Fourth. But far otherwise we hope and pray will it be with the youthful pair who are so soon to be united in the closest and most endearing of earth's relations. The home that is rich in love is rich in everything else.

The history of England and the history of Denmark are strangely interwoven. There was a time when the Danish arms were all victorious over England, and when England, in her subjugation, had to pay to the Danes in vulgar ransom for her freedom. But though there now remains to the Danes but little of their old martial spirit, though much of the might and the glory of their military renown has passed away, though the people are no longer characterised for their heroism and their independence, though Denmark itself is reduced to an inferior power among the European States, we rejoice that in our day England has conquered the heart of Denmark, and in England the heart of Denmark, in the person of her youthful and attractive Princess, will find a bright and sunny home. Whenever the time may come when they shall be called to ascend that throne on whose first step their feet now rest—and long, long may they rest there!—may they be hailed as the light, and strength, and glory of the land!

The Princess Alexandra is the daughter of Prince Christian By the law of December, 1858, he enjoys the title of Royal Highness, which gives the crown to him and his descendants. He married, in May, 1842, Wilhelmina Frelinque Caroline Auguste Julie, daughter of the Landgrave William of Hesse.

The reigning king, Frederick VII., is united by a morganatic marriage to the Countess Danner, who is said to be a Danish Madame de Maintenon. He has no children. The next heir to the crown is the uncle of Frederick VII., Prince Frederick Ferdinand, born in 1792. Should he die before the king, who has just completed his sixtieth year, Christian will be the next Danish monarch.

The Princess Alexandra Caroline Marie Charlotte Louise Julie was born on the 1st of December, 1844, and has, therefore, just completed her eighteenth year. In the residence of her family at Schleswig Holstein, of which we have heard too frequently in connection with disputes between the Danes and their German neighbours, the young Princess has for the most part resided while receiving her education. Of such a life there could be little to record: happily, nothing has transpired which had not a tendency to exalt the character of the royal lady. Fame has proclaimed her lovely, accomplished, and benevolent. Rumour, not always too kind to the high-born, has in this case been no niggard of praise. To a handsome, intelligent countenance, and other attractions, an amiable disposition is said to be joined. From various quarters her praise is sounded—from some where it was least expected. At the late Chertsey Agricultural Meeting in October, we find Mr. Linsell, M.P., speaking of her. and delivering himself to this effect:—"I have recently made a short tour in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and would mention one fact of great interest to the people of this country. When I was in Copenhagen I spent an evening with a family who were intimately acquainted with the betrothed of our Prince of Wales, who had known her from her infancy, and had watched her progress; and it is scarcely possible to conceive the high terms in which that family, one and all, spoke of that young Princess. By those who know her best, she is considered well worthy to follow our good, our virtuous, and our truly noble Queen; and I believe the Prince of Wales has made a happy choice for himself, and a still happier choice for the future generations of England."

If such a testimonial is grateful to the feelings of this country, not less so is a knowledge of the fact that the contemplated alliance is equally agreeable to the

Danish public. That the Prince of Wales fully appreciates the advantages of the position reserved for him, everything that has transpired assures us we may believe. At a recent meeting at Wick, to celebrate the majority of Albert Edward, the Earl of Caithness, when proposing the toast of the day, told those he addressed that when he saw the Privy Council had sanctioned the contemplated union, he wrote a congratulatory letter to His Royal Highness, who answered it by return; and from the Prince's letter his lordship felt at liberty to quote the following passage:—"I beg to return my most sincere thanks to you and the Countess, and I assure you I now know what it is to feel happy. If I can make the future life and home of the Princess a happy one, I shall be content. I feel doubly happy in the thought that my approaching marriage is one which has the approval of the nation; and I only trust that I may not disappoint the expectations that have been formed of me."

That the life of the Prince and his Consort may abound with every blessing, is, we are certain, the warm, earnest, and sincere desire of every British heart.

AUNT BELLA'S STORY.

"O, AUNT BELLA, is this your likeness?" I exclaimed, when one day, in exploring an old cabinet in my dear aunt's room, I came upon a small case containing a miniature painted on ivory, in the style of five and twenty years ago. She answered in the affirmative, and I gazed on the picture which represented a bright dark-eyed girl of eighteen, with a beaming smile and bewitching sweetness of expression, until I said involuntarily—

"I do so wonder you are not married!"

"Do you my dear?" she replied smiling; "an old maid is a very common thing."

"Yes, but not such a one as you are. Did you never care for any one, aunty?"

"Yes, my love, for one person very much."

"Oh, then, do tell me about it; it is raining so fast, we cannot go out; please do, Aunt Bella," I pleaded.

"There is not much to tell, dear; but you shall hear it if you like, although I am getting too old to talk about love affairs."

At that I vehemently disclaimed, and then, establishing myself on my favourite ottoman at her feet, Aunt Bella began:

"As you know, my dear, I never recollect your grandpapa. He died when I was only two years old, and we then left our old home, and came to live in London, so that grandmamma might be near her relations. There we resided eighteen years, in which time my brother and sister both married. Before I completed my twentieth year, I lost my dear mother; it was a very bitter trial to me, being the youngest, I had been, perhaps, her favourite and always rather spoilt, which made me feel my lonely position still more acutely. But my spirits were naturally high and they soon rose again, although my heart still mourned. For the first six months I stayed with your mamma and papa, and then I went on a visit of unlimited length to my guardian, a solicitor, and very old friend of your grandpapa's. He had two daughters, and they generally resided in town, but were now spending some months at Dover, as Amy, the eldest, was recovering from an attack of low fever; and thither I repaired, under the care of Mr. Lyndhurst (my Guardian), on the 1st of August. On arriving at the town of Dover, we were met by Mrs. Lyndhurst, a fresh, pretty girl of sixteen. I gladly accepted her offer of walking home, instead of driving, and in a very few minutes we were on our road to Waterloo-place. My companion chattered gaily as we went, and suddenly, when we were nearly at our destination, she exclaimed, 'Oh, here are Amy and Captain Liston.'

"'Who is he,' I inquired.

"'Don't you know? Amy's *fiancé*, to be sure—he is so handsome, and so nice, we all like him immensely.'

"We now came within speaking distance of a young lady, leaning on the arm of a tall military gentleman; Laura immediately introduced me. I found Amy was a fair, delicate-looking girl, very pretty as a perfect *blonde*, and with a remarkably sweet expression. Captain Liston was as handsome a man as I had ever seen. I was soon quite at home in my Guardian's family; I liked them all, Amy especially, who only required a little more strength of character to make her well-nigh perfection. Captain Liston was, to me, most charming. And now, dear, I am going to mention the great fault of my youth; take warning if you are ever tempted to give way to it; I mean, excessive love of approbation and attention—not admiration, mind. I knew I was not pretty, but this made me still prouder of my powers of pleasing Thus when I saw that Captain Liston liked talking to me, without thinking of the results, I gave myself up to the task of making myself as agreeable as possible, and the consequence was that his attentions were no longer confined to Amy, but more than equally divided between us. One day the conversation turned upon riding, and he inquired "if I ever rode," I replied that "I liked it better than any other exercise."

"'Then no doubt you are a very good horsewoman,' said he, 'and I really wish. Miss Harcourt, you would try a beautiful Arabian of mine, which I want Amy to ride, but she is afraid to mount him; if you set her the example she would soon see that her fears are needless.'

"'I shall be delighted, if Mrs. Lyndhurst has no objection,' I replied.

"'It will be very kind of you, Bella,' said Amy, 'for I long to ride Conrad, only I am such a coward that I dare not, until I know that he has carried a lady.'

"Mrs. Lyndhurst, who was good nature personified, had no objection whatever, and the result was some charming riding for me, with Captain Liston as my escort.

"One morning, when I came down in my habit, Laura exclaimed—

"'Going to ride again, Bella? well, if I were Amy, I really should be jealous!'

"'Of what?' said Amy, smiling—'Bella's superior horsewoman-ship? I am rather inclined to be so; but there is Ernest with the horses, dear—do not keep him waiting.'

"She came to the door, watched me mount, and said good bye with a smile of such perfect confidence, that I loved her more than ever. So matters proceeded until Amy went to London for a few days, to see about the commencement of her trousseau, as the wedding was to take place in December. While she was absent Captain Liston and I were more than ever thrown together. I have forgotten to say that his regiment was stationed at Dover. His manners were most fascinating, and although I did not know how completely I had yielded to their fascination, I felt glad when Amy returned. The morning afterwards Captain Liston called as usual, and I determined to leave them alone together. I put on my things and started for a walk by myself, as Laura was taking a singing lesson. I took the road to Shakspere's Cliff, and having arrived at the summit, and indulged in a not very pleasant fit of musing on the seat to be found there, I began to retrace my steps, but had not gone far on my way homeward when I saw Captain Liston approaching.

"'This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Harcourt,' he said, as we met. 'I have been vainly endeavouring to persuade Amy to come for a walk; she says she is too tired with her journey yesterday. I wish she were stronger.'

"'So do I; but she is gaining strength rapidly, and looks much better than when I came,' I replied.

"We walked on together for some little time in silence, then he said, abruptly—

"'How fast you walk! I never knew any one more active; I wish Amy had half your energy.'

"'She has double my amiability, to make up for it,' I said, feeling pleased, nevertheless.

"'Yes, she is very amiable, and until lately I thought we were admirably suited for each other; now I begin to doubt it, and feel with regret that, had I decided less quickly, I might have been happier.'

"'Then I am sure you think quite wrong,' I replied, hurriedly.

"'I hope I do.'

"The gravity with which he said this made me look up in surprise, and I met his eyes fixed on me with a look which brought the crimson blood to my very temples. Fortunately, I retained my presence of mind, and, forcing a smile, said—

"'Do you know, Captain Liston, you are talking high treason against Amy, and if you say one word more I shall impeach you.'

"Compelling myself to talk, I rattled on I scarcely knew what about, excepting that it neither concerned Amy nor myself. He gave me short, absent answers, and I was heartily glad when we reached home. Pleading fatigue, I hurried into the house without waiting to see if he followed me. On the stairs I met Amy.

"'Did I not see Ernest with you on the Parade, Bella?' she inquired, with a slight shade of annoyance on her face.

"'Yes,' I replied; 'I met him as I came home. He seemed quite disappointed that you could not walk with him; if you make haste you can overtake him now.'

"She hesitated a moment, then went. I rushed up to my room, locked the door, threw myself on the sofa, and gave way to a passion of tears. I felt perfectly miserable. I knew the whole now. I loved Captain Liston, and had all but, perhaps, quite gained his affections in return. For an instant the thought brought happiness; then came the remembrance of Amy—her sweet amiable character, her deep and sincere affection for him, and the entire confidence she had placed in me. Could I abuse it, and bring such unhappiness upon her? crush all her bright hopes? Never. If I acted at once, no great harm might yet be done. The victory once gained over myself, all was comparatively easy. I wrote directly to Alice (your mamma), begging her to send me a pressing invitation by return of post, and I would explain everything when we met. That evening we had our dance, but I kept my resolution; was engaged whenever Captain Liston asked me to be his partner, and made myself assiduously agreeable to other people. The next day I really had a bad headache, so I did not go out at all; and the following post brought me the wished-for letter from your mamma, begging me to come to her at once, in time for a grand ball to be given in the neighbourhood. There were great lamentations over my departure, but I was firm. I only saw Captain Liston for a few minutes before I left, and I am sure he never suspected the real cause of my visit terminating so abruptly. Your dear mamma received me most kindly, and I needed kindness, for my heart was very sad, and the anxiety and suspense until I knew I had not destroyed Amy's happiness were dreadful. I am thankful to say I had not. Her letters were so full of 'Ernest,' that they convinced me all was well, and that when out of his sight he thought no more of me, but renewed his allegiance to the gentle girl so calculated to make him happy. They were married at the appointed time, and have, I believe, enjoyed as much, or more, matrimonial felicity than often falls to the lot of mankind. But Captain Liston's regiment was ordered to India soon after their marriage, and I have not seen them for many, many years."

"And was that really why you never married, aunty?' I said, as she concluded.

"Yes, my dear. I have had several chances since, but I have never seen any one whom I could love sufficiently to become his wife; and although the romance of my life was soon over, I am sure I am very happy, and hope, not quite useless."

"I only trust my own life may be as useful," I replied, warmly; "we could not get on without you."

I did not ask any more, for I was busy wondering whether, had I been placed in the same position, my conduct would have been as noble and unselfish as Aunt Bella's.

ISABEL.

HOW TO TREAT A PERSON RESCUED FROM DROWNING.—Dr. Marshall Hall's simple and efficacious method of recovering persons who have long been in the water, is this:—All that is required is, that the body of the drowned person be placed upon its chest and abdomen, with the arms under its forehead, and then turned from side to side, as one would roll a wine-cask or beer-cask in process of cleansing; but, of course, more slowly and gently, and continuing this rotary motion until full inflation of the lungs shall have taken place.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER.

THIS month my letter must be a very brief one. First, because the *space* left me is so limited; secondly, because the *time* left me to write in is also limited—February not even containing a leap-year number of days; thirdly, because the approaching wedding of the Prince of Wales seems to absorb all other topics; and, fourthly, because I am not much inclined to write, seeing that my editorial eyes and hand have been incessantly engaged for sixteen consecutive hours. This last reason, perhaps, ought to be sufficient, without either of the others. There is a story I have heard or read somewhere of a provincial mayor who, on receiving the king at the gate of the town, commenced by apologising for not ringing the bells. "I have *fifty reasons, your majesty, for not welcoming you in the customary joyful manner.* In the first place, sire, we have no bells in our steeple." "Don't say a word more, Mr. Mayor," replied the king; "that one reason suffices, without the other forty-nine." But will *my* last reason be as cogent with the readers of the "Family Friend" as the mayor's explanation was with the monarch? I am almost afraid to hazard a guess; and yet, if I go on gossiping in this inconsequent manner, I shall exhaust the little space left me without saying anything worth saying after all. This is the invariable rule. It is always the way with the gossip. He does not mean to stay a minute; but there he lingers, with his hat on and the door in his hand, and talks for an hour. And yet how glad the folk are to listen to him—he has such a pleasant way with him! If they only asked him to sit down, or stay to dinner, he would be off, literally "like a shot," out of the aperture. But then this is idle talk: is it worth anything? Cannot we be serious, steady, learned? Well, not always. It is not best to be continually grave. You know the old Æsopian fable about the unstrung bow. There is a good deal of philosophy in that; and then, too, it is so pleasant to have a chat, and to know that your audience don't expect you to be wise, or even witty. You get on such good terms with yourself, holding the door in your hand, and always ready to start directly the omnibus comes in sight. And yet vehicle after vehicle passes on its way; till, at last, suddenly recollecting that there really is a small business appointment that should not be neglected, you are fain to bid your crony good-bye in the middle of a story, and hurry off—in a cab! By parity of reasoning—a very newspaperish phrase—I should suddenly pull up, and commence a grave disquisition upon the topics of the day—politics, perhaps, and Bishop Colenso. But how to do it—that is the question! How to string up the bow when it has gone loose so long as to ravel the cat-gut!

And this reminds me that in my undignified rambling about nothing, I have forgotten to use the editorial "we," and am actually addressing my dear friends and readers in the familiar and unprofessional first person. Well, it is too late to rectify so important an error, so I must e'en go on as I began. We are so happy and well-ordered a community in the "Family Friend," that we don't mind appearing in morning attire, now and then—do we? not actually *dishabille*, you know, but loose and comfortable garments—old coats and caps and crinolines of such moderate dimensions that we—I mean the ladies now—can actually pass out of the doorway without danger of tipping over the little girl who calls with the milk. Ah! but I

—that is we—must not go on in this way much longer, or Caractacus, or Max, or Ewol Tenneb, or Lucinda B. will be taking us—that is, taking me—to task severely! And so I will pull up—short. But before I go—there's another omnibus passing—allow me to say a word. I really do feel greatly flattered; no, flattered is not the word; greatly honoured and gratified by the very cordial manner in which Ewol Tenneb's handsome proposal has been responded to. Every subscriber to the "Family Friend" seems suddenly to have discovered that her or his Photographic Album would be incomplete without my portrait. I cannot but believe that you are all in earnest—in fact, my vanity won't allow me to believe anything else; therefore, I really will go to Brighton soon, and "sit" to our friend I am not afraid of seeing my own face in a photograph. Don't fancy that; and, seriously, if I were certain that the possession of my *carte de visite* (the phrase is quite naturalised now, so I may use it without offence to our mother tongue) would gratify my friends and fellow councillors, it would be a great pleasure to me—who can say how great a pleasure? For without egotism I—but there's my vehicle.—Hie, cabbie! Brompton. Good-bye! good-bye!

THE LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

ADDRESS, BY THE EDITOR,

Delivered at an Entertainment given at a Literary Institution in aid of the Distress in the Manufacturing Districts.

OLD Æsop, in fable, a story has told us,
Which well may assist our good purpose to-night
Of how the sun's rays once a traveller—bold as
A traveller should be—made gay with delight.

The wind on the wayfarer pitiless raged,
And whistled and moaned in demoniac croak—
For 'tis said that old Æolus with Phœbus engaged,
Just in jest, to deprive the poor man of his cloak.
But the more the wind blew, why, the tighter he held it,
The more the wind roared, its folds closer he pressed,
And, stooping his head to the boaster, compelled it
To give up the contest and leave him at rest.

But on the wind's failure the sun tried his hand,
And poured out his warm and beneficent ray,
And the traveller, cheered, quickly came to a stand,
And paused in delight, ere he bent on his way.
As Phœbus more brightly shone over his path,
And through the storm's fury in gaiety broke,
The traveller smiled, and, forgetting his wrath,
Unbuttoned, breathed freely, and threw off his cloak!

Now from this little fable a moral we'll draw,
That may help us in reading old Æsop aright—
'Tis Kindness, not Force, that gives power to law—
'Tis the sweet Sun of Charity makes the world light.

The winds of Misfortune and Sorrow may find us
Closely muffled in Selfishness, Error, and Pride,
But the Sun of Benevolence comes to unbind us,
Till the Cloak of Distrust we throw gladly aside.
'Tis Sympathy prompts us to Wisdom and Duty,
'Tis Love that unites us as brother to brother—
And Charity lifts up our lives into beauty:
For, strive as we may, we *must* live for each other.

The Christianly act and the Christianly feeling,
Bind men of all nations as one kith and kin;
And the hand-clasp of Friendship, mutely appealing,
Never fails our best feelings to touch and to win.
Then, while you applaud us, remember our mission
Is to help and to comfort a suffering brother—
For our humble endeavours we crave recognition;
The best of all help is to help one another.

We regret to say that the only contributions received during the month are the following—though several sums are promised:—Spectator, 6d.; Jane C., 1s.; Employés at the Printing Office of the "Family Friend," Messrs. Adams and Gee, 5s. 6d.

JANE C. is very sorry and somewhat mortified to see so cold and poor a response made to the Editor's kind and charitable suggestion for the relief of the distress in Lancashire. She had hoped each F.F.C. at least would have contributed his or her mite, which, in the aggregate, would have amounted to a goodly sum. She once more begs to enclose a trifle, and will be pleased in the March number to see a longer list of contributors.

FAMILY COUNCIL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL,—Last month I congratulated you upon the improved tone of your communications. This month I can honestly say that you have outdone your former efforts, and that your contributions are worthy of high praise. In the Definitions, our friend Caractacus has discovered much to praise and something to blame. Speaking generally, I agree with his criticisms, though it would not be difficult to take exception to many of his conclusions. To some extent, the objection I last month made to the Definitions is still observable—namely, that they are not sufficiently full and descriptive. Indeed, I have, in a few instances, taken the liberty of omitting those which were merely complimentary to your President or those not up to publication mark; while, for the future, I shall italicise those which I consider especially meritorious. In accordance with a very generally expressed desire, I gave nouns for definition, and am gratified to find that this change meets your approval.

I must again request you to write on only one side of the MS. intended for publication, and to write plainly. Some of the definitions are absolutely ineligible because they are illegible.

This month I have pleasure in presenting you with an original song, the words and music by a new member of the Council. Several other musical compositions have also been received—one by Lucinda B. possessing considerable merit.

The answers to the Charades, &c., also are very full and complete; and, if it be your wish, I will in future insert the names of those who are successful in solving the several questions proposed.

Let me once more warn you to avoid anything like a spirit of contention and jealousy in your critical remarks, and to conquer feelings of disappointment when you find yourselves less often appearing in print than you expected. The space at our disposal is limited, and many circumstances may render your contributions unsuitable for publication; though I may here say that carelessness in writing and indifferent punctuation are often fatal to success, even in cases where the offerings possess considerable merit. In literature, as in war, we cannot all be generals and admirals. Let high-bred courtesy, indomitable perseverance, and unvarying good temper, be our rule of conduct; and then will our Family Council be to all of us an increasing means of mental improvement, and a continual source of pleasure. I now turn to the interesting subject of the

PRIZE AWARDS FOR 1862.

As I last month announced, they consist of Twenty in the First Class, Twelve in the Second Class, and Ten in the Third Class, in addition to Certificates of Merit. I now have pleasure in stating that the following are the successful candidates:—

FIRST CLASS.

Two Volumes, bearing the names of the recipients in the autograph of the Editor, and a Certificate of Merit, similarly inscribed.

1. LUCINDA B.
2. EMMA BUTTERWORTH.
3. ROSALIE.
4. A. DE YOUNGE.
5. FRANCES HOPE.
6. BLANCHE ALSINGTON.
7. ISLAVERNAY.
8. SNOW (OR MAGGIE SYMMINGTON).
9. GIPSY.
10. ANNA GREY.
11. CARACTACUS.
12. RUTHENPHARL.
13. MAX.
14. EWOL TENNEB.
15 TERRA COTTA.
16. GORGONIA.
17. ALEXANDER ERSKINE.
18. BUSK.
19. IVANHOE.
20. ZANONI.

SECOND CLASS.

One Volume, and a Certificate of Merit, each bearing the name of the recipient in the autograph of the Editor.

1. LILY H.
2. NELLIE.
3. JANE C.
4. SPECTATOR.
5. STANTONVILLE.
6. ADELINE A.
7. KATRINE.
1. MAY BEE.
9. IRENE.
10. G. MATHEWSON.
11. CAROLUS.
12. GILBERT ASHTON.

THIRD CLASS.

One Volume, and a Certificate of Merit; the names of the recipients in the autograph of the Editor.

1. PAULINE S.
2. DAISY H.
3. VIOLET.
4. MARGUERITE.
5. T. C. RYE.
6. ST. CLAIR.
7. C. CROCHET.
8. ILLA.
9. ALFRED BROWN.
10. MIGNONETTE.

To all those Councillors who forwarded their real names and addresses, the Prizes and Certificates have been sent by post. Each Councillor is entitled to a copy of the engraved Certificate, with his or her name in the autograph of the Editor. Where the Prize or Certificate has been received an acknowledgment is requested, separate and independent of the usual monthly packet. On the receipt of the names and addresses, the Certificates now remaining in my hands will be posted. For the satisfaction of "outsiders," I should have been glad to have published the real names and addresses of the prizeholders; but a general disinclination to this plan having been expressed, I content myself with the reflection that I have done my best in fairly awarding the Prizes; and, in conclusion, I trust that my decisions will be received with satisfaction.

Believe me, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Council, your faithful Friend,

THE PRESIDENT.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

COURTESY. | PERSEVERANCE. | SUCCESS.

The Councillors will oblige the President by embodying the Definitions of the *three* words in *one* sentence. This plan will be found to afford a capital mental exercise.

OFFERINGS FROM OUR COUNCIL.

A PLAY UPON TITLES.

A health to the "Family Friend," the ever "Welcome Guest;" the "Home Magazine" of every household, the ever verdant "Companion for Youth;" the "Household Messenger;" the "Guide to Literature;" a "Lamp" that should enable all to understand "Home Influence;" a "Key" to unlock the door of the "Temple of Fame;" a true "Trap to catch a Sunbeam." Its contents are varied—from "My Novel" for a "Leisure Hour," to "Good Hours" for a "Sunday at Home;" and as an "Illustrated Budget of Literature," it should be circulated from the "Peep o' Day" till "Evening Mail," "All Round the World," not only "Once a Week," but "Every Week" "All the Year Round." Hail it as an "Englishwoman's Magazine," a "Boy's Journal," a "Mother's Friend," a "Young Man's Best Companion," an "Herald of Peace," in short, by the two words which truly designate it "Family Friend."

ZANONI.

SELF-DENIAL.

WHAT is self-denial? The denial of personal gratification. But, if we forbear pleasing ourselves in one way, in order that we may be more gratified in another—is this self-denial? For instance, suppose

you were possessed of a certain sum of money, that you had saved for some particular purpose, and which you had no immediate means of replacing should it be otherwise appropriated, and, just as you were upon the point of satisfying your desire, some one were to tell you of a poor family in great need, and implore your assistance. If, in such a case, you were to sacrifice your long-cherished purpose, and, from a feeling of compassion, and a sense of duty, to bestow your money upon this family, would you perform an act of self-denial? Do you not thereby gratify yourself in another, and more complete manner? Does not your heart warm and expand? Does not your conscience approve? and is not this consciousness of rectitude, and are not these enlarged sympathies, a greater means of heartfelt pleasure than the mere fulfilling a wish would have proved? Where, then, the self-denial? Is there such a thing? Yes. For in our fallen nature we look upon present though transitory gratifications with the greater appreciation. But when renewed by grace, we shall see that our truest and most lasting happiness lies in the path of duty; then, and then only, self-denial will become but a name.

RUTH.

SCRAPS FROM EMMA S. P.'s NOTE-BOOK.

He who can suppress one moment's anger may save many days of sorrow.

Conscience is a tongue in the heart, and speaks to us, and tells us what is right and wrong. It is an inward tongue.—WILSON.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.—BACON.

Some hearts, like primroses, open beautifully in the shadow of life.

Beauty gains little, and homeliness and deformity lose much, by gaudy attire. Lysander knew this was in part true, and refused the rich garments that the tyrant Dionysius proffered to his daughter, saying, "That they were fit only to make unhappy faces more remarkable."

If there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

Occupation is a balm for sorrow.

KINDLINESS.

"The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."
BYRON.

How few in this world are devoid of kindliness of feeling, yet how often our manner of acting, from mere thoughtlessness, precludes the idea of its existence within us. 'Tis a pure and holy sentiment, welling from the depths of the loving heart in sympathy with the joys and sorrows of our fellow creatures, and exalts us, for the time being, above ourselves. Mostly, I am afraid, we hide that innate goodness from the common view, treasuring it in its secretion till it becomes, contrary to our wish or anticipation, a selfishness which detracts from its original worth.

Our hearts, in their primitive state, are as unfashioned as a piece of marble which a sculptor is about, by incessant and unswerving labour, to shape and make perfect. Seriously, it behoves us to endeavour to "know ourselves," in order to mould those angles, which, otherwise, offensively obtrude on the sight of others. Our chisel, in lieu of a tangible one, should be self-control, and an eye of symmetry re-placed in us by a careful investigation of our inmost thoughts and actions; and our work would be on a sure road to completion.

"That man must daily wiser grow
Whose search is bent himself to know;
Impartially he weighs his scope,
And on firm reason founds his hope.
He tries his strength before the race,
And never seeks his own disgrace;
He knows the compass, sail, and oar,
Or never launches from the shore;
Before he builds computes the cost,
And in no proud pursuit is lost;
He learns the bounds of human sense,
And safely walks within the fence.
Thus, conscious of his own defect,
Are pride and self-importance check'd."

Kind acts and kindly spoken words are more pleasing to the recipients than golden gifts. The manner in which an act of charity is performed savours either of good or evil, as I will show you.

Watch that poor beggar in the street, who is so earnestly craving alms of the passers-by. A lady steps from her carriage daintily equipped, whom he importunes. Regarding him with an air of supreme contempt, she haughtily drops a shilling from her well-filled purse into his open palm. He looks at her, then at the money in his hand, and quietly pockets the gift without thanks, although so poor. The question will arise—why did she give him anything?

Not from true kindness of heart, certainly; but knowing she possessed an abundance, thought one, two, or three shillings less could not affect her. Again, behold a shabbily-dressed man passes, to whom the beggar applies appealingly; the beseeched regards longingly the few pence he carries, but after a short pause puts one of them in the poor man's hand, saying—

"I would indeed do more for you if I could; take this, but alas! I am myself very poor."

And the tear in his eye is responded to by the answering one in the eye of the receiver, who thrusts back the mite, with these words, in a whisper—

"I have more than enough.'

The stranger hurries on, with every charitable feeling awakened in his heart, yet overwhelmed with the sense of how inadequate his means are to his inclination. He does not know how much he has done, and his well-meant gift is more acceptable in the eyes of a wise and beneficent Maker, who, reading so easily our every thought, judges us from the motives that impel our acts. Human beings often wrongly censure us, for to them only the action is visible from which to judge.

Dear reader, may our gifts, however small, be tendered as the poor man's, and with the like accompaniment—gentle words, as I know you will join with me in thinking—

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood"

MIGNONETTE.

"MANUSCRIPT MAGAZINES."

IN the "Family Friend" for January is the details of a plan for manuscript magazines, in an article by our kind and talented *confrere*, "Ruthenpharl." I think the plan I shall now sketch will be practically better; and I may state that it has been in practice for many years amongst the writers of phonographic shorthand, and many of these magazines are in circulation amongst phonographers.

Any number can be the "co-editors" and "publishers" of these magazines; but, for convenience, I will take six, A., B., C., D., E., F. A. writes an article—whether it be poem or essay, tale or sketch—and sends it to B. B. reads it, then writes another, and sends the two to C. C. reads the two, writes another, and sends them to D., and so on, till they reach F., who, having read the five, and written another, sends the six to A. A. takes out his first (the original) essay, and having written another, sends the six again to B. B. takes out his, writes another, and sends the lot to C., and so on, unremittantly. The time allowed for reading, is, of course fixed by the "editors." Under this system each contributor reads all the articles contributed by the others, and furnishes his own share of articles for common information or amusement. I may add that advertisements of a smilar character to the following are frequently to be seen in phonographic journals:—"Wanted, three contributors to the 'Athenæum,' a monthly ever-circulating magazine of general literature, science, and art.—Address, ——street, Newcastle."

Of course, it will be plain to all that, though mention is necessarily made to phonographic shorthand-writing, the plan is practicable in ordinary writing.

ZANONI.

CRITICAL NOTES.

THE DEFINITIONS. P.P. 170—3.

THE contributions appearing as definitions of the adjective and verb, although, as pronounced by our esteemed President, "generally good" in *idea*, are not so in *adaptability*. That is to say, the majority are very uncouth in their *relation to the word defined*. I have made an analysis of the first batch, the result of which shall be briefly stated. About three sixths are *examples* rather than "definitions *;" about one-sixth have reference to the *noun*, disinterested*ness*;† about one-sixth are *too vague* to be deemed either definitions or examples §; and the remainder more fully agree with the orthodox conditions. The authors of those which may be pronounced the best are C. Crochet, No. 1; Spectator, No. 1; Gorgonia, No. 2; Mignonette, Nos. 2 and 9; Iago; Isabel, No. 5; Jane C No. 1; Isabel, No. 5; Florence, No. 1; Terra Cotta, No. 3; Adeline A; Zanoni, No. 5; and Katrine. To the generality of *these* it may be objected that they too nearly resemble literal dictionary meanings—a defect adverted by our President. But there is one point especially worthy of note—*very few are so* PHRASED *as to harmonise with the word defined*. C. Crochet's No. 1, and

* *Vide* Rebecca's, &c.

† See Isabel's No. 2. This will show the distinction plainly. "Interest in all but self" is a definition of the *noun*; "Intorested in all but self," of the *adjective*.

§ *Vide* Honoria's, &c.

Gorgonia's No. 2, are among the instances of correct formation. Mignonette's No. 2 is spoiled by the introduction of "*To be*," the three words only—"oblivious of self"—constitute a complete definition. Many of our Councillors err in giving a meaning indicative of *special action;* whereas, the question is, What is it to *feel* "disinterested?" *apart* from any exemplification of the feeling in *deed.* So, evidently, thought Johnson when he wrote, "Superior to selfish views."

Touching the verb, "PREVAIL," I may be allowed to remark that no definition of this, from which the particle, "*To*," is excluded, can be *rightly phrased.* "*What*" somebody "*did*" or "*does*" is the correct form of an *illustration* merely; and, as to meanings beginning with "*A*" or "*The*," such necessarily refer to *nouns.* Jessie and A. Lincoln furnish something grotesquely inapplicable; and Stantonville, in a style truly feminine and with a daring peculiar to innocence, scruples not to offer mortal offence to the shade of Lindley Murray.—[An error *I* should have corrected.—ED.]

Among the definitions of the noun "FRIENDSHIP," probably the best are those of Ivanhoe; Katrine, No. 2; Kate Leslie, No. 1; Gipsy, Nos. 1 and 2; Nellie, No. 1; C Crochet, No. 1; Anna Gray, No. 6; Illa; Dora, No. 2; Mignonette, Nos. 7, 8, 12, and 13; Gilbert A., No. 1; Florence, No. 1; Jane C., Nos. 3 and 4; and Elizabeth H., No. 1. Also the three "with no name," between C. Crochet's and Anna Gray's. These three are especially good.—[Name not legible.—ED.] There are others embodying more *poetic conceptions;* but I give preference to those mentioned, because as they would best convey a comprehension of the thing to an *untaught mind,* I believe them to best represent the essential character of a "definition." The compositor has strangely metamorphosed Daisy H.'s No. 2, by placing the comma after "hope" instead of after "trust."—[Ah! those compositor's again.—ED.]

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.

"*A Play upon Old Tunes*" is an elaborate medley, executed by DAISY H. with evident skill. The harmony of the piece is, however, marred by the introduction of two false notes. Something truly for the fair performer to marvel at must have been the playing of "all among the barley" "*by*" that *other* performer, "the lonely harp" (such a harp could be "never less alone than when alone"); and the circumstance of "the lads of the village" having "forgotten the existence of John Anderson" in consequence of "the grave of little Bell" being "close by the churchyard stile," implies a sequence of cause and effect far more questionable than Daisy's talent. "*Silvie's Magic Wand*" will work, at least, a spell of sufficient potency to sustain the reputation of its fair originator. "*The Happy Isles*" are felicitously described by the same accomplished hand. But this poem is slightly marred as a *whole* by the non-agreement of the first line (in the disposition of the *feet*) with the context—a defect which somewhat "puts out" the reader. The correct measure would be the following:—

"On a map' thou cans't not find' them."

LUCINDA B is graceful and attractive, as usual, even in "*Stirring the Fire.*" The composition of this paper is admirable, and the very gradual and regular development of the writer's point and purpose, render the closing paragraphs doubly impressive. ISABEL wields her pen so cleverly, that her "*May Vivian*" is necessarily a pleasing sketch. There is a native beauty and freshness in her style which can hardly fail to render her a valued contributor. "*Evil Influence,*" by ROSALIE, is a well-told narrative, containing passages of some force. But the citation bearing upon prayer is rather awkwardly introduced. Not "fitting" neatly with the context, it somewhat mars the reader's enjoyment. In a case of this nature, a quotation ought, perhaps, to be omitted. The "roundabout paper," "*Guilty or Not Guilty,*" is cleverly written, but marked by a few solecisms, my notice of which MAX will, I trust pardon. "He *would* crack jokes, though they *may* be at his friend's expense;" "Some near relation *of* that sable gentleman's;" "A man on whom fortune *had* lavished and TO whom nature *has* BESTOWED;" and "The Burlesque *was* not brilliant, neither *is* it strictly original," are sentences which might be more elegant if "strictly" accurate. As my eminent friend cannot justly be likened to a dormouse in its winter condition, I take him to task the more freely. FRANCES HOPE'S "*Magic Dollar*" is a brain-coin of the right stamp—a work significative of a clear intellect, rich in constructive power. Her forces are marshalled with the skill of a veteran, and her style is eminently compact and perspicuous. A word in commendation of the ingenious parody of Byron, by A. DE

YOUNGE, the really poetical "*Musings*" of GEORGE MATTHEWSON, and KATRINE's prettily expressed "*Thoughts in December*," must close these "Critical Notes."

CARACTACUS.

IS CHILDHOOD THE HAPPIEST PERIOD OF LIFE?

HAVE any of my fellow-councillors ever attained to a satisfactory solution of this oft-propounded problem? If so, I wish that they would publish their opinions, and the trains of thought whereby these said opinions have been arrived at. There are, I know, two classes in the world who find no difficulty whatever in settling the debate; one, children, who, as a general rule, look upon "the grown-up estate" as something partaking of the nature of Elysium, free from lessons, free from early departures to bed, free from early rising, free from enforced walks, free from everything, in fact, that can lessen the happiness of life. While, on the other hand, are ranged those grown-up ones who, dissatisfied with their present, look back to their childish days, seen now through the mellowing haze of the past, and feelingly deplore those hours of careless play and easy labour, of sound sleep, of merrymaking, of tireless spirits, of freedom from all responsibility and care. It is evident that both these unqualified assertions cannot be entirely true; that they are neither of them wholly false is equally certain, for each period of life has its special pleasures—pleasures there and then only to be enjoyed; and, alas that it should be so! its special sorrows, too real and heavy to the sufferer, whatever those around may be inclined to imagine. I, who speak from experience, can vouch for this; for I have fully entered into the privileges and penalties of "the grown-up estate," without being sufficiently beyond the previous stage of existence to have lost a most vivid recollection of its experiences. A reasonably happy childhood—a reasonably happy womanhood—such has been hitherto my lot, and from this medium position I often look around and behind me, and ask how it was once—how it is with me now? Was the child who ran and played through these rooms more or less happy in the abstract than the woman who now sits inditing so sedately and feelingly? Can any of my fellow-councillors enter into this phase of sensation?—feeling so kindly towards that quaint little picture of her former self that she has just conjured up from the recesses of her brain, and fancied beside her as she writes?

This is not the place to enter into any minute statements of facts. I shall not attempt to draw up an inventory of the joys and sorrows of childhood and mature age, and then balance their comparative weight and magnitude. I shall, instead, simply state what I look upon as the gist of the whole matter, and then leave to others the task of decision.

To the childish mind everything, save in the immediate present, seems vague and indistinct. The mental vision, as yet weak and easily dazzled, can only faintly perceive distant objects; while those near at hand are so large, so intense to its unaccustomed gaze, that they absorb its attention. A joy glowing in its path hides all else, and deceives the young creature into the belief that everything in the world is transformed into delight; a grief looming out before it, eclipses every ray of brightness, and fills its whole existence with darkness. These, one after another short-lived and quickly forgotten pictures, rise and fade before the childish eye; the reality of the present blotting out the memory of the past, and making life now joyous, now miserable—exactly as the varying kaleidoscope of daily events may decide; while all the time the bitter-sweets of remembrance, and the hard-won teachings of experience, are almost wholly absent.

In after-life, the scene is changed. Years have passed, and the eye has attained to its full power. Far on into the future, far away back into the past, it can travel, unchecked, bringing tidings of such joy and sorrow, such heavy grief, such intense rejoicing as—well for it—were hidden before. The reality of the present is no longer so absolute as it has been; our fullest fruition of long-cherished hope is sobered by the thought of earthly mutation; our bitterest tears catch now and then a gleam from heaven, and its bright abiding promises of a coming time of peace and rest. We have bidden farewell to much—

> "We have lost, oh! many a pleasure,
> Many a hope, and many a power."
> "The child sound sleeping,
> Which the thunder could not break;
> Something, too, of the strong leaping
> Of the stag-like heart awake,
> Which the pale is low for keeping in the
> road it ought to take."

But if these things, and many like them, are gone from us never to return, we have, instead of them, gained other and more durable riches. We are graver, calmer,

perhaps sadder than of yore. Years have not passed over us unfelt; life is no longer play; it has become a sober, earnest task, taxing all our powers, it may be. We have exchanged the happy, careless day-by-day existence of the child for the thoughtful, out-looking walk of the man and woman. We work where we played before; we think and plan where we simply acted as impulse led us; we smile and weep where we laughed and cried aloud in uncontrolable emotion. But besides these, are there no other and more unwelcome changes? The first glow and freshness of youth has passed, yet has not a mellowed beauty come in its stead? Have we not begun to realise that which, in eternity, will be the subject of devout adoration—the plan of life; the truth that all our steps are ordered of the Lord, slowly, surely, though in many points, darkly moving on to the consummation of His great purposes with regard to us and the world in general? More or less, may we not hope, too, that to us has become appliable the description—

"A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller 'twixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill?"

Ready for sorrow, because aware that is and must be the heritage of man? hoping for joy, because He who rules the universe is tender and pitiful to His feeble children? brave and true-hearted to meet and surmount or, if need be, to bow in quiet submission before the opposing billows of life's troubled sea, until the frail bask of humanity be guided safely into the harbour of eternal rest? Yes, of eternal rest! For no longer bounded by the objects of to-day, no more circumscribed to the limits of this earth's horizon, our vision, strengthened to look beyond and above, has known what it was to catch glimpses of the King in His beauty, and of the land that is very far off.

Which, then, is the happiest—the morning or the noon of life? Who can pronounce a verdict that will gain approval from all parties? But disagree as we may, and most probably shall ever do on this point, there is another, and one of far deeper interest, on which we shall be in unison. The scale may seem to incline to one side or to the other—the merry child may, by some, be held to be the most enviable; the calm, well-balanced man and woman may, to others, appear the best situated. Bu happier, far happier than either, is he who, having passed through life's changing scenes in humble dependence on God, and having known his robes to be washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, at last joyfully

"———hearetb
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City—
The chimes of eternal peace."

ILLA.

THE DEFINITIONS.

MUCH has been said, and well said by several of the Councillors on this pleasing department of *our* magazine. While I endorse all that Lily H. has advanced, and heartily approve of the suggestions of Caractacus, yet I must confess that my own feeling in reference to the matter does not exactly coincide with either of them. Lily H. has ably answered the question, "What is a definition?" and only one thing was required to render the thing complete, viz., some rules for forming good definitions. Some time ago I attended a course of lectures, and there I noted down the following, which may be put as an appendage to Lily H.'s article (by her permission), and which may be of interest to the Councillors:—

RULES FOR A GOOD DEFINITION.

1. It must be adequate; universal.
2. Proper and peculiar to the thing defined.
3. Must be plain; clearer than the thing defined.
4. It should be short, without tautology or superfluity.
5. Neither the thing defined, nor a mere synonymous name, should form part of the definition.

There is, however, a speciality about the "Family Friend" definitions which refuses to be bound by any law, and it is in this that I differ from the Councillors mentioned. In my opinion, the word "definitions" stands at the top of this department, not because it aptly conveys what is meant by them, but rather because it comes the nearest to convey some notion to the reader of what they are. They might have been called "Apt Wordings" (as they really are), yet it would not have done so well as the word "Definitions;" and, on endeavouring to find a suitable word, I invariably come to the one we have, as being most appropriate, yet not exactly the thing. In my opinion, therefore, we should not judge of the performances of the Council by the rigid rules of logic, but a kind of poetic license should be allowed to all.

BUSK.

DEFINITIONS.

CANDOUR.

1. "I admire that *bon mot* of yours exceedingly, Fred." "Nay, Arthur, 'tis inserted commas—not orignal."

2. "Well, I am free to confess there was a time when I kept no servant."

3. "To tell the truth, Edith, I never had a real offer." CROCHET.

1. The pure heart's treasure.
2 Truth's ambassador.
3. The whole truth, and nothing but the truth.
4 The soul unveiled.
5. A deadly foe to deceit.
6. The acknowledgment of a fault committed.
7. A dress we should always strive to don if we know how becoming the attire.
8. The loved child of purity.
9. A damsel of fair renown, who walks through life ever with an upright gait and in the one strait path.
10 An ever requisite attendant.
11. The virtue that glories in its conquest over meaner assailants.
12. A priceless treasure of well-known fame, yet renowned for its great scarcity.
13. A something free from soil or taint.
14. A homely yet becoming attire. MIGNONETTE.

An excuse for saying disagreeable things. BLANCHE ALSINGTON.

1. The heart's indicator.
2. The badge of moral nobility.
3. The current coin of manliness.—CARACTACUS.

Eve's first address to Adam.—IRENE.

I must acknowledge I am in error STANTONVILLE.

Moral honesty.—ADELINE A.

Mamma telling Maggie that she will whip her for being naughty.—OCEAN.

What the true Englishman treats every one with. CRAISTER.

1. Truth undisguised.
2. A characteristic of the speech of childhood.
3. A corner-stone in the temple of friendship.
4. A scintillation from the diamond, truth. LUCINDA B.

1. Saying what you think, and meaning what you say.
2. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.
3. Confessing a fault.
4. The handmaiden of truth.
5. "Will you give me a kiss, Mary?" "No; but you may take one, James."
6 Thou art the man.—DAISY H.

I'll take this fruit, it looks so very nice,
And if your sure 'tis fresh, pray name the price;
"Oh! sir," the man replied, "it is not fresh, I know,"
And, moving slowly, he prepared to go."
LEILA S.

A maiden fair, with open brow and clear,
Her converse honest, truthful, and sincere.
JANE C.

An inborn feeling of a gentle mind,
That to asperity is ne'er inclined —IAGO.

The fruit of good training in children.—ADELA.

1. The natural instinct of a noble mind.
2. The parent of truthful speech.
3. "It was my fault."—FLORENCE.

1. Twin sister to sincerity.
2. To speak the "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."
3. "He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power of thunder. His heart's his mouth,
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent."
4. The inner feelings of the heart, outwardly expressed in words.—EMMA BUTTERWORTH.

1. The offspring of sincerity.
2 The essence of truth.
3. The antagonist of deceit.
4. The spirit which through all doth truth reveal,
And ne'er pretends to what it does not feel.
ISABEL.

1. St. Luke, chapter xv. verses 18 and 19.
2. A friend telling you of your faults.
3. A golden bond, which should always subsist between husband and wife.
4. A marked feature in the criticisms of the President of the F.F.C.—FAN.

The band that cements a family in happiness ANNA GREY.

1. Friendly in feeling,
Nothing concealing.
2. Free to impart and open to receive.
3. The mind with doors and windows open. GORGONIA.

A highly necessary quality in a friend. CINDERELLA.

1. The confession of Roupell.
2. Each F.F.C. should criticise with candour, mingled with kindliness.
3. What all must admire, but few possess.
4. Truth in childhood.
5 "Mamma, I do think crinoline is very inconvenient."—KITTY.

All that is good of bluntness, without its rough edge.—ESTELLA.

"One for Peter, two for Paul,
If you don't give us one we'll steal 'em all."
—*Old Powder Plot Chant.* C. T. TYE.

1. That which too often decreases as age increates.
2. A platform which truth often occupies. JESSIE.

1. Morality's glass.
2. A transparent character.
3. "La, Susan! what a fright you look with that cap on."—AMELIA.

Truth expressed with feeling.—SPECTATOR.

A feeling which seeks not to secrete the true state of the mind, but with kindliness to speak nobly and decidedly.—ROSALIE.

1. Having the generosity to acknowledge one's self in fault.
2. A rare gem, which is not often found in the world's casket.—EMMA S. P.

1. An old maid's admission that she has never had an offer.
2. Open confession of an unexpected offence.
3. A lover praising his rival.
4. A young lady confessing that she likes to be kissed under the misletoe.—NELLIE.

1. The companion of truth.—ELIZABETH H.
2. Saying what you think, and meaning what you say.—ROBERT JOHNSON.

1. The sentiment expressed in the countenance of a little child.
2. A cloak under which rudeness sometimes hides itself.—KATE LESLIE.

1. A sweet purity of mind that leads the possessor into paths of pleasantness and ways of peace.
2. Committing a fault, and telling of it.
3. A great strengthener of friendship.
ELIZABETH H.

A crystal garniture, that sets off and beautifies the gold and silver of character.—ILLA.

The simple truth without fear or malice.
CHLOE.

Lady Jane Grey, when she was beheaded.
NARCISSA.

A precious gem in the character of a friend.
L'ESPERANCE.

I'll speak the truth if I die for it.
LITTLE JANE.

"Sir, you are a gentleman!"—ST. CLAIR.

1. What is often used as a cloak by the tale-bearer.
2. A virtue oftener practised when speaking of other's faults than of our own.—CORA.

1. Openheartedness.
2. Saying what you mean.—TERRA COTTA.

The straightforward answer of a truthful heart.
FAIRWEATHER.

1. The fault-finding of a true friend.
2. Open-hearted reproof.
3. The involuntary outgushings of a youthful heart.
4. Transparent honesty.—BUSK.

1. The stepping-stone to wealth and happiness.
2. One of the good qualities that ought to reign supreme in every family.—EWOL TENNER.

The essence of integrity.—A. LINCOLN.

1. The handmaid of purity, truth, justice, and virtue.
2. The cement that joins friendship and esteem.—BUSY BEE.

1. The opening paragraph of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
2. A rose without a thorn.—IVANHOE.

Telling the Northern States of America that they will never conquer the Southerners.—DELTA.

1. The open door of the soul.
2. A lamp, by the light of which we read the sentiments of another's mind.
3. Sparks emanating from a truthful disposition.
KATRINE.

1. "I declare you are growing quite witty. How disagreeable punsters are!"
2. Under cover of this virtue, "friends" often impart to you disagreeable "truths."
3. Saying to a short-necked person, "How ill you look to-day—face flushed, veins swelled—every symptom of apoplexy."
4. A person at Sunderland Police-court, being asked his trade, candidly replied—"A quack doctor!"
5. Truth, in an attempt at disguise.
6. Speaking with candour is "hewing to the line, let the chips fall in whose face they may"
7. True criticism, naming faults as well as beauties.—ZANONI.

1. Being really what we appear to be.
2. The stamp that renders advice current.
GILBERT ASHTON.

1. The attribute of a true friend.
2. What many praise, but few practise.—NELLA.

1. Justice tempered by the law of love.
2. A quality which enables us to do justice to excellencies even when they exist in one who is our enemy.
3. That which prompts the eagle-eyed critic to keep as sharp a look out for beauties as for blemishes.
4. The antagonist of bigotry.
5. Candour in a critic transforms his acerbity into kindliness.—LILY H.

Invaluable to the possessor in any station of life.
ANNA GREY.

An invariable characteristic and one of the main supports of a rightly constituted mind.—DORA.

KINDLINESS.

1. Cheerfully and carefully deciphering the ill-written letter to the poor and old.
2. "Never mind the button, wifey dear; I'll get a needle and sew it on myself." N.B.—Too good to be true.
3. "You may smoke here if you like; I can open the window when you are gone."
4. The warm slippers, cut-newspaper, and a cozy, quiet tea, on the "gude man's" return at eventide.
5. "Lean on me, mother dear; I can bear it."
6. The poor child who dried her schoolfellow's eyes with her own pocket handkerchief.
CROCHET.

Self-sacrifice, such as the conduct of Madame Lavalette. IRENE.

1. Loving words and good deeds.
2. A ready sympathy with another's sorrow.
3. The soothing words that help to heal the sorest wound.
4. The heart's affection.
5. The little acts of charity that make the sum of life.
6. The gratitude that shows itself to One above in our constant effort to do good.—MIGNONETTE.

The sunshine of society.—KATE SYDNAS.

The genial old husbandman who sows the seed of happiness, and participates in the produce.
CARACTACUS.

Kindliness, kin to love.—VIOLET.

1. The Editor distributing his prizes.
2. A delicate lady visiting the sick and needy.
STANTONVILLE.

Pleasure in, and readiness to promote, another's weal.—ADELINE A.

1. Contributing to the relief fund.
2. A soldier on the battle-field attending to the wants of his wounded enemy.—CRAISTER.

1. Twin-sister to love.
2. The offspring of that charity which "beareth all things."
3. The music to which a mother's heart throbs in unison.—LUCINDA B.

A sympathy with all around,
A feeling often sought than found.
GORGONIA.

One of the graces in a true Christian character.
CINDERELLA.

1. A word of sympathy from a young lady to a poor afflicted woman.
2. An idiosyncracy in the character of the late lamented Prince.

3. Evinced by all those who contribute in aiding he Lancashire operatives.
4. Seldom met with in a fashionable woman.
5. Napoleon sending the English sailor home rom Boulogne.
6. When cherished in the heart, it makes a cotage a palace.—KITTY.

1. The magnet that most powerfully attracts human hearts.
2. Nature's politeness.—NELLA.

Twin sister to love —EWOL TENNEB.

1. The offspring of Christian love.
2. The spirit in which we should offer our alms to honest poverty.—GILBERT ASHTON.

1. The key-note of social harmony.
2. A sedative for acerbity.
3. A cheap but invaluable balm for the sorrows and vexations of life.
4. The law of love in word and deed.
5. A cement for friendship.
6. A firm base for etiquette.
7. The perfume of heaven thrown er the intercourse of earth.—LILY H.

1. The feeling which should exis' between the members of the Council.
2. The kind act of the good Samaritan.

FAIRWEATHER.

1. The healing balm to a wounded spirit.

2.

Gentle dealing
With the wayward;
Loving, feeling,
Leading heavenward;
Sympathy with those in grief,
Sending to them quick relief.—BUSK.

1. A fire that warms the heart,
A lamp that lights our path,
A star to guide our life,
A smile, effacing wrath.
2. The first step in the stair to the temple of love.
3. An oil, lubricating the social machine.
4. The father of hospitality.
5. The deed of an angel, when shown to the sorrowful.—ZANONI.

Offering to the man, who attempted to garrotte you, a night's lodging (?)—A. LINCOLN.

A feeling that prompts us to avoid giving pain, and to promote happiness.—CHLOE.

1. A sweetener of the cup of sorrow.
2. A heavenly ray, dispelling the mists of distress.
3. "Suffer little children to come unto me."
4. The widow's mite to the Lancashire Distress Fund —ROBERT JOHNSON.

A servant girl giving three pence a week to the distressed operatives. (Fact.)—NARCISSA.

A gentle atmosphere, in which all that is good and pleasant blooms and flourishes.—ILLA.

A remarkable trait in our Saviour's character.

ROSALIE.

1. A feeling, alas! which is not sufficiently cultivated by mankind.
2. The national feeling towards the distressed Lancashire operatives.—EMMA S. P.

1. A nameless charm of look and tone, eloquent of the love that reigns within.
2. From him that is needy turning not away.
3. Living out the apostolic injunction, "Use hospitality one to another without grudging."

NELLIE.

Wipes the clammy brow and tearful eye,
Relieves the distressed,
Cheers the depressed,
Those who heavily sigh,
The weary hour beguiles,
Turns frowns to smiles,
Hath sweet music in its voice,
For the afflicted feels,
The wounded heart heals,
Makes the widow and orphan rejoice.

C. T. RYE.

1. Doing unto others as you would they should do unto you.
2. That which commands confidence.—JESSIE.
1. The sugar that sweetens life's bitter pills.
2. One of the brightest gems in the Christian's diadem.—AMELIA.

A balsam more healing to a wounded heart than the richest gifts.—CELIA.

1. One of the characteristics of a Christian.
2. The feeling which prompts us to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."—KATE LESLIE.

1. To sympathise and help another in the hour of distress.
2. That which we ought at all times to exhibit towards the young.
3. To try and make other happy.
1. Obtained by a good man from the Lord.
2. The feeling of Melchisedec to Abram

DORA.

The garb of charity. L'ESPERANCE.

A young lady watching by the bed of a poor sick man, whom she knows can never repay her.

LITTLE JANE.

"Dearly beloved brethren."—ST CLAIR.

1. To pour the balm of consolation into the bosom of the afflicted.
2. Words of sympathy and love in the hour of distress.
3. A fascinating power, which oft will bend a stubborn heart.
4. Twin sister to benevolence.
5. A promoter of good in all classes.
6. Peace and good will to all.
7. To do unto all as we should wish all to do to us.—SPECTATOR.

1. Granpa's presents to the dear children.
2. A sprig of the tree affection.—IVANHOE.

Offering to mediate between the Northern and Southern States of America.—DELTA.

1. That which accompanies true charity.
2. Stepping-stones over the stream of life.

KATRINE.

Alfred sharing his last loaf with the stranger.

TERRA COTTA.

That which shields our neighbour's faults.
That winning charm which did each movement grace,
And shone in Mr. Pickwick's happy face.

LEILA S.

1. A lever well applied to raise life's burdens.
2. A beam shining from an unselfish soul.

FLORENCE.

1. Pleasant words, and deeds of love,
Soothing the path of sorrow;
Whispering to the downcast heart,
"The sun will shine to-morrow."
2. The oil and wine of the good Samaritan.
3. Weeping with the sorrowful; rejoicing with the happy.

4. The loving look and sympathetic tear,
Anxious each weary, burdened heart to cheer.
5 Gentle words and loving deeds,
O'er life's rough pathway cast,
Are flowers whose fragrance lingers still,
E'en when their bloom is past —JANE C.

Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.—IAGO.
One who criticises for good —ADELA.

1 The feeling a true Christian entertains for all mankind.
2. The feelings of a heart so warm, that it can show coldness to none.
3. The smile and kind word when we meet.
4 The sunshine of our homes.
5 True charity.

1. One of the many beautiful flowers which bloom, in a higher or lower degree, in the heart of every true Christian.
2. Queen Victoria's letter (sent in the midst of her own deep grief) to the sufferers from the Hartley Colliery Explosion —FAN.

ACERBITY.

The bitter drop in "The Friend's" monthly cup of nectar.—FAIRWEATHER
1. Seen in one who cannot "take a joke."
2. Retaliation's cradle.
3. If you venture near expect a bite —BUSK.
1. The acids in the human body rising to the mouth.
2. An unripe Yorkshire apple.
3. My countenance in illness after taking Dr. Dash's last draught.
4 Must be an old m——, a "spinster," judging from the looks of Miss Blank after losing at a penny game of whist
5. May be dispelled by reading my last volume, "Blood and Thunder, or the Blue Ghost."—*Advert.*
6. The beginning of a quarrel.
7. A rust which clogs the wheels of the machine of progress.—ZANONI.

That which, when found in the disposition of a wife, often results in driving the husband to the dram-shop — EWOL TENNIB.
1. The milk of human kindness turned sour.
2. A state of temper consequent on a fit of the gout.- GILBERT ASHTON.
1. A temper composed of "humours tart as wine upon the fret."
2. Captain Caustic's disposition as he sat growling over his gouty leg, and snapping at every one that came near him
3. A term applicable to one who is sour, bitter and peppery, and apt to bristle into anger at the slightest provocation.—LILY H.

The sour grape in the cup of life.—ROSALIE.
1. Dr. Abernethy, upon a lady patient asking him what diet he would advise, replied, "You must not eat the poker or tongs, because they would be hard of digestion; nor the bellows, for they would cause flatulency."—(Exit lady, horrified.)
2. "Be quiet, boy, or I'll knock you down," whereupon the action is suited to the word.
EMMA S. P.
1. The milk of human kindness turned to whey.
2. An arrow of sarcasm dipped in gall.—NELLIE
The vinegar plant of human life.—BUSEY BEE.
Often the bedfellow of the crusty old bachelor.
IVANHOE.
The state of feeling at present existing between the Northern and Southern states of America.
DELTA.
That which fosters the growth of the plant discord, the partaking of which sets our teeth on edge.
KATRINE.
The dog in the manger.—TERRA COTTA.
An old maid —ST. CLEIR.
1. A quality often ascribed, to and professed by elderly maiden-ladies.
2. Lime juice and vinegar are both sour, and, like a severe temper, inflict pain when any touch a tender part.—SPECTATOR.
1 Stones on the pathway of life.
2 Aunt Julia, when one wants to know her age.
NELLA.
The height of acrimony.—A. LINCOLN.
A compound of jealousy and conceit.
CHLOE.
You shan't do it! I won't allow it.
ROBERT JOHNSON
The manner in which a testy old gentleman would inform us that we had trod on his corn
L'ESPERANCE.
A feeling which candour unaccompanied by kindness is likely to provoke.—KATE LESLIE
1. A noxious herb that often springs up in our hearts
2 A sharpness of temper that makes it hard for the possessor to combat with the rugged path of life —Elizabeth H
An acid that corrodes every thing it touches.
ILLIA.
Scrooge's "Bah! Humbug!" in return for his nephew's "merry Christmas"—LEILA S.
1 Humanity's upas tree.
2. A noxious mental gas often generated by sudden wealth.
3. The lava flowing from selfishness and ill-temper —FLORENCE.
1. The dog in the manger.
2. Diogenes in his tub.
3. The mind of a cynic.
4 Cross looks and sour rebukes.
EMMA BUTTERWORTH.
A disagreeable compound, the ingredients equal quantities of crossness, crustiness, and crabbedness, with a few drops of vinegar —JANE C.
Dickens's Wackford Squeers, the Yorkshire schoolmaster.—IAGO.
Tartaric acid—an essence which destroys all the sweetness of our lives, often the result of disappointment - ISABEL.
Acerbity is an acid, warranted to preserve *candour* and *kindliness* from escaping.—GIPSY.
1. A family foe.
2. A bachelor dressing in a hurry for dinner, and finding his shirt minus a button —FAN.
1. The wasp that feeds from the flower, but gives a sting instead of honey.
2 A mental heart-burn.
3. The milk of human kindness turned sour.
4. White-wine vinegar.
5 The miasma of stagnant love.
6 Not by *any* means confined to bachelors and old maids.—CROCHET.
Devote yourself to the younger sister, and neglect the elder, who is not "going off," the chances are you will notice it.—GORGONIA.

The milk of human kindness turned sour.
MIGNONETTE.

The milk of human kindness turned sour.
KATE SYDNAS.

The milk of human kindness turned sour.
ESTELLA.

The feeling you entertain towards a shoemaker who *will* pinch your feet.—BLANCHE ALSINGTON.

The crabbed old rascal who interferes with the operations of kindliness.—CARACTACUS.

Satan's feelings on seeing our first parent's in Paradise.—IRENE.

A schoolmaster castigating his pupils.
STANTONVILLE.

Judgment corroded.—ADELINE A.

A child's passion when not restrained.—OCEAN.

A characteristic of spoilt children.—CRAISTER.

1. Mental vinegar.
2. A corroder of the affections.—LUCINDA B.

1. Veiled sarcasm.
2. The state of a contributor's feelings on having "The Cure" played under his window when preparing to write a "first-rate article."
3. An ebullition of *Yankee* wrath.—DAISY H.

Pointing out the faults of the Counsel.
VIOLET.

"Well; I've had a good dinner, and I don't care who hasn't.'—BLANCHE ALSINGTON.

"Pray Goody, please to moderate
The rancour of your tongue."
C. T. RYE.

1. Don't teaze—do go away—I'm busy.
2. Fermentation of temper.—JESSIE.

1. What a man often feels when he comes home and finds dinner not ready.
2. The cloud that passes o'er the wife's brow during a domestic row.—AMELIA.

A temper to be avoided as a great enemy.
ANNA GREY.

1. He who indulges in it, warms and nourishes a nest of vipers to wound himself and friends.
2. A characteristic of Mary, Queen of Scots' parents.—DORA*.

1. One of the proofs of an unregenerated heart.
2. A characteristic of a "crab-apple" temper.
3. An unripe gooseberry of the mind
CINDERELLA.

1. Not often united with candour.
2. Seldom makes truth welcome.—KITTY.

TRIPLE DEFINITIONS.

May our mutual relations be distinguished by *kindliness*, our criticisms unmarked with *acerbity*, and the decisions of our President be received in a spirit of *candour* and friendship.—TERRA COTTA.

Candour should be so full of *kindliness*, as to leave no room for *acerbity*.—ZANONI.

Kindliness is essential to *candour*, but *acerbity* is the enemy of both.—GAZELLE.

If more *kindliness* were shown by the world, persons would not shun confessing their faults with *candour* to each other, for does not *acerbity* provoke and sour us?—EMMA S. P.

Candour and *kindliness* never we find,
Where *acerbity* characterises the mind.
GORGONIA.

2. Our kind President has ever treated us with *candour* and *kindliness*, without *acerbity*.—BUSY BEE.

To advise a friend with *candour*, void of *acerbity*, is *kindliness*.—KITTY.

With *candour*, I must own, I like to see,
Kindliness reign in every F. F. C.;
So let us please our editor and friend,
By causing all *acerbity* to end.
LITTLE GIGGIE.

1. Where *candour* and *kindliness* abound
Acerbity will ne'er be found.

The F. F. Councillors should remember to write with all *candour*, and make their criticisms with feelings of *kindliness* towards each other; thus all *acerbity* of disposition will be prevented.—DELTA.

The Council taking with *kindliness* the *candour* of pointing out faults when unaccompanied with *acerbity*.—VIOLET.

Candour of speech, without *kindliness* of heart, is generally the result of *acerbity* of temper.
EMMA BUTTERWORTH.

When *candour* and *kindliness*
Dwell in the heart,
Acerbity hath neither
Portion nor part.—IAGO.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c.

42.

Iam awor nine letters—my 4, 8, 5, 9, is an animal; my 6, 7, 3, 9, a luminary; my 2, 1, 7, 8, not early; my 4, 9, 8, 3, 6, 7, a part of the body; my 1, 6, a conjunction; my 6, 8, 5, 9, to burn; and my *whole* is a kind of marble. FORGET-ME-NOT.

43.—TOWNS IN ENGLAND ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

a. The half of a prickly plant, and a weight.
b. A fruit, and a preposition.
c A colour, and a place for horses.
d. A fowl, and the resort of wild beasts.
e. A celebrated hero.
f. A vehicle, and a town in France.
FORGET-ME NOT.

44.

To be wicked or rude; a man far from good,
And one who knows little, I fear;
A genus of birds; an assemblage of words;
And a very small species of deer.
The initials, when solved, will show a disease
Of a virulent kind—its name, if you please?
MIGNONETTE.

45.

Schoolboys are not very fond of my *first*;
My *second* you'll find, if you read it reversed,
Is the short of a masculine name;
What risks to all are to my *whole* have been run,
Though for no solid benefit under the sun,
But all for the sake of the fame. GORGONIA.

46.

My *first* is a fruit of taste most delicious;
My *second*, a period of time;
My *whole* is a covering both lovely and precious,
And useful in every clime;
But if from the wearer you rashly would sever
This covering, and take it away,
An active resistance will meet your endeavour,
And wonderful courage display.
PAULINE S.

47.

My 6, 2, 5, 11, 7, is an animal; my 10, 3, 4, 11, is a gardening implement; my 1, 7, 3, 10, is a mineral production; my 7, 11, 3, 10, is a fruit; my 6, 8, 5, 4, is to look for; my 7, 5, 8, 10, is a noble-man; my 6, 2, 9, 4, 11, an ornament in musi·; my 3, 1, 7, a serpent; and my *whole*, a great poet.

KATE LESLIE.

48.

RIVERS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

a. A consonant, a cardinal's belonging, two-thirds of a measure, and a native of Arabia.
b. A consonant, a pronoun, and to seize.
c. Reasoning animals, and part of the verb to be.
d. A receptacle, and a weight.
e. A giant, and two-thirds of an animal.
f. An article, and a native of Morocco

MIGNONETTE.

49.

I am a blemish or defect—
If you can't guess it do not blame us;
But take the head off, and you have
What for uncertainty is famous.

GORGONIA.

50.

My *first* is the sea; my *second* is often heard at sea; and my *whole* frequents the sea. IRENE.

51.

My *first's* an utensil, sharp and long;
My *next* is a comfort, destructive and strong;
And they both work together for the good of man.
But, ah, who can tell what my *whole* is so well
As a hen-pecked husband can? C. T. RYE.

52.

I am a fish. Tranpose me, and I am a poet; transpose again, and I am a kind of flesh; behead me, and I am a woman's name; transpose me, and I am a tree; curtail me, and I am a favourite drink; transpose me, and I am what all do; once more, and I will name what you did both yesterday and the day previous. A. ERSKINE.

53.

My 10, 3, 4, 2, is what we all possess; my 4, 5, 10, 2, is a possessive pronoun; my 8, 2, 3, 1, a water-fowl; my 3, 6, 10, 2, a lady's name; my 4, 5, 1, 2, a measure; my 8, 2, 3, a beverage; my 4, 9, 1, 2, an animal; and my *whole* a fashionable watering-place. KATE LESLIE.

54.

My *first* is to confine; my *second*, an article; my *third*, a small horse; my *fourth*, a vowel; and my *whole*, a metal. MIGNONETTE.

55.

My *first* persons sometimes will use
When very far up they would go;
But my *second* is what they go in
When they want to descend very low;
And my *whole* a good colour-box hold,
As all painters of portraits well know.

GORGONIA.

56.

My *first* appears after dinner; my *second* enlivens dinner; and my *whole* is used at dinner.

IRENE.

57.

Why is one of Milner's patent safes like a good soldier? A. ERSKINE.

58.

A bird, and a curse; my *whole*, a poisonous plant. MIGNONETTE.

59.

If you behead a design, my *first* you will find;
Get much of my *next* without any pretext,
And to my *whole* send it with speed—
Lest you incur my *third*, a very sad word,
For which you'd be sorry, indeed.

C. T. RYE.

60.

My 2, 4, 1, is part of the human face; my 2, 3, 5, is a sort of resin; my 3, 2, 6, is a refreshing beverage; and my *whole* is a fish of six letters. GORGONIA.

61.

My *first* is used by Roman Catholics, and my *next*, no doubt, was of old;
My *whole*, a proportion, too much in their favour e'en now, I am told. IRENE.

62.

What is the difference between a hangman and a spirit merchant? A. ERSKINE.

63.

My *first* is fervid; my *second*, a number; my *third*, a preposition; my *fourth*, a consonant; and my *whole*, a native of America. MIGNONETTE

64.

My 4, 1, 7, is food for cattle; my 6, 1, 2, is a vehicle; my 5, 4, is an interjection; my 3, 1, 2, is a vessel; and my *whole* is a fish of seven letters.

GORGONIA.

65.

What city in India do all gamesters wish to have when they commence play? A. ERSKINE.

66.

I am a word of nine letters. My 8, 7, 3, 4, is a herb; my 4, 7, 6, 9, what is constantly passing; my 3, 2, 1, a short sleep; my 6, 2, 4, an article in a doorway; my 4, 5, 6, an abbreviation of a man's name; my 2, 3, 4, an insect; my 4, 5, 1, a boy's plaything; my 9, 8, 8, 2, a woman's name; my 1, 5, 4, 7, 5, 3, a draught; my 6, 7, 3, 9, a possessive pronoun; my 2, 4, 5, 8, a particle; my 1, 7, 3, a common but useful article; and my *whole* is the delight of children in the Christmas holidays. KATRINE.

67.

My 3, 2, 6, is often seen in muddy roads; my 1, 2, 4, is a wooden vessel; my 1, 5, is a preposition; and my *whole* is a fish of six letters.

GORGONIA.

68.—CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why has the letter T the power of turning a destructive instrument into a thing of no importance?
2. Why should the letter D experience much pleasure in being committed to the flames?
3. If a two-year-old red deer were beheaded, what description of fire-work would it represent?

IAGO.

69.—GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

The initials will name a country of Europe, and the finals its ancient capital:—

a. A Dutch town.
b. An Italian town.
c. A French town.
d. A Polish town.
e. A Spanish town.
f. An Irish town.

70.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

1. A valiant Trojan, Priam's son.
2. A well-known Eastern sea.
3. The founder of an empire great.
4. One of the Harpies three.

5. A warrior of great renown.
6. A patroness of crime.
7. The Muse who ever sang of love.
8. The ancient God of time.

The initial letters of these words
Read downwards will proclaim
A son of Jove, whose marv'lous feats
Have gain'd a world-wide fame.

GILBERT A.

71

A part of a mountain;
A part of a fountain;
Either you'll see that I am;
Your desk or your table
I help to keep stable:
I'm also a part of a man.

BUSK.

72.—A FAVOURITE PUZZLE.

Horatio there's much to confound us;
That might, if 'twere rarer, astound us,
Amongst the familiar and common.
Only think what a work for inspection,
Defying the student's dissection,
Dame nature hath furnished—in woman!

E'en as life in the worlds that shine o'er us;
As events that be hidden before us
Have challenged in vain our acumen;
As the Sphynx, and "perpetual motion,"
And the sea-serpent's home in old ocean,
Have baffled research—so has woman!

Though we make her a subject of study
'Till our deep well of thought becomes muddy;
Though we watch her and question her too,
Though we ransack experience over, [man:
We signally fail to discover
The key to adorable woman!

How deftly, at vague inclination,
She snubs the old sage, Calculation,
And makes of our projects "a stew," man!
Never yet was a budget of learning
By thinking acquired and discerning
Comprising a knowledge of woman!

Sir Isaac, inspired by an apple,
Right well with one problem did grapple,
But left a few others to do, man:
Ha! he that shall "tackle" *this greater*,
Must be a superlative "cratur"—
Philosophy's tripped up by woman!

Go, find that divinest attraction—
A damsel consistent in action—
I'll send her a sweet *billet-doux*, man.
Alas! I believe my "intended"
Is not by *herself* comprehended—
A complex creation is woman!

Horatio, there's less to confound us
Above and beneath, than around us,
Yea, 'mongst the familiar and common;
And one of the problems we're blinking,
(A capital poser, I'm thinking)
Is visibly near us—in WOMAN!

CARACTACUS.

73.

Complete I am useful unto men;
By me they often times ascend.
Cut off my head, and then you'll find
A reptile small I bring to mind.

ELIZABETH H.

74

I am the fourteenth child of a family whose services to society are beyond all praise. Our characters and appearances are very dissimilar, but we are, nevertheless, affectionately disposed, and generally work in groups. My residence is in France, but I am quite as often to be met with in London; indeed, wherever man is found there am I. I was in the Garden of Eden, and while Eve began the first sin I finished it, and have ever since been connected with it and its author. My character is introduced into every warning, and no sermon is considered complete without me; I am, therefore, in constant torment, and my only comfort is, that, as I am still out of hell, I may be allowed to occupy the outermost station in heaven.

GIPSY.

75.

When is a packing-case like a simple, successful candidate for parliamentary honours?

CARACTACUS.

76.

My *first* is a vapour curtailed; my *second* a defence; my *third* a French article; my *whole* is what most people wish never to meet with.

ELIZABETH H.

77.—ACROSTIC.

The initials will show an island in the Pacific:—

A town in Westmoreland.
The last of the Mohicans.
A town in Spain.
A river in Spain.
The founder of Rome.
The first High Priest of Israel.
A great botanist.
A country of Europe.
A stoic philosopher.

AUSTRALIA.

78

A town in France.
A town in Russia.
A cathedral town.
A weight.
A town in Kent.
A town in the south of France.

The initials form the name of a celebrated poe and the finals one of his poems.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

79

If my *first* you would guess,
And not take it amiss,
Then know, 'tis a surname,
The author of this.
My *next* is a word that
"Shut up" signify,
And this you may easily
Guess, if you try.
May our lives be my *whole*,
Then truly we may
Look forward with hope,
As 'tis passing away.

IAGO.

80

A Scottish lass'e wished to wed;
Her spouse, she knew, was very fickle;
E'en, like the wind, he changed, but said,
"I love thee, Mary, not a mickle."
At last he said, "When shall it be?"
And she right quickly answer'd him,
And urged it soon, if 'twas to be—
She named a *wind*—now guess my whim.

BUSK.

81

My *first* is a vowel; my *second* a wine; my *third* a vowel; and my *whole* a town in Portugal.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

82

To tell the truth, my *first* you'll find
Is ever ready of its kind
To be of use to those who wish
To work and toil to make them rich.
My *next* is of a different kind,
And certainly put far behind,
Though much to cleanliness inclined.
My *whole* will not take long to discover,
As one thing helps to serve the other

A FRIEND.

83

In the depths of my *first*
Doth my *second* abound.
My *third*, I may say,
In our ears may be found.
My *whole* is a substance,
Red, black, square, and round.
And now the solution
I pray you expound. IAGO.

84

By hunger urged, the royal beast
Stalks forth in search of prey;
His practice is at night to feast,
And rest in me by day.

Now turn me to "the right-about,"
And lo! the process brings
To light a name diminutive
For certain *human* kings.

CARACTACUS.

85

If an English town you take and behead,
An ancient city you'll have in its stead.

IAGO.

86

a Whole, I am odd; behead me, I am even.
b. Whole, I am singular; behead me, I am plural.
c. Whole, I am plural: behead me, I am singular.
d. Whole, I am feminine; behead me, I am masculine.
e. Whole, I am nothing; behead me, I am something.
f. Whole, I am in England; behead me, I am in Italy
g. Whole, I am a biped; behead me, I am a quadruped.
h. Whole I am insignificant; behead me, I am of terrible importance.
i. Whole I am at no time; behead me, I am always.
j. Whole, I am entire; behead me, I am torn.
k. Whole, I am your property; behead me, and I belong to you and myself.
l. Whole, I am a beast; behead me, I am a bird.
m. Whole, I am the remedy; behead me, I am the malady. CROCHET.

87

Fair, fertile, favoured Britain! Far-famed isle!
Nor by fell war nor tyranny accursed,
Long, long may Fortune on thy people smile;
Long may my *second* in thee be my *first*.

Yankees play subjugation's gory game,
While Southerns fight, black myriads to control;
When, when o'er earth shall Liberty proclaim,
All men my *first*, each African my *whole*.

CARACTACUS.

88

An action that, sleeping or slumbering, denote,
When beheaded will name what I've seen in a boat. IAGO.

89.—TREES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

a. Part of a man's name, and the reverse of high.
b. A consonant, and a drinking vessel.
c. A consonant, and part of a circle.
d. A vowel, and to roar.
e. A part of the hand.
f. A part of a ship beheaded.
g. The chronologist's tree. FORGET-ME NOT.

HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURES.

10.

Two renowned warriors are defeated after a long and severe contest; and, being taken prisoners by the enemy, are ignominously sentenced to death. An old and infirm man causes himself to be carried before the populace, where he pleads long and eloquently in their behalf, acknowledging to being a great sufferer by the war (having lost his two sons), yet assures the people that such an act is unworthy of them, and will not redound to their credit to kill two such able generals. All hear, and, at the time, seem sensibly affected by his discourse, but afterwards return to their former intention, despatching precipitately the prisoners to prevent their foul purposes from being impeded.

11.

Search is perseveringly made for one who has caused much disturbance by his repeated rebellions. He is at last found in a deplorable condition, and, on being taken prisoner, bursts into tears, and begs earnestly for life. The king admits him to his presence, and promises to liberate him if he will reveal the names of his accomplices. He, however, steadily refuses to purchase life in so infamous a manner, and, seeing all hope vanish, he nobly and firmly prepares to die.

MIGNONETTE.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c.

(*On pp.* 174-176.)

18.—Heart-burn. 19.—Car-mine.

20.—1. An halt. 2. Friendly Islands. 3. Carlow. 4. Want-age. 5. Wick-low.

21.—O-range. 22.—Nose-gay. 23.—*a*. When it is put out. *b*. When it is Barking. 24.—Erskine.

25.—*a*. Victoria. *b*. Louis Napoleon. *c*. Francis. *d* Maximilian. *e*. Leopold. *f*. William. *g*. Ferdinand *h*. Otho. *i*. George. *j*. Victor Emmanuel. *k* William *l*. Pedro. *m*. Isabel. *n*. Pius. *o*. John. *p*. Alexander. *q*. Charles. *r*. William. *s*. Abdul Aziz.

26.—Sapling. 27.—Rap-pa-han-nock. 28.—Crown, crow, row. 29.—Port-able. 30.—Anchor, roach, Noah. 31.—Manchester.

32.—*a*. Achates. *b*. Lerna. *c*. Ephialtes. *d*. Cabira. *e*. Tempe. *f*. Orion. *Alecto.*

33.—Page-ant. 34.—Dinner-time 35.—Beg-one, be-gone. 36.—Fright, right. 37.—Uni-corn. 38.—Half-penny. 39.—Thorn, horn, North. 40.—Hum-bug. 41.—Steam, team.

HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURES (*p.* 176).

5.—Death of Brian Born, a patriot of Ireland.
6.—Garibaldi saving the lives of some companions in the Bay of Villafranca.
7.—Death of Frederick I., Emperor of Germany.
8.—Gessler killed by William Tell.
9.—The two last scenes in the life Alexander the Great.

LOVE AND DISCIPLINE; OR, TWO WAYS OF TEACHING.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DISCOVERY.

HERSILIA, thinking it impossible to defer acquainting M. Philéas with the thoughtlessness of his *protége*, related to him, in the best way she could, the occurrence of the previous evening; but in too vague a manner to satisfy him, for she was unable to tell him where either the florist or Celestin lived. Solomon's presence became

indispensable. M. Philéas sent for him; and it was then that his absence was discovered. It occasioned, at first, only vexation and confusion. Angelique was questioned, and felt no difficulty in telling an untruth, by asserting that she had not seen him; for she merely looked on the humorous side of this adventure. The bewildered air of the servants, the unconnected words in which they communicated their fears to each other, the embarrassment of Hersilia, who knew the poor child's terror, the silent consternation of M. Philéas, whose uneasiness did not allow him to remain quiet, and who looked at his watch twenty times within a quarter of an hour, —all this diverted her extremely. Calm alone in the midst of general trouble, she delighted to think that a word from her would put an end to the confusion; and that so many, who pretended to be sensible people, appeared quite overcome because it did not suit her to pronounce that word. In spite of his system and apparent coolness, M. Philéas really loved Solomon, on whose account, indeed, he had only to congratulate himself; and who, he supposed, had intellect superior to what he actually possessed. If he had not been mistaken on this point, his preconceptions might have been disappointed, but he would not the less have done justice to the gentle and honourable disposition of his *protege*, who had thus endeared himself to the whole family. As the morning advanced without his re-appearing, M. Philéas became greatly alarmed.

"It is true," he thought to himself, "that he may have returned to the florist, or to the Rue St Antoine; but for what purpose? And why does he not come back again? We might together succeed in searching out the truth; but what can he do without me or I attempt without him? Who knows, alas! but he may have been entrapped? Into whose hands may he not have fallen? There are so many wretches in this great city to whom the destruction of a child——."

He did not finish—a horrible tremor came over him—tears deluged his stoic face; his grief was the deeper since he was accustomed to conceal it.

Towards three o'clock in the afternoon the noise of the carriage that brought Madame Olympe home roused him from his sad reflections. He longed to see her, not only to ask her advice, but to unburden his mind. Therefore, without giving her time to reach her own apartment, he went before her into the dining-room; and, seating her exactly by the side of the closet in which Angelique and Solomon thus found themselves imprisoned, he hastened to tell her the cause of his trouble.

"Now, my dear sister," continued he in a tone of such distress as Madame Olympe had never before witnessed, "tell me what I ought to do—what have I to hope or fear? You must know that this unfortunate child left my house this morning without telling me his plans, leaving me in the dark as to his fate,—he, hitherto so gentle, so submissive. Can I come to any other conclusion than that he is the victim of some act of violence?"

Madame Olympe tried to dissipate so fearful an idea from his thoughts. She appealed to his usual presence of mind.

"Ah! I feel that my judgment abandons me at this single thought," continued M. Philéas. "You do not know, sister—I did not myself believe, how dear that child had become to me! If he be not of my own flesh and blood, he is, at least, the work of my imagination. His education occupies my mind; the desire to make him a good man is the most ardent I can form. How often have I awoke

in the night to entreat God to bless him! Yes, sister, the affection I bear him has rekindled in me devotional feelings which had for many years been stifled; and, if I have lost him, my happiness is destroyed for ever."

Whilst thus speaking the voice of this feeling man seemed broken by sobs, which he vainly strove to suppress. The door of the closet suddenly opened; and Solomon, bathed in tears, fell at the feet of his patron, whilst Angelique, who had uselessly opposed this abrupt proceeding, kept aloof, troubled and confused.

"Oh, my dear benefactor!" exclaimed Solomon, "forgive me for the sorrow I occasion you."

"Whence do you come?" M. Philéas asked, much distressed. "What has happened to you during this long absence?"

"He has not been absent, brother," replied Madame Olympe. "I saw them come out of that closet, which has no other egress. Angelique, will you explain to us what you both were doing there?"

Angelique, being so straightly questioned, was obliged to tell the truth; but how can M. Philéas's indignation be depicted? The more he had suffered and exaggerated to himself the ground of his fears—the more he had shown affection for his careless pupil, so much the more also did he manifest his merited anger.

"What!" said he; "he was there whilst I was in despair at his flight! He heard me call him loudly, and exulted over my trouble! He has allowed me for seven hours to be a prey to torturing anxiety when he had but to take one step to relieve me! And should I keep near me such a monster of ingratitude? No, no; let him return to his family,—I do not wish to see him again!"

Thunderstruck by these terrible words, Solomon remained on his knees without having strength to reply excepting by a flood of tears. Madame Olympe was vainly endeavouring to calm M. Philéas's anger when Dominique announced a visit from Pierre Chiron.

"Let him walk in," said the irritated philosopher impetuously; "he could not come more opportunely."

The poor gardener was greatly amazed at the picture which presented itself to his view. Anger, embarrassment, and sorrow reigned amongst the actors of the scene. With his hat in his hand, not knowing whether he should retire or stay, he stood at the door of the room. M. Phliéas then spoke—

"Judge of what has taken place," said he to him; "you know what I have done for your son, and the sphere I have destined for him. Do these benefits merit his affection?"

"Who doubts that, sir?" replied Pierre, frankly.

"I have not, however, obtained it," continued M. Philéas; "and as that is the only reward I expected from him, I have not benevolence sufficient to continue my efforts for an ungrateful heart. Take him back, Pierre; I restore your son to you.'

"Sir," replied the gardener, with a sorrowful air, "you do as you please; I thank you for the benefits you have conferred upon us. I do not murmur that you should discontinue them, but I grieve to learn that Solomon is not more worthy. I certainly thought he loved you."

"Ah, father!" exclaimed Solomon, rising, and throwing himself upon Pierre's neck, "believe it still, for it is the truth, as God can testify; especially now that I

know that I have heard things which will never be effaced from my memory. Sir," he continued, turning towards his benefactor, "I will not say that I do not deserve your anger; whatever my terror might be, I should have confessed my fault to you, confiding in your justice, instead of hiding myself. But, in sending me away, say, at least, that you forgive me."

This touching appeal quickly appeased M. Philéas. However, conquering his emotion and reassuming his accustomed gravity, he simply extended his hand to his protégé, who seized and kissed it with respect, while bathing it with tears.

"We will not part yet, Solomon," he said to him, "if it be true that, a witness this day of my partiality for you, you respond to my friendship without taking advantage of it."

"Ah, sir, if you knew how far I was from believing myself to be the object of such tender affection! I only felt how unworthy I was of it."

"Unworthy! and why?"

"Alas! I try in vain to attain those high virtues by which I ought to regulate my conduct; my progress ill responds to the excellency of your instructions."

"It is right to be diffident," replied M. Phileas, who then saw that he had carried his system of perfection to too great a length; "but I can say that you judge yourself too severely. We will refer to this subject another time; now that peace is made, let us talk a little about the affair of the watch."

"With your permission," rejoined Pierre, who was much pleased with the turn which the threatening aspect of matters had taken, "that is what I came expressly to settle. See, is not this the trinket that Solomon lost yesterday?"

"It is the same!" exclaimed Solomon; "how did it come to-day into your hands?"

"That cannot be explained in a few words," replied Pierre; "but if Monsieur and Madame could listen to me for half an hour, I would tell them a true story, as interesting as can be met with in books."

M. Philéas and his sister assured him they would like to hear it. Pierre Chiron took a chair, and first entered into the details of his meeting with Célestin, which we have already related.

CHAPTER XIII.

A POOR MAN'S GENEROSITY.

"BEFORE giving you an account of my visit to Rigobert," continued the gardener, "and the means I employed to obtain his forgiveness of Célestin, it will not be amiss to tell you something of this good old man. I was scarcely workman enough to turn over well a spadeful of earth when he took me into his service, at a time when he was himself in good circumstances, having the care of a fine large garden. Rigobert was then well off; he and his wife earned good wages, and were lodged in the house, but they deserved their prosperity, for both scrupulously fulfilled their duty without despising the ignorant and poor. I, who was both the one and the other, found in Rigobert an affectionate master, a true friend, ready to serve me. Not only did he teach me all he knew (and I can say that he is a clever gardener), but endeavoured also to cure certain bad habits which he soon discovered in me. I had lost my father at an early age; my mother, whose only child I am, always loved me too

tenderly to correct me as she ought to have done; besides, she could not follow me everywhere, and keep me from the bad acquaintances which insensibly caused my ruin, by inspiring me, when yet young, with a love of wine and cards. Yes, Solomon, and you, my daughter, I confess it in your presence, although it is a disgraceful thing; but as, thank God, I have since been cured of it, I hope you will not despise me on that account."

"Oh, father!" said Solomon, taking his hand, "can you ever suppose it?"

"We should have profited very badly by the principles instilled into us," added Angelique, looking at her godmother for a sign of approbation.

"Well, my children," replied Chiron, "you are already better than I was at fifteen years old, for without wishing to compare Rigobert with the respected friends who bring you up, it is certain that he talked to me sufficiently to make me a wise man, if I had listened to him patiently. Far from not appreciating the wisdom of his counsels, I even felt a desire to follow them, and during six days of the week Pierre Chiron was not worse than others, but all my good resolutions were put to flight on Sundays by the pressing invitations of my companions. I believe I sinned as much from weakness as from inclination. When I wished to marry Babet, my mother only consented on condition that I should give up my bad associates. I was still rather young to settle in life, but thanks to Rigobert's instructions, I understood my business well, and as I married an active, orderly woman, we could manage tolerably. The first year passed very well; without breaking-off openly with my friends, I avoided their parties of pleasure. However, I do not know how it happened, on Christmas Eve, the night on which the three children were born, I found myself at cards, and much the worse for having drunk more than I ought, when I should have been at home, or at church, praying to God for my poor wife. I was so ashamed and hurt at this, that I firmly resolved it should be my last declension from the right path. I was then a father; I felt that I ought to set a good example to my children, and God has given me grace to keep my resolution."

"I congratulate you on it, my dear Chiron," said M. Philéas, "for it is rare that a reformation, effected so late in life, lasts. There are too many fathers who degrade themselves in the eyes of their children, by adhering, in advanced age, to the evil practices of their youth."

"What you are relating is interesting, I confess," continued Madame Olympe; "but I do not see exactly what it has to do with the missing watch."

"I will show you, Madame, I will show you," replied Pierre. "Amongst Jean Rigobert's children was a boy, the eldest of the family, named Célestin, whose engaging manner charmed every one. Inquisitive, full of talk, he asked the name of everything, handled the tools, and understood, better than I, the best fruits of the garden. His superiors were amused at his prating; his mother, astonished at his talent, built great hopes upon him, and I thought she was right; such, however, was not Rigobert's opinion, who used to say to us, 'I clearly perceive that Célestin is prompt in asking questions, but I also see that he scarcely listens to what is said in reply; therefore, it is less a desire for information which he possesses than a love of talking, and I have rarely seen a great talker acquire solid judgment.' I thought then that this observation was severe; subsequent events have but too well confirmed it. In growing up, Célestin has shown himself a giddy fellow, incapable

of devoting himself steadily to anything. His father, unable to control him, placed him as apprentice with me, but he could not stay beyond the third of a year, although he did not lack intelligence. Tired of gardening, he wanted to be a cutter of stones, then a locksmith, then a cabinet maker, and I know not what else. He has changed his trade as often as his clothes, so that the misfortunes of his family have overtaken him without his knowing one. As his last resource, to prevent his father being put in prison, he has been guilty of the bad action I have mentioned to you, and of which the poor young man now bitterly repents. I have a horror of dishonesty, for I know that theft leads to murder; but it has appeared to me that I ought to try to save an unhappy creature on the brink of the precipice, the son of my old master—my own pupil, in fact. I do not know whether or not I am wrong."

"No, no," replied Madame Olympe; "when God himself calls the greatest criminals to repentance, man should not show Himself more severe than He."

"That is what I said to myself when going with him and his sister to the Faubourg St. Antoine. Arrived there, Célestin clung to the door, not having the courage to appear before his father; Marine and I entered. I could not but be moved with compassion on seeing the misery of a family I had formerly known so happy. Rigobert no doubt perceived it, for after having taken my hand, he said, 'Times are greatly changed with me, Pierre Chiron, but I can bear my trials with courage, because my conscience accuses me of nothing but the sins which are the common heritage of poor humanity. Would that all my family could say as much,' he added, sorrowfully. 'Comfort yourself, my good friend,' I said, in order to gain time; 'the world will not last for ever, and there is above a good Master, who will separate the tares from the wheat.' 'I hope you are more fortunate than I, Pierre Chiron,' he replied; 'and it seems yours is a happier lot. But let me say a word to this little girl. Well, Marine, what have you heard from Madame Daran? You have at least had time enough.' 'Father,' answered Marine, confused, 'M. Chiron.' 'Well, what do you mean? What has he to do with this business?' 'You will know soon,' I replied in my turn; and I explained all to him as briefly as possible—that is to say the affair of the watch, and the offer I made to recover and restore it, provided he would permit his son to return to me. I was obliged to adopt such language as would spare his feelings, and avoid using the word theft; his countenance changed colour several times in listening to me. Suddenly drawing himself up on his chair, 'Ah!' he exclaimed in a furious tone, 'it is true, then! Infamous one, after having tried so many things, he has turned a thief at last! We shall one day see the name of Rigobert figure in an assize court. I shall perhaps be dead before that, but these poor girls, to whom nothing was left but a spotless name, will bear the weight of his crime.' I tried to calm him; I reminded him that the fear of seeing him in a prison had alone led his son astray. 'He will drag me there more surely than the most hard-hearted creditor could have done. Have I not become a receiver of stolen property? Have I not accepted the price of a theft? Have I not still by me fifty francs, the produce of it? Yes, yes, I shall go to the commissary of police; he must know that my son is a robber, and that I deserve being punished for not having strangled him at his birth.' His two daughters wept; I was shocked. I secretly pitied the young man who heard

such words from the lips of his father. Our silence had the effect of calming him. I said nothing further until, grief succeeding to anger, he began to weep over hi misfortune. I then told him to whom the watch belonged, and of my assurance that nothing would come of this unhappy affair, the first of the kind with which Célestin could be reproached. I represented that, engaged as he was with me, this sad event might perhaps turn to his advantage, in obliging him seriously to follow our calling. 'In short,' I added, lowering my voice, 'we must not risk by extreme severity, driving him a second time to despair.' 'Yes, yes,' murmured the old man, 'crimes crowd one upon another, like insects which destroy trees. An honest man bears his troubles with resignation, wicked people hurry to reach that hell which awaits them. Besides, Chiron, if you have the courage to undertake the charge of one who covers me with shame, I have nothing to say, as you know him; I abandon him to the mercy of God.' 'Say rather that you commend him to it, my friend. The unhappy creature only waits for permission to embrace you, and then we leave for St. Cyr.' 'I see him!' he exclaimed in a loud voice, for he thought that Célestin could hear; 'would he dare insult me thus far? A serpent would horrify me less! Does he think to efface the memory of such an action by promises? Let him lead a blameless life, let him repay his obligation towards you, and we will then see if he merit once more to find a father. But, until then, let him know that my curse would be the price of his disobedience.'

"These terrible words were pronounced in such a tone that removed all desire of replying to him. Rigobert then tried to appear calmer, and to converse with me about my own affairs, whilst his daughters, in tears, put together the miserable articles belonging to their brother. Rigobert wished to give me the fifty francs which remained, but the need he had of them prevented my accepting them; and I even took the liberty of asking him what he would do, his son being paid beforehand. I regretted the question upon hearing the contemptuous reply it provoked.

"'Has this mad young fellow ever been of service to me?' he said. 'It is my daughters who maintain me. May the good God reward them for it! If it be His will to restore me to health, these arms have not yet lost all their strength.'

"I then took leave of my unhappy friend. Célestin was waiting for me at the street-door, but it was easy to perceive by his grief and eyes swollen with tears that he had but too well heard what had passed. Marine and Louise came down with me to embrace him for the last time.

"'Adieu!' he said to them, in a stifled voice; 'you will see me again, improved —or never!'"

"Where have you then left this poor boy?" asked Madame Olympe, whom this recital had much interested.

"He had some business to transact in the town," replied Pierre Chiron. "We are to meet at the house where I am lodging, and set off together to-morrow morning."

"From all this," said M. Philéas, "I see with pleasure, my dear Chiron, that you are doing well, since you can render your friends such a service."

A slight colour overspread the cheeks of the good gardener at that observation which he passed over without a reply. In fact, his circumstances were far from prosperous, for, possessing a kinder heart than sound judgment, he lent his money right and left, without thinking of his own situation. Pierre was one of those

persons who ruin themselves without anyone knowing how, and with the best intention of not doing so. He owed a year's rent for his garden; in order, therefore, to satisfy the just demand of the landlord, Babet had authorised her husband to touch a small capital of three hundred francs, the only portion her father had left her, and it was that money he had given to Célestin to redeem the watch. Chiron was not without fear as to the manner in which his wife and mother would receive this intelligence, but he quieted his mind by saying to himself, "They are kind and charitable; I shall try and persuade M. André to wait a little longer, and, after all, I could not have allowed this boy to throw himself into the river."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE YOUNG SCHOLAR.

THERE is a person in this history yet unknown to the reader, except by name, of whom it is time we should say something—I mean Noel, the brother of Solomon and Angelique. Brought up beneath the humble roof of his parents, he did not appear to be called to so brilliant a destiny as the gardener's other two children. But nature, for reasons known to God alone, had endowed him with an infinitely superior taste. He united to the best possible memory a surprising intelligence, great quickness, good judgment, and a reflecting mind, which endeared him to his family. The most striking feature in his character was a thirst for instruction, very rare at his age. He loved his parents better than himself, and his mother more than the whole world. A slight acquaintance having sprung up between his family and the respectable master of an academy at St. Cyr, Noel found in M. Valerius a friend and patron, who, delighted with the child's love of study, took pleasure in cultivating his tastes. Sent to the village school, Noel was able to read before Solomon could put his letters together. He also learnt very quickly to write; and, with the aid of these two elementary sciences, the key to all human knowledge, he made rapid progress in the path of instruction which M. Valerius opened to him. The professor, astonished at his success, endeavoured to prevail upon Pierre Chiron to place his son at college; for poor Noel, obliged to work in the garden with his father, could only give a few detached hours to study, stolen from his sleep or play, without any regularity. He would willingly have devoted all Sunday to it had M. Valerius sanctioned it; but, truly pious, and somewhat tired with his vocation of teacher during the week, this good man was not sorry to make that a day of rest. Notwithstanding their love for Noel, Babet and Pierre did not follow the advice given them, by allowing him to pursue his studies. Their habits were opposed to it; but, even if that obstacle had not existed, they would have been most reluctant to part with the only child that remained to them. "Angelique and Solomon," they said, "brought up fashionably, will never be accustomed to live as we do; Noel must then become the only support of our old age. He will be a gardener like his father; what is the use of making him study? If we can leave him a garden of his own, that will be worth more to him than all the knowledge in the world. The cleverest horticulturist needs know nothing of Latin beyond the names of plants, and Jean Rigobert can teach him that as well as M. Valerius, though he has never been to college." Dame Simone did not altogether approve of

this reasoning. More ambitious than her children, and a great admirer of her grandson's talent, she said that to prevent his following his studious tastes was like cutting asparagus as soon as it appeared above ground, instead of allowing it to attain its full beauty. She argued that the child might one day become a prodigy; but Pierre and Babet regarded this prediction as a proof of the partiality which grandmothers so readily entertain for their grandchildren. There was, however, a difference between Chiron and his wife deserving notice, which was that the latter favoured, as far as lay in her power, the imperfect education that Noel received from the society of M. Valerius, whilst Pierre was displeased at it. He charged the profess or withgiving his son a distaste for gardening, by cramming his head (that was his expression) with a thousand useless things. Amidst these conflicting opinions, the poor scholar had enough to do in yielding to the requirements of each without sacrificing entirely his love for study. He had sometimes ventured to lift up his timid voice in favour of M. Valerius; but his mother had silenced him for ever by addressing to him, with tears in her eyes, those words of Christ to His disciples, "Will ye also go away?" Noel tenderly embraced her, and spoke no more of a desire which really seemed to vex her. This interesting child had also formed a friendship with the son of M. André, the proprietor of Pierre Chiron's garden, who was called M. Théophile, to distinguish him from his father. He was married, the father of a family, and manager of a library in the capital, and most intimate with the master of the academy at St. Cyr. From the few opportunities M. Théophile had of making acquaintance with the young gardener, his penetration discovered the persevering genius with which nature had gifted the child. He resolved to add a stepping-stone to those already placed by M. Valerius for his advancement in the world by making Noel a present of a collection of books, the greatest treasure he had ever desired. In his conversation with M. Valerius, Noel sometimes manifested a sort of jealousy of his brother, for which the good professor never failed to reprove him.

"You well know, sir," said the child to him one day, "that I do not envy the fine clothes he wears, nor the abundance he enjoys, nor the fortune which appears to await him. What does that signify to me? I prefer living like a rustic, near my dear mother, than leave her, to become a prince; but I cannot think, without vexation, of the facilities Solomon enjoys of learning all he may desire, whilst I toil by stealth, like a thief, obliged to conquer a thousand difficulties which a master would solve in a moment, as you yourself allow."

"You will have the greater merit, my dear child."

"And the time I lose, sir,—time, which is such a precious thing. What does Virgil, your favourite author, say?—'The life of man is short; and that which is lost can never be repaired."

"When that does not depend upon our own will, Noel, we must learn to bear it with patience."

"What is so mortifying, sir, in all this, is, that my brother would willingly change places with me. Study is as irksome to him as it is agreeable to me; he would like better to dig all day than to turn over the leaves of a dictionary for an hour or two."

"Has he told you so?"

"Many times; but do not, however, repeat it, for it is a dislike he carefully hides from M. Philéas."

"I thought Solomon was very assiduous in his duties."

"So he is, sir; the poor boy fags from morning to night; but between ourselves he profits little by it. Obedience is his aim, and to attain that he overcomes his natural inclination."

"His conduct is, at least, praiseworthy."

"Yes, sir, it is a pity that he reaps no fruit from his instruction. You would be surprised to find how backward he is. When I talk to him about the beauties you point out to me in the authors he is at present construing, he listens as though I were speaking of a Persian or an Indian poet."

"But does not M. Philéas do for him what I do for you, Noel?"

"Solomon is timid, and rather slow in comprehending things; the fear of tiring his benefactor prevents his repeating questions; so he pretends to understand. He has never accomplished a small composition, which I consider the most delightful of studies."

"Speaking of compositions, have you one to show me?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is the subject of it? I have forgotten."

"The history of Timoleon."

"Did I not give it you?"

"No," said Noel, blushing, "it is a sort of extract, in my own style, of the life of that Greek, related by Plutarch. Do you know that author? It is amongst the books which good M. Théophile sent me with the history of France. I read it with the greatest pleasure."

"So much the better, my child; it will form both your judgment and your taste. Read me what he has inspired you to write."

"Really, sir, I would not take such advantage of your kindness. The piece is too long I will leave it on your cabinet; it will be enough if you will look over it at your leisure. It is a holiday to-day, and nearly your time for walking."

"Do not disturb yourself on that account; I have too bad a cold to go out. Your history will perhaps amuse me."

"Ah, sir, how flattered I should be; but that is impossible. What can be expected from a peasant like myself, condemned to such rustic occupations?"

"That is what you always say, my poor Noel, as if genius were not as often found with the poor as with the rich. Seneca tells us that Cleanthis gained his livelihood by drawing water, and watering a little garden. You also will be a philosopher one day."

CHAPTER XV.

DOMESTIC TROUBLE.

WHILST Noel was enjoying his conversation with M. Valérius, Pierre Chiron arrived from Paris and presented Célestin to his wife and mother, who were surprised and still more displeased with a connection which appeared to them of no use. They received him, however, with their accustomed kindness; but as Pierre explained to them the need, which he asserted he had, of a more able assistant than Noel,

their countenances fell, and, embarrassed, they kept silence, without either contradicting or approving it. Chiron, who was astonished at this mute language, and to whom reason whispered that his conduct was at least imprudent, quickly changed the conversation by asking why Noel did not come to greet him.

"I have given him leave to go and chat a little with good M. Valérius," said Babet, slightly colouring, for she saw Pierre frown.

"What business has he there?" replied he, delighted, perhaps, with having, in his turn, a subject of complaint.

"That worthy gentleman wishes him well, my dear, and certainly Noel only learns from him what is useful."

"And the garden—is it not necessary that it should be watered at the proper time?"

"Your mother and I have done that."

"Ah! do as you please; tire yourself both to afford M. Noel time to chatter, or hear a pedant talk, who, perhaps, cannot distinguish one pear from another. You know well I dislike that."

"Why do you not like your child to become a clever boy, without costing you a farthing, my son?" asked Simone.

"Because it is enough to have one learned in our family, and this old professor disgusts Noel with his trade of gardening; but he must follow it."

"Ah! my son, so far from disgusting him, he teaches him all the minutiæ of it. He will, perhaps, make him a second M. La Nôtre, who planted the beautiful gardens of Versailles, Trianon, Marly, and many other royal residences."

"What, dear mother, have you also become learned? Pray who has been speaking to you of this gentleman?"

"Noel related that to us last evening, and he added many more things, which might have kept us up all night. Ask your wife if it be not a pleasure to listen to him."

"That is what spoils him for me," said Pierre, turning to Célestin; "and just as if his mother, grandmother, and this M. Valérius were not sufficient to turn his brain, there is some one else at Paris who has thought fit to send him I don't know how many books. His mind is consequently always absorbed. If I ask him for the watering-pot he brings me a spade; and disarranges my seeds, in order to obtain, he says, by mixing them, some varieties yet unknown."

"You must allow, M. Chiron, that it is better for him to spend his time in reading and study than in playing about the streets, as most children of your son's age do," replied Célestin; and in saying this he sighed, thinking of himself.

"What!" continued Pierre Chiron, "are you also going to take his part? Then I have brought home an ally," he added good-humouredly, pointing to the women.

"My dear," replied Babet, "I trust we are all of one mind. I do not intend to make a gentleman of the child that remains to us any more than you do; he knows it, and does not refuse to work as well as his strength permits. Although young, he is aware that we require his assistance. You, Célestin, whose parents are better situated——"

"Ah! dame Babet, things have greatly changed at home," replied Célestin, looking down. "Misfortune has overtaken us, and your husband, in finding me work, renders me, I assure you, a great service."

"Poor boy! I am really sorry for it. If good people were exempt from adversity in this world Rigobert's family would not have met with trouble; however, all is not lost when dutiful children are left to help their parents in old age."

These words of dame Simone awoke such painful feelings in Célestin's mind that he went out, under pretence of seeing some old acquaintances in the village. Pierre would gladly have followed, in order to defer the explanation he dreaded, but his wife did not give him time. She asked him, in a straightforward manner, if he had taken the three hundred francs.

"I have taken them," replied Pierre.

"Have you paid M. André?"

"I have not even seen him."

"So much the worse, Pierre—so much the worse; for he is very impatient for his money," continued Babet.

"How do you know that, wife?"

"In too sure a manner," said Simone. "He came here yesterday and gave us notice either to quit the place or pay the rent. I almost promised him that you would pay before Sunday."

"Before Sunday, mother? That is impossible. However, have a moment's patience," he added, on seeing them ready to exclaim; "I was compelled to lend three hundred francs, or allow a man to drown himself."

"Lend your money—unhappy man!" exclaimed Simone, "in the extremity to which we are reduced! What do I say—your money? It is not yours, since you owe it."

"Pierre likes to torment us, mother," said Babet, ready to cry.

"I speak seriously," replied the gardener; "but what would you have done in my place?"

He then recounted to them briefly what had happened to him, begging them not to let Célestin know that they were acquainted with his deplorable adventure. Babet and Simone had as kind a heart as Pierre; but their more reflecting character preserved them from that sudden impulse which makes reason yield to feeling, and causes us to repent of our actions. They brought him to acknowledge that the first duty of an honest man is to keep his engagements, and that real charity is never exercised at the expense of the well-being of one's own family.

"You have imprudently saddled yourself with a workman," continued his mother, "when you have no longer a garden to cultivate, and when your only resource is to become a journeyman yourself; instead of which, had your debt been discharged, you might have been able to re-establish yourself without any help beyond that of your son. He is still young, I allow, but lacks neither courage nor goodwill."

"Poor dear child!" said Babet, putting the corner of her apron up to her eyes; "what will become of you? Must I see you reduced to serve others, while your brother and sister revel in abundance?"

"That is making the worst of matters," replied Pierre; "why do you grieve in this manner? The blackest clouds do not always break over our heads. I shall go to M. André—he loves money, but is not really a hard man. Would he, for the sake of two or three quarters' arrears, deprive me of the land which I neglect

nothing to improve? It is a fact that Noel has not yet the strength to help; Célestin will do four times the work that he can; consequently, I shall profit doubly by it. Believe me, to-morrow I shall go to Passy, and it will not be difficult to prove to M. André that it is to his interest to be patient and take care of us."

Whatever flatters hope is readily believed; Babet and Simone therefore dried their tears, and waited with resignation the result of the step which the gardener proposed taking.

Upon his arrival, Noel received a slight remonstrance from his father about that part of his duty he had resigned to his mother andg randmother; but his respectful silence soon disarmed the paternal severity of Pierre Chiron, whose love, though less demonstrative than that of the two females, was equally sincere.

Too young yet to understand the real position of his family, Noel welcomed Célestin with joy, as he hoped for more time to study, when his father should have an assistant. He took care, however, not to show it before Pierre, but did not conceal it from his mother and grandmother. The former told him, rather impatiently, that such sentiments manifested childishness, and that she had supposed him more sensible.

"Ah! dear mother, what have I said that is unreasonable?" asked Noel, sorrowfully.

"In the first place, my son, you must know that we are badly off, and also in debt. Did you not hear M. André's complaints yesterday?"

"Yes, but you told him that my father was able to pay him."

"I hoped so, at least. Besides, as for this young man, we must pay for his labour, lodge and board him, instead of which, had we done all the work ourselves, the profits would be clear; and that is what your father would have done, if his son showed more zeal for gardening."

"I have never refused to work with him, mother; it is not at my request he brings Célestin."

"He complains, that you are alway sthinking of something else whilst at work; and the truth is, my child, that the spade and pruning knife will be more useful to you than the pen for gaining a livelihood."

"You may think so, mother," replied the child quickly, "but you are mistaken; learned men make fortunes, and they acquire a well-earned reputation. Oh! if I had the happiness to obtain both, I should only care to raise you, my father, and my good grandmother from your present situation; I only aspire to placing you in the happy position of Madame. de. St. Yves and M. Philéas, who have nothing to do but spend their lives delightfully in benefiting others."

"My dear child," replied Babet, "you are indulging in splendid dreams, which will never find you bread."

"Why not? Is it because I am merely a gardener's son? But you do not know that the most illustrious authors have risen, for the greater part, from a rank lower than mine. Plautus and Terrence were slaves, Virgil's father was a potter; J. B. Bousseau, a Frenchman like myself, was a shoemaker's son. I should never finish were I to recall all the famous men who made themselves renowned for their learning. What did they to attain to this? They worked hard. Ah! well, I will work harder still, if necessary."

"Come, Babet," said Simone, "do not discourage him; he talks like a book, and I believe he will accomplish what he says."

"No, no, mother, do not put that into his head—it is folly, nothing else. And then, my dear child, do you think that we should be happier for changing our condition? To owe nothing, and to become possessors of a garden is the limit of our ambition. Happiness rarely increases with fortune, and honesty is sometimes sacrificed."

(*To be continued.*)

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.—DOMESTIC PETS.

I BELIEVE, my young friends, I promised to relate to you some anecdotes respecting tame birds and animals—I will now endeavour to redeem my pledge, but I feel rather at a loss in making a selection. When I was a little girl, and sat listening to tales, I invariably asked if they were true; and possibly, among my little readers, there may be some who may wish to put the same query to myself. To satisfy them, at once I candidly confess they are. Some years ago, a gentleman made my sisters and self a present of three goldfinches in a cage; we kept them in a small parlour, and during our leisure hours we amused ourselves by taming them. Locking ourselves in the room, we opened the cage door and let them fly about; they would feed out of our hands, perch on our heads and shoulders, hop about the plants in the window, much to the amusement of passers-by. Our little cousin Lizzie endeavoured to make them say, "Dick, dick; pretty dick!" One morning the servant opened the window after sweeping the room, to let out the dust. She said the cage was not fastened, and they flew out of the window before she was aware of it. We could not contradict her, being absent, but we doubted her word.

Now I must tell you about some tame lambs. The children's papa had sheep and lambs in his grounds, and the children would feed them with green herbage till they became very tame. One day they thought they should like to harness four of them into a toy-waggon. After some difficulty they managed to do so, and off they ran along the terrace, to the surprise of the visitors. But the poor little things appeared terrified at the noise of the waggon over the ground, and were glad enough to get into the fields again.

One summer I paid a visit, with Cousin Lizzie, to a relative of my mother's. He and his wife were a nice old couple, and could hardly make enough of us. His son-in-law, whose wife was dead, resided with them, and took great interest in showing us about. One morning Cousin William told me that he had kept a very fine sky-lark in a cage for me, but Mr. S., the banker, having seen it, wished much to have it, and he did not like to refuse him. "But I will get you another, Anna," said he; "for this is the proper season for catching them. George, you must go with us."

So after an early dinner we started. I was much puzzled, wondering how we were to get a lark so easily. After walking some time, we observed a lark hovering over our heads, but how ever we were to catch it I could not imagine. It flew over a corn-field, and alighted among the corn.

"Now, George," said Cousin William, "you go and seat yourself in the hedge, and immediately the bird flies away, run to the spot, and get one of the young ones from the nest." We remained at the gate full two hours without any success. The old bird was too cunning; she would not run far from her nest. I had a good laugh, exclaiming, "So much for larking!"

As we proceeded homewards, Cousin

Will observed another, and knew she had young ones by a peculiar cry. She flew into a field, and we all followed immediately through the gate and when she rose we all ran to the spot, and George found one solitary little one and bore away the prize. My dear little friends, I cannot recommend such amusements for you, but you may learn from my youthful exploit how Providence has provided dumb creatures with instinct, just as reason has been given to us, whereby they are able to protect their young. I think very differently now to what I did when a girl. I like to see all creatures enjoying themselves in their natural element. No caged birds for me. I refused, lately, some very valuable ones from a foreign country. A relative of ours had a parrot; one day he gave a knock on his cage, crying out loudly, "Baker!" Up runs the footman, opens the door, and finds no one was there. Poll cries out "Ah, ah, ah, Jacob!" He was a fresh servant, or might have been more careful. I could tell you many anecdotes of parrots, but for the present I will conclude with a brief description of their principal varieties.

The parrot family—of long-billed birds—comprise six divisions; the principal being:—the macaws, which include the cockatoos and toucons; the parrots, which include the paroquets; and the lories.

The macaws are distinguished from the true parrots by having the cheeks bare of feathers, and the tail very long. They are extremely graceful in form and motion, have rich plumage, are lively, and very noisy, occupying a great part of their time in discordant screeching. In the hall or drawing-room they are extremely ornamental, from the beautiful metallic reflections which play over their plumage.

The macaws are mostly natives of the hot regions of America, and especially South America, where they nestle in the holes of decayed trees, which some species excavate, as do our woodpeckers.

The food of the macaws is chiefly dry seeds, or the fruit of the palm, and they eat many coffee-berries in the coffee-growing lands; but here, in confinement, we must nourish them differently. The red and yellow macaw must have white bread soaked in milk, and moistened biscuit; it is injured by meat, pastry, or sweetmeats. It has admirable powers of articulation, while the blue and yellow macaw imitates the mewing of cats, barking of dogs, bleating of sheep, &c., with great facility and accuracy. The great green macaw—of a beautiful, bright grass-green, diversified with blue and red, and shaded with black or deep blue—is valued for its variety, as well as for its beautiful plumage and exceedingly docile and amiable temper; it will repeat almost any lesson immediately, call persons whom it is accustomed to see by their several names, and is fond of children—which the other macaws are not.

In a wild state, the great green macaw inhabits the warm districts of the Andean chain of mountains in South America, sometimes living at an elevation of 3,000 feet.

You may recognise the cockatoos by the beautiful crest of feathers on the head. The name is derived from the loud and distinct call-note of some of the species, sounding like "*cock-a-too*," very distinctly uttered. These birds come from Australia and the Indian Isles; they live on seeds and fruit, and can crack the stones of the hardest fruits; their colour is mostly white, tinged with rose-red or sulphur-yellow; they are not capable of speaking more than "cock-a-too."

The great white cockatoo should have a wire bell-shaped cage, or be chained to a perch in the open air, if the weather be warm. Feed it with all kinds of nuts, mealy seeds, and bread and milk. The sulphur-crested cockatoo is a most agreeable pet—playful, jocular, and affectionate.

The great red-crested cockatoo—also from "the Spice Isles of the Indian Seas"—is the largest and handsomest of the cockatoos. Some of the feathers of its crest are at least six inches long, of a rich orange colour at the base. This is not so gentle and caressing a bird as the common white cockatoo. It has a loud, trumpet-like voice, with which it shrieks out its own name, and calls "*derdeney*," clapping its wings the while like a cock, whose crow, as well as the cluck of the hen, and

the various cries of different animals, it readily imitates. It is not a delicate bird, and may be easily reared and kept.

The toucans are known at once by their enormous bills, which are curved and hooked, and toothed at the edges, and are thus formidable weapons. In America they go in little flocks of from six to ten; and, although heavy flyers, will reach the tops of the tallest forest trees, where they are fond of perching. They will eat almost anything. Their mode of eating solid food is very peculiar—when the morsel is presented they take it on the point of the bill, throw it upwards, and then catch it in the open mouth so dexterously that it goes at once into the aperture of the gullet, and is swallowed without difficulty.

The toucans are so sensible to cold that they dread the night air; even in tropical climates it is necessary, therefore, to keep them in a warm temperature. They do not speak—their utterance is merely a kind of croak. The preacher toucan has a singular cry, which it almost constantly utters. It comes from Guana and the Brazils. It is easy to tame and keep.

The true parrots are less elegant than the macaw tribe—less splendid in colour than the lories—but are excellent imitators, and can articulate words and sentences very distinctly. The ash-coloured or grey parrot is one of the commonest, largest, and most tractable of its tribe. It is about the size of a pigeon. It is an African bird. It will eat anything; but the best food for it is bread-and-milk. The memory of the grey parrot is most extraordinary; it will

retain entire verses and passages of considerable length. Some grey parrots live to fifty, sixty, seventy, or even one hundred years old. It moults regularly once a year.

The blue-headed parrot, from East India, though it cannot speak, is much valued for its beauty.

The parokeets, or paroquets, are smaller than the true parrots—more slender and elegantly proportioned, with long, pointed tails; several from Africa and Asia have rings round their necks. Thus you may easily distinguish the paroquets from the parrots, which are all stout, heavy birds, with short and even, or slightly rounded tails.

The lories are so named from the call-note of some of the species. They are gorgeously beautiful, but exceedingly difficult to preserve in a cold climate. There are many varieties, but here we shall only mention the purple-capped lory—a very rare and costly bird, of resplendent tints. It utters "*lory*," speaks incessantly, and as hollow as a ventriloquist; imitates everything, and in clear, round tones: but it requires to be constantly amused and caressed. It is a truly wonderful bird—the most highly endowed of the whole parrot race.

Bear in mind, if you have a parrot or parrots to keep, that they require large, roomy cages, and the larger birds open perches; the eating and drinking vessels *not* of zinc or pewter, but of glass or porcelain; coarse sand sprinkled on the floor—in warm weather cleaned out every day, in cold weather twice a week. Carefully guard all kinds of parrots from *cold;* but give them plenty of sunshine and fresh warm air, when you can do so. Set them out amid flowers, shrubs, or in a green-house; and, in teaching your parrots, never threaten or punish, but repeat the lesson frequently, and reward with choice morsels. Take care the bread and milk be not sour, and vary it with biscuit, grain, nuts, and fruits; and, to the small birds, add hemp and canary-seed and millet. Give no meat; and take care how you indulge your pet with pastry and sweets. A. G.

MY GRANDMOTHER.

It would be difficult to find words that would efficiently describe my joy at leaving London on the 2nd of last August—still more difficult to describe my happiness on finding myself once more within the Grange. Suffice it to say, that one week of my restored home-life drove the paleness from my cheeks, which the fashionable physician, Dr. ———, had laboured in vain to dispel—in short, I was myself again.

I was sitting in the oak library one evening late in October, a little table before me, with Alfieri's Tragedies on it, which I had been reading, but the light waned gradually, and, as I took my favourite seat in the deep oriel window, where I now write, I pressed my forehead against its cold panes, and gazed out into the gloaming.

"Child, child, what is this?" said my father, as he entered the room; "half-past seven, and not dressed for dinner yet! I am right hungry after my ride in the cold, and need thy warmest welcome, and my dinner." But, as I turned my head, he changed his tone, "Tears, Estella! Tell me what crumpled rose-leaf disturbs the Sybarite?"

I dashed away the tears,—"I am no Sybarite, my father."

"Nay, my child, I meant it not; yet prove me in the wrong by confiding to me this real or fancied grief."

I hesitated, and my father's eyes followed mine as they rested on a portrait which hung on the wall opposite where I sat.

"I see, I see, Estella," he said, very gravely, "still the desire for forbidden knowledge. I hoped that new interests, your London season, the excitement of new friends and varied occupations, might have warded off your childish desire to

know what I wished to keep from you, even if my continued silence on the subject since your last question about it had not been sufficient reply to your inquiries."

Oh, how ashamed I felt! I rose, and, throwing my arms round his neck, exclaimed, "Indeed, indeed, I will never look at her again but with your permission; forgive your penitent Sybarite, my father."

He smiled sadly. "I forgave before I spoke, Estella; to-night I will smooth your crumpled rose-leaf. Go and dress for dinner now."

He passed out of the room, and I heard him say to a servant, "Coffee and lights in the oak library after dinner." So I knew that, contrary to our usual custom, it was here we should pass the rest of the evening. Reader, have you any curiosity concerning the portrait which I have mentioned? Judge for yourself whether it was worthy of attention.

The lady depicted on the canvas was a very lovely brunette; her perfect features, her satin-like skin, her glorious jet black eyes, and long dark curls of hair, which fell on her shoulders in unrestrained luxuriance, had ever been my admiration; while her court dress of light blue velvet, trimmed with minever, enhanced the beauty which nature had so lavishly bestowed. But it was not the simple fact of her beauty alone which had excited my early and lasting admiration; her goodness and benevolence were favourite topics with the villagers round the Grange, whom I sometimes visited in company with my governess, Mrs. Seaton. It was the ardent wish that I might, in a degree, resemble (in her active benevolence and sterling worth of character) the revered original of the portrait which, together with an intense longing to know more of her, filled my eyes with tears on the night of which I am speaking. As a child, I was ever haughty and overbearing. My mother was killed by a fall from her horse nine months after I was born; and my father, the only being who possessed any influence over me, was so frequently absent that my education devolved wholly on Mrs. Seaton, a lady chiefly distinguished for her kind heart, irresolution of character, and lady-like deportment Over her I tyrannised; yet, at the same time, loved her; and she it was who (together with my old nurse) instilled into me the exemplary virtues of my "Fay Grandmamma," for such was my childish name for my paternal grandmother. Often, when guilty of any fault, would Mrs. Seaton take my hand, and, leading me to the portrait, say: "Estella, do you think the Fay Grandmamma would have done that?" The rebuke was sufficient, and had ever the desired effect.

Another source of childish grief to me was the utter absence of any likeness, that I could trace, between myself, the child Estella, and the Estella depicted on the canvas. My hair was very fair and curly, and my eyes hazel, while, as you know, my grandmother was a perfect brunette. I had a curious idea that my fair hair must be a fault which time would amend; and Mrs. Seaton often reminds me of the time when she would find me buried in a *fauteuil* before the portrait, earnestly examining the colour of my hair, and how I would spring up and beg her to tell me that it was growing darker.

Enough of my childhood's reminiscences. Suffice it to say that as I grew older I grew more anxious to hear all that there was to be told of my "Fay Grandmamma." This is what I knew—that she married at the age of eighteen; that she had two children—my father and my Aunt Mabel—who died a few months before the time of which I write, and that she herself died six years after her marriage, and but six months after my grandfather's death, who was accidentally shot.

Pardon me, kind reader, for this long derilection. By the time my heavy braids had passed smoothly from Lisette's hands, and my white silk dress was hastily fastened, dinner was announced, and, going down, I found my father waiting in the oak library for me—but not alone. I am not partial to strangers, and to-night the presence of this one was doubly unwelcome, so that when my father said, briefly, "My daughter, Colonel M.," I fear my welcome was not of the warmest.

Dinner has always been an *affaire de cérémonie* with us. I have often been

surprised, when dining out with my father, at the freedom and absence of restraint which prevails at the tables of others. Not, indeed, that restraint was a characteristic of our own dinner-table when alone; but my father's invariable gravity, and the fact that we always spoke French before the servants, has ever given an air of cold ceremony to our evening repast. But it was otherwise to-night. True, we conversed in French; but Colonel M.'s pleasant and clever remarks caused the dinner-hour to pass rapidly and agreeably, and, in the pleasant appreciation of his conversation I almost forgot his presence. As the clock struck nine, I rose, and, leaving the gentlemen to their wine, retired to the oak library.

Reader, do you understand and love music? If you do, you will also understand that my solitary after-dinner hour in the oak library was anything but tedious. I loved music and the harmony of the human voice as a child; and, as I grow older, I love and appreciate it more. Singing is the one accomplishment which my father (eccentric in many ways) permitted me to be taught; and, with some of Spohr's glorious strains before me, it is not be wondered at that I was almost surprised to hear my father's voice as he stood in the door-way looking at me—

"Colonel M. is gone, Estella," he said as I broke off, "and he requested me to be the bearer of his excuses to you for his abrupt departure. In truth, his visit was one of business to——."

The entrance of servants, bearing tea and coffee, interrupted my father; and, while I helped him and myself, I noticed that he busied himself with the arrangement of a packet of papers which he had brought in. Presently he tasted the coffee; and, pushing aside the cup, said—

"I will read some of these to you, Estella. They are your grandfather's letters."

I seated myself on a low ottoman near the fire, and he then began—

"Grange, August 9th.

"DEAR PHILIP,—You must come here early next month. You, who saw her last winter, will rejoice with me; for, in six weeks' time, Estella L. will be my wife. God grant I may make her as happy as she deserves to be. Come!—Ever yours truly,

"GEORGE PAMPHILIUS D.

"August 18th.

"You say you cannot come—that your time is taken up. Then must I submit; but I would have made time, old friend, before I refused *you* such a request.

"G. P. D.

"Pisa, September 29th.

"We return to the Grange in ten days' time. You *must* come then, or I shall think you *will* not come. Bring your gun, as of old.—Ever yours in haste, G. P. D."

"And Philip Montague went," said my father, looking up, "and found at the Grange all the happiness he missed at his own home. But his was a harsh, bitter nature; he was first jealous of, and then cruelly disliked, the young wife whom he considered to have usurped his own place in my father's heart. Estella, in the warmth of her sweet, womanly nature, at first attempted to conciliate her husband's friend; but his disdainful dislike, though not openly manifested before my father, was too strongly rooted to succumb to her gentle arts. My mother, despite her gentleness, was extremely high-spirited. Her character was such that, though she could hardly brook Philip Montague's studied neglect, and at last warmly returned his dislike, yet she said not a word to my father, nor tried to hasten the departure of their guest by look, word, or deed.

"The latter soon changed his tactics; not by unkind retorts or stinging discourtesy did he now manifest his unrelenting hatred—he struck deeper. Insensibly, and by slow degrees, he led my father to leave his young wife to herself, and thus brought the first tears to Estella's eyes, who, caring for no society beyond that of her husband, cruelly felt the neglect. Yet still this new proof of Philip Montague's ill-will was met, on my mother's part, by unvarying though haughty courtesy towards her husband's friend. It is a curious fact that my father was all this time blind to the ill-feeling which existed between his wife and Montague; he knew not of its ex-

istence, nor suspected it, till one morning, when Philip announced his early departure on the morrow. The sudden relief which his determination occasioned to my mother was too obvious not to excite my father's surprise and displeasure, and he resolved, after their guest's departure, to require an explanation. The following morning, Philip, who had also noticed my father's look of surprise, said, as he mounted his horse, 'Farewell, George; your wife hates me, and it is better that I should go."

"I need not tell you, my child, that in the explanations which followed your grandmother established her claim to her husband's undivided affection and respect, and he pronounced her to be like your favourite chevalier, Bayard, '*Sans peur et sans reproche.*' That is the first part of your grandmother's history," continued my father, "the saddest is yet to come. The next five years of her married life were short, happy ones. Philip Montague had gone abroad on leaving the Grange, with the intention of travelling for some years. During that period I and your aunt Mabel were born, and my father, now a member for the county and taking an active part in the House, lived at the Grange only six months in the year. The graceful and gracious qualities of your grandmother won the hearts of all who knew her, and I think it would have been difficult to find in all England a more united or happy family. It was when I was five years old and Mabel four, that, after the Session was over late in the month of August, on our return to the Grange, my father received the following letter:—

"My Dear George,—I came home last week. May I become your guest for a week once again? I am suffering, and long to breathe the air of D——shire.—Yours ever,
"P. Montague."

"My father took the letter to Estella, and she, who had long since, in her recovered happiness, forgiven, though she had not forgotten, her former foe, urged his visit, adding playfully, 'We must strive to dispel his illness and his antipathy at the same time, dear George.'

"Philip made his appearance at the beginning of the following week, so care-worn, so ill, that my father and mother, happy in themselves, in their children, and in their very health and joyous spirits, could not make enough of the pale, unhappy-looking man who put forward his claim on their sympathies. He recovered fast, and the end of a fortnight found him convalescent. He was now cheerful, and took his part in the occupations and amusements of the party. Alas! that, with regained health and strength, came back the old spirit of jealousy and discontent. In an evil hour the demon of envy triumphed over the better nature of this man, and led him on to his own misery and to that of others.

"It was a bright and beautiful morning in October, when Philip had been staying about eight months at the Grange. Dame Nature had robed Mother Earth that morning in her most sparkling garb, and smiled her sweetest on us grateful denizens of the earth. My mother, Mabel, and myself were waiting in this room for your grandfather, who had promised to drive us to Enterton Hall, which is, as you know, about eight miles from us. Our little playmates, Lady Anna S. and her brother Edward, were expecting us, for it was Anna's birthday, and we always exchanged visits on the occasion of a birthday. My father entered the room, evidently disturbed, and said, 'Estella, would it vex you much to go with the children, and leave me here?' There was a slight shade on my mother's brow as she inquired, 'Why cannot you also go, George?'

"'I can hardly leave Philip alone here, you know,' he replied, uneasily.

"'But I thought it was arranged for him to accompany us?'

"'He refuses to do so now,' said my father. 'The fact is, Estella, Philip is in one of his dark moods this morning; he says he has not a friend left, and so on.'

"'What will you do if you do not go?'

"'He wants to shoot, and, as there are plenty of birds in the Gorham covers, I thought of taking him there. I don't think I can leave him; do you?'

"'No,' replied my mother, slowly; 'but the children shall go with Elise; I shall also stay at home.'

"'There is no occasion for that, dearest; yet, stay if you will.'

"My mother saw us off in the *calèche*, with Elise, and then returned to this room with tears in her eyes for her children's disappointment, and, I fear, small charity towards Philip Montague in her heart. She found the gentlemen loading their guns and preparing for a day's shooting. My father agreed that she should drive in her low pony-carriage to the Gorham covers, at two o'clock, to bring them their luncheon, and then both gentlemen left the room—Philip, with an air of triumph on his face, which was ill-concealed. After their departure, your grandmother summoned her old nurse, who occupied the same position then at the Grange that Nescroft does now. Old Esther's talk about the children was acceptable to my mother on this morning, when she needed something to distract her thoughts. Presently she had recourse to her harp, for she was a beautiful performer (indeed I never heard her equal amongst ladies either amateurs or professional), Esther still keeping her company. She was singing a beautiful air from Glück's *Orfeo*, 'Che faro senza Eurydice,' when the door opened, and Philip Montague, pale as death, tottered in. My mother stopped and gazed at him in mute astonishment. Advancing towards her, he seemed to gasp for breath, and, at last, two words forced themselves from his lips—'Your husband!' With one bound my mother was flying from the room to the hall, thence to the door. Alas! my child, how can I paint or describe to you the scene which followed?

"She met her husband's corpse borne by two keepers; too well she saw the truth written on their countenances, and fell insensible to the ground. It appears that while they were walking towards Gorham covers, my father's gun went off in his hand, and the contents lodged in his brain, killing him instantaneously. Alas for my mother! she was taken up, but a brain fever laid her prostrate, and for weeks she hovered between life and death. The terrible result of that fever (known but to three persons), namely, the irrevocable loss of reason, has always been kept secret for her sake, and for the sake of her children. Your aunt Mabel never knew of it, nor was it my intention that you, her only grandchild, should ever know; but God has put the desire into your heart, and it remains for you to make the best use of your knowledge. Your grandmother was taken to the south of France, where, only six months after your grandfather's death, she expired peacefully at the early age of twenty-six."

As my father concluded, I asked softly, "Did you see grandmamma before she died, my father?"

"Yes, Estella, though I was so young. She was sensible at the last, and knew me. It was old Esther who took me over, under pretence of change of air. Your grandmother was not violently mad, like some unfortunate beings, neither is there madness in our family or in hers; it was a settled melancholy which took possession of her, and, as it were, benumbed all her faculties; but your aunt Mabel was delicate, and always weak, and they much feared the effect such a revelation would have on her were she ever told of it, and that was the chief reason for preserving strict secresy. She is now no more, and I do not fear for you, my child."

I replied by kissing my father.

"But," I asked, "what became of Philip Montague?"

"To say that he was miserable would be but a poor description of his sufferings. I believe he was a constant prey to remorse for four years, when he died, worn out with trouble and mental anguish. What! tears for Philip Montague, Estella? Yet you are right; he needed pity."

After a pause, my father continued, "You never saw a portrait of your mother, did you, Estella? Look at this."

And he handed me a miniature case. Certainly my mother must have been very beautiful; she was very fair in the miniature; lovely blue eyes, and a haughtiness about the face which was not prepossessing.

"When I was five-and-twenty years of age, Estella, I visited Vienna. Your mother was then the reigning belle at

the Austrian court; very lovely she was, exactly like that miniature, but cold as ice, and dissimilar to me in every way. Well, I married her; she came to England for the first time after the marriage, and, as you know, after you had been born about nine months, she died from injuries received in falling off her horse. It is all there is to tell concerning your mother. And now to bed, my child," said my father, after a long pause, during which we neither of us spoke, "Listen, do you hear the chimes?"

I did, and knew that it was twelve o'clock. I wished my father "Good night," and retired.

——

My father has just now left me; he came into the room, and said "Silly child, what are you scribbling for so fast?"

I laughed, and showed him.

He mused for a moment. "What are you going to do with it, Estella?"

"Do? Look here!" And I showed him the "Family Friend."

"Baby, do you think any one would take the trouble to read your——"

"Hush! they are your own words, you know, papa."

"Can't you be content with signing 'Estella?'"

"No, my father. And I may send this?"

"Y—es; your poor aunt is gone—and Estella, which do you think will be famous as an author first, you or I?"

I had no time to answer.

ESTELLA.

THE COUSINS.

"How late the postman is! I almost despair of having a letter this morning," exclaimed Helen, as she entered the breakfast-room, and, seating herself by the window, strained her eyes to the utmost to obtain, if possible, some sign of the approach of that "wonderful" functionary. But postmen are renowned for the special facility they have of trying everybody's patience, and the postman of L—— proved no exception to the general rule. Time, however, who invariably settles our anxieties for us (if we wait long enough), at last brought the desired letter, to the great delight of our heroine, who forthwith began to devour it in such an eager way that, doubtless, the body who wanted its breakfast, and the food that was ready to be eaten, felt themselves slighted, as indeed they were, for the indulgence of the loving thoughts and feelings called forth by the said letter. Ah! reader, you smile and shake your head, while you say to yourself, "From a sweatheart, of course;" and the smile vanishes, and you mutter, almost irritably, "Just as if a story couldn't be made interesting without love is the main topic!" But gently, if you please, though we do not wonder at your surmise, more especially as our tale was not commenced according to the orthodox fashion of "Once upon a time there lived a young lady, named Helen Douglass. She was the only daughter and second child of Mr. and Mrs. Douglass, who, now she was fifteen years of age, were not inexcusably proud of the growing beauty which daily unfolded before them," &c. And then should follow a description of her person, manners, and qualifications. But—well, we confess our inability and disinclination to follow in that track, and prefer to let circumstances evolve a character which may be judged of according to the different opinions of those who may estimate it. We presume, however, that enough has been said to undeceive any one who may have entertained the idea suggested by Helen's engrossment in her letter; for, surely, Cupid would scorn to waste his arrows on children under fifteen. Nevertheless, to make the matter short and decided, we will just peep over her shoulder, and there—without staying to read all the

scribbling which covers the paper, and infuses life into it—we catch sight of the words "sister," "my dear sister," scattered over its pages. Do you know what it is to have a brother?—an only brother—one who is far away—and to receive from him, after long expectation, a letter—just the sort of one you wanted? Then you will not marvel that Helen should forget her coffee, and, ignoring the possibility of cold rolls affecting her digestion, should read on and on, till an exclamation from Mr. Douglass startled her back to realities. She then noticed that he also had a letter.

"Well, Helen! have you finished yours?"

"Yes, papa—for the present."

"And, meantime, can you give your thoughts to another subject?"

"Another subject!" murmured Helen, wonderingly; "yes, papa."

"Well, you have heard me speak of Lucy Davis, the youngest daughter of my brother who died some years ago."

"Oh, yes! I perfectly remember the name."

"Well, this," and he pointed to the letter by his side, "informs me that his widow is now dead, and that her last wish was that Lucy might 'find a home with her uncle and aunt Douglass.' Of course," continued Mr. Douglass, "we shall think this matter over deliberately; but, considering the poor girl has no nearer relations, and for my brother's sake, I think it is highly probable that you may, in a short time, possess that long-wished-for boon—a sister."

Helen listened with deep interest to this pleasing information, and was so delighted that she scarcely knew how to reply.

"Oh, that will be beautiful! and as you are willing to adopt her, I am sure mamma will be, so the thing is as good as settled; is it not, papa? And now do tell me all about her, for you must have seen her when you were in Wales. Is she——"

"Not quite so fast, Helen; I have seen her, but know nothing of her character, though I would warn you not to expect too much from one brought up by such a mother."

"Indeed, papa; was she not kind, then?"

"Oh, yes, kind enough to her own child; but do you not remember hearing of Fanny, your first aunt's daughter, whose sensitive nature was so wounded by her step-mother's ill-treatment that, after bearing it for two years, she took a situation as governess, and since her father's death has become quite estranged from the family."

"Poor thing!" exclaimed Helen, "where is she now? I should think her sister must have quite forgotten her by this time."

"I do not know where she is," replied Mr. Douglass; "though, doubtless, she is still a governess. But I must now leave you to your own thoughts, while I go and talk to mamma."

Mamma was an invalid, and this will account for her absence from the breakfast-table. Long and anxiously did Helen watch for some sign betokening the conclusion of this important conversation; but, at last, the door opened, and Mrs. Douglass entered. She smiled, as her daughter, with an impatient air, rose and ran to meet her.

"Mamma, do tell me how you have decided? Ah, yes! I can see you are for her coming. I knew you would be. When do you think she will come? I wonder what she is like!"

"Well, dear, I have no doubt you will be able soon to satisfy yourself on this point, for papa will set out to-morrow for Wales, and, if possible, will bring Lucy back in a few days. Meantime, see and prepare for your cousin; and, when she comes, she will be better able to answer your inquiries than I am."

Helen was possessed of a naturally social, loving spirit; and she longed for one with whom she could share all her amusements and duties, joys and sorrows: and now, at the prospect of so soon possessing this, the only seeming necessity to her happiness, her delight was unbounded. Many were the small conveniences and preparations for the comfort of Lucy which employed the time till the day for her cousin's arrival. How long then the hours were in passing! and it seemed, as Helen said, "that evening

would never come." But it did come; and a few minutes after seven o'clock our impatient little girl—(I beg her pardon, young lady)—heard the distant sound of coach wheels; they came nearer and nearer, and the coach stopped at the door. To rise, and run down stairs, was the work of a minute; and, welcoming her father, after affectionately kissing her cousin, she took her hand and led her to Mrs. Douglass, who also received the orphan so kindly that Lucy looked up into her face, and thought it must be very easy to love her. The cousins were favourably impressed towards each other at once. Helen thought Lucy a quiet little loving creature, and Lucy though Helen a warm-hearted, affectionate girl. But Lucy was not one to judge hastily in any matter; she observed actions, and from them drew her own quiet inferences. The first day, Helen could not, of course, satisfy all her curiosity concerning her cousin, but the next morning they were quite at home together; or, if they were not so, it was not the fault of Helen. And now she had a sister everything must be mutual; she could not go out or do anything without Lucy; and in her she always found the sisterly heart she had so long yearned for.

"Lucy," said Helen, one day as they were walking in the garden, "tell me something about your sister Fanny."

Lucy looked up wonderingly.

"Have you not then heard about her? Well, papa told me that she left her home some years ago, and took a situation; but have you not heard from her since?"

"No," said Lucy. "Since papa's death we have heard nothing of her, though I should very much like to know where she is, for I can well remember that I used to love her as my own sister;" and her eyes filled with tears; "but," she continued, "I have always cherished the idea of meeting her again, though in poor mamma's life I never expressed that wish."

"Yes," murmured Helen, thoughtfully. "It is not unlikely that you may meet her again even in this world; but, if not here, we yet may hope to meet her in heaven."

And then they talked of other dear ones who had gone there, and of the joy there would be when all would forget their earthly jealousies and disputes, and each would love One so supremely that love to one another would be a necessary consequence. Thus they often talked, and thus the days and weeks wore on; and time only the more firmly united them to each other, and the friends by whom they were constantly surrounded and beloved.

One day they received an invitation to spend a few days at Harwood House, in Westmoreland, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Harwood. Mrs. H. had been an early friend of Mrs. Douglass; and, after each had married and they separated far apart, they still kept up a correspondence. Mrs. D., therefore, could not hesitate to trust her charge with one she so much loved. So the invitation was accepted; and, in a few days, Lucy and Helen were on their way to Westmoreland. Neither had before seen that county. Everything, therefore, was new to both; and many were the exclamations of joy at the beautiful scenery around them. The sun was setting, and its dying rays were just giving place to the darkness of evening as our young travellers arrived at Harwood House, where they were cordially welcomed by its master and mistress. But when the first greetings were over, Mrs. Harwood thought they must require rest after so much fatigue; and therefore advised them to retire early, adding that they would be all the fresher in the morning, and the better able to bear the fatigue which they must expect to experience in exploring the beauties of the neighbouring scenery.

"Lucy," said Helen, after they had locked themselves in their little bedroom, "is not Alice a beautiful child? And little Henry is rather handsome, is he not?"

"Yes, I think them both pretty; but I was so much struck with their governess that I scarcely took much notice of them."

"Indeed," said Helen with surprise. "I thought her very passable; but saw nothing remarkable in her."

"No, she was nothing remarkable to

you, but she so reminded *me* of my sister Fanny. What, Helen, if it should be she! Did you hear what her name was?"

"Really, Lucy, how strange! And yet, when one thinks of it, things far more improbable have happened. I did not quite catch her name, but I am almost positive it sounded something like the name of *Davis*."

Thus they talked and wondered till the grey-dawn of morning stole into the room; and, even then, they could scarcely compose themselves to sleep, their minds being so full of divers conjectures. On the following day, when they entered the breakfast-room, they found no one there but the governess. She greeted them very kindly; and Helen, holding out her hand to return it, said, with a smile—

"I am not quite sure whether I heard your name correctly last night."

"Did you not?" replied the lady. "It is Davis."

"Indeed—how very strange! That is my name," said Lucy.

Miss Davis looked very agitated. At length she said—

"I once had a sister very much like you, or rather like, I should fancy, you once were."

"It is my sister!" cried Lucy. "It must be! you are my dear sister Fanny!"

"I am then," replied the lady; "though much altered. Indeed, altered so much that I thought you could not know *me*, although I recognised in Miss Davis my little Lucy."

"Well, how very strange!" exclaimed the girls. "Is it not Miss Davis, or rather Fanny?"

"It is," said she; "but, Lucy, will you—can you love me?"

"Indeed I will, and always did," said Lucy, as she kissed her sister's face.

"And you, too, Miss Douglass, will you call me cousin?"

"Ah, yes!" replied Helen. "You must come to our home, and we will *all* love you; but past circumstances must never be mentioned. With the dead we bury their faults."

To this all agreed, and, while they were talking, Mr. and Mrs. Harwood entered the room. No time was lost in explaining to them this interesting coincidence, and, with that day's post, the cousins sent a letter home with the same intelligence. An answer was soon received, in which Mr. and Mrs. Douglass expressed their joy at having found their lost niece, and inviting her to return with the two girls. Mr. and Mrs. H. would not hear of parting altogether with their young friend, but were very happy for her to go to L—— on a visit.

After a few weeks, the three cousins returned in company, and each day of her sojourn with them, Fanny endeared herself more to these newly-found relatives, so that, when she left, it was like parting from one with whom they had always lived.

But we must now pass over two or three years, and introduce our readers into a sick chamber. Yes, Lucy, the gentle, amiable, and loving Lucy, is lying on her little snowy bed, apparently dying. True she has a beautiful colour, and her eyes shine brightly, but, alas! these are but signs of that fatal malady at work within. Helen is by her side, reading, and ever and anon she glances up from her book to watch her beloved friend. Presently Mr. Milner, the doctor, arrived. He was, perhaps, rather too young for such a profession, but the deep lines of care on his face evinced the study and thought which had given him the experience of years. He inquired concerning the patient, prescribed certain medicines, &c., but looked so grave, and shook his head so sorrowfully, that Helen, who could not restrain her tears, was obliged to leave the room. She, however, intercepted the doctor on his way out, to ask his "candid opinion," to which he replied, with all his professional and natural kindliness, that she must "try to prepare herself for the worst."

At length the time came when Helen must bear it; and Lucy died—peacefully, happily, loved and lamented. We will draw a veil over the grief of Helen when she first realised that her cousin was dead, and the subsequent loneliness that death created, and lift the veil again to

behold Helen under different circumstances, with her bereavement sanctified into a pensive memory. She has now left her fifteenth milestone far behind, still her heart is unoccupied. What wonder, then, when a worthy candidate sought admittance, he should, after due deliberation, gain it! There is no need to describe him to our readers; they have already been introduced to him as "the doctor."

We leave the courtship and marriage to be imagined, and resume our story some years later.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglass were now in declining years, and felt the want of the society they had lost; and as Fanny had so endeared herself to them, they offered her their house as a home, if she would but supply the place of those who had gone. This she was most willing to do, and as Mrs. Harwood's own daughter Alice was now old enough to be her mother's companion, Fanny bade adieu to them, and left Westmoreland to take up her abode with her Uncle and Aunt Douglass. And well did she perform a daughter's part, for which she was well repaid by the love, not only of her adopted parents, but of all the family, which had by this time increased, for little faces would sometimes peep in at the window, and little voices would sometimes ask a story of "dear aunt Fanny."

GIPSY.

LAYING A TRAP.

ON a hot day in June, as I was strolling along the side of the ornamental water in St. James's Park, amusing myself with the evolutions of the water-fowl, I heard a voice behind me pronounce my name, and, turning round, saw, rising from one of the seats, my old friend Robert Turner, whom I had not seen for some years.

Bob and I were schoolfellows and great cronies in our boyish days, being nearly of the same age, and somewhat similar in habits; but, after growing up to man's estate, our lots, as generally happens, lay different ways. Bob, who had chosen the noble profession of the law, went down to the north, and set up in one of the market towns of Durham; but, after about ten years' practice, he came into a small property by the death of a relative, and, being thus independent, he quitted his profession, for which he had not much taste, and retired to a distant part of the same county.

The scene of my labours, on the other hand, was London; and thus, after a few letters had passed between us, Bob being no great writer, the correspondence dropped, and we knew no more of each other to the time of the meeting above mentioned. Half an hour was soon passed in inquiries after mutual friends, &c.; and then he was obliged to leave, having to keep an appointment in another part of the town, but not before he had agreed to dine with me at the club. When we met again the conversation was renewed, and many adventures and incidents that had occurred during the hiatus of our intimacy were exchanged. At length, after a pause, I made some remark on the dull part of the world in which he had taken up his abode.

"It is dull, no doubt," he replied, "or at least what most people would call so; but I do not feel it. You know I am exceedingly fond of fishing, and there is plenty of that in the neighbourhood, and very good it is. Then I have my books, to which I am much devoted; and altogether, though I live by myself, I cannot say that it ever seems to me dull. Being apart from any other house is perhaps an objection otherways. I suppose you did not hear anything of the attempt to rob my house."

Assuring him that I knew nothing whatever about it, he proceeded to tell me how it occurred. He had been invited to spend a day or two at a friend's house, which was some ten miles distant from

his own abode. Being fond of walking, and the weather being fine, he determined to go over on foot, and get his carpet bag conveyed by other means.

"Though nearly the end of November," he said, "it was just the day I like for a walk. Not a trace of fog, the air clear though the sky was dull, wind not too keen to be agreeable, and, as there had been a slight frost in the night, the ground was clean and hard. I had walked nearly an hour, enjoying the clear cold, when I heard the sound of wheels behind me; and was soon after overtaken by a well-to-do farmer of the neighbourhood, who, wishing me a 'good morning,' offered me a seat in his gig. Though not at all tired of walking I accepted the proposal, thinking it might not be taken well if I declined; but I cannot say I much enjoyed the ride. My friend was a large-built north countryman, and his width being at least proportioned to his height, he appropriated about three-fourths of the seat. The space left at my disposal was consequently decidedly insufficient for my physical requirements. Indeed the pressure now and then increased to such a degree that unpleasant apprehensions arose of being pushed over on to the wheel. His converse was mainly on farming topics, which I feel some interest in from living amidst an agricultural population, although I have no stake in the matter. He was especially eloquent on the loss of three pullets, which some fellow had managed to carry off from his hen-roost the night before. A fair held in the neighbourhood bore the blame, as it had, he said, brought many bad characters about the place. A friend of his had even lost a colt. His man having got drunk at the fair, had neglected to secure the door of the stable properly, and next morning the animal had disappeared. Ere long we reached a point where our roads lay different ways, and I quitted the vehicle, thanking him for the lift and inwardly hoping it might be long before I had another. I could not but marvel when I remembered how often I had seen that very same conveyance carry both him and his wife, the good lady being of solid proportions little inferior to her spouse.

"The sensation of compression yielded to a brisk walk on the hard road, and I enjoyed the fine country which lay before me though seen at such an unfavourable time of year. One could not but admire the broad expanse with the river winding through the valley and the lines of hills, blue in the distance, closing the view. I had now reached a lane which turned off on my left, and was separated from the fields on either side by a high bank and hedge. During the previous summer I had noticed in one of these fields a rare plant, previously unknown in the district, having dabbled in botany for three or four years and formed a respectable *Hortus Siccus*, not having visited the spot since I took the opportunity of ascertaining if the roots still remained, though of course at that season it would not be in flower. Accordingly I entered the field and was groping at the foot of the bank that bounded it, when I heard some persons coming down the lane in close conversation. They halted just opposite to my position, but could not be aware of my presence, being completely screened by the high bank behind which I was stooping. They spoke in a low tone, as if fearful of being overheard, and as they did not use the peculiar dialect of the neighbourhood, I imagined they were tramps. Though only able to catch portions of what they said, it evidently referred to some deeds of dishonesty in which they and another had been engaged; and having heard so much more than they intended, I thought it prudent not to emerge from my shelter. Enough of their conference was audible to inform me they were planning another robbery, if "Bill," whoever he might be, would join. It was spoken of as a lonely house, and no dog kept. Much that was said I lost, but my attention was wonderfully sharpened as I fancied the name of my village was pronounced; it was too indistinctly to be certain, yet I was almost sure I heard it—if so, which house was it? I felt, it may be imagined, exceedingly interested, and strained my ears to the utmost for some further clue. I caught that the house was some distance out of the village, that there were garden shrubs in front and back—remarks that would apply to several houses that I

knew; then, that there was only one man on the premises, and that there was plate. Now, I could not call to mind any house where plate was used, save mine, which was not occupied by a family. The description, though it was worth little, would certainly do for my house, as there were no occupants besides myself and two female domestics. But my vague surmise was converted into something more than suspicion when I overheard some allusion to a silver tea-urn. Such an article was by no means common, and one that had been my father's was in regular use with me; when being cleaned it was often placed in a window, and it had before struck me that it was a needless attraction to any evil-disposed loiterers about the premises. I failed to get any further clue from their conference, and shortly after they moved on down the lane towards the high road on which I had been walking. For a short time I remained in the same position, debating what course to pursue on this strangely acquired information. I must at any rate postpone the visit to my friend, and turned home at once. The impression was on my mind—I could not tell with any certainty why—the attempt was to be made that night; if this was the case, there was no time to lose in the preparations. After waiting to allow the men to get well out of sight, I emerged from my concealment, somewhat stiffened by the constrained posture, and returned down the lane to the main-road. Turning my face homeward, with what different feelings I trod again the same ground. Not an hour before I was looking forward to a pleasant visit, now I was returning in anxiety to defend my property and perhaps risk my life. If I walked briskly before from the bracing influence of the day, I strode on more rapidly now, eager to reach my house, and right glad should I have been of a seat in my farmer-friend's trap, notwithstanding its scanty accommodation. Before long I overtook two suspicious-looking fellows going in the same direction. Whether they were the men to whom I had been listening, I could not tell, for they were silent as I passed, and only the voice would identify them; but both wore a hang-dog expression, and I fancied the hair of one had not long since been under the jail scissors. However this might be, I soon left them behind, and was thinking how to let my friend know that I was prevented from keeping my engagement, though I knew him too well to suppose he would keep the dinner waiting, when by a lucky incident I met his groom on horseback, returning home. I gave him a verbal message to his master, stating that some unforeseen circumstances obliged me to be at home, but deferring explanations till we met. This matter disposed of, I had leisure to arrange my plans for the reception of my uninvited, but happily not unanticipated visitors. By this time I had worked myself into the firm belief my house was the one intended, and there was sufficient cause for apprehension to justify taking every precaution. In the first place it was necessary to get assistance, as the possibility of three to one was too large odds to encounter. Next, it was advisable to use great secrecy, or the miscreants might defer the attempt till some other opportunity, when I might be less prepared. It was also desirable not merely to defeat their intentions, but to capture one or more of the depredators. My first care, therefore, was to secure the services of a couple of able-bodied men, on whom I might depend; and, not caring to trust to the discretion of female tongues, I fixed on two single men, with whose character I was well acquainted. One was a carpenter, who knew my premises well, as he had often been employed on various little matters of mending and making. James Wilson was a steady man of forty, and, on seeking him out at his workshop, he at once consented to join my vigil. Todman, the other that I fixed upon, was a younger man, of strong build, who worked on a farm, but of intelligence superior to most of his occupation. He was out at work as usual, and I had to follow him into the field, where I explained my errand and secured his services. They were both to come to me when work was over, and were told to bring their own weapons, as I could offer them nothing better than pokers.

"These arrangements were concluded

before I went to my house, where I had to make some excuse for my unexpected return. To prevent, as far as possible, any risk of these precautions leaking out, I said nothing to my servants about the matter until the time when I might look for my fellow-watchers drew near. I then briefly told them what I had reason to expect, and the arrangements adopted, enjoining the strictest secrecy if any of their friends by any chance looked in. I trusted, however, more to the unlikelihood of any one appearing after that hour. In other respects, when the men had been admitted, things were to go on in their customary way—the house closed, and lights put out at the usual hour, and nothing done that could be avoided likely to arouse suspicion in case the house should be under surveillance. Meanwhile, I got out my revolver and a heavy life-preserver from their resting-places; cleaned and loaded the former, secretly hoping that I might have no occasion to use it, and prepared a dark lantern for service after the house was supposed to be shut up. As the daylight began to fade, Wilson made his appearance, followed soon after by Todman. It was hoped that their entrance was not seen, or the attempt was certain to be postponed; but this, of course, was uncertain. They brought no weapons, save that each carried a stout-knobbed cudgel, in which they expressed much confidence, and, in truth, they looked like very efficient head-breakers. After giving the men some refreshment, we held a council of war as to the plan of defence. Of the tactics of the enemy we, of course, knew nothing; but two of us were of opinion that the rear of the house would be most likely the point of attack. The front of the tenement was in view of any one passing down the lane, except for some shrubs in the garden which concealed a small portion of it, though it was rarely indeed that a footstep was heard after nightfall. The back, on the other hand, was not visible from any thoroughfare, the garden being succeeded by fields, from which it was divided by a high hedge, and the plants and shrubs would afford a ready concealment. Accordingly, it was decided that the back parlour should be the guard-room; but as it was my custom to sit in the little drawing-room during the evenings, and as it was possible that my habits had been observed, and any departure from them might rouse suspicion, we occupied the drawing-room until my usual hour for retiring. Then the light there was extinguished, a candle burnt for awhile in my bedroom, and finally we all repaired to the back parlour, using only the lantern, which was so managed that not the slightest ray should be visible without. Thus commenced our weary vigil—weary it was, for there are pleasanter occupations in the world than sitting up fireless on a cold November night, afraid to talk, and equally afraid to doze. With a view to keep off sleep, we had all imbibed some strong coffee, but, notwithstanding a couple of hours had not passed, when Todman was nodding, unable, like most men who live much in the open air, to resist the somnolent influence of a close room. Once or twice I roused him, but as he was not a loud snorer he was at length allowed to rest undisturbed. To pass away some portion of the time, I made an attempt to read, but the attention would revert to the matter in hand, and the book was laid aside as useless. Watching against housebreakers was too novel a pastime to leave the thoughts at liberty. The clock announced the lapse of hour after hour, and weariness was fast getting the better of resolution, when Wilson informed me in a whisper that he had noticed more than once a slight sound outside. Unable to detect it again, he offered to creep quietly up the stairs and listen at a window which had been left slightly open for the purpose. I thought it was all imaginary, but approved of his investigating the matter. It would be too dark to see anything without, but at the open window overhead the faintest sound would be audible; so, quietly slipping off his shoes, he noiselessly left the room. Very cautiously I roused Todman, and whispered to him the reason of Wilson's going up; all his drowsiness vanished with the prospect of something doing, and we sat in silence awaiting the upshot. Presently a creaking sound made us look at each other, but the next

moment we set it down to the yielding of the boards under Wilson's stealthy footsteps overhead. I had never, indeed, noticed my own tread so affect the flooring, but then he was a larger and heavier man. Not feeling altogether satisfied about it, I stole out into the passage, and there plainly perceived that the sound proceeded not from above, but from the front room, which looked out on to the garden; and at the same moment it flashed upon me that the peculiar creaking was the noise of a diamond cutting glass. There was no mistake about it now, and I hastily returned to Todman to consult whether we should wait for Wilson or advance at once as we were. The sound, terminating with a slight crash, hinted that no time was to be lost. This decided us, as Wilson would be sure to appear as soon as he heard a row; so, glancing at the caps of my revolver, and slinging the life-preserver on my wrist, I took up the lantern and proceeded silently to the front room, closely followed by Todman, grasping his cudgel. The door was ajar, and, pushing it gently open, the first gleam of the lantern revealed the shutter thrust back, and a man already inside, crouching beneath the window; at the same moment Todman darted past me, and flung himself on the fellow, knocking the lantern out of my hand in his rush. A rapid trampling of feet on the gravel announced the retreat of the others, which was no doubt hastened by a shot which I let fly through the window. My position was now most perplexing—a struggle going on at my feet to which, in perfect darkness, I could give no assistance, afraid to use the life-preserver lest I should break the wrong head. I dared not go for a light, fearing my friend might be overpowered. In impatience I cried, 'Who's atop?'

"'Keep off, sir!—don't strike—I'll manage him!' jerked out Todman, interspersing some observations to his opponent, more energetic than polite.

"The scuffle, which seemed to me to last some minutes, was probably very short in reality, as presently Todman exclaimed, 'All right, sir; you may fetch a light now; I've got him fast.'

"I quickly procured a candle, when, to the astonishment of both, there lay, half strangled in the hands of Todman, not a housebreaker, but James Wilson! He was at once released with an exclamation, and for a moment sat up half sulkily, as in truth he had not been treated very gently; but, being a good-tempered fellow, he was the first to burst into a laugh at the absurd blunder of which he had been the victim. As soon as he recovered breath, his story was simple enough. On leaving the parlour he discovered, as I did, that the sound proceeded from the front room, so he at once went there instead of going upstairs, and, finding they were at the point of entry, concealed himself in readiness beneath the window. Just as the shutter was pushed back, we entered the room, and Todman seized him by the throat so forcibly that he was quite unable to make himself known. Finding his struggles were unavailing he wisely gave in, knowing that a light would set matters straight. The real thieves, of course, bolted at the first sound of the disturbance, and though vexed at the defeat of our well-meant plans, we could not but join in a hearty laugh at the absurd termination. I may add," said my friend, "that the housebreakers never favoured me with another visit."

GORGONIA.

AN INVALID'S SOLILOQUY.

THE thought oft saddens me, that now, in this season, when life, sweet at all times, looks sweetest, and presents, in brilliant colours, its enchanting prospects; when the buoyant heart beats high with hope, and the gay spirits and the vigorous health glow through the frame and make the exercise of all the various faculties a pleasure and not a wearying toil,—I say the thought oft makes me sad, that I, at such a time, should lack that choicest blessing without which all others lose their value and their charms. Bereft of that, the cheering hopefulness peculiar to the youthful breast seems to have flown from me. Life seems a blank, ambition is a thing of naught, I am shut out from all the glorious strife; there are for me no laurels, they must crown the brows of happier mortals—of heroes who can win them. 'Tis strange, retaining, as I do, the conviction of life's importance, and feeling too the burning

wish to act out that conviction, I yet should be powerless and passive. Passive! ah! that word describes my state exactly. My gay and active sisters sometimes pretend to envy my seclusion. "You," say they "have no duties, no worrying cares; in fact, nothing at all to do but to make yourself happy." Ah! little do they think how my heart recoils from the aimless, selfish life they picture out. Doubtless they mean it kindly; but it is plain that they do not understand my feelings, they know not what bright imaginings my heart has conjured up as pictures of life, all which have faded as a dream!

The plain fact of the case is, that in my days of brightness I fondly fancied that my path would be always flowery and my sky always cloudless; and though I have learned since that such a view of life is erroneous, yet I cannot but regret the season that favoured such fancies. Oh, ye sweet times for ever gone! when health was mine, and I a stranger to these nervous fears—this train of ills—fain would I drag you from your graves! but, vain desire,—poor satisfaction would it yield, for well I know that ye would fly. Yes, time will fly, whatever be the colour of our life. Whether health blesses or afflictions try, will very soon be matter of small moment. Yet knowing this—knowing how soon my line of life will have run out its length—'tis pain to be inactive. The wise man says, "Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." But how can I obey his admonition? Truly the will I have, but small and feeble is my might. Well, be it so, yet let me not neglect to turn it to a good account; being so small there is more need to put it out to interest. A thought comes in which seems to say, "If such be your desire, then cease to nurse those impious murmurings." A needful admonition, for I own that gloomy sighs have oft consumed my days. My heart reproaches me—shall I, a feeble worm, presume to mark the plan for the all-wise God to observe in the dispensing of my earthly lot? Rather with meekness let me bow, and take with gratitude whatever He pleases to send.

> "Afflictions oft are blessings in disguise;
> They are a means of wholesome discipline,
> A discipline of love to train us for the skies."

The poet says:—

> "When pains can't bless, heaven leaves us in despair."

Then cease, my heart, thy murmurings! Let me not blindly become my own enemy, and madly neglect those drops of sweetness that are mingled even in my bitter cup. And what though active service in life's battle-field is not for me, there may be yet a sphere to suit my feeble energies; and if not, be this my consolation, that to suffer is a good part of service, and that "They also serve who only stand and wait."

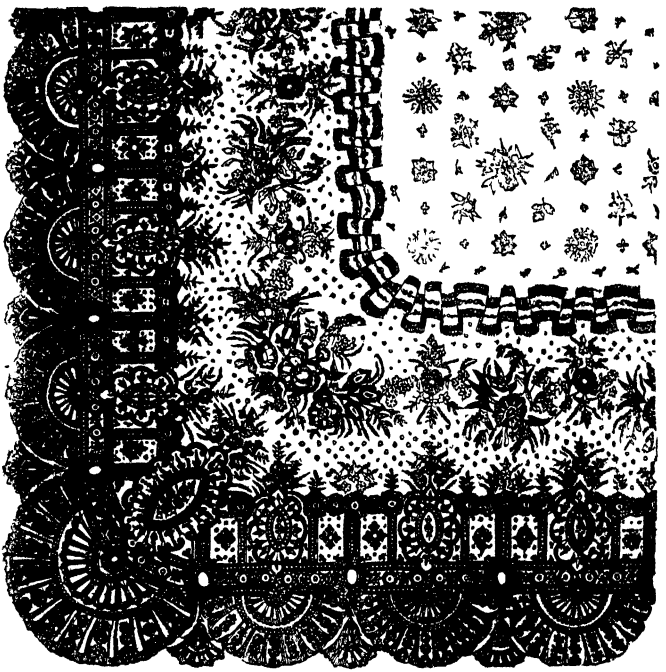
LILY H.

THE WORK-TABLE.

CROCHET WATCHPOCKET.—This watch-pocket is of very pretty design, although made without difficulty. As most of our young lady readers are well practised in the art of crochet, the part which is composed of that sort of work will be easily accomplished, and the rest is simple in the extreme. The pocket itself is made of silk, of any colour that may best suit the hangings or paper of the room in which it is to hang. Our design is in green, but this can be varied at pleasure. The front is made with a thin layer of cotton-wadding between two pieces of the silk, those two pieces being first run together in the inside at the top, and then quilted round. The back has in it a piece of cardboard, to keep it in the right form. This is also covered with silk, having a layer of cotton in the inside for the watch to rest upon. This cotton-wool answers the double purpose of dulling the sound of the ticking of the watch, which sometimes prevents persons of delicate constitutions from sleeping, and of preserving the watch from injury. The back and front thus prepared are to be placed together, and stitched all round the outer edge; after which the edge should be cut neatly round. The pocket is to be bound with ribbon of the same colour. Then the two pieces of crochet

CROCHET WATCHPOCKET.

are to be laid on, the satin ribbon strings and bows added, and the work completed. Any lady undertaking this little piece of work will be pleased with the result. The coloured silk relieves the crochet, contrasts well with it, shows its pattern to advantage, and altogether produces a very pretty effect. The following are the



SHAWL BORDER IN IMITATION CHANTILLY LACE.

directions for the crochet pattern:—Take number 4 of Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, and commence by making a chain of forty-two stitches in length; turn round, work one long stitch in every loop, one chain between every other long stitch: this is to form the circular shape for the top. *Second row.*—Work one long and three chain, leaving two loops between the last row. *Third row.*—Five chain, loop in, five chain, loop in, three chain, three long, three chain, three long, three chain; loop in these six long loops, and work on one loop of the last row, five chain, loop in, five chain, loop in. *Fourth row.*—Five chain, loop in, three chain, three long stitches worked on the the three chains in last row, three chain; three long, three chain; three long (these six long stitches are worked in the three chain between the six long of the last row), three chain, three long, three chain, loop in, five chain, loop in, and repeat the long stitches. Continue these rows until there are seven in depth. On the last row, work three long, three chain, three long, three chain; loop into the three chain between the long stitches of the last row. This is for the first border of the pocket The second border must be commenced in the same manner, but must be made the length required.

SHAWL BORDER IN IMITATION CHANTILLY LACE.—We here present our readers with an engraving of a shawl border from the stock of Mr. W. Vickers, of Nottingham, who made a large and worthy show of like fabrics at the International Exhibition, and has long upheld the renown

of England in this important branch of its staple manufactures. This example is the produce of the Pusher Lace Machine. The fabric, on leaving the machine, undergoes the process of embroidery by hand, in order more clearly to define the outline of the design. Various articles of this description are manufactured, chiefly shawls, scarfs, mantles, tunics, flounces, &c., in imitation of the real lace of Chantilly and Bayeuse, to which it bears a close resemblance in the structure of the net, and the general effect produced. As will be supposed, however, much difference exists in the prices of which the two articles are produced, the one being wholly due to hand labour, and the other principally machine made. We understand that this Nottingham lace is becoming very fashionable, and for this reason introduce it to the attention of our readers. Mr. Vickers employs a very large number of females in this and other work of a like character. The Princess of Wales has, we have reason to believe, given orders for several articles in Nottingham lace, as well as bestowing her patronage upon the ribbons of Coventry. Lace and ribbons always form an attractive feature of a lady's attire, either for morning, evening, or promenade costume; and we are glad —for the sake of the workers, no less than for that of the wearers—that so delicate, appropriate, and graceful a style is coming into vogue.

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

At the door of a splendid mansion in the principal street of a town noted for its wealth and extensive commerce, stood a tall and intellectual looking youth about twenty; his dark brown hair, waving gracefully over a full broad forehead, and clear eyes of the same colour, gave an air of truth and frankness to his face. The lower features were far from faultless, but a happy, good humoured smile wreathed his lip, as he took a letter from his pocket, and gazing at the superscription, murmured, "Mrs. Hunter! Ahem! I wonder what will be the result of this letter of introduction to my mother's fine-lady cousin! I expect she will turn up her aristocratic nose at a distant relative she has never seen, or, perhaps, even heard of. Well, I am not about to solicit a favour at her hands. So here goes!" and applying his hand to the bell, the lusty peal soon brought a "man of plush" to the door. Upon being admitted, Arthur Ogilvie followed his conductor through various crowded passages with beautiful statuary and articles of vertu, and was at length ushered into a spacious apartment, where we will leave him, and gain a little insight as to the reason of his appearance at that particular house at that precise moment. Arthur's mother and Mrs. Hunter were second cousins; both had married early in life. The former because she loved with all her heart a man every way worthy of her best affection, the latter, because it was an advantageous settlement, and conferred upon her wealth and station, besides giving her a kind and indulgent husband. Worldly-wise individuals may, perhaps, pronounce her choice the wisest, for Henry and Alice Ogilvie had the world before them, with only their faith in each other, and £200 a year, to ward off alike, its smiles and sneers. A small incumbency annually yielding the above stipend, and a few pupils, were the only means the young clergyman had to keep poverty away from his loved ones. Arthur was the only son out of a large family of girls, two older than himself, who, at the time of his leaving the paternal roof, were learning, as governesses, the great lesson of life—"to labour and wait." A short time previous, Mr. Ogilvie received a letter from an old friend, who, having no child of his own, offered to defray Arthur's college expenses. This offer was gladly accepted, as the boy's dearest wish had been to follow his father's steps. And now, as his bright dreams seemed about to be

realised, he set out, his heart beating high with hope and expectation. His mother's letter to her cousin, was to bespeak her countenance and kindness towards the youth, who, for the first time had been deprived of a mother's tender care, a father's counsel, and a sister's love. And now we return to him as he stood in the presence of Mrs. Hunter. Having perused the epistle Arthur handed her, she rose and cordially greeted the young man, which greeting made him feel at home with his mother's fine-lady cousin. She possessed a kind heart, did Mrs. Hunter, though fashionable life had somewhat chilled the inherent warmth of her nature. An invitation to spend the evening was the result of a long conversation, but some business calling Mrs. Hunter from the room, Arthur was left to his own reflections. His first act was to glance round the apartment, and a half sigh escaped him, as his eye scanned the splendour that surrounded him. As he was thinking how many gratifications money could procure, and picturing to himself what his own humble future would probably be, the door opened, and the slight figure of a young girl appeared, bearing all the blushing beauties of "sweet sixteen." Her soft hair fell in golden plenitude over her fair shoulders, and her merry blue eyes danced and sparkled, as they fell upon the tall form of our hero. Going up to him, half shyly, yet brave in her conscious innocence and unconscious beauty, she placed her hand in his, saying, in low musical accents, "I am Maude Hunter, and am come to take you to papa, who is in the study." Arthur gazed on the youthful form of his companion, his own eyes falling beneath the clear gaze of her's, and, as she stood there, the crimson velvet curtains casting their warm glow over her cheek, and the flames of a winter fire bathing her hair in a ray of deeper sunshine, he thought,—but, I do not suppose he could have told you what he thought, nor can I pretend to tell; so, still holding her hand, he accompanied her to her father. Thus Arthur Ogilvie and Maude Hunter met, for the first time, "in the firelight."

* * * *

Three years pass over, and we again meet Arthur Ogilvie in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter. His studies finished, a degree taken, and about to depart for a distant town to take possession of the curacy to which he had been ordained, he stands before them in all the strength of his early manhood, this time, indeed, to ask a favour at their hands, even the priceless boon of their darling child. Throughout his college career he had ever found a warm welcome from his relatives, and constant association with the fair being who came to him like a spirit from dreamland on the evening of his arrival, had taught him still more deeply to feel, even as he did then, that the world, henceforth, held no form so fair or dear to him as that of Maude Hunter. And she, the fairy child of that first interview, was she still "fancy-free?" still a stranger to the "fearful gift, that, on thy heart is laid, O woman! a power to suffer and to love?" Be that as it may, Arthur was in her parents' presence, asking them to sanction his love, for his was too honourable a nature, to seek to win Maude without their consent. Their kindness had been so constant, and their approbation of his career so earnest, that his warm heart anticipated no ultimate denial, though he expected a probationary period to be demanded ere he took Maude from a wealthy home, to share what would be, in comparison, but a humble lot. Thus he stood before his relatives, strong in his holy and fervent love; and, having poured forth his petition, he awaited, with beating heart, their permission to seek their daughter, and hear from her own lips the sweet words—"I love thee." And something in the young man's head—that infallible instinct which lovers always seem to possess—told him those words would not be wanting. The answer came at last, dashing all the bright hopes of youth and manhood to the ground. Mr. and Mrs. Hunter acknowledged the warm interest they took in his (Arthur's) welfare, owning his merit, and praising his honourable candour in thus placing his cause in their hands first; but Maude might not wed a poor man; she was born to grace a higher station, and they would never consent to see her the wife of any who could not

bestow on her the luxuries of her early youth. In vain Arthur pleaded; mammon usurped the place of mother-love; and, having exhausted all his eloquence, he turned away bitterly, saying, "I cannot come here again; but may I not see Maude—Miss Hunter—before I go?"

"Oh! certainly," replied Mrs. Hunter; "but I trust to your honour not to make her acquainted with your sentiments." Arthur's lip curled slightly, as he said, "Fear not, madame! Arthur Ogilvie will never seek your daughter against her parent's wish. No!" added he to himself, "not if my heart broke in the struggle to conceal my feelings."

"That is well, my dear Ogilvie," said Mr. Hunter; but cheer up, man; you are young yet, and will find many a girl with charms sufficient to dissipate this first love-dream. Maude is in the dining-room; go and make your parting address."

Arthur coldly took the hand held out, and turned away, his face bearing testimony to the conflicting emotions raging in his breast; but, ere he reached the dining-room, his features had regained their composure, and none could have guessed the warfare going on beneath that calm exterior. He paused, with his hand on the lock, as a sweet voice was heard within, warbling an air they had both sung in happier hours; and the thought that such might never be again, almost overcame him, and he half determined to fly, lest the temptation should prove too strong. But "I must see her once more, my beautiful darling!" was his thought, and he entered. There she stood, clad in white garments, while over face and figure fell those rosy hues which once before made her beauty almost ethereal. Arthur placed himself by her side, and, in calm tones, measured and respectful, he told her of his approaching departure to his country curacy. And she, interested in whatever concerned him, questioned the how? when? and where? of his future plans, till, in relating his hopes and aims for bringing his parishioners to the knowledge of a heavenly love, he almost forgot the bright dream of earthly affection that was fading from his view. At length he rose to go, and, taking her hand, he bade her adieu.

"Good-bye, Arthur!" murmured she; "but you must come and see us often, whenever your parish can spare you."

"Dearest Maude, we are parting now for years, in all probability perhaps for ever; but you will not forget the companion of your youth, will you?"

"Parting for years! forget you, Arthur?—never!"

Her voice faltered, and the strange alteration that came over her features, told Arthur a tale which, but for his promise to her parents, would have prompted him to fold her to his heart; but honour forbade it; and, while the full knowledge came to him that he was loved, he had to put from him the priceless gift, and, pressing her hand to his lips in one passionate kiss, he fled, fearing to trust himself longer, lest words he might not speak should find utterance. Turning for one more look, as he passed the window, he saw Maude fling herself on her knees by the sofa, and bury her face in its cushions, her slender form shaking by the sobs she strove in vain to check. Oh! this was anguish indeed—to know that he condemned her to suffer as well as himself. But, even amid his sorrow for her, came the blissful thought that she did love him; and, though her parents might forbid her hand to rest in his, they could not prevent her heart from loving where it would. Thus, "in the firelight," Arthur Ogilvie and Maude Hunter again met, and—parted.

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Two years more, and the Hunters were no longer "dwellers in high places." A commercial panic had laid low their worldly pride, and the haughty head of mammon's worshipper was in the dust—even the dust of death. Mrs. Hunter and Maude left their beautiful home in the hands of strangers, and went forth to find rest in those humbler walks of life, once so despised. Arthur, on the contrary, had reaped the reward of his earnest continuance in well-doing, and, on the death of his pastor, mounted another step on the ladder of life. The pretty vicarage of Beaconburn was now his home; and, a devoted labourer in his

Master's vineyard, he looked not beyond his own little parish, where many a lowly heart blessed their young clergyman. His early love was not forgotten, and, in his joys as well as sorrows, there came an intense longing for the companionship of a faithful, loving wife.

Many were the fair damsels who would gladly have seen the handsome Arthur Ogilvie at their feet; but no beauty, no wealth, had power to lure him from his first allegiance. One evening, upon returning from a visit of charity, a letter was brought him, which, when opened, proved to be from Mrs. Hunter, detailing their fallen fortunes, and asking him to procure, if possible, for Maude, the situation his sister was about to vacate in consequence of her marriage.

"Maude! my Maude! poor, and in sorrow!" he murmured; "now I may hope."

The next morning found him far on his way to the town in which Mrs. Hunter was domiciled, but, owing to many delays, it was the close of a wintry afternoon ere he reached his destination. Mrs. Hunter received him warmly; and, after she had described more fully her late husband's misfortunes and their own present necessities, the young man spoke of his still unchanging affection for her child, and asked if this time she would forbid him to plead his cause.

"No, Arthur, my child loves you," she replied. "I know it, though no word has passed her lips. She has never been her own joyous self since you went away; and many are the suitors she has rejected, much to the annoyance of her poor father and myself. I had hoped to see Maude in a different position, but now that is hopeless," and the fond, but worldly mother burst into tears. "My daughter does not know I have summoned you. I will send her to you."

As the door closed on Mrs. Hunter's retreating form, Arthur sighed as his eye glanced round the humble apartment—the only real comfort being a glowing fire on the hearth. But a well-known, dearly-loved footstep aroused him; and, looking up, he saw Maude by his side. There she stood—"the same, and yet how different!" No costly curtains now to cast their ruddy beam across that graceful form, or light up the sombre hue of her mourning garment. One look at that gentle face, now so calm and placid; the bright, joyous expression had vanished, and in its place sat enthroned the subdued happiness, the quiet thought of true, earnest womanhood. One look, as the mantling crimson flashed over cheek and brow, and, "Maude! my own! my darling!" burst from his lips, ere they pressed her own in one long, passionate kiss. Time was forgotten: the past "was not." They were together—loving, true to each other—and, ere many moments elapsed, Maude's sweet secret was revealed; and, with the blest assurance of his presence, she told him of the anguish she had felt when he went from her, believing he loved, and yet not knowing how to reconcile his silence with the fact. There, "in the firelight," Arthur and Maude again met; and, as heart responds to heart, that little room was Paradise to the re-united. Thus, hoping and planning for the future, we leave them for the third time; and, ere many months were over, Arthur took his Maude from the evening shadows that surrounded her, to be the bright, morning sunshine of his own home.

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Once more look at the lovers—lovers no longer. Twenty-five winters had shed their snows upon our earth, when once again we find Arthur and Maude together in the gloaming—Beaconburn Vicarage still their home. Those twenty-five years have not been sorrowless; but trust in Providence and each other had lightened many a burden, and robbed trials of their severest stings. Several fair children were laid beneath the shadow of the old church, and they had this day given their only daughter to a husband's love. One son was at college, another at sea, and a third in a mercantile house in Manchester. And these two faithful hearts sought comfort in each other at the loss of their loved and petted child. Arthur's arm was thrown round his wife's still graceful form—her head on his shoulder. A few sentences were murmured at intervals, but their happiness—great as in the first day of their love—was too deep for words.

Again the crimson (though not velvet) curtains cast their glow over the scene—and the wife and mother, under the influence of their *couleur de rose*, seemed but little changed by the lapse of years. And now we leave them, for the last time, "in the firelight," feeling sure that, as their lamps die out, they will be rekindled by an Almighty hand, to burn more brightly in another sphere; for we know that "The path of the just is a shining light, which shineth more and more until the perfect day."

DAISY H.

BEAR THE CROSS PATIENTLY.

IT was a lovely evening in the month of June—the cattle had come lowing home from the pasture—the sun was setting in the eastern sky, giving, in its departing rays, the promise of a fine day on the morrow—the little birds were chirping themselves to sleep in their cozy nests—the flowers were closing, and everything around spoke of peaceful beauty.

A young girl sat alone at her open casement, watching the beautiful scene, and inhaling the fragrance wafted from the newly-grown grass in the neighbouring meadows, and thinking of her future lot; for, on the next day, she hoped to be a happy bride—a happy, though not a rich one.

Ellen May was an orphan, and had for some time supported herself by teaching. She had been wooed and won by an honourable, industrious, and pious mechanic—one of nature's gentlemen, and she looked forward to much happiness, for Edward Vernon was a good son, and she believed the proverb to be a true one, "A good son makes a good husband."

Ellen's reflections were soon disturbed by the entrance of her maid, who said—

"If you please, Miss Ellen, there is one of your Sunday-scholars wants to see you."

"Let her come in, Mary."

A little black-eyed girl presented herself.

"Oh, Fanny, is it you, dear? What do you want with me?"

"Teacher, when you said you were going away, the girls thought they should like to give you something. So, if you please, teacher, we have put our money together, and bought you this," holding up a nicely bound Bible. "And I have made this book-mark, if you will please accept it!"

"Thank you, dear. You must give my love to all in the class; and tell them I am much pleased with their pretty and useful present. I will keep it for daily use; and your gift shall go in it to keep the place. Let me see what you have put on it—'Bear the cross patiently.' Well, dear, that is a good motto; and you have worked it very nicely. I hope you will remember it as you grow older, and trials come to you, as they do to every one living."

After a little more conversation, Fanny said "good-bye" to her teacher, after receiving permission for herself and companions to attend at the church the next morning and see their dear friend married.

The next day was fine as could be wished, and it certainly was a pretty sight to see the children ranged on either side of the path leading to the old, grey edifice, with bunches of flowers in their pretty baskets prepared to greet the newly-made bride; and pleased was the eldest girl to think her flowers were taken by the bride and bridegroom, and carried to their homes—more satisfied with their kind looks and smiles of thanks than she would have been by a gold piece.

On Ellen's settlement at her new home, the Bible was produced with its book-mark, and its history given. It was agreed that it should be used as the Family Bible.

"And I hope, dear," said Edward, "when trials arise, we may be able to bear them patiently. You have had your share, dear Ellen. I wish I could ward them all off for the future."

"That would not be well for me, Edward, I suppose; but we can, and I trust we shall, be mutual helps to each other in times of sorrow and of joy."

The first months of wedded life passed on brightly—not a cloud seemed to dim their horizon—all was sunshine. Edward was industrious and earned a good salary; and Ellen still had a few pupils. Neither did they live for themselves and this world alone. They not only attended a place of worship, but the family altar was reared. Private devotions were a pleasure—not a dull task. The Sunday-school was still aided, and many a sick sufferer was relieved and comforted; and amid such duties Ellen and Edward were very happy.

Suddenly trials came upon them. Ellen met with a sad accident, which deprived her, for some months, of the use of her right arm, and rendered her perfectly helpless. This was the time to prove her husband's love; and it was not found wanting. Lovingly he waited on her when at home; and, when he was at business, her sufferings were much alleviated by his kind arrangements. Still it was a heavy trial to sit idle during the long hours of many, many days, and to lie at night upon the bed of pain and anguish; and often Edward would hold up the book mark, and say, "Remember, my dear, 'Bear the cross *patiently*.'"

At length Ellen's arm regained its strength, and her health was restored, but another trial came. Edward was taken ill; and, for more than a year, was unable to attend to his business. This was a heavier trial than the other. Poverty threatened to invade their happy home; and, to an expensive illness, was added other privations, but this cross had to be endured. No human foresight could have prevented it. There was no carelessness—no folly to regret. These were misfortunes and must be met with patience.

Before Edward was fully restored to health, another blessing was given them in the shape of a son. They received him as the gift of God, and to His service dedicated him.

Again prosperity seemed to shine upon them. With restored health to Edward came restored means. His salary had been raised; and the home was once more the scene of happiness and plenty, made more cheerful by the prattle of the little Edward, who was now getting old enough to run and meet his father when he came home from his business.

Already had his parents talked of his education and laid plans for his future, when croup, that dire disease, seized him, and in less than twelve hours a lovely corpse was all that was left to those sad mourners.

And could this cross be borne patiently? Even so, Edward and Ellen took it up, and by God's help they were enabled to say, with sincerity. "Thy will be done."

Since that day trials have come, but none have caused a keener pang than this bereavement. No other child has blessed their home, but they feel their son still lives and waits for them in heaven, and they are comforted knowing their Father does all things well.

Dear reader, you too have your cross. Bear it patiently. Do not drag it along the ground and so make it heavier, more galling to the wounded heart; but bear it manfully, it will grow lighter by submission. And there is One, who, by experience, knows the weight of the cross, and He will help and comfort you if you will let Him, and enable you, however heavy it may be, to bear it patiently.

FLORENCE.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM. A quaint writer takes the following view of the trades, arts, callings, and avocations of the animal kingdom:—"Bees are geometricians. The cell are so constructed, as, with the least quantity of materials, to have the largest sized spaces and the least possible loss of interstice. The mole is a meteorologist. The bird called a nine-killer is an arithmetician; and also the crow, the wild turkey, and some other birds. The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel, are electricians. The nautilus is a navigator: he raises his sails, casts and weighs anchor, and performs other nautical acts. Whole tribes of birds are musicians. The beaver is an architect, builder, and wood cutter; he cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams."

THE MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER.

A TALE OF THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

PART I.

We had just come off a long journey, thrown off our huge wrappers, and having regaled exhausted nature, we stood over the blazing, crackling fire, receiving the welcome of home from many smiling faces, young and old.

Uncle John, as my youngsters called him, rubbed his hands with great satisfaction, and said, with a consequential air, as if the merit of the discovery belonged in some part to himself—"It certainly was a great thing for humanity when railways were adopted! Fancy coaching it from London such a night as this, as we should have done, had we lived in your good old times, Granny. Oh, how glad I am I live in these glorious days of steam!"

Granny, in her arm-chair, bridled up at this speech—uncle John knew she would—and forthwith commenced a merry warfare between the two, in defence respectively of the old times and the new.

"Precious times, indeed!" quoth uncle John, "when an old man with a wooden leg could beat the coach on those execrable north country roads, and being, as he said, in a hurry, preferred walking to driving."

Cries from the arm-chair of, "Oh! that is all an invention!" And from the youngsters of, "Oh! you have been reading Smiles' 'Lives of the Engineers!'"

"Well, so I have, and that proves, Granny, that my assertion is no invention. Pray, what do you say to the highway robberies of those good old days? Why a journey such as we have taken to day would then have been a matter of life and death. We might have arrived to-night with all our pockets picked, and perhaps our heads broken!"

"Well, well," exclaimed the old lady, whom uncle John disrespectfully called Granny, "do you mean to say there are no robberies now? do you call these horrible garottings, nothing?"

"Fairly caught, uncle John!" And we all laughed and wondered how he was going to answer this poser. We felt sure he would prove most logically that the robberies of the present day were neither so numerous, nor so daring, nor so extensive, nor so dreadful as those of the good old days; nor, in short, anything to be compared with them. But, like a coward, as he was, uncle John evaded the question, and cunningly sent us all off full cry in another direction. Whether he thought that he should be worsted by the old lady, or that he had got into a dangerous country, I cannot say; but he suddenly shifted his ground, and brought us all to a standstill, by saying, "I'll tell you a story!"

Of course the argument was forgotten amidst cries of approbation and encouragement.

"And it is quite true," continued uncle John, "for I had it from an old gentleman who was acquainted with one of the parties chiefly concerned. I will tell it you, as nearly as I can in the words of the narrator. It is all about the 'good old times,' Granny." Then without waiting for an answer, he plunged at once into his story:—

Late in the afternoon of a stormy December day, many years ago, a man might have been seen hurrying northwards through the city of London. His appearance betokened something between the farmer and the country squire, the yeoman of that day, a class hardly to be met with now. His bespattered top boots and heavy riding whip, bespoke him a traveller; moreover, he carried that, without which, in those times, travellers seldom went on a journey, a cumbrous holster pistol at his belt. He walked quickly, and presently turned into the yard of a large hostelry near Bishopsgate, calling, as he entered, for his horse and his bill.

"'Tis late starting for a long ride, sir," said the landlord as he came up, bill in hand.

"Ay, friend; I have been detained longer than I expected. But it will not take me long to reach Enfield Chase,—my horse is good."

"Is that your road, sir? Then the sooner you are off the better." And the landlord called loudly for the stranger's horse.

The traveller smiled as he took the reins, "I am not afraid;" and, mounting as quickly as his heavy cloak would permit, he turned and trotted out of the stable-yard.

He threaded his way steadily from street to street, till the houses on each side grew fewer and fewer. At last he had left them all behind, and was among withered hedge-rows and leafless trees, bending low before the stormy gusts of wind, which every now and then whistled through their branches. He was a stout, strong-built man, of thirty years or so, with a kind, honest face. Yet marked thereon was an expression of deep thought. He seemed even too much absorbed in his meditation to urge forward his horse, but suffered him to go at his own pace, forgetful of the cold and the lateness of the hour. Presently, however, his thoughts wandered to his home and the welcome which awaited him at the end of his cold journey. Rousing up at the remembrance, he addressed a cheering word of encouragement to the good horse, and, gently patting its neck, sped briskly over the lonely road.

Leaving hedge-rows, he now emerged on an open common, skirted with dark woods, from which a few cross paths led here and there into the main road. It was a dreary, barren place, this common of Finchley; and, as the traveller looked at the darkening shadows, he began to wish the day was not so far gone, for he had heard some wild tales of the locality, and the landlord's warning sounded gloomily in his ears. He was no coward, but he had in his pocket a sum of money which it was all important should be safely carried to the home beyond the dark woods. Seven hundred pounds were tightly buttoned-up within the breast-pocket of his coat. They were to save wife and children from being pitilessly turned out of the home whose light he longed to catch shining blithely through the night.

The world had gone somewhat roughly of late with Miles Hardy, for this was our yeoman's name. He had fallen into debt; and, even before he had fully realised the sad state of his affairs, he was threatened with an execution in his house. But the money he now carried was in part to satisfy his creditors; and part was to be invested in a speculation, the success of which was sure to place him, as he said, in country phrase, once more on his legs. Thus thinking, he thrust his hand into his pocket to convince himself that all was safe, and prepared to urge his horse at a rapid pace across the wide, bare common.

Ominous circumstances, however, now began to attend his steps. His saddle girth broke, and it took him some time to repair the mischief sufficiently to enable him again to mount and proceed on his way. By this time a sudden change had taken place in the weather; the heavy rain of the preceding days had turned to snow, which fell in such thick flakes as to render it impossible to see half-a-dozen yards before the horse's head, while the dreary expanse began to present a uniform white surface, on which it was becoming impossible to distinguish the beaten track. In such a storm it was out of the question to go fast, and his only hope was that, being so violent, the storm might speedily blow over. Accordingly, in about a quarter of an hour, the snow became less and less blinding, and presently ceased altogether. But the heavens were overcast with clouds, and it was now quite dark. He urged his horse forward, however, into a steady trot, keeping a tight hand on the rein, and an eager look out in front, and proceeded thus for some time, when he became aware of the approach of another horse behind him. It was impossible to see to any distance, but he could distinctly hear the rapid beat of the animal's feet, evidently advancing at much greater speed than his own. He instinctively compelled his steed to greater speed; but scarcely had he done so, when, either from his horse's feet being clogged with snow, or from stumbling over some object in the road, it fell heavily forward, throwing its rider to the ground. Fortunately Hardy was not hurt, and sprang to his feet in an instant. But as he turned to look for his horse, he was startled to find a strong hand laid upon his shoulder, and a man standing beside him. Bewildered with his sudden fall, he heard twice repeated, before he understood, the highwayman's well-known "Stand and deliver!"

It was too dark to allow him to see his assailant distinctly, but, stronger or weaker, armed or unarmed, he had no intention of yielding; so, endeavouring to shake off the hand that grasped him, he felt for his pistol. Alas! he had placed it in the holster of his saddle, and that was now beyond his reach.

"You may as well at once give up that money, my friend," said a voice out of the darkness; "I don't want to hurt you, but I *must* have the money."

"Stand off!" shouted Hardy, fiercely. "We are man to man, and I never yet knew my arm too weak to hold its own."

"Nay, but you are unarmed, and I—a desperate man. Come, give me the money, and I'll begone."

Hardy could just perceive his assailant drawing forth a pistol from his belt. He knew there was no time to lose, and that talking would be useless, so, without another word, he flung himself on his opponent, and endeavoured to dash the weapon from his hand. Taken by surprise, the man staggered backwards for a few steps, but recovering himself instantly, soon made it evident to his unfortunate adversary, that however equal they might be in strength, he was far outmatched in the art of fighting.

Was it to give our unlucky yeoman the advantage, that at this juncture the dark clouds rolled aside, and suddenly, for one transient moment, the moon shone out full on that wild scene? Be that as it may, in that brief instant the faces of the two men were distinctly visible to each other. Upturned in the pale moonlight, with fierce determination in every feature, the countenance of Hardy's antagonist was thenceforward stamped indelibly on his memory. Wherever these two might

meet again in all the wide world, he would remember too surely and too well that stormy night on Finchley Common. However the scene might alter, or whatever change time might bring, Hardy knew he should never forget that face!

A few seconds only the bright gleam lasted, and then the struggle was continued in the darkness. Hardy felt he was being borne down; he felt, too, that his adversary was again endeavouring to extricate his pistol from his belt. Flinging himself too eagerly forward in his desperation, Hardy's foot slipped on the yielding snow, and he fell to the ground. A fortunate stumble, perhaps, for the highwayman's bullet whistled over his head. Had he been standing, it might have lodged in his brain. Ere he could regain his feet the man had closed with him, and by main force pinioned his arms. Still he made one or two desperate and almost convulsive struggles, for he felt the robber's hand drag forth from its hiding-place that money on which so much depended. Utterly exhausted and bewildered, however, by the struggle and the fall, resistance was useless; his brain reeled, and, for a few seconds, he lost all consciousness and power of resistance.

When he again looked up he was alone. The black clouds were scudding above him and the wintry wind whistling shrilly around. The struggle had passed in less time than it takes to narrate; yet, as Hardy rose and shook the snow from his coat and hair, it appeared to him that it must have lasted hours instead of minutes. He felt despairingly in his pocket. The money was gone, surely enough. Then he looked wildly round for the robber, but the bare waste was bare indeed. Wringing his hands in the bitterness of his heart, poor Hardy groaned aloud. Thus in a few minutes had all his hopes perished, and he stood there a ruined man! How could he now pursue his way to the home which would soon be a scene of desolation and sorrow? Were it not for the additional weight of anxiety and trouble that his disappearance would bring to his gentle wife, he would rather turn back again to the great city, than face her and his soon to be homeless children!

So utterly overwhelmed was he that he had quite forgotten his horse, till a low whinny caused him to turn and perceive the quiet animal standing close to him. Ascertaining that it was uninjured, he slowly mounted, and leaving the reins loose upon its neck, suffered the sagacious creature to bear him almost unconsciously forward, till it stopped at the well-known stable door.

It was a sad return for poor Hardy. When he entered the house, and his anxious wife flew to meet him, he could only clasp her in his arms, uttering no word. Soon he was surrounded by young faces, and many little hands drew him into the room and to his own chair, and began pulling off his heavy coat and the wet gloves from his cold fingers. The old dog, too, came and stood by him and pushed its nose into his hand, as though to entreat the usual kindly notice. But poor Miles Hardy could not speak. At last his wife sent the children all away, and, kneeling down beside him, heard his tale of sorrow and misfortune.

There was nothing to be done that night; but the following morning Hardy retraced the weary road to London, to set on foot every inquiry. Of course all that could be done was done; but there was no efficient body of police in those days, and, after an ineffectual search, Hardy was obliged to return, tired and disappointed.

"It is all of no use, Amy," he said to his wife; "we shall never see the money

any more, but if I see that man's face again, though it should be on the other side of the world, I should remember it."

PART II.

MANY years have passed, and as, unhappily, the old adage often proves too true, that misfortunes never come alone, so in the case of Miles Hardy, things had gone from bad to worse with him, ever since the night of his encounter with the highwayman on Finchley Common. He had been compelled to sell his land and the home which had been his father's before him; and, after trying one employment after another, and failing in each, he found himself at last reduced, not only to the last shilling, for that was spent, but was actually penniless. After moving from place to place, he had at last brought his family to London, and it was just at this time, said uncle John, that I first saw him. I was, as you may imagine, but a little fellow at the time, staying on a visit with Mr. Leblond, an eminent lawyer of the day, when poor Hardy came to ask for help.

"I never saw a man so altered," said the lawyer, "and when he begged me, for God's sake, to lend him five pounds, he seemed ready to die for very shame and humiliation. Poor fellow! his is a sad story," and then he told me all that I have told you: and well I remember the interest it created in my mind.

After that day, we did not see poor Hardy again for some months. But one day he suddenly entered the lawyer's office, looking very wild and excited. But let me go on with my story from the day on which he came to borrow the five pounds.

So degraded did he feel at being obliged to ask money of a man with whom he had stood at one time on terms of friendship, that the gold thus obtained seemed to crush down all the little spirit he had left. When he entered his now miserably impoverished home, he flung it on the table with more rebellion and impatience than he had yet shown. For through all his misfortunes he had never spoken bitterly; not even against the man who had brought all this sorrow upon him.

It was the beginning of winter, a hard time for every one, especially for those who have no means to keep away its inclemency; and poor Hardy and his family bid fair to know the terrible reality of want. The five pounds were soon gone, and he had been able to earn but little more. Misfortune seemed every where to follow his steps; turn where he would he met with nothing but disappointment. Work was scarce, food was dear, and starvation seemed to stare him in the face. He would not make up his mind to ask again for help, he would rather, he thought, lie down and die; nay, were it not for his helpless wife and children, his only prayer would have been for death, so broken was he; but for them he knew he must live, ay, and beg too, if needful.

It was a bitterly cold day in January, when poor Hardy once more summoned up resolution to ask for help. His wife had fallen ill, and he could neither procure for her necessary comforts nor medical aid. As he stepped into the street, gloomy and sick at heart, the day reminded him of that memorable one, now years past, when he rode across Finchley Common, and lost that seven hundred pounds. The snow was driving down thickly and fast; the wind eddying in cold gusts through the streets. But, poor Hardy was unmindful of the weather. While other passengers were hurrying along, in the attempt to keep their life-blood warm

within, his steps were lingering and slow. His errand was sorely distasteful to him, and hopeless despair was settling at his heart.

Taking no heed of anything that went on around him, his steps became slower and slower, till at length he unconsciously stopped altogether, and leant against a house in a crowded street, apparently watching a long line of carriages which were drawing up in front of a large building opposite. In reality he saw and heard nothing, and for some time was unaware that he was standing near the House of Lords. It was the night of some great debate. The king was expected at the House, and the members were flocking in. The doors were surrounded by an eager crowd, watching the carriages as they dashed up, and endeavouring to obtain glimpses of their titled owners. At length the crowd became so thick that Hardy was unable to move away, and was thus compelled to wait and watch too. He stood there listless and gloomy, looking on at the busy scene, when an equipage appeared, more splendid and dashing than any that had yet driven up, moving slowly, lest the horses should trample upon any one in the crowd. As it stopped at the entrance, and the carriage-door was flung open, a gentleman descended slowly, and, turning for an instant to face the crowd, passed in among the other nobles to his seat in the House of Lords.

But, at sight of that face, Hardy uttered a cry, and plunged forward among the crowd, forcing his way like a madman to the door. He would have rushed in, but he was prevented, and narrowly escaped being carried off to the watch-house. However, he restrained himself sufficiently to offer some explanation for his singular conduct, and was suffered to remain where he was. There he stood, close beside the entrance, immoveable as a rock. No swaying crowd could make him stir, now his eyes were rivetted upon the entrance. Occasionally he pressed his hand to his forehead, as if doubting the evidence of his senses; for was it possible that the owner of that splendid equipage—a member of the Senate of Great Britain—one among her noblest and her wisest sons—should be the man who, so many years ago, robbed him of seven hundred pounds on Finchley Common! He had always said he should know that face again, wherever he should meet it. And now he saw it—but in the last place he should have thought of looking for it. He stood gazing at the spot where that figure had disappeared, resolving more and more determinedly, as the time wore on, not to move until it should again come forth. Hour after hour passed. The crowd had considerably lessened; but there stood Hardy, his brain in a whirl, and his heart beating faster and faster with excitement, when, in groups of three or four, the members began to leave the House. He strained his eyes to catch the face of each as he passed, but for a long time he looked in vain.

"He must come," muttered Hardy, ever and anon. "He went in—he must come out."

At last, Hardy knew the step instinctively, even before the man he sought appeared, and he quivered in every nerve. He came out, arm-in-arm with another, and was soon in the midst of the crowd. Hardy dashed in too, elbowing his way breathlessly, but could not force himself nearer to him. He kept him, however, in sight; and thus the gentleman passed through the crowd, utterly unconscious of his pursuer, stepped into his carriage, and drove off. Not, however, before Hardy sprang into a hackney coach, and, pointing out to the driver the dashing equipage

before them, bade him drive after it—to the world's end, if need be. On they drove in hot pursuit—Hardy wild with excitement, never withdrawing his eyes from the carriage, till it drew up suddenly at the door of a handsome mansion in one of the most fashionable squares. Hardy stopped too. He saw the gentleman alight, enter the house, and the carriage drive away. He then bade his own driver wait, walked straight to the door, and rang the bell.

"What is the name of the gentleman who has just entered this house?" he asked of the servant, so imperatively and so suddenly, that the man answered at once."

"Does he live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you," and as abruptly as he had come Hardy turned away and retraced his steps to where the astonished driver was waiting for him. Bidding him drive to Gray's Inn-court, he soon found himself at Mr. Leblond's office; and, fortunately, found the lawyer still within.

My friend thinking he had come for another loan, and, lawyer-like, feeling uncomfortable at an unlimited pull upon his purse, received him perhaps somewhat coldly, hinting at the supposed object of his visit.

"No, I am not come to borrow," said Hardy, rising, and coming close up to the lawyer in his excitement. "I am come to tell you that I have seen the man who robbed me, all those years ago, on Finchley Common."

"Well?"

"And there is his name!" and Hardy laid a card on the table on which he had written it.

The lawyer looked in amazement from the card to Hardy, and again from Hardy to the card. "Why, my good man, are you mad, or dreaming?"

"Neither the one nor the other, sir. That is the man—and now you must help me to my right."

"But do you know whom you are accusing? I fear trouble has turned your brain. This is the most honoured name among the highest in the land!"

"I cannot help it," said Hardy; "I only say what I *know* to be true. Now, listen to my tale from beginning to end, and then advise me how to act."

Hardy then repeated the whole, and the lawyer listened, without making comment or interruption throughout the narrative, till Hardy ceased speaking. He did not then call him dreaming or mad, but with a sorely puzzled expression on his face said slowly, "Call on me to-morrow at ten. I will think the affair over, and give you my opinion then."

So Hardy left him without another word. He was too agitated to speak, nor was it till he was again in the fresh air, that he could sufficiently collect his senses enough to think at all. Poor fellow, no wonder he felt bewildered, when just as starvation and despair were staring him in the face, so strange a hope was held out to him! For, if he followed that man to the death, he would have his right from him. Not revenge, only right—for poor Hardy was desperate and starving.

It was already very late, but the lawyer sat for half-an-hour in deep thought. Then he rose, drew a writing-book towards him, and quickly traced the following lines:—

"To ——. On the night of 21st December, 18—, a monetary transaction took

place between you and a certain yeoman, on the common of Finchley, near to Enfield Chase. A settlement of that transaction is now requested, and in the expectation of some arrangement to that effect being desired, Mr. Leblond is prepared to enter into any communication on the subject."

Having written this and directed it, he desired a servant to take it immediately to the address named, and once more relapsed into deep thought. The whole case was so extraordinary, that the doubt would now and then cross his mind that Hardy must be the victim of some hallucination. He felt that his own position in such a case was not enviable. Hours passed, and his fears increased; when, just as the sun was rising, he was suddenly startled by a sharp ring at his office bell. The door opened, and a clever solicitor, with whose reputation he was already acquainted, entered the room, smiling blandly, and holding our friend's note open in his hand.

"My client has desired me to call and confer personally with you on this little matter. Your client, I suppose, is not here?"

"My client is not here, but he is ready to meet yours at the shortest notice, and on whatever terms your client may, on consideration, deem most befitting."

"Oh! exactly." And the new comer looked keenly at our lawyer, and saw at once that no good was to be obtained by disputing.

"I think there will be no need they should meet each other at all, sir,—not at all—"

"*Not again*," put in our lawyer.

"Not again, sir, exactly," said the solicitor, smiling; "and the terms of this arrangement,—you have not named them, I think?"

"No; that, however, is soon done," and, taking pen and ink once more, he hastily drew out a calculation.

"The amount, in the first instance, was—you understand—seven hundred pounds. My client demands that sum, with compound interest for all these years; and, moreover, taking into consideration the detriment to property and character occasioned by the loss of that seven hundred pounds, my client further makes a demand of two thousand pounds."

The other lawyer bowed, looked at his watch, and said, "If you give me three quarters of an hour, I will return with the final answer of my client."

Hardy's face bowed assent, and he was again left alone. "It is the most singular adventure I ever met with," he said to himself as the door closed.

Punctually, in three quarters of an hour, the solicitor returned, paper and notebook in hand.

"My client has much pleasure in acknowledging the claims of yours," said he; "and has further requested me to hand over to you, on his behalf, a cheque for the amount named, and his best acknowledgments for the loan at a time when it was much needed. I hope you will find that correct, sir," and the solicitor laid his cheque on the table. "Quite correct." And, having signed a receipt and exchanged mutual civilities, the two gentlemen bowed and parted. Our friend put the cheque safely away, and, in unceasing wonderment, retired to rest.

As the clock struck ten on the morrow, Hardy entered the office. Poor fellow! he looked so care-worn and haggard that his friend's kind heart rejoiced at being

THE ENCOUNTER ON FINCHLEY COMMON

able to impart to him such good news He took the cheque and placed it in Hardy's hand It was for £3,500 Hardy looked at it and then at the lawyer.

"This is not mine! It was seven hundred pounds I lost!"

"Yes, old friend, that is yours, seven hundred pounds, its interest, and its compound interest, and two thousand pounds as compensation for the inconvenience you have sustained. And all I have engaged for you is that you will never breathe anything of this adventure to any living creature"

"I will not," said Hardy; "I would gladly forget the past entirely. This has only just come in time. I do not think I should have borne up much longer." And poor Hardy turned away to hide the emotion he could not repress

"Don't go over Finchley Common again with so much treasure in your pocket, Hardy," said the lawyer, cheerfully, as he followed him to the door, after having received his poor friend's broken thanks "Good bye, and may better luck attend you from this day."

"And so it did," said uncle John. The long lane had come to an end at last, and Hardy prospered once more in the world And often, in after years, when sitting with his children and grandchildren round the Christmas hearth, he would relate the story of his celebrated ride across Finchley Common. And when he had finished they would always ask—

"And who was the gentleman, grandfather?"

"Ah! my children, I can never tell that. Although he did me grievous injury I should not like to bring him to such shame as would be his portion if I exposed him before the world as the man that robbed me of seven hundred pounds, one cold December night, on Finchley Common!"

THE CONTRAST.

"WHAT a long time you have been, Lilly!" said Rosa Aston, to her sister, as she entered the room in her walking dress. "It is too bad of you to run away from me on my last morning."

"Indeed, dear Rosa, I am very sorry, but Mr. Lawrence kept me so long at the school. However, I must make the best of you now. I do wish you need not leave us to-morrow."

She threw off her shawl and hat, and came to her sister's side. There was a striking contrast between them. Rosa was tall; her hair a rich auburn, her complexion clear and brilliant, and her eyes sparkling hazel; in short, she was an acknowledged beauty. Lilly was rather below the middle height, and very slight. Her soft brown hair was braided over a brow as fair as her sister's, but her features wanted regularity, and she had no pretensions to being beautiful. Yet the purer loveliness of the soul shone from her dark grey eyes, and lighted up the whole of her expressive countenance. Rosa and Lilly were orphans; their father had fallen at Waterloo, and their mother survived him only a few months Rosa had been adopted by Colonel Aston's brother, a wealthy London barrister, while little Lilly became the charge of Mrs Aston's only sister, the wife of a surgeon, residing near Leicester, who, having recently lost two sweet children, regarded Lilly as a sort of consolation sent from heaven. Thus the sisters did not grow up together, and the wide difference in their respective guardians' mode of education tended to increase the natural contrast in their dispositions. Rosa was now one-and-twenty, the eldest by two years; and the morning on which my sketch commences was the last of a visit of six weeks at Leicester—her first for several years. As they stood at the window, a young man, apparently about five-and-twenty, passed by it, recognising them with a bow and a smile. He was a son of Dr. Herbert by his former marriage, and now in partnership with his father.

"Willie has been here for nearly an hour this morning," said Rosa, as she returned his recognition. "I have made a decided conquest in that quarter, Lilly."

Lilly's face flushed, but she replied, quietly, "You should not speak in that way of Willie's love, Rosa; you do not know how valuable it is."

"And how should I speak, my little enthusiast? if he has chosen to fall in love with me, it is only what others have done before him, and no fault of mine."

"But you have led him to suppose you cared for him," said Lilly; "*I* thought you did."

"And did you actually believe I should be willing to become a poor doctor's wife, and settle down in Leicester for the rest of my days? My dear Lilly, what a little simpleton you are! No, no, your future brother-in-law will be something better than that."

"He could not be better than Willie, Rosa."

"Not in character, perhaps, but position. O fancy uncle Henry hearing I was going to marry a country surgeon!" and, laughing at the idea, she left the room.

Lilly did not follow her for a few minutes. She and William Herbert had grown up together like brother and sister. He was her standard of what a young man ought to be, noble-minded, manly, warm-hearted, and determined. Lilly was very yielding herself, and for that same reason admired determination in others. Until this visit of Rosa's, she had no idea how much she loved the companion of her childhood. Rosa was an accomplished flirt, she had done her best to fascinate him, and so far succeeded, that Lilly felt sure he loved her, and it was this conviction which first awakened her to the state of her own heart. Poor Lilly, she had struggled bravely to overcome every feeling of envy or bitterness towards her sister,

and now she found that sister only treated with contempt the affection which she would have considered the greatest of earthly blessings.

* * * *

Six months had passed away without any change in Dr. Herbert's little family circle, when one morning the post brought Lilly a letter from Rosa, saying that she was engaged to be married.

"You must congratulate me warmly, dearest Lilly," she wrote, "for my future husband is no less a personage than Sir Charles Irvan, a baronet with £5,000 a year! Am I not a lucky girl? I shall have one of the best establishments in town, and a splendid country seat in Herefordshire."

Not a little did this information disconcert Lilly. The letter came at breakfast time. Mrs. Herbert was never downstairs so early, being an invalid, and her uncle was busy with "The Times;" but William saw her confusion, she was sure, and how could she tell him what would cause so much pain? Dr. Herbert went out as soon as breakfast was but William still lingered.

"You had important news in that letter, Lilly," he said presently, "was it not from your sister? she is well I hope?"

"Quite well, thank you," replied Lilly; and then thinking it best to get the worst over, added hurriedly, "and she is going to be married."

"Indeed! I feared there was something amiss from your countenance; I am sure I heartily congratulate her; who is the happy man?"

"Sir Charles Irvan, a wealthy baronet. I have heard Rosa mention him."

"That is a grand match for her. Why did you not tell my father?"

Poor Lilly blushed painfully.

"Because I feared it would give you pain, Willie," she replied timidly.

"I thought so; but you were mistaken, my kind little cousin. I did love your sister once, but that was when I also was mistaken in her character; now I can congratulate her as readily as yourself."

What a load was taken off Lilly's mind! she ran gaily up stairs to tell her aunt the news. The only drawback to her happiness, was a secret fear that Rosa was giving her hand without her heart.

The wedding took place on the first of July. It was a very grand affair. Rosa had twelve bridesmaids, all such tall, handsome girls, that Lilly rather disliked taking the precedence of them, as the bride's sister. She little knew how pretty she looked in her white tarleton dress and wreaths of forget-me-nots. The beautiful bride was perfectly composed, although pale. Lilly felt glad when the day was over. Her aunt insisted on keeping her in town for a week afterwards; but, in spite of numerous parties and gaiety of all kinds, she was not sorry when the day came for her to return to Leicester. She did not feel quite satisfied about Rosa. Sir Charles Irvan was a fine, handsome man, of middle age; yet, although he seemed extremely fond of his young bride, and was very kind to Lilly, there was something about him which made her doubtful if her sister would be happy. She had heard of his wealth, position, family, and talents, but his principles had never been mentioned. Her thoughts were very busy as the train whirled homewards; and, as far as Rugby, she travelled alone. But there, to her surprise and pleasure, she saw William on the platform. He joined her almost directly, and they continued their journey together, he willingly answering her numerous questions and asking others in return. At last Lilly inquired—

"What brought you to Rugby?"

"I had business there," he replied; "and I came to-day in the hope of meeting you on your way home. Do you know, I think it is a very good thing you went to town, Lilly, although we have missed you dreadfully."

"I like to be missed," she replied; "but why is it a good thing?"

"Because it has taught us how to value you. I, for one, have discovered, in your absence, that my life would be a dreary blank without you. Lilly, I have little to offer you at present but sincere affection. Will you accept that little with me, and be my wife?"

I am sorry, dear reader, that I cannot give you exactly Lilly's answer; but it

must have been a satisfactory one, for three months later she was the wife of William Herbert. His father and mother gladly consented to their union, and when comfortably settled in a small house, prettily situated about two miles from Leicester, if their income was small, at all events their happiness was great. The following spring business called William to London, so they accepted an often-repeated invitation from Lady Irvan to spend a few days with her and Sir Charles. She received them most warmly, and did her best to render their visit most agreeable, which was by making it a perfect whirl of gaiety. Of Sir Charles they saw but little. "He was always so much engaged," Rosa said. Lilly fancied she avoided any private conversation with her; but, the last morning of their visit, she was determined to have "a chat" alone with her; and, as there was not time to go out shopping, she succeeded in getting her sister to herself for an hour.

"I have scarcely had a minute's quiet to say a word to you, Rosa," she began. "Do you always lead this busy life?"

"Always; I should be wretched without excitement," replied Lady Irvan carelessly.

"And are you quite happy with it?"

"My dear Lilly, how can you ask such a question? have I not one of the handsomest houses in town? is not my equipage the admiration of the park? I have a box at the opera, and more money than even I know how to spend."

"But that is not answering my question. Do not think me curious, Rosa, I only ask because your happiness is so valuable to me. Are you happy in yourself, dearest,—in your husband's love, as I am, apart from all these trifles? for I am convinced they alone cannot make you so."

A shade came over Lady Irvan's beautiful face, and she could not meet her sister's earnest gaze.

"No, Lilly," she said at last, very sadly, "such happiness is your lot, not mine; ambition and wealth have been my idols, and my peace of mind is the victim I have offered at their shrine. I never loved Sir Charles Irvan, and without love married life can never be happy. Go back to your own peaceful home and think of me as the gay and brilliant butterfly I appear to the world. But, O, if ever you have daughters of your own, beware of allowing them to consider a marriage for wealth and position only as the chief aim of their lives." ISABEL.

MABEL'S FIRST VISIT:

A SKETCH.

MABEL WALFORD had arrived at the (to her) advanced age of ten years without having, at any time, passed more than a day from home, and it was with a mingling of pleasant anticipation and dread that she dwelt upon the news of the morning. She had really been invited to spend a whole week with Miss Hargrave! This lady had formerly won her affection while residing with her as a governess.

Ellen, Mabel's sister, was also to pay a visit, at the same time, to a god-mother living in London; but then, if she had not been to stay with her before, Ellen had occasionally visited other friends, and was not in the least timid about it But Mabel was a reserved, sensitive child, and more than half wished she had not been asked at all. It wasn't even as if there would be only Miss Hargrave, but all at her home were strangers, and she feared they ght think her very awkward and not like her.

However, the appointed day at length arrived; and Mabel started with her brothers and sister for London, where Ellen was left at her destination, and the others proceeded to a shop where Miss Hargrave had appointed to meet her young visitor. They found her just arrived; and, after

chatting a few minutes, Mabel's brothers wished her good-bye, and went on their way. She would like to have gone with them, but then it was so babyish to feel frightened.

Presently, Miss Hargrave having finished her shopping, they took the omnibus to C——, and Mabel wondered at which house they were going to stop. There was one looked very snug and pretty, covered with roses, &c., which she hoped might be the one; but no,—on a little farther, to No. 8, in a row, with a green plat before the whole length of the terrace, surrounded with iron rails.

Entering the house, Mabel was kindly welcomed by Mrs. Hargrave, a kind, motherly lady, and the other members of the family then at home. Soon came dinner; and afterwards there was the garden to see, and Pepper's acquaintance to make, or rather his friendship to be cemented. Mabel was very fond of dogs. It had long been one of her greatest wishes to possess a little spaniel; and, though Pepper was frequently ungallant enough to snap at any stranger, they soon became firm friends.

When it was nearly six o'clock, Miss Hargrave said it was about the time for her brother John to return from the City. Mabel had often heard him mentioned, and wondered whether he would look quite a man at fourteen, and think it beneath his dignity to play with her, and consider her silly and childish. She watched at the window for an omnibus to stop; but this time it drove round the other side of the green, and waited at an inn opposite. Then, among others, John got down, and walked across to the house; and before long Mabel decided he was very merry and good-natured, and didn't feel afraid of him at all, or of Allen either, who arrived later and was much older.

In the evening there was some music. She didn't care very much for that, perhaps from its association with the trials of practising, and also the fear lest she should be asked to play, being quite sure she couldn't remember any piece; but Miss Hargrave re-assured her by promising the visit should be an entire holiday. Then there were round games, such as capping verses, &c. "Pepper" and "music" were two of the papers Mabel drew; and being rather at a loss how to bring them both into one rhyme, passed them to Miss Hargrave, who shortly returned a slip of paper, saying, "There, how will that do?" and she read aloud—

"Pepper and I are both agreed
That of such music we've no more need."

She feared it might not sound very complimentary to those who had been playing; but then they'd know it was only to bring in the words Although rather shy of rhyming at first, she thought it fun to hear the others read. She did sometimes wish she might sit up later than half-past eight o'clock.

Then there were walks in the neighbourhood all new to her. Sometimes it was a shopping expedition. At others, which she preferred, along the edge of the river Lea, with its white, wooden bridge, close to which Pepper was thrown in for a bathe, and came out wet and shaking himself, utterly regardless of all dresses in his vicinity. Or they went through the great gateway into the cemetery, where shrubs and flowers were planted among the graves and tombstones; and the grass and gravel walks were so nicely kept, it didn't look dismal at all.

One day a sister, who had been away, returned home, and the rest of the family were delighted to see her; but Mabel didn't like her nearly as well as the others. It might be because she knew her less. On Sunday they went, in the morning, to the little church the other side of the green, at the corner; and, in the evening, to a large, old church about a mile distant. Next day, when starting to take a walk, Miss Hargrave said she was sorry a young friend she had invited to spend the day with Mabel was unable to come. Mabel, with her dislike to strangers, answered quickly, "I'm so glad;" and immediately regretted having spoken the words, feeling she must have appeared very ungrateful.

But what impressed Mabel the most during her visit was the unostentatious kindliness which prevailed throughout the family, showing that it was possible for grown-up brothers and sisters to love each other. She had often doubted

whether they ever did. She feared she was not very fond of hers, and fancied if she learned to love them all affection would mutually vanish as they grew older. One day, when asked which of her brothers and sisters she liked the best, she answered, in an often condemned phrase, she "didn't know," glad at not being questioned further and half-ashamed with herself for caring so little about them. Yet here was a family, nearly all of whom were grown-up, devoted to each other, and ready to yield his or her own interest in favour of another. Mabel resolved that she would learn to love her brothers and sisters more than she had hitherto done; and then, perhaps, they would care for each other when childhood had passed. Wednesday came too soon, and Mabel left her kind friends to return home, when she related to Ellen the wonders of her visit, and listened, in turn, to her sister's descriptions of the ragged-schools, in which Ellen's godmother took a great interest.

Years have passed since then. Mabel's friends have long since quitted England for an adopted home on the other side of the broad Atlantic. But often has she thought of them with affection, and, when disposed to judge disparagingly of her fellow-creatures, a bright gleam has shone forth in the remembrance of her *first visit!*

ADELINE A.

PITY.

MRS. BARBAULD, in a short, but beautiful allegory, has represented pity as the daughter of love and sorrow, who, blending all the sweetness of one parent with the mournful features of the other, presents an appearance sad, but pleasing, melancholy, and dejected in a great degree—yet, at the same time, exceedingly soft and gentle. With a voice low and plaintive, eyes suffused with tears, and garments torn, she follows the footsteps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she makes, and binding up the hearts she has broken. Both mother and daughter are mortal, and when they have fulfilled their course on earth they will both die together.

This description, as truthful as it is practical, and as just as it is beautiful, shows us that pity, with all its tender, soothing attributes, could never have been felt in the human heart, if sorrow, with any of its concomitant evils—pain, affliction, distress, losses, or bereavements—had never existed. Pity is a painful emotion, or rather kindly feeling, excited by the sight or knowledge of unhappiness in another, accompanied with a wish to remove or alleviate that unhappiness. Now as we cannot desire to remove or alter what does not exist, as we cannot have any feelings whatever with regard to what is not, if all were happiness joy, and felicity, it would be impossible to grieve over misery, wretchedness, or woe; or, in the words of the allegory, "if sorrow made no wounds, the balm of pity could not heal them—if there were no hearts broken, pity could not bind them up." She would have no work to do, no mission to fulfil, a worse than useless encumbrance on the earth, a thing quite out of place, and greatly in the way.

Pity is often used indiscriminately with sympathy, as if both were synonymous terms and sensations; but though the two are much alike in some respects, they differ very materially in many points. We can feel pity very often where we cannot sympathise, and we sometimes sympathise when to pity would be impossible. As before remarked, pity is called forth by sorrow only, but sympathy is felt with joy as well. We can "rejoice with those that rejoice," as well as "weep with them that weep."

> "You are merry, so am I,
> Ha! ha! then there's more *sympathy*,"

says jolly, rollicking, dissolute Falstaff.

Sympathy is a fellow-feeling, a participation, or reciprocation of the sentiments or sensations of another produced by

analogous experiences. An able writer thus defines it: "It is by sympathy we enter into the concerns of others, that we are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost any thing which men can do or suffer. For sympathy may be considered as a sort of substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in many respects as he is affected." It is putting oneself, either virtually or *de facto*, in the place, situation, circumstances, or feelings of some one else; consequently it is as possible to be affected with the joy as with the grief—to share the hopes as well as the fears—to enter into the bright expectations, as to experience the gloomy forebodings—to share the happiness, as to partake of the misery of another. There is no feeling, passion, sentiment, position, circumstance, or condition which is not capable of awakening sympathetic emotions.

This fellow-feeling being produced by an analogy of experience, creates a mutual understanding and agreement, a oneness of heart, an identity of sentiment, a sameness of mind, concerning whatever may have called the emotion into existence, and this pity alone cannot effect. If we meet a shivering, half-clad, barefooted beggar in the street, and give him alms, we do so from pity only; for, if well clad, well shod, and well fed ourselves, we cannot enter into his feelings; but if on any former occasion we had known the misery of hunger and poverty, our sympathies go with our pity, from the remembrance of our former condition. Why did the three friends of Job prove such miserable comforters to him? Because they lacked sympathy. They had suffered no pecuniary losses, they were writhing under no bodily afflictions, neither had they to mourn over any bereavements. Had they experienced any of these trials their replies to Job would have been (in all probability) of quite another character. "I also could speak as ye do, if your soul were in my soul's stead," says Job to them; but as it was, they were very differently situated, and not only had he to reproach them for their want of sympathy, but to implore their pity also.

This attribute of congeniality, which is always to be found in sympathy, renders it acceptable, pleasing, and seasonable at all times, and under any circumstances, and can never fail in producing most soothing, consolatory, and comforting effects—this much cannot be said of pity. "Pity," says the proverb, "is cold comfort," apart from sympathy it can take no hold on the affections, or reach the heart. Pitying condolence, without sympathising compassion, carries an air of patronage with it, which is somewhat galling to a proudly sensitive spirit, for to be an object of such kind of attention implies an inferiority, a deficiency, a something wanting; and such an idea is most painfully humiliating to a mind which perceives, in the compassionate regards of another, the insurmountable barrier to all approach to equality, and an inseparable distance, either in circumstance or feeling. When we would show our pity for such, we should, if possible, do so in a manner so as to make believe that we sympathise also. But for a proud and independent spirit to have to endure the "cold comfort," the patronising commiseration, the condescending compassion of another equally proud and haughty—what an insufferable infliction! how inexpressibly mortifying to vanity and self-esteem! Instead of dropping balm into the wounds which misfortune or sorrow has made, it only increases their smarting, it galls instead of heals, and irritates instead of soothing.

Better, far better, to leave the afflicted, the unfortunate, the sorrow-stricken to suffer, bear, and endure their trials in silence and alone, than to thrust upon them this unwelcome, and unsolicited notice.

But all minds are not so delicately organised, so keenly alive to any sense of degradation, which no inferiority suggested by the freezing compassion of another; to them pity in any shape is a healing balm, a reviving cordial, a soothing power; and to make known their grievances, to speak of their troubles, to any one and every one who will listen and pity, is to them an inexpressible relief. With these communicative individuals the element of self-pity enters largely into their mental composition, and with

the exception of a guilty conscience, we can scarcely imagine a greater self-tormentor than this. Though every one in trouble has certainly a right to entertain a compassionate regard for their own sufferings, yet it is none the less inimical to their happiness, and only adds to their weight of woe. Self-piety so fills the mind with the contemplation of its miseries, that there is no room left for hopeful reflection; it leads us to view our case from such a selfish point, that we are blind to the clear and just aspect of the affair, which we believe to be much worse, and a great deal darker than it really is. Self-pity to the mind is like the echo to the ear, it rebounds back our troubles upon our thoughts, and repeats them again and again while we sit down in melancholy mood, and

"Chew the cud of bitter fantasies."

The value and efficacy of any amiable feeling is increased or diminished, in a great measure, according to the way in which it is made manifest. There is a wrong way of doing a right thing, and an act of kindness may be performed in a most unkind manner. A charitable deed, or a friendly service, though of little real worth, may seem of great value if done with cheerful, ungrudging, unaffected good-will. The pleasing smile, the kind word, or the willing air, which accompanies the kind deed, will often be as gratefully remembered, and as well received, as the deed itself—

"The primal duties shine aloft like stars—
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers."

And pity is one of these soothing, healing, blessed charities, when it is displayed with kindly tact and courteous consideration. "Be pitiful, be courteous." When the two are combined it is then "twice blessed"—

"It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

For the voice of pity should be low and gentle, her manner soft and kind, then her influence will be cheering and sweet as the beauteous flowers that lie scattered at our feet, and refresh, enliven, and delight us with their inimitable beauty and fragrance.

"The noblest minds their virtue prove
By pity, sympathy, and love;
These, these, are feelings truly fine,
And prove their owner half divine."

EMMA BUTTERWORTH.

A GOSSIP IN THE EVENING.

"STIR the fire, Maggie. There, that will do. Throw on one piece more wood," exclaimed my elder sister Sybil one spring evening, when papa and mamma had gone out to call upon an old and invalid friend, who was leaving our town on the morrow. Sybil and I were enjoying the delightful time between dinner and tea, seated in the firelight, on the hearth-rug at godmamma's feet.

Would you like to see the picture that brought the glow of enjoyment to my face, and a brighter light to my eyes? It is photographed on my heart by a subtler power than the artist knows of. My dear godmamma, with her broad, expansive brow, above which the soft, shining hair was laid away in smooth bands beneath a fragile lace cap, that suited the placid beauty of her features, and the calm sweetness of her blue eyes. Sybil's brown head nestled in close proximity to her knees while one hand played with my sister's glossy plaits. I wish you could see that fresh, bright face of my sister's, with its expressive gray eyes now fixed thoughtfully on the glowing coals.

The firelight danced in fitful flashes of golden and crimson splendour over the elegant trifles on chiffonnier and what-not's, gilding with living gold the bindings of the books on the centre table, and illuminating the picture frames. Indeed, I imagined that fleet-winged fairies were decking, in lustrous robes, all our household gods. I sat in the full blaze of the firelight, my long curls screening my cheeks from its greatest heat, teasing our godmamma, as I always did, upon every opportunity, for a story.

"I have exhausted my stock, Maggie,' she replied for the fiftieth time.

"Well, godmamma," said I, slyly, drawing a miniature from my pocket, "Can you tell me who was the original of this?"

A glance sufficed, and she answered, "Your Aunt Lisette. But how came you by it?"

"Aunt Lisette!" exclaimed Sybil, eagerly, taking it from godmamma's hand before I could explain how I had discovered it in an old cabinet in the lumber-room, and had thought it pretty enough to be the heroine of one of hers or Sybil's tales.

'Can this be Aunt Lisette," Sybil repeated in surprise, as she bent forward to allow the firelight to fall full upon the picture. It was a small ivory painting of a girl of eighteen or nineteen; a face, the first time you saw, you would involuntarily exclaim, "How pretty!" yet, upon analysation, the features would not stand the test of regularity; the lower ones, especially, were guided by none of beauty's rules, but there was a not to be denied prettiness about the whole; the bright-tinted bloom upon the cheeks contrasted with the blackness of the hair, and the artist had skilfully given the sparkling brightness of the eyes. But, for all its prettiness, the face appeared to me repulsive—perhaps that is rather a strong word to express the sensation it produced in me. I thought of the prettiness of a wasp, and remembered that in touching it there was an almost certainty of being stung. In my own imaginative way, I likened Aunt Lisette to a cat, all quiet and purring as long as you stroked with subtle flattery and deference downwards, but at one stroke upwards the claws would appear. Godmamma laughed at my comparisons, and said I was not subtle analyst enough to perceive the reason. She drew my attention to the curl of the short upper lip, that was much too decided for one of beauty's softened curves, and proof of a weapon sharper even than a cat's claws, more venomous than a wasp's sting—the dangerous and unloveable gift of satire.

"Lisette wore this sparkling armour," said my godmamma, "and though it proved sure safeguard to the attacks of enemies, and ensured speedy revenge, it also repelled the arrows of love, and few and weak were those that penetrated the glittering surface. It is often as well, Maggie, to meet our enemies with no weapon of defence but a weak and quiet spirit, if we wish to disarm their malice and win their love."

"Godmamma, did you see much of Aunt Lisette when you were young?"

"She and her elder sister Margaret were my schoolfellows, and afterwards Margaret and I were the warmest and firmest friends, so that visits were often exchanged between us."

"Will you not describe Margaret to us," said Sybil, softly.

"My dear child, Margaret had none of Lisette's beauty to render her portrait as interesting, but, in my sight, her sweet, pale features were doubly as attractive. When you had praised Lisette's face, it was all you had to extol; in figure she was rather below the medium height, and inclined to stoutness; she had none of those pleasing, home-like graces that are so attractive in a woman; her hands were the most unskilful in the manufacture of lady-like trifles I ever saw. She possessed none of the exquisite taste that is considered so perfectly feminine; and yet, with this unfemininess, she had no masculine powers of mind, and though she devoured novels, had no other taste for reading. I have heard her talk of other books, persuading others and herself that she really had great desire to read such-and-such volumes of deeper thought, but I never once saw evidence of the truth of this. If she had aspirations after study, such study as Margaret indulged in, they began and ended in aspirations,"

"Poor Aunt Lisette!" I exclaimed.

"Not that she deserved your pity," said godmamma, laughing; "I assure you, Maggie, Lisette possessed a perfectly good opinion of herself and her own abilities, much more than any one would imagine who had not studied her character as I have done; the very carriage of her figure would denote a vast amount of self-respect, sufficient to render her oblivious of every deficiency in herself. But you, my dear Sybil, wished for a description of Margaret, and I have digressed sadly. My darling friend was a few inches taller than Lisette, and slender and graceful as the stem of a lily; her face was delicately fair, and, as a usual thing, wanting in colour and animation; but this was by no means truly indicative of her character, for I have seen the slumbering fires of passion break forth and flash from her clear, grey eyes, while the richest crimson burned in her before pale cheeks; but so excellently was this temper under command, that it never got farther, never returned the cutting words or insulting action that had called it forth. Margaret had rippling hair of pale gold, which she wore brushed back from her low, broad brow, and fastened with a comb behind,

from which it fell in natural shining curls. I have often thought her perfectly lovely about her home duties, which she performed with a gentle grace peculiarly feminine, when her little white hands flew about like fluttering snow-flakes, beautifying all they touched; but, in a ball-room, Margaret would be passed by, while all eyes rested upon to admire Lisette's prettiness. Maggie, my account of these two sisters has no startling incident that I might weave a story out of, but, if you are interested, I remember a small one you might like to hear."

"Oh, do tell us, godmamma!" both Sybil and I exclaimed.

"It was the mid-summer after our leaving school that I was invited to spend a few weeks at the Oak-holm, the name of the farm where the parents of Margaret and Lisette resided, and this little incident happened about a week after my arrival. It was a common custom with us to make little pic-nicing excursions into the fields of the farm, especially during the hay harvest, returning only in time to dress for a late tea. This morning I speak of we were preparing for a larger party than usual, some friends having been invited to join us; and Margaret, Lisette, and I, were all in the farm-house kitchen, cutting sandwiches, wrapping up tarts, &c. The children, released from their governess, were flitting hither and thither amongst us—the very busiest of the busy. Something had occurred to ruffle Lisette's temper that morning, to put the most charitable construction upon her after behaviour. She needed something from a distant part of the kitchen; and, in rushing past me to get it, the pin which fastened her waistband, not having its point secured, caught my hand and tore the flesh open from the knuckles to the wrist. I screamed out with pain; but Lisette only exclaimed, as she hurried on, 'Don't blame me—it was your own doing; you should stand out of the way.' The fierce, warm blood rushed into my cheeks and forehead, and there was a tingling fullness of passion throbbing in my throat and ears, as—the pain of my hand slightly forgotten—I was about to hurl back some fierce retort, when Margaret slipped her arm round my waist and drew me into the parlour; but not before I heard, and with pleasure too, the severe rebuke administered to Lisette by her brother, who had witnessed the scene. Margaret's skilful fingers dressed the wound, and her gentle words soothed the greater pain of wounded feeling; and, when we at length set forth, I had, for Margaret's sake, freely forgiven Lisette the unkindness that had done her much more harm than it had me."

"But, godmamma," asked Sybil, "did such opposite characters as Margaret and Lisette agree as sisters?"

"No, darling. There were no open quarrels; because, you know, it takes two to make those, and Margaret always took refuge in silence, often being misunderstood, even by her parents, rather than descend to explanations through which Lisette must inevitably suffer. I have argued with Margaret that this was wrong, and wondered how she could bear to suffer so unjustly; and she told me, with tears in her eyes, that she could not, but that she knew, in God's sight, the right and the wrong lay clearly separated, and that He alone permitted these daily, hourly trials, that her patience and humility might grow and increase. Margaret was not proof against Lisette's sarcasms; and I have seen the warm blood rush over her brow and neck, and her bosom heave with a tumult of feeling no word gave vent to. Margaret was sensitive of her position as elder sister, and to have her place usurped gave her exquisite pain. Yet Lisette was frequently doing this because she appeared the oldest, and was by strangers taken to be that. If ever she gave precedence to Margaret it was with curling lip and flashing eye. Margaret has told me in confidence that in public she never felt completely at ease or comfortable in Lisette's presence—she was fearful of making assertions, because they were liable to rude contradictions, and of doing or saying anything that might be hereafter held up to ridicule. I was glad, for Margaret's sake, that her loveable disposition, gained her many friends who invited her out separately from Lisette, so that she had opportunities of enjoying society without the restraint of Lisette's presence."

Insensibly my hand had crept round my godmamma's knee and clasped Sybil's in a tight embrace. Oh! how thankful I felt that our sisterly intercourse was so entirely different; that we loved each other even with the ardent affection that proverbially exists between twin sisters.

"Godmamma," questioned Sybil, "why was Aunt Lisette never married?"

"Had she many beaux, godmamma?" I exclaimed.

Godmamma laughed.

"Replenish the fire, and I will do my best to satisfy both."

When I returned to my seat, godmamma continued:

"Lisette was always admired, and not wanting for attendants on any public occasion; but the gentlemen who came home soon transferred their admiration to Margaret; and her fairy-like gaiety and cultivated mind, with her sweet feminine softness of speech and manner, riveted what Lisette only attracted. So you see, Maggie, something more than mere prettiness is required—there must be something to fall back upon when that palls; and about Margaret there was always a piquante freshness of thought and never-failing cheerfulness. I suspect, Sybil, that the secret of Lisette's single life might be found here—she had no golden dower to attract suitors, for her father was not wealthy enough to give more than a very small portion to each of his numerous daughters, and disinterested love never bowed at her feet. This is the end of my story, Maggie, as it must be of our gossip in the firelight, for we must ring for lights, and have the curtains drawn; your papa and mamma will be here directly."

"Just one word, godmamma; will you not tell me whom Margaret was?"

Godmamma smiled back so sweetly in my face,

"Can you not guess?"

"Can you, Sybil?" and I glanced towards her, but only to receive the same clear look of intelligence as beamed upon me from godmamma.

"What is it we are to guess?"

And two hands clasped themselves over my eyes, but I knew the voice, and started quickly up.

"Papa, how did you come in without our hearing you?"

"You must have been deeply interested, Maggie;" and mamma too came forward in the firelight; but now the wood I had lately put on fell down upon the fiery embers as they gave way, and a bright blaze sprang up, dancing clearly on mamma's slight figure. Suddenly I recognised the pale golden riplets of hair, the sweet pale face, and the clear grey eyes of the Margaret in our gossip.

"I guess! I guess!" I exclaimed, enthusiastically, throwing my arms round her; "how could Margaret be other than my own dear darling mamma?"

MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

GARDENING FOR THE MONTH.

WATERPROOF WALKS.—A new and improved method of path-making is fast coming into vogue, and will soon be universally adopted for its cheapness, general excellence, and permanence; in fact, when once well done it lasts for ever. Instead of making the walk of loose material, on the old fashion, *concreting* is resorted to, by which the appearance of gravel is retained, with all its freshness and beauty of contrast to grass and flowers, and the walk itself is rendered as dry and durable as the best pavement. The *modus operandi* is as follows. Procure a sufficient quantity of the best Portland cement, then, with the help of a labourer, turn up the path with a pick, and have all the old gravel screened, so as to separate the loam and surface weeds from it, and to every six parts of the gravel add three parts of *gritty* sand of any kind—but soft pit sand is unsuitable—and one part, by measure, of Portland cement. When these are well mixed together in a dry state, add sufficient water to make the whole into a moderately stiff workable consistence, and lay it down quickly two inches thick on a hard bottom. A common spade is the best tool with which to spread it; it must be at once spread, as it is to remain for ever, and a slight convexity given to the surface. In forty-eight hours it becomes as hard as a rock; not a drop of rain will go through it; and if a drop lodges on it, blame yourself for not having made the surface even—but a very moderate fall is sufficient with such an impenetrable material. Not a weed will ever grow on a path so formed; not a worm will ever work through it; a birch broom will keep the surface clean and bright, and, of course, it never requires rolling. It is necessary to be very particular as to the quality of the cement, for a great deal of rubbish is sold under the name of real Portland. Those who find any difficulty in procuring the genuine thing should apply to Messrs. White, of Millbank, Westminster, who are extensive manufacturers of this and other

similar preparations, and can in every way be depended on. For the flooring of a greenhouse, fowl-house, potting-shed, or barn, this is the best and cheapest that can be had—always clean, hard, and dry, and never requiring repairs of any kind, if carefully put down in the first instance.—*Gardener's Weekly Magazine.*

THE FASHIONABLE GARDEN FOLLY.—The exhibition of immense breadths of vivid colours has so perverted public taste that private gardens have become mere receptacles for bedding plants. If they were skilfully displayed, there would be some compensation for the poverty of the scene during eight or nine months in the year; but as they are not, and probably never will be, we have a right to say that gardening has degenerated from an art that demanded skill, patience, knowledge, and judgment, to a system of haphazard and rule swork; and the majority of gardeners are now content if they can propagate about a dozen species of plants, such as geraniums, calceolarias, petunias, verbenas, &c. These are so extravagantly displayed, that all the resources of the establishment are brought into requisition; and the private garden, where we ought to find collections of plants of many kinds, becomes a mere nursery for raising and keeping stock of some dozen species. If this is not to be deplored, then the sooner I relapse into silence the better. I can remember when on visiting a private garden of moderate pretensions, I should find the dry stove filled with interesting collections of succulents representing many climates, and many of the most curious and beautiful forms of vegetation. In the cool greenhouse I should find Boronias, Grevilleas, Correas, Kennedyas, Vaccinums, and their kindred, and everywhere collections of bulbs of species that are now fast going out of cultivation. It is the same when we look over the beds and borders. In the days of my youth, there was a perennial feast of beauty in flowers of all seasons; now I must search far and wide to discover clumps of Pentstemons, Rudbecklas, Saxifrages, Campanulas, Cynolossums, and a thousand other things, the very names of which would fill pages. What is the test by which the merit of a flowering plant is now determined? Is it colour, odour, form, historical or botanical interest? No! The only question asked is, "Will it tell in masses?" If it is not suitable for massing, it is soon lost. Gardeners have got into a horrid groove: a dozen species is all they need be acquainted with. The world was at their command for the vegetable treasures of every climate; but the parterre demands only the same few subjects year by year; and, instead of an art, gardening has become a mere system of manufacture. —*Gardeners' Weekly Magazine*

FLOWERS IN HOT-BEDS.—Plants forced in hot-beds, pits, or stores, require much water as they advance to bloom, and all that are growing fast, whether in stoves or other buildings, should be carefully watched that they be not injured for want of nourishment, as they rapidly absorb moisture. It is impossible to be too careful with respect to watering plants under glass. All general directions are sure to be wrong for two-thirds of the plants; the only safe way is to examine each for itself. While these are at rest, very little water is sufficient; when they are growing or their flowers are advancing, they must be well supplied; but even then they require examining before they are watered. It is as bad to give it them before they want it sometimes, as it is to keep them too long without it. As the flowering plants are coming into bloom, they should be removed into a cooler place, that they may be longer opening, and also that the flowers, when open, may be longer in perfection.

OPEN-AIR GARDENING.—Pansies commence to bloom in the open air, and all of them grow fast, unless there is frost to check them. It is well to cover them with any open litter like peas haulm. Those in pots under glass should be shifted; or, if intended to be planted out in beds, the sooner it is done the better. If there be any shoots of choice sorts that you are desirous of propagating, and that can be spared without spoiling the appearance of the plant, they may be struck very easily under a bell glass, and in any of the slight hot beds that may be at work; not that heat is necessary, but it hastens the striking, and, therefore, for choice things, is better than waiting for the ordinary method. In all cases were bell glasses are used, the inside should be wiped dry every morning, and the compost kept moist, but not wet. Those intended to be bloomed in pots should be placed in those eight inches across, and the soil must be two parts loam from rotted turfs, one part dung rotted in the mould, and one part peat each; and when turned out of their smaller pots the ball should not be broken, but the top surface may be rubbed away. The plant should be sunk quite as deep as it was before—rather deeper than shallower, because the stems will grow out roots all the way up; and

after they are potted and the soil pressed close to the side of the ball of earth, they may have one good watering, and be shut up in the cold frame twenty-four hours close. After this they must have all the air you can give them by taking off the glasses in mild weather, and tilting them on cold windy days.

Light and heat are essential, for to the want of these may be attributed the long and weakly branches which make forced flowers tall and ugly. Yet these overdrawn and awkwardly grown plants find favour among many persons who are impatient, and buy things in full bloom of hawkers, to see them decay from the very hour they are purchased. Nor can it be otherwise, when things are forced wholesale for the market, or for street vendors. They are so crowded in the forcing-houses, and so drawn up in heat, and the absence of proper light and air, that they cannot stand for any length of time in a free atmosphere. Roses, which under good management will grow strong and healthy, will, if they have no air for two or three days, grow twice as fast as they ought and get into such a state that every branch will have to be supported by sticks.

HINTS TO LOVERS OF FLOWERS.—A most beautiful and easily-attained show of evergreens may—says a writer in a weekly contemporary—be had by a very simple plan, which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale. If geranium branches, taken from luxuriant and healthy trees, be cut as for slips, and immersed in soap-water, they will, after drooping for a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigour for weeks. By placing a number of bottles thus filled in a flower-basket, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreens is easily insured for the whole season. They require no fresh water.

I LOVE THEE.

Hast thou seen the wind in summer
Bend to earth the slender tree?
As the sweeping of those branches,
So my spirit stoops to thee.

Hast thou seen the dark'ning shadow
Lying by the mountain's side?
As thy shadow I would cling to thee,
Thro' the ills woe may betide.

Hast thou seen a pale star quiv'ring
In the broad light of the moon?
In thy fame thus I would hide me,
Nor would crave a dearer boon.

Can I tell thee how I love thee?
As the insect loves the flower,
As the bird its leafy cover,
As the bud the summer show'r.

It may be that I shall never
Look upon thy face again;
God alone can read the future,
All its mingled joy and pain.

But we live not in the long past
Darken'd age of ignorance;
By the bridging path of knowledge,
I may watch thy steps perchance.

I shall know when thou art winning
For thyself a noble name;
I will glory in thy success,
In thy well-earn'd honest fame.

And I'll pray that God will bless thee
In thy chosen path thro' life;
Keep thee pure, and guard thee blameless,
'Mid the drear world's bitter strife.

MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

PRINCE OF WALES' MARRIAGE ANTHEM.

BY THE REV. NEWMAN HALL.

God save the Prince of Wales!
Long live the Prince of Wales!
God bless our Prince!
Bless, too, his youthful bride—
On her, Heaven's peace abide—
Her, let all joy betide—
God save our Prince!

O Lord, their union bless,
Life, love, true happiness,
Be them from Thee!
Shield both beneath Thy care,
May both Thy blessing share,
Hear Britian's loyal prayer,—
Prayer of the free!

In this our hour of mirth,
We would that all the earth
Such freedom know!
Poles, negroes, all the opprest,
Lord save—from east to west—
And let the sword have rest
The wide world through!

Viking and Saxon blood,
Mingled in living flood,
One heart evince.
The Cymru, Norman, Gael
(Their feuds a by-gone tale),
One people—shout "All hail!
God save the Prince!"

From Royal vices free,
In him let all men see
ALBERT THE GOOD!
Proud of such high control,
Ruled by such father's soul,
He'll best our Queen console
In widowhood.

God bless our widowed Queen!
Long live our noble Queen!
God save the Queen!
Royal Mother, Prince, Princess,
A loving people bless—
Crown them with happiness!
God save the Queen!

THE POET LAUREATE'S WELCOME.

THE following is the welcome addressed by Tennyson to the Princess of Wales. It appeared in the *Times* on the morning of the Royal entry:—

Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossom under her feet!

Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new budded bowers!
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Welcome her, welcome her, the land's desire,
Alexandra!
Sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea,
O joy to the people and joy to the throne,
Come to us, and love us, and make us your own;
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

ANAGRAMS.

ANAGRAMS, if antiquity can consecrate some follies, are of very ancient date. They were classed by the Hebrews among the cabalistic sciences: they pretended to discover occult qualities in proper names. It was an oriental practice, and was taught by the Greeks.

Camden has a chapter in his "Remains" on anagrams, which he defines to be a dissolution of a name into its letters as its elements, and a new connection into words is formed by their transposition, if possible without addition, subtraction, or change of the letters; and the words must make a sentence applicable to the person named. The anagram is complimentary or satirical; it may contain some allusion to an event, or describe some personal characteristic. Such difficult trifles it may be convenient at all times to discard; but if ingenious minds can convert an anagram into a means of exercising their ingenuity, the things of themselves will necessarily become ingenious. No ingenuity can make an acrostic ingenious, for this is nothing but the mechanical arrangement of the letters of a name, and yet this literary folly long prevailed in Europe. Plato had strange notions of the influence of anagrams when drawn out of persons' names, and the later Platonists are full of the mysteries of the anagrammatic virtues of names. The chimerical associations of the character and qualities of a man with his name anagrammatised may often have instigated to the choice of a vocation, or otherwise affected his imagination. Lycophron has left some on record - two, on Ptolomæus Philadelphus, king of Egypt, and his queen Arsinoe. Learning, which revived under Francis the First in France, did not disdain to cultivate this small flower of wit. Daurat had such a felicity in making these trifles, that many illustrious persons sent their names to him to be anagrammatised.

The mildness of the government of Elizabeth, contrasted with her intrepidity against the Iberians, is thus picked out of her title; she is made the ewe-lamb of England and the lioness of Spain:—

"Elizabetha Regina Angliæ,
Anglis agna, Hiberiæ Lea."

The unhappy history of Mary Queen of Scots, the deprivation of her kingdom, and her violent death, were expressed in this Latin anagram:—

"Maria Steuarda Scotorum Reginæ,
Trusti Regnis, mort amara cado."

Another fanciful one on our James the First, whose rightful claim to the British monarchy as the descendant of the visionary Arthur, could only have satisfied genealogists of romance:—

"Charles James Steuart
Claims Arthur's seat."

Sylvester, the translator of Du Bartas, considered himself fortunate when he found in the name of his sovereign the strongest bond of affection to his service. In the dedication he rings royal changes on the name of his liege, James Stuart, in which he finds a *just master*.

A slight reversing of the letters in a name produced a happy compliment, as in Vernon was found *renown;* and the celebrated Sir Thomas Wiat bore his own designation in his name—*a wit*. Of the poet Waller, the anagrammatist said:—

"His brow need not with Lawrel to be bound,
Since in his name with *Lawrel* he is crown'd."

Randle Holmes, who has written a very extraordinary volume on Heraldry, was complimented by an expressive anagram:—

"Lo Men's Herald."

These anagrams were often devoted to the personal attachments of love and friendship. A friend delighted to twine his name with the name of his friend. Crashawe, the poet, had a literary friend of the name of Car, who was his posthumous editor, and in prefixing some elegiac lines, discovers that his late friend's name, Crashawe, was Car; for, as the anagram runs, *He was Car*.

A happy anagram on a person's name might have a moral effect on the feelings, as there is reason to believe that certain celebrated names have had some influence on the personal character.

We find in the Scribleriad the anagrams appearing in the land of false wit:—

"But still with more disorder'd march advance
(Nor march it seem'd, but wild fantastic dance),
The uncouth Anagrams, distorted brain,
Shifting, in double mazes, o'er the plain."

The fine humour of Addison was never more playful than in his account of that anagrammatist who, after shutting himself up for half a year, and having taken certain liberties with the name of his mistress, discovered, on presenting the anagram, that he had misspelt her surname, by which he was so thunderstruck with his misfortune that in a little time after he lost his senses, which, indeed, had been very much impaired by the continual application he had given to his anagram.

A French poet, deeply in love, one

day sent his mistress, whose name was Magdelaine, three dozen of anagrams on her single name.

Even old Camden, who lived in the golden age of anagrams, notices the charming difficulty,—"As a whetstone of patience to them that shall practise it." For some have been seen to bite their pens, scratch their heads, bend their brows, bite their lips, beat the board, and tear their paper, when their names were fair for s mewhat, and caught nothing therein. Such was the troubled happiness of an anagrammatist. "Yet," adds our venerable author, "notwithstanding the sour sort of critics, good anagrams yield a delightful comfort and pleasant motion in honest minds."

When the mania of making anagrams prevailed, the little persons at court flattered the great ones at inventing anagrams for them; and when the wit of the maker proved to be as barren as the letters of the name, they dropped or changed them, raving with the alphabet, and racking their wits. Among the manuscripts of the grave Sir Julius Cæsar, one cannot but smile at a bundle emphatically endorsed "Trash." It is a collection of these court anagrams, a remarkable evidence of that inaptitude to which a mere fashionable wit can carry the frivolous. The truth is they were then the fashionable amusements of the wittiest and the most learned. In consigning this intellectual exercise to oblivion we must not confound the miserable and the happy together. A man of genius would not consume an hour in ex- [illegible] name, although on an extraordinary person or occasion its appositeness might be worth an epigram. Much of its merit will arise from the association of ideas; a trifler can only produce what is trifling; but an elegant mind may delight by some elegant allusion, and a satirical one by its causticity. There are some late ones which are worthy of merit; for instance:—

> 'Victoria, England's Queen,
> Governs a nice, quiet land."

and—

> 'Douglas Jerrold,
> Sure a droll dog"

ROSALIE.

THE PORT OF LONDON.—Sir John Herschel was, we believe, the first to point out a fact which may perhaps afford a key to the surpassing prosperity of the British metropolis, namely, that "the situation of London is nearly in the centre of the (most civilised) terrestrial hemisphere."

WORDS.

WORDS are often very little things, and very easily spoken, and yet of what vast importance are they! What bitter anguish one unkind word will sometimes cause. How it frets and irritates the heart, long after the careless speaker has forgotten it was ever uttered. And then again, what inexpressible happiness just one sentence may impart! Often have I looked back upon a few little words of kindness, repeated them over to myself, perhaps fondly attaching to them some fancied meaning of my own, lingered loving over their sound and intonation, and then carefully deposited them amongst my treasures of memory The last words of some loved and lost one,—how we cling to and treasure them! Memory may fail, in time, to retain the last look,—even the beloved features may grow indistinct, and by degrees fade away, but the farewell words remain for ever.

ISABEL.

PENCILS.

A GOOD pencil is now-a days a rather rare thing. The old Borrowdale plumbago is very scarce, and the smooth, easily-flowing mark of the lead-pencil is almost a thing of the past. But, still, there are a few of the good old sort to be obtained; and not a few of very excellent in almost everything else—so in the making of pencils—machinery and improved methods are introduced, and production is considerably cheapened. In the Process Court of the late Exhibition the original of our portrait might have been seen, daily employed in filling in or fitting cedar cases with Cohen's newly-invented, or rather, newly-adapted, slips of Cumberland lead. Slips of this material are prepared, in continuous lengths, of the exact size and degree of colour requisite for the various kinds of artists' pencils. The workman has then, as seen in the engraving, to fill the centre cavity of the cedar with one unbroken length of lead. This plan renders each pencil unvarying in its degree throughout, and obviates the inconvenience which all our readers have experienced, from the ordinary method

[illegible]

of laying in several small pieces in succession, which snap at each joint and incur the further liability of having different qualities of lead mixed in one pencil

The fact that for years past, a really good and serviceable pencil has not been obtainable, is felt by all artists Why this difficulty has existed is easily explained For many years the best pencils were manufactured from the Borrowdale lead, taken from the mine situated in Cumberland, the only one in the world yielding the supply of plumbago in pieces sufficiently large for the manufacture of pencils This supply has nearly ceased, and consequently, foreign pencils of inferior quality have come into the market After careful study, Mr Cohen has succeeded in perfecting a process by which the powder and fragments of the Borrowdale lead (hitherto considered almost useless) can be consolidated, and made of a consistency which will allow of its being formed into slips of the exact size, length and colour required for each pencil

This improved process obviates the necessity for any joint in the plumbago, and precludes the possibility of any variety of quality, while it imparts to the lead great tenacity, richness of colour, and the invaluable quality found in no other pencil, viz, *that of being easily rubbed out*

We understand that Mr Cohen obtained the prize medal, and that his pencils are exclusively used by artists, and also in the Government offices Certainly, the pencils of his manufacture are superior to any we have lately seen

HOLLY LODGE

THE FIRST OF APRIL AT HOLLY LODGE.

'The 1st of April some do say
Is set apart for All Fools Day
But why the people call it so
Nor I nor they themselves do know
But on this day are people sent
On purpose for pure merriment
And tho the day is known before,
Yet frequently there is great store
Of these forgetfuls to be found
Who re sent to flance Moll Dixon's round,
And, having tried each shop and stall,
And disappointed at them all,
At last some tell them of the cheat
And then they hurry from the street
And straightway home with shame they run,
And others laugh at what is done,
But 'tis a thing to be disputed,
Which is the greatest fool reputed—
The man that innocently went,
Or he that him design'dly sent.'

POOR ROBIN, 1760.

"WHAT was the cause of all the crying I heard just now on the stairs, Ernest? I fancy poor nurse had enough to do to keep the peace."

"Oh, uncle, it was such capital fun!" replied my nephew—a fine boy, ten years of age, the eldest of the family, and a personage of the first importance in the household.

It *was* first rate, and no mistake!" and he laughed aloud.

"But what is it that amuses you so much, and how can it be connected with the poor children's distress?"

"Why, you see, uncle, it is the 1st of April, but I never thought of it till I heard Tom, the footman, say to Ann, 'Look at that great spider crawling on your arm!' She screamed out, 'Oh! where?' and then Tom laughed and said, 'Oh, you April fool!' and all the other servants laughed too. So I thought *I* would have a joke, and I ran up to the nursery, crying out, 'Marian! Fred! Harry! make haste all of you down into the dining-room, and see what a lot of toys mamma has got for you—dolls, and carts, and all sorts of things!' They all scampered down stairs as fast as their little legs would carry them, and, when they got there, the room was empty—neither toys nor mamma, for she

had gone out in the carriage with papa. They looked so blank at me; and I cried out, 'Ah! you April fools!—I only meant to play you a trick.' Then they screamed out, and nurse came down in such a fright; and it was as much as she could do to get them up stairs again."

"And so, Master Ernest, you call that *fun*—do you? I call it unkindness, or, at least, extreme thoughtlessness, for the poor children knew nothing about the 1st of April being 'All Fools' Day.' Depend upon it, they'll not be so ready to come the next time you call them."

"But, uncle, it was not telling a falsehood, was it?"

"Something very much like it. You *meant* to deceive the little ones."

"But, if it is wrong, why do people do it every year? Do you know how the custom began, and what led to it?"

"I asked myself the question not long ago," I replied, "and consulted my library on the subject. It is believed to be connected with an immemorial custom among the Hindoos to keep a festival about the end of March or beginning of April, when mirth and festivity reign amongst Hindoos of every class, and people are sent upon errands and expeditions which end in disappointment, and raise a laugh at the expense of the person sent. In France this person is called a '*poisson d'Avril*,' that is, a mackarel, or silly fish. In Scotland he is called 'an April gowk.' It is very much the same as when the common people in England send poor simple folks to the shops for 'elbow grease' or 'pigeons' milk,' and one shopkeeper sends them to another, till they find out they have been duped. In America they are no wiser than ourselves. One trick, among others, is to get a halfpenny, or other coin, with a hole, through which they tie a string; they then lay the money on the pavement and retire out of sight, holding the other end of the thread, and when the passer-by attempts to pick up the coin it is quickly and invisibly drawn away—the by-standers shouting out, 'Ah! you April fool!'. Another trick is, to *heat* the money red-hot, and throw it on the pavement, and woe to the luckless wight that picks it up before the caloric escapes. But this last is cruel. I have no objection to a joke, when it is not at the expense of truth, and wounds not the body or mind of its object; but when dear little children are first disappointed and then laughed at, I quite disapprove of it. Many years ago, I knew an old gentleman, who was reading a Sunday newspaper one morning, when he saw an article entitled, 'First of April, All Fool's Day. Ridiculous as the custom of making April fools may appear, it has its origin in Scripture. If my readers will refer to the Book of Esther, chap. xi., verse 15, they will be able to read it for themselves.' The old gentleman threw down the paper, and went in search of a Bible, and *at last* found the Book of Esther. I am sorry to say he knew very little, if anything, of the Scriptures. He looked eagerly for the passage, but lo! there were only *ten* chapters in Esther!"

"Bravo!" shouted Ernest, clapping his hands with glee, "that served him right for reading the paper on Sunday morning, when he ought to have been at church. Thank you, dear uncle, for telling me so much about All Fool's Day. I *must* be off to school now; but it is half-holiday, and I will buy the children something, and play with them all the afternoon. And I will take your advice in future, and play no jokes that will hurt or distress other people. Good-bye."

CROCHET.

THE FASHIONS.

In London, the West-end tradesmen are displaying their spring goods. The pretty *brilliantés* with white grounds and small brilliantly-coloured flowers and spots scattered over them, which are so highly glazed as to delude beholders into the belief that they are manufactured of silk and not of cotton, the self-coloured piqués, and the fresh, cool-looking prints, are one and all highly attractive, now that the trees are beginning to bud, and the bright spring season is so nearly approaching. The newest prints, or rather cambrics, which have come under our notice are self-coloured, with a pattern printed round the bottom and up the front of the skirts, such as a buff cambric with a black Maltese lace pattern; another buff cambric with a bold braided design in black printed upon it, &c. The effect of these printed imitations is so excellent, that at a short distance it is almost impossible to believe that the lace was not genuine Maltese, and that the design was not in reality braided upon the material. We annouce it with reluctance, but it is the fact that large pointed collars are again coming into fashion. What is called the Shakspeare collar was adopted by many fashionable ladies last week in Paris. It is made of fine linen, and cut with a point in front; sometimes it is em-

broidered in black, and sometimes with fine white embroidery, and trimmed round with wide Valenciennes lace. The sleeves to correspond with the Shakspeare collar are very deep, and are fastened with four gold studs. Muslin cravats are still worn round the throat; they are made narrower than formerly, and are embridered at both ends. Some have a narrow Valenciennes edging around them; they are tied exactly as a gentleman's cravate, with the ends standing out in a line with the bow, and not hanging down as formerly. Pocket-handkerchiefs for afternoon wear are made of fine cambric with a neat festooned border, heeded with two rows of open or pin stitch; they are trimmed with two full rows of narrow Valenciennes lace, one edging the festooned border, the other above the rows of open work. Pocket-handkerchiefs for morning wear are embroidered with coloured vignettes at the corners, others have coloured hems. The embroidered shield, with the initials or armorial bearings, is frequently trimmed round with narrow Valenciennes edging. Handkerchiefs for full dress are round, and are trimmed with deep lace, designed expressly for the purpose, the fine web-like batiste centre being reduced to the smallest possible dimensions, the deep Brussels, Mechlin, or Honiton lace being alone visible when the handkerchief is held in the hand. We indicate to our readers these particulars because some consider no toilette perfect unless the strictest attention is paid to these minute details.

THE WEDDING DRESS OF THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

The dress of the bride consisted of a petticoat of white satin, trimmed with chatelains of orange blossoms, myrtle and bouffants of tulle, with Honiton lace; the train of silver moire antique, trimmed with bouffants of tulle, Honiton lace, and bouquets of orange blossom and myrtle; the body of the dress trimmed to correspond. The neklace, earrings, and brooch, of pearls and diamonds, which were the gift of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; riviàre of diamonds, given by the Corporation of London; opal and diamond bracelet, given by the Queen; diamond bracelet, given by the ladies of Leeds; and an opal and diamond bracelet, given by the ladies of Manchester. Her Royal Highness's gorgeous train of white and silver was borne by eight young ladies, between the ages of fifteen and twenty, the very choice and flower of the air scions of our most ancient houses. It is quite superfluous to say how they looked, as, robed in snowy white, and wrapped in veils, they followed their royal mistress with soft footsteps, though, as they were not going to be married, they seemed to think themselves relieved from the necessity of looking on the ground, and glanced about and turned to one and another, and made believe to look as if they did not know and hear that they commanded almost their full tribute of admiration, even behind such a lady in such a scene as this. Their dresses were all of white—a wonderful mixture of silk and lace, that made them seem ethereal in their lightness, as, partly wrapped in long veils, they passed as noiselessly as a vision.

CHESS.

The following game forms one of a match between two well-known players at the London Chess Club:—

GAME IV.—KING'S GAMBIT.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K 4	1 P to K 4
2 P to K B 4	1 P takes P
3 K Kt to B 3	2 P to K Kt 4
4 K B to B 4	3 B to K Kt 2
5 P to Q 4	4 P to Q 3
6 Castles	5 P to K R 3
7 P to Q B 3 (*a*)	6 Kt to K 2 (*b*)
8 P to K R 4	7 Kt to Kt 3
9 P to K R 5 (*c*)	8 Kt to K 2
10 P to K Kt 3	9 P takes P (*d*)
11 Kt takes Kt P	10 P takes Kt
12 B takes P ch	11 K to Q 2
13 Q B takes P	12 P to Q B 3
14 P to K 5	13 P to Q 4 (*e*)
15 P to K 6 ch	14 K to B 2
16 B to B 4 ch (*f*)	15 K to Kt 3
17 Q to Kt 3 ch	16 K to R 3
18 Q to R 3 ch	17 K to Kt 3
19 P to Q Kt 4	18 P to Q R 4
20 B takes Q Kt	19 Kt to K B 4 (*g*)
21 R takes Kt	20 Q to R 5
22 Q to Kt 2	21 R takes B
23 P to Q Kt 5 (*h*)	22 Q to K 5
24 Kt to R 3 (*i*)	23 Q takes R
25 P takes P ch	24 K to B 2 (*j*)
26 Kt to Kt 5 ch	26 K takes P
27 Kt to R 7 ch	27 K to B 2
28 Kt to Kt 5 ch	28 K to Q sq (*k*)
29 R to K B sq	29 Q to R 6
30 P to K 7 (*l*)	30 K takes P
31 Q to R 3 ch	31 K to Q sq
32 Q to Q 6 ch	32 Q to Q 2
33 Q to Q Kt 6 ch	33 K to K 2
34 R to K sq ch (*m*)	34 K takes B (*n*)
35 Q to K Kt 6 ch	35 K to Kt sq (*o*)
36 R to K 8 ch	36 Q takes R
37 Q takes Q ch	37 K to R 2
38 Q to Kt 6 ch	38 K to Kt sq
39 Q to Q 6	39 Q R to R sq
40 Q takes P ch	40 K to R 2
41 Q to K 4 ch	41 K to Kt sq

42 Q to K 8 ch	42 K to R 2
43 Q to Kt 6 ch	43 K to Kt sq
44 Kt to B 7	44 Q R to R 3 (*p*)
45 Kt takes R	45 P takes Kt
46 P to R 6	46 R takes P
47 Q to K 8 ch	47 B to B sq
48 Q takes Q B	48 K to B 2
49 K to Kt 2	49 B to Q 3
50 Q to Kt 7 ch	50 K to K sq
51 Q to B 6 ch	51 K to B sq
52 P to Q B 4	52 R to K B 3
53 P to Q B 5	53 R to B 7 ch
54 K to Kt sq	54 B to K B 5
55 Q to K B 6 ch	55 K to K sq
56 P to Q 5	56 K to Q 2
57 Q to B 7 ch	57 K to B sq
58 Q to K 8 ch	58 K to B 2
59 Q to K 7 ch	59 K to Kt sq
60 P to Q B 6	

and wins.

GAME V.

Centre Counter Gambit—Knight opening.

WHITE. Col. Sullivan.	BLACK. Mr. Deacon.
1 P to K 4	1 P to K 4
2 K Kt to B 3	2 P to Q 4
3 P takes P	3 P to K 5
4 Q to K 2	4 Q to K 2
5 K Kt to Q 4	5 P to K Kt 3
6 P to Q 3	6 B to K Kt 2
7 K Kt to Q Kt 5	7 P to K B 4
8 P takes P	8 P takes P
9 P to Q B 4	9 P Kt to R 3
10 Q Kt to Q B 3	10 Q Kt to Q B 4
11 B to K 3	11 Q Kt to Q 6 (ch)
12 K to Q sq	12 P to Q R 3 (*a*)
13 B to Q 4 (*b*)	13 B takes B
14 K Kt takes B	14 R Kt to B 3
15 P to K R 3	15 Castles
16 K to B 2	16 Q to Q B 4
17 Q to K 3	17 Q takes Q B P
18 B takes Kt	18 P takes B (ch)
19 Q takes Q P	19 Q to Q B 4
20 Q R to Q sq	20 Kt takes Q P
21 Q to Q 2	21 B to K B 4 (ch)
22 Kt takes B	22 K R takes Kt
23 K R to K B sq	23 Q R to K B sq
24 K to Kt sq	24 Kt to K 6
25 P to K B 3	25 Kt takes K R
26 R takes Kt	26 P to Q B 3
27 Kt to K 4	27 Q to Q B 5 (*c*)
28 R to Q B sq	28 Q to Q 4
29 Q to Q B 3	29 K R to K 4 (*d*)
30 Q to K 3	30 K R to K 3 (*e*)
31 Q to K R 6	31 Q to Q 6 (ch)
32 K to R sq	32 Q R to Q sq
33 Kt to K Kt 5	33 K R to K 2
34 P to Q R 3	34 Q to K 6
35 R to Q B 3	35 R to Q 8 (ch)
36 K to R 2	36 Q to Q 7
37 R to Q B 5	37 P to Q Kt 3
38 R to K 5	38 Q to Q B 7
39 Q to K R 4	

and Black announced mate in four moves.

NOTES.

(*a*) Black afterwards regretted not having played Kt to K B 3 at this point, which would have given him a very fine game.

(*b*) Ingenious. Perhaps, however, P to Q 6 would have been better play, had Black then taken it, and upon Kt to Q 5 played B to K Kt 5, we should have had some positions of extreme difficulty.

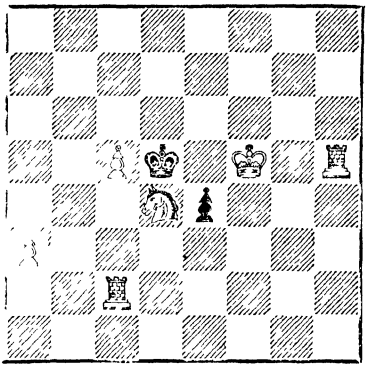
(*c*) Hoping to tempt Black to play R. to Q sq.

(*d*) Preparing to take off the Knight.

(*e*) This would also have been the reply to R to K sq.

PROBLEM III.

BLACK.

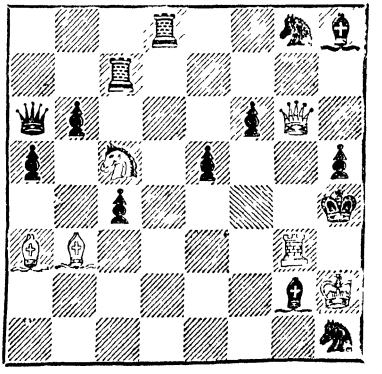


WHITE.

WHITE TO PLAY AND MATE IN FOUR MOVES.

PROBLEM IV.

BLACK.



WHITE.

WHITE TO PLAY, AND MATE IN FIVE MOVES.

UNCLE EDWARD'S NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

UNCLES and aunts are, to children, the most interesting people in the world; especially so on a birthday, for then they are scarcely ever empty-handed, and their capacious pockets contain wonderful things for the olive branches. My story, however, is about a New-Year's Gift that Uncle Edward received, and not one that he gave. As to the giver of this wonderful present, my uncle was left to vague guesses; nevertheless he had strong suspicion of a certain lady cousin, and, after hearing the story, I leave you to say whether his idea was a likely one or not.

It was the close of the 1st of January, 18—. The snow lay on the ground. Jack Frost had done his work in a splendid manner, and glittering icicles hung from hedge-row and overhanging eaves.

Cracking the crisp snow at every footstep, and, ere darkness overspread the earth, several persons might have been seen wending their way to Uncle Edward's house, for he had invited a goodly company of nephews and nieces to his New-Year's party.

A thoroughly good-hearted *bachelor* was Uncle Edward. A man more fond of a pleasant evening's social enjoyment amongst his friends could scarcely be found. But I must hasten on to the business of the evening. Pleasant pastime engaged the party for a short time after tea, when a knock was heard at the door.

'Can it be cousin S., who has been delayed by the coach?" said Uncle Edward.

Sending the servant to the door, she soon came back, bearing a brown paper parcel, which a man had given her at the door, with these words:—

"For Mr. Johnson—the parcel will explain itself—good night."

Now, Uncle Edward could not understand anything about it, and, after thinking and thinking, was obliged to say, "I'm at a loss to know what it is; but, to prevent any stoppage to our evening's enjoyment, we will open the packet here and see what it contains."

Outside was the direction—

"Mr. E. JOHNSON,
"Hill Cottage."

After cutting the string and taking off the cover, there dropped on the floor a small three cornered note, which his niece Annie picked up and handed to him. It ran as follows:—

"The parcel you are opening contains a New-year's Gift from an old friend. With best wishes to the receiver, the presenter has only to add—please attend carefully to the instructions you will find on opening the parcel.

"Yours,
'NO NAME."

"P.S.—'Tis useless to endeavour to discover the sender. Rest assured, best wishes accompany it."

"This is strange," said Uncle Edward, and, casting the note on one side, he took off the covering and threw it on the floor.

"It must be something grand, since it is so well wrapped up," said several of his nieces.

Eager eyes were now fixed on the mysterious parcel, and guess after guess was ventured as to what it contained. Emily maintained it was a writing desk, and this belief was gaining credence amongst the others on account of its shape. Soon, however, they changed, for, on taking off the paper, they found another wrapper, and on it were the words, in flaming characters—

"Homœopathy."
"A happy New Year!"

"'Tis a medicine chest!" they all burst out, and conjecture was started as to who could be the sender.

Uncle Edward gravely informed them he never took that kind of physic, and could not tell what generous friend thought his system out of order. He knew of no lurking disease, and felt no pain; thus for the present the medicine chest would have to be untouched.

"Let us examine it and see what it is like," said Uncle Edward. Taking off the white paper covering, he was surprised to see another still, and this one sealed, and bearing the following inscription—

"A present from Germany."
"A happy new year."

"Well, really! I know of nobody in Germany so interested in my welfare as to send me a present that distance."

"Why, Uncle! you are dreaming," said his nephew Henry, "the parcel was handed in by a man at the door, and could not possibly have come direct from Germany!"

"Of course not," said Uncle Edward, "but it is very strange."

A happy thought now struck Henry's brother William, and he clapped his hands with delight, as he said—

"It's a musical-box, Uncle! Oh, do make haste and let us hear it play! Aunts and cousins will be so delighted."

"Surely! it must be a musical-box. How dull of us not to think of this before. But William is very sharp."

All eager to get at the music, the cover was taken off, when on another wrapper the following words met them:—

"If you would like to hear me play,
Just wait until another day."

"I'm right," said William, fairly jumping with delight, as he read the first line.

More careful perusal of the couplet, however, produced some surprise.

"'Tis a strange musical-box, that won't play any day," said Tom.

"Take off the paper and let us see it, Uncle."

Again they were deceived and their patience tried. Now a blue paper wrapper met their gaze, and a white label had on it the following:—

"The house that Jack built."
"A happy new year."

"Ha! ha! ha!" from Uncle Edward and all the merry group.

"Nothing but a box of toys, I do declare," said Aunt Mary. "You had better give them to me, Edward, they will just please the children, when they get home."

"Somebody has been up to a joke, Uncle Edward," said Henry, "and you may well dispose of the presents to Aunt Mary."

"Not so fast, Henry. Wait a little."

"Let us see the toys, Uncle," said several of the younger ones.

By this time a great heap of paper was on the floor, which being removed, Uncle Edward took off the next one, and, as he thought, the last cover, and exposed to view—not a box of toys, but a most provoking paper parcel, with the words on it—"Take care, and don't break the bottle!" written in bold handwriting.

"Physic, after all," said several voices.

Another wrapper brought to view the words, "Keep from the fire."

Fear and wonder now overcame the merry group. "What can it be?" they eagerly inquired one of the other.

"Oh! do come away, Uncle—let it alone—some infernal machine—some explosive powder—"

Again another wrapper, and the words "Mind your clothes," were seen.

"Really! really! Uncle, do let it alone," said most of them. Still their curiosity was so great that after a little they longed to see the contents of the parcel, which by this time had assumed very small dimensions, and was no larger than a small medicine bottle.

Taking the next covering off a small oak box was exposed, and on it, in neat writing, the following words:—

"Within, my present you will find,
Don't say that I am very kind;
The box is locked; no key I send.
Now open it, and then—the end—
The mystery is all made clear.
Try—turn it over—and do not fear.

"Well! here is a pretty come off."

"The box is fast as can be, made of oak, and we must not break it open. Perhaps there is some secret way of opening it," said Uncle Edward.

All tried and tried, but still in vain.

At last William, who had been in a thoughtful mood for some minutes, said, with brightening eyes,

"I have it."

"What?" said the rest.

"Why I think I can open the box. Look at the last line of the poetry on the lid, for there I believe is the key to unlock the box."

A merry laugh came from the whole group at this announcement, and William they thought was surely outwitted for once.

"Let me tell you, then," said William,

"that I have heard of boxes that will only open when in one position, and this may be one."

Taking the box in his hand, and turning it over as directed in the last line on the lid, he was then able to slide the lid along, and out dropped—what?

"What is it?" said many voices eagerly.

It was a small parcel in soft white tissue paper, which, on opening, proved to contain—

"A pair of Baby's Socks!"

Ha! ha! ha!

"Some of YOUR *cousin's* tricks, Uncle Edward I'll be bound," said Annie, and Sarah, and Jane.

"The presenter wished you to have a musical box in the shape of something else I think," said Aunt Mary.

Many jokes were passed on Uncle Edward's bachelorhood, and the evening passed most pleasantly, and I think none will forget the wonderful New Year's gift.

Uncle Edward is now married, and therefore, seeing this, cannot in the least annoy him. Wishing you as happy a New Year as we inaugurated on January 1st, 18—, I am yours, BUSY.

HOME.

HOME! Of all endearing words, none possesses a greater charm than this. Its power is irresistible. It is like an oasis in the desert, enlivening the vast expansive plain that surrounds it, for it cheers the heart of the weary traveller, when not even a spark of hope is left; it urges him onward, though the path before him is dark and monotonous, for he feels that each step takes him nearer to that charmed spot, his *home*.

All who possess the slightest degree of humanity cannot fail to appreciate the value of a peaceful and cheerful home; it is priceless, and to the wayfarer is dearer than the hoarded wealth of the miser. Whether it be in city or village, whether a palace or a cottage, it is all the same, for it is not wealth nor grandeur that constitutes happiness. No! rather contrariwise—how often do we see proofs of this? Surrounded by all the luxury imaginable we become languid and indolent, the bounteous gifts of God have no charm for us, and the ever varying landscape is nought to us; whilst in the heart of another it would raise volumes of thankful praise. Happiness, pure, and unsullied, rarely takes up its abode in the princely castle, or in noble mansions; the humble cottage is its general resort, so that the spot we call our home, however small it may be, is still as dear to us as if it covered acres of land, if a spirit of content fills our hearts. Yet, for all this, there are some who do not value home; a constant indifference of God's blessings shuts from their sight the priceless gift,—and parents, sisters, home, and all are looked upon as mere commonplace things of this world.

But, happily it is not so with all; few there are on England's happy isle, who possess such hard hearts as to undervalue one of our greatest blessings. There are not many that can think of their own fireside without experiencing pleasurable emotion.

The gentle admonition of a kind father—the loving, sincere words of a loved mother—the warm caress of an affectionate sister—are all incentives to our welfare. The exile from home feels sad and disconsolate when he thinks of the loving circle gathered around the hearth, and counts the time that must elapse ere he can sit there too.

But how different is the case of others; alas! how sad must be their lot who have no home. The orphan, what a weary life she must lead—no home, no friends; all, all gone! The time was when she was surrounded by earth's comforts; kind parents and loving brothers and sisters she had once, but an all-wise Providence has taken them from her, and now she is alone; alone she has to struggle against poverty; alone she has to battle against temptation; no kind nor helping hand has she; no warm fireside to call her own the remembrance of the past is all that remains to her; but she still needs the warning voice of her father, and the mother's gentle admonition is still fresh in her memory. She was early taught the duty of obedience, and the labour was not lost upon her; when her thought

revert to the past, or at the mention of home, tears glisten in her eyes, for now she can truly appreciate the treasure that once was hers.

It is sad to lose one parent, say a father; we sigh as we gaze on his vacant chair; we miss each day his voice, the advice that was once so freely given to us in the hour of temptation, the words of praise when we had done any good action, all are gone, and our affliction seems very great; but if to lose one parent is such a bereavement, what must it be to lose all we prized on earth!

Ah! it is a bitter thought; but it is the lot of some. How thankful we ought to be to Him who has spared to us both home and friends. There are some, who, although they have this gift, cannot enjoy it, because they do not live in the fear of their Maker; His gifts are abused instead of being honoured, and in such a household as this happiness cannot exist. Scripture proves this in several places, once in Proverbs, xv. c., 17 v. "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

Let our lot be whatever it may; whether we have no home at all, whether we are fatherless or orphans, we should not murmur,—we should remember that our Saviour had not even a place whereon to lay his head, and we know this, that if we walk in the paths of righteousness, nobly serving our heavenly Father, we shall have an eternal home, where there will be no more partings, nor grief, nor bereavements, but eternal and glorious happiness.

HONORIA.

ORIGINALITY AND ECCENTRICITY OF CHARACTER.

IN WHAT CONSISTS THE DIFFERENCE.

THE system of which our globe forms a part, has often been made use of as a simile, whereby to illustrate the various intricacies and mutual relations of civilised society; perhaps I may have recourse to its services in the present instance, and endeavour by its aid to elucidate the question before me.

The social world comprises three classes of persons: let me, in order to the carrying out of my design, liken them to the satellites, the comets, and the meteors of external nature. With the first of these, it it is true, I have nothing in reality to do, yet for the sake of unity and completeness, adverting to them may perhaps be pardoned, before passing to the two more important sections of my subject.

Far be it from me to cast any scorn on the respectable body of satellites, or, in other words, of steady, regular vassals to the laws of public opinion. Round and round they whirl, never for an instant deviating from the established rules that have guided them from the commencement of their career, without even wishing to change their course. Perhaps their desires chime in happily with their powers,—possibly the genius is wanting that would enable them to diverge from their limited range, at all events, no alteration takes place, and day after day, with no inequality, no peculiarity to mar their quietude, they revolve calmly and safely, and with a settled belief that their conduct is the sum total of everything that is right and praiseworthy.

But, ever and anon, a strange something makes its appearance above the horizon,—a something that attracts a considerable amount of attention, and, I am sorry to add, of unamiable comment amongst the satellite company. The newcomer is bright, and there are certainly some points of excellence in his character; but he is "*so odd*," he will not fall in with the laws of those around him, he will persist in following his own extraordinary ideas, and as these differ from those entertained by others, of course, they must be wrong. Some vain attempts are made at controlling his notions, but at last public opinion gives up in despair, and the ominous word "original" is passed from lip to lip throughout the uniform party, while, in all probability in perfect ignorance of the surrounding pity and disapprobation, the innovator travels on, marching grandly to the end proposed along a path the very extention and magnificence of which form its chief fault in the eyes of the less clear-sighted spectators.

Here and there, however, accept the

two bands of regular tenants of space, a sudden light flashes forth, and as quickly disappears, observing no mandate, subject to not the least fraction of rule, hither and thither does the curious being dart, justly denominated by both public opinion and originality as "Eccentricity."

The satellites follow plain and narrow laws. The comets take a wider sweep, but ever return true to the impulse that sent them forth. The meteors scorn all command. May we not compare the two latter to those members of the social plan in whose characters originality and eccentricity may be respectively traced?

If this be so—into what does the question resolve itself? Simply into this, that while the possessors of the first quality can give many and excellent reasons for their defections from prescribed laws, the conduct of the merely eccentric can have no such test, the very causes assigned for it by the persons concerned proving yet more clearly than the acts themselves the total disunion between it and that dictated by common sense.

Originality is a noble attribute; without it the glorious gift of genius cannot be bestowed. Walking amidst his fellows amidst the plodding every-day mass that forms the principal portion of the denizens of the world, the original man is separated and raised from amongst them by a strange and subtle peculiarity of mental organisation. Gazing apparently on the same objects, feeling the same wants, burdened by the same cares and infirmities, all these things—their connexion with each other, with himself, with the world at large—are in his eyes different from what they appear in the sight of others. His habits of thought, his modes of conduct, are framed on another model from those of his predecessors, and if he ever speaks of the merest trifle, the listener pauses, struck by some idea that had never occurred to him before. The common crowd look on in wonder, and too often, in ridicule; they cannot lift their prejudice-dimmed vision or believe that he who is uttering these apparently wild fancies, or forming these seemingly hopeless schemes, may see around and above him, beautiful though indistinct, looming forth in the darkness, a plan of action, a wide sweep of progression, along which a necessity of his nature impels him. What if Watt had hearkened to the wise sayings of those around him and believed that the steam that issued from the kettle had no other business than to make a noise? What if Columbus had left a world undiscovered in obedience to the ignorance of those who listened to his ardent reasoning as to the empty tales of idol romance? This earth would be but a stagnant abode if from its hands all the original ones, all the comets of our system, were banished without remorse.

But what of eccentricity—how shall I treat of it? What originality really sees, what it perceives truly, and is prepared to follow out to great and noble results, its feebler companion, its unhappy imitator, fancies that it beholds. It points to its phantom troop of dreams, and tells you that they are realities; in its view, shadows are substances, mists are mountain-peaks, and in its wild extravagancies it acts as though the air were filled with beings which, in truth, have no existence but in its troubled brain. The eccentric man does differently from those around him; his thoughts and plans are unlike theirs; but it is the whims of a disordered mind, not the clear and deep sightedness of genius that gives rise to the diversity; and yet it is true that these fancies are often mingled with a portion of sound and admirable sense. The long list of persevering seekers after the philosopher's stone, and the deceptive chimera of perpetual motion, clearly make this fact manifest. For a moment, when the meteor flashes on the sight its brilliancy half deceives the beholder, but soon the dream is dissolved, and the distorted path, the irregular motion, plainly proves to the discerning, that it deserves not to be ranked amongst the worthy company of comets.

Such is the view that I take of the question, and such the answer that I would make. Let me, however, before closing, add a word or two of more personal import than that which has gone before.

If we honestly trade with the talent

committed to our care, if we in sincerity use it as a gift bestowed by Him from whom alone all that we possess can emanate, we shall receive equal commendation from a just and righteous God, who looketh on what a man hath, not on what he hath not. Whether we are ranked by our fellow-men amongst the talented or the talentless—whether we are destined to shine forth as bright particular stars, or to follow the quiet path of obscure life—or even it may be to create a smile by our harmless eccentricities—we are alike in the sight of a loving Father. Intellectual pride will have the searching rebuke, "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?" whilst those who are inclined to undue self-contempt will be quietly reminded, how that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty."

In the last great day of account, when all the poor vain distinctions of this earth have passed away, it will matter little what place we have held during our human career, if the sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant," be, through unmerited mercy, the greeting that awaits our ransomed spirits.

ILLA.

GOING HOME.

In the hush'd and darken'd chamber
Beat a heart with anguish wild,
Sat a mother, crush'd with sorrow,
Watching o'er her dying child.

Gazed she at its pallid features
Radiant once with purest joy;
Prayed she, "Spare this lit le flowret!
O, my God, it must not die!"

As her cherub calmly slumbered
Beamed its face with joyous gleam,
But her tears of love awoke it
From its bright and blissful dream.

And it spoke in feeble accents,
"Weep not, mother! but rejoice:
Hark! oh, hark! the Saviour calls me,—
Must I not obey His voice?"

"While you wept those tears of sorrow
I was lost in rapturous night;
For the gate of heaven was open'd
And I saw the land of light.

"All this world seemed dark and joyless,
But that world was bright and fair;
And a voice of kindness whisper'd,
'Come, dear Ettie, stay not there!'

"There were groups of children singing,
Clad in robes as white as snow,
And they beckon'd me to join them;
O! I cannot choose but go.

"So 'good night,' my dearest mother,
Let me press your hand once more;
Let me kiss away those tear-drops
Ere I go to that bright shore.

"You will follow—won't you, mother?
I shall meet you when you come;
Weep no more for little Ettie,—
Sing! for I am going home!"

. . . . .

Sat that mother, crush'd with sorrow,
In the hush'd and darken'd room;
But her lov'd one's voice was singing
In yon bright and blissful home!

J. C. TILDESLEY.

BY THE GARDEN GATE.

CHEEKS as bright as summer roses,
Kissed by many a glossy curl;
Lips of coral, gently closing
Over teeth of gleaming pearl.

Gaily smiling, care beguiling,
Thoughtless of impending fate,
Verna Tracy carols love-songs,
Leaning by the garden gate.

Summer roses, once more blooming,
Fling their perfume on the air;
Slowly past them Verna glideth,
Like some spirit-vision fair;

Pallid, tearful, almost fearful
Of a shadow. Why of late
Has she shunned the winding pathway,
Leading to the garden gate?

Softly now the latch is lifted,
And the gate is open thrown—
Closes—and, for one brief moment,
Verna, trembling, stands alone,

As if with dread,—a manly tread
Drives the colour from her cheek,
And her lips refuse to utter
What her heart would bid her speak.

Then he bends with gentle chiding;
Whispers fond words in her ear;
But, her look of anguish noting,
Questions with a lover's fear.

Vows are broken, words are spoken;
His must be a lonely fate;
Her's is darker; thus for ever
Part they by the garden gate.

When the yellow leaves of autumn
Strewed the ground, a bridal train,
Gaily through the gateway sweeping,
Passed into the country lane.

In Verna's hair were jewels fair,
Yet each one brought its own dull pain,
And gladly would her heart relinquish
Those gilded links of mammon's chain.

The snowy robes that float around her
Are rivalled by her pale sweet face,
And she turns with heart-sick longing
To each well-remembered place.

Hope, love, and health she gives for wealth,
And a home of lordly state;
But night nor day she'll ne'er forget
That parting by the garden gate.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER.

THE past month has been one of real national revelry. Our Prince, the eldest son of our beloved Queen, has been united in the holy bands of matrimony with Alexandra of Denmark—a young lady who appears every way calculated to win the affections of the people, as well as to retain the constant love of her royal spouse. After all that has been written and read in the newspapers, what can we say that has not already been said a thousand times? The story of the marriage, and of the revels and the illuminations, and the addresses, and the presents, is now nearly a month old. The excitement into which the country for a time was thrown has passed away; we have returned to the wonted business of our lives, some of us, perhaps, sadder and wiser men, and thankful, when we think of all the money spent on the occasion, that we are not likely to celebrate another such event for nearly a quarter of a century to come. There are few, perhaps, who, living at the end of that time, will not vividly remember all the circumstances of the 7th and 10th of March, 1863; for, whatever people may now, in their sober moments, think of the paroxysm into which the nation was thrown, two such demonstrations of loyalty to the Throne were, perhaps, never witnessed by any country in the world. The day on which the Rose of Denmark made her public entry into London was not propitious. When the fog slowly cleared away, rain began to fall; but the aspect of the streets on such a general holiday was, nevertheless, joyous and animating. Tens of thousands of people, in their best clothes, and the greater number of them with wedding favours, all making undisturbed holiday in honour of the Heir to the Throne, was a sight to gladden the heart of man in this toiling, work-day world. On the night of the Royal wedding-day, nearly the whole population turned out into the streets to see the illuminations. And, doubtless, to those who did see them, they were a truly magnificent sight. But nothing but an aerial journey in a balloon, first along the length and then across the breadth of London, could possibly give a fair notion of the grand gala-suit which the Metropolis donned on that memorable 10th of March. As it was, the majority of people had little more than a general sense of an immense crowd pressing them to death, a particular knowledge of a head or a back or two just before them, and an eager desire to escape into open space as fast as they could.

If ever there was a necessity for a strict and intelligent despotism in the City of London, it was on the night of the Prince of Wales' wedding. The main streets, east and west, north and south, were brilliant in various devices in gas and oil and electric light, and were therefore full of people. It is not too much to say that myriads of sight-seers on foot, and in all kinds of vehicles, were in the streets on that night. But so imperfect were the City police arrangements, so apparently devoid of system, so utterly incomprehensible to the crowd, and so totally inadequate to the occasion, as to cause a thorough stoppage in some thoroughfares for hours together. Thousands who came out to see the illuminations never saw them at all, though they waited in the streets all night for the purpose; and thousands of carriages from the suburbs never even got through the City, but were

forced into dark byeways, and compelled to make detours of miles in unknown and unlighted districts. But the worst remains behind. Within the City of London—in the space, indeed, of less than a mile—a dozen women and children were crushed to death, and more than a hundred seriously injured. In and about the Mansion-house, the narrow passage of the Poultry, Cheapside, and Ludgate-hill, the screams and shrieks were appalling, and the crush tremendous. But once beyond the City boundary, once past Temple-bar, and the superior organisation of the metropolitan police became apparent. The vehicles, if they did not move at a more rapid pace than about an eighth of a mile an hour, were at least maintained in orderly lines, and the immense throng of sight-seers was kept in easy and regular circulation. To the obstinacy of the City authorities, in not co-operating with the Metropolitan police commissioners, is due this terrible episode in what may justly be called a national festival. The proved incompetency of the City police points but to one conclusion—the entire police of the Metropolis must be systematised and brought within the compass of one uniform organisation.

From this sad episode—an everlasting disgrace to the corporation of London—it is consoling to turn to the sympathy expressed by the Queen, and the young bride and bridegroom, for the survivors of the victims to police misrule, and the maimed and wounded sufferers. On the day following the wedding, Sir George Grey was commanded to inquire into the facts, and to offer such aid as each case demanded. Up to the moment at which we write, however, we have not heard of the Corporation of London, which voted £10,000 for jewels for the royal bride, having taken any steps towards alleviation or compensation. Let us trust, however, that this "baptism of blood" may not, for any long period dim the nation's joy, or be looked upon as a bad omen for Edward and Alexandra!

Since the above was written the corporation of London has presented to Her Majesty an address of congratulation on the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Mayor, Sheriffs, and other members appointed by the Corporation, had an audience with Her Majesty at Windsor, when the Recorder read the Address; to which our beloved Queen made the following gracious reply:—

"I thank you very sincerely for your loyal and affectionate address. I am truly sensible of the gratifying proofs of loyalty and attachment to myself and the Royal family which have been exhibited by the citizens of London, not less in their deep sympathy in my heavy grief, than on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. I earnestly pray that this event, in which all classes of my subjects have shown so warm an interest, will conduce, not only to the happiness of my family, but to the welfare of my faithful and attached people."

SPRING FLOWERS.

O hasten hither, ye bright spring flowers,
And smile again in our fields and bowers;
From your wintry tomb,
Burst forth and bloom,
And fill the air with your sweet perfume.

We'll welcome you back with cheerful song,
For we've waited and watched for your coming long;
How dreary the lane,
And meadow, and plain,
When we sought for your beauteous face in vain!

The snowdrop, crocus, and violet blue,
A hearty welcome we'll give to you.
For an offering
Of joy ye bring
To many a humble and lowly thing.

Ye come as stars in our hours of bloom,
When the heart's bright hopes no longer bloom.
In our sunniest hours
The storm clouds low'rs,
But God sends us light and hope in Flowers!

B.

FAMILY COUNCIL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL,—Your exertions during the past month redound highly to your credit, and the proofs of those exertions—in the shape of tale, essay, poem, pastime, and definition—give me infinite satisfaction. Go on, then, in the path of self-improvement, and mental gratification must be the result.

It is pleasant to find that my decisions as to the prizes have been accepted in every case without protest, though, perhaps, it would be too much to say that *all* the Councillors—those who received prizes and those who failed to obtain them—were equally delighted with my dictum. But I trust the Councillors will consider the Certificate a Prize in itself: not valuable for its intrinsic cost, but certainly worth possessing as a public and substantial recognition of merit for contributions in one or other department of the FRIEND. It should be remembered, too, that *every* Councillor is entitled to a Certificate, and that the only conditions attached to membership in the Family Council are those of mutual kindness and desire for mutual improvement. Except in the cases in which Councillors failed to send their names and addresses, all the prizes and certificates have been forwarded, and their receipts acknowledged. I am anxious that all who have contributed in any way, to the pages of the "Family Friend" during the past year, should receive certificates. It remains, therefore, with yourselves and with me to award these honorary distinctions.

The Triple Definitions have not, in all cases, been so successful as I could desire, but they at least exhibit, on your part, (laudably complying with my suggestion) a certain large amount of talent, and no little industry. As a variation to our exercises in this department, allow me to ask you to furnish for the next month a sentence in which the words *accomplishment*, *assertion*, and *representation* are intelligently embodied. Those among you who are poetically inclined, may likewise exercise your talents in producing a verse in which words ending in *ing*, *or*, (or *our*) *ment* and *ble* are employed. The verse may be of four, six, or eight lines, and should contain a complete idea. The lines may, of course, be of any length consistent with poetical diction. For those who prefer a simple definition, I give the single word ASSURANCE, which admits of a somewhat larger treatment than any we have lately considered.

My special thanks are due to the Councillors whose contributions appear in the present Number, and also to those who so cheerfully, month by month, assist me in my pleasant labours.

Believe me,

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Council,

Your faithful friend,

March 30th, 1863. THE PRESIDENT.

OFFERINGS FROM OUR COUNCIL.

AN OFFER-RING.

I THINK I may safely say, Mr. Editor, that this month, of all months in the year, you will have need to exercise a kind forbearance in judging the works of the Council. One subject predominates in all our minds, and no matter to what section of society we belong, that subject still keeps uppermost. Our thoughts are all akin to marriage, and so you must forgive the weak attempt at a pun made in christening this article.

For myself, I acknowledge my total incapability, as a Councillor, to set about my

monthly duties in a sober and business-like way. A staid article is out of the question. Criticism would be altogether unsea onable; and as to ver es—I have just read those of the poet Laureate. I have read them over and over again, until I know every word by heart,—so that it is impossible to attempt anything in that line.

Wedding-favours made of Coventry-ribbon, the deafening cheers of a vast multitude—flags of many colours waving in the air, and a goodly display of white handkerchiefs—the boombing of the cannon, the merry peal of bells, the mustering of volunteers, the glittering illumina ions and the provisions made for the poor—these are my excuses for the shortcomings of the Councillors in general, and of this Councillor in particular, and I rely upon your sense of patriotism and loyalty for forgiveness.

But I have a few remarks to make on matters relating to the Council.

I heartily approve of your plan of italicising the best of the definitions, and I have just one suggestion to offer on the subject. Let each councillor carefully and impartially critic'se his own definitions before submitting them for your approval, and strike out those not up to the mark; and, if in addition to this, you subject them to the same treatment, and insert only those that are worth the space they occupy, I thi k our advancement will be so rapid, that we may hope on some future occasion to have all our definitions printed in italics. It will require *perseverance* on our side, and a certain strictness combined with your usual *courtesy* on yours, before we can achieve this great *success*. But we will hope for the best.

And now as my thoughts again return to current events (I am writing on the day after the 10th of March), I will conclude with the sound that still rings in my ears, a hearty "Hip! hip! hurrah!"

MAX.

SINGULAR BURIAL SERVICE.

In some parts of Hindostan I have been told, on respectable au hority, that the following singular address to the elements at the interment of a deceased brother or sister is still read, singular as it is.

"O earth! to thee we commend our brother (or sister, as the case may be); of thee was he formed, by thee was he sustained, and unto thee he now returns!

"O fire! thou hast a claim in our brother during his life; he subsisted by thy influence in nature, to thee we commit his body, thou emblem of purity! may his spirit be purified on his entering a new state of existence.

"O air! while the breath of life continued, our brother respired by thee; his last breath is now departed, to thee we yield him.

"O water! thou didst contribute to the life of our brother, thou wert one of his sustaining elements. His remains are now dispersed, receive thy share of him who has now taken an everlasting flight."

IVANHOE.

SCRAPS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

"The saddest grave that ever tears kept green, must, some day, sink into a common level with the world, then over it runs a road."

"If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care,
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where."

"Memory is nearly as beautiful as hope, and ten times as true."

"The passport to heaven is written no where else than on the leaves of a pure heart."

"A man's life is too long when he outlives his character, his health, and his estate."

"Base minded they who want intelligence,
For God himself for wisdom most is praised,
And men to God thereby are nighest rais'd."

IVANHOE.

A PLAY UPON PLAYS.

"Did you ever send your Wife to Coventry," to spend "A day at an Inn" with "The Merry Wives of Windsor," at "Wapping Old Stairs," or hear that "The Waterman" dreamt "The Mariner's Dream," in "The Woodman's Hut?" Is it true that "Pizarro" took "A Trip to Scarborough," with "The Duenna" on "St. Patrick's Day," and that "The Critic" pronounced it "The School for Scandal." Shylock, in "The Merchant of Venice," having obtained "The Bottle Imp," thought he had discovered "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," but found himself in the possession of the "Demon of the Desert!" May not "The Youthful Queen" be designated "The Spoiled Child," "Richard the III." "The Hypo-

cite" and "The Rivals," "Fair Rosamund" and "Jane Shore?" Did "Marmion" ever say that "Rob Roy" carried off "The Lady of Lyons," and that the "Abduction" was "The Wonder" of the witches in "Macbeth?" "Catherine and Petucio," after "Taming of the Shrew," spent "The Honey-Moon," in a quiet "Hamlet" called "Love in a Village." "The Bow Hunters," who were in search of "The Wandering Boys," found them with "Luke the Labourer" and the "Illustrious Stranger," in "Green Bushes," where they had been on a gipsy excursion with "Blue Beard" and "The Warlock of the Glen."

"Black-eyed Susan" must be all in the Downs when "She Stoops to Conquer" "The Man of War," or any other man, but "All's Well that Ends Well." IAGO.

CRITICAL NOTES ON LAST MONTH'S "ENIGMAS, Etc."

THANKS to our Editor (whose portrait I most dearly long to see, to put an end to all my strange fancies), we had an abundance of pastime in the last Number. While there is much that deserves praise, there is also much that must not be allowed to pass muster. To No. 45 by "Gorgonia" I would first direct attention. In the fourth line we have a printer's error, I imagine, for "Gorgonia's" contributions to the pastime I have long admired as models of correctness and brevity. In No. 46, the last word "display," to be in strict harmony with the rules of Syntax, should be in the future and not the present tense. No. 50 furnishes us with a sample of what should be most carefully avoided; viz., vagueness. It is evident that any name, beginning with sea and ending with some animal, will be a correct answer to it, hence it may be "sea-bird," "sea-gull," "sea-urchin," or "sea-anemone," or a host of others that might be found. In my opinion "Irene" does not figure so advantageously this month as she has done in former Numbers. Nos. 51 and 59 are instances of faulty versification as No. 73 is of a bad rhyme. These are too manifest to further particularise. "Gorgonia" has again been unfortunate in the printer's hands, in No. 55, "hold" should be "holds." Of No. 63, I have only to say that "Mignonette" surely knows that the Hottentot resides in Africa, and not America. "Caractacus," has given us a puzzler in No. 72, and no mistake. I should like to know how many answer this one correctly, for it has defied all my power of comprehension. Another printer's error in No. 77, errors which will no doubt suggest to the contributors the necessity of having the answers to "Charades, etc." quite distinct, and not written where the *nom de plume* should be. "Iago" has been singularly unfortunate in his grammar. In No. 79 "signify" is wrong in number; the nominative is singular. The same fault occurs in No. 88, where "denote" ought to be "denotes."

"Crochet," has displayed great ingenuity in her contributions, yet there is a want of definitness in No. 86, to which, in conclusion, I must draw attention. Many words could be found as answers to (*c*) as:—their, them, mice, dice, &c. Same may be said of (*b*) the answer to which, I give the word slice, and which no doubt will be answered in a variety of words. When the mind is perfectly satisfied with the answer discovered and the solver can say "that's it," without fear of contradiction, then may we say the writer has been apt in his "charade, &c.," and to such only should I give the eulogium of *good*.

BUSK.

CRITICAL NOTES.

INVARIABLY charming in her treatment of the simplest subjects—chaste in sentiment, earnest in tone, natural in manner, and pure in diction—full of the tenderest sympathies with her kind, and governed by the lofty principles of goodness—shedding around the benignest influences—creating an atmosphere of love and peace, tacitly rebuking the "powers of darkness," and literally revealing the "good in everything"—LUCINDA B. has acquired a celebrity equally unsought and just, and won the involuntary homage of every true child of Apollo. Her "Journey Home" is a delightful journey indeed, and there can be few who would not fain accompany her to its end. But the productions of the queen of our gifted coterie have been so frequently and emphatically eulogised that, if she be not absolutely weary of praise, she must have begun to find it somewhat insipid. In noticing, therefore, her poem, "The Angel, Love," I will pass over its numerous manifest beauties, and comment upon its one incongruous feature—a striking example of "mixed metaphor." Introduced to "Love" as an "angel," and conducted with her through several stanzas, we grow so accustomed to her society in that character that we are surprised and confused upon finding

her suddenly referred to by our gentle guide under the images a "stagnant pool" and a "running stream." Thus is our vision of that white-winged Intelligence dimmed but not destroyed—neither the "angel" nor the "stream" can be realised clearly; and we feel relieved by a return, in the last verse, to the original figure. In a poem of this character unity of idea is imperative. This would be secured by omitting the ninth stanza, which, by the way, being inherently inconsistent (since we cannot imagine a "stream" "shedding a beam"), mght be banished by its gifted author without regret.

ROSALIE's second narrative under the one title, "Evil Influence," is scarcely up to the standard of her first. The paragraph commencing, "It is a beautiful autumnal day" may be cited as a sample of especially defective composition, libelling greatly the talent of its fair author.

I rejoice in being able to render just tribute of admiration to MIGNONETTE. Her assiduity and perseverance demand it, and her recent article upon "Kindliness" is prophetic, I consider, of her advance to the foremost rank.

The charms of the gentle ILLA's pen are increasing month by month, and I predict for her a first-class position at our next award of prizes.

NELLA presents us, in "Eda's Birthday," with a specimen of a style extremely pretty.

EMMA BUTTERWORTH, upon "Friendship" is lucid, sensible, and correct, as usual.

Considerations of time and space preclude a notice of other able contributions.

CARACTACUS.

SINGULAR DREAM.

CAMPBELL wrote—"Coming events cast their shadows before;" and I believe it to be so sometimes in dreams. I do not believe that dreams generally foreshadow anything in the future, but there are many cases on record which are very singular. I will, however, only recite one, from my own experience. A person who had been in my father's employ upwards of twenty years (his real name I will not give, but here call him Smith) had been away about seven years, and had almost gone out of mind, so far as ever thinking of seeing him again. One Sunday night, shortly after retiring to rest, I dreamed he had come round on tramp. I did not think anything more of it till about ten o'clock the next morning. My mother said to me, "I dreamed Smith came here last night." My reply immediately was, "So did I!" A few words passed between us about the singularity of our dreams, when my brother came into the room, and said, "I dreamed last night about Smith; I thought he came round on 'tramp.'" The same afternoon, to our great surprise, *round he came on tramp*, and was in my father's employ some considerable time afterwards. IVANHOE.

CONCERNING RIDDLES.

THE *Times*, in a recent review,* had the following.—"If the *power of construction* is not the grandest of all faculties, at least it is the keystone of the arch, the faculty which keeps the others in their places and makes the most of them."

Now this is a power which is indispensable in the writing of a good charade or enigma, and the defects in these productions which are the least entitled to toleration are such as arise from the want or neglect of it. A riddle may lack both humour and "point," yet charm by its regularity, compactness, and smoothness of metre; but "looseness," diffusiveness, and rough versification, are fatal imperfections. Is it not obvious that anything so clumsily constructed as to sound harsh and disagreeable, and to be withal tedious to read, cannot be fully entitled to the denomination—*pastime?*

The riddles of GORGONIA may be ranked among the best contributed by the Council. They comprise some capital examples, and of these No. 18 shall be specified. Here we find not merely humour and "point," but—as compensation for inherent beauty of idea, which few of such productions exhibit—the neat and effective "make-up" which the writer of this brief paper deems essential.

To conclude. As a mind of very moderate *calibre* can dissect and illustrate a given word, so there is little merit in the structure of a riddle, unless it be of a quality bespeaking the skill and patient attention which can not only puzzle, but at the same time gratify a correct ear and meet the requirements of good taste. CARACTACUS.

* "Thalatta; or, the Great Commoner." January 13, 1863.

APRIL FOOLS.

O YOUTH! who hopes in love to find
A joy alike for soul and mind,
Deceivèd by the fair unkind,
Thou'rt but an April fool!

Gold-seeker! in the "Idle dross"
Thy fancy cov'reth with a gloss,
Thou wilt not find a gain—but loss—
Thou'rt but an April fool!

Toil, patriot, toil, while thou should'st rest!
Spend life; then learn that, at the best,
Thy hard-won fame is but a jest—
Thou'rt, too, an April fool!

And man, with all his aims below,
Will find them all but end in woe;
Will find at every step a foe—
He's but an April fool!

ZANONI.

SPRING.

WITH light and gentle footstep,
With blithe and cheerful mien,
With crown of purest snowdrops,
And robe of freshest green,
The fair young Spring approaches,
Rejoicing in her birth,
And lavishing her fairy gifts
O'er all the grateful earth.

Before her soars her messenger—
The lark—into the skies,
Beneath her feet sweet violets
And pale primroses rise.
The fragrant hawthorn greets her;
And at her gentle voice
Stern Winter's fetters melt away,
And his ice-bound slaves rejoice.

And bright fairy gifts upon us
Showers the bounteous Spring;
Fair visionings of pure, glad hopes,
Around us she doth fling;
And, while we gladly welcome her,
We trace in all her mirth
The loving and all-powerful Hand
That gave the Spring her birth.

KATE LESLIE.

THE OUTCAST.

SHE has no home, no friends to love—
She wanders lonely through the streets;
A drunken father drove her out
To beg her bread rom those she meets

She can remember, long ago,
A loving mother and a home;
But they have fled, and left her there
Upon the public streets to roam.

She often wonders why the God
Of truth and justice leaves her there,
While others round her have enough,
And seem to live without a care.

And now she does not think it wrong—
But only justice to herself—
To get the bread that God denies,
If not by honesty, by stealth.

BELLA.

LIGHT.

PHILOSOPHERS have tried in vain,
This hidden mystery to explain,
This something which we daily see,
Yet teeming full of mystery,
Fit emblem of the Deity.

The rising sun, the orb of day,
When his bright beams diffusive play,
Then darkness hides its hideous face,
In gloomy caverns finds a place,
And stays till Phœbus ends his race.

Now let us see if we may learn,
A lesson from the day's return;
The light is not diffused around,
With instant flash, or at one bound,
But gradual the approach is found.

Again, 'twere useless, vain to try
To stop the sun—a feeble fly
Is man before his Maker's hand;
The day's approach in every land
Is irresistible and grand.

One other fact we now shall see,
That light is universal—free—
Impartial in its gifts to all,
It shines on cottage and on hall;
The rich, the poor, the great, the small.

To apply these truths, now to the Word,
And, in the words of John, "Behold,
The Lamb of God" in this pourtrayed;
For Simeon had often prayed,
To see the "Dayspring," long delayed.

A light to light the world was He,
His advent long announced to be,
By patriarchs, prophets, and they all
Spoke of His greatness, and withal
His power to save us from the fall.

BUSK

KINDLINESS.

KINDNESS may soothe the fiercest breast,
May win the proudest heart;
And to a mind devoid of rest
A gentler grace impart.
Scorn will but rouse the slumb'ring fire,
Ignite it into flame;
And kindle oft a deadly ire
No after skill can tame.

As fatal that perchance may be,
'Gainst which fond hopes are wreck'd;
Or buried deep as in the sea:
'Tis coldness and neglect.
The kindly voice of sympathy
Will soften many a woe,—
In place of chilling apathy,
Can cheer us as we go.

How sweet when darkness clouds around,
And sorrow presses hard;
When thorns and harrowing cares abound,
To hear a kindly word!
Friendship it oft will bind for life,
Making the sad heart whole;
And through earth's weary path of strife
Speed on towards the goal.

ADELINE A.

10. "A Roman virtue, that wins each god-like act, and plucks success even from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger."

11. Bearing up, and steering right onward through all difficulties.

12. Mental strength: Fortune's assistant.

13. The *should*-be *characteristic* of a *man*.

MIGNONETTE.

1. Patience stimulated by energy.

2. The secret of success.

3. The endeavour of Mrs. Naggleton to have "the last word."

4. Sir J. Packington on education.—ISABEL.

SUCCESS.

1. "Finis coronat opus."

2. The reward of toil.—TERRA COTTA.

1. The award to diligent endeavour.

2. The wages for hard and honest toil.

3. The reliever of much anxiety.—BUSK.

The reward for which we all toil.—BELLA.

The terminus at which Ingenuity and Perseverance hope to arrive.—KATRINE.

1. The reward of perseverance.

2. The victory won.—(Name not sent.)

That which is ever gained by perseverance.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

That which we all aim at, but few attain.

ELIZABETH H.

1. A goal at which we all wish to arrive.

2. A phantom many eagerly pursue, but which when grasped often disappoints.—FAN.

The attainment of a much desired object.

EUPHROSYNE.

The harvest that sometimes rewards our weary days of ploughing and sowing.—ILLA.

What every lover of freedom wishes the Poles.

DELTA.

A close attendant upon the footsteps of perseverance.—L'ESPERANCE.

1. What all wish to attain whether for good or evil.

2. A summit to be gained if guided by perseverance.—SPECTATOR.

1. A harvest which may be gathered by perseverance alone, but which, if its fruits be not distributed by courtesy, is like the miser's hoarded gold, useless even to its owner.

2. A hidden treasure, which can only be brought to light by turning the key of courtesy in the lock of perseverance.—KATE LESLIE.

In the journey through life, may all our lawful endeavours be crowned with it.—IAGO.

The reward of perseverance.—FAIRWEATHER.

An intoxicating draught of so blinding a nature, that it often causes old friends to be passed by unrecognised.—MAX.

1. The British soldiers' ascent of the Alma.

2. The hope of the world.

3. What some people envy others without attempting to win by perseverance themselves.

4. A crown attained only by perseverance.

IVANHOE.

1. I have teased Ma so often for a watch that she has bought me one.

2. After a long and tiresome journey, he landed, quite safely.—LITTLE JANE.

1. The completion of hope.

2. The issue of perseverance.—LUCINDA B.

1. The road we gain through the aid of perseverance.

2. The crown our good deeds award us.

3. Twin-sister to perseverance.

4. The path perseverance guides us to.

5. The "*veni, vidi, vici*" of life.—MIGNONETTE.

1. A goddess too much worshipped.

2. The boy who gains most marbles.

3. Embodied in Rothschild.

3. To the "Family Friend."—ZANONI.

1. A prize in the race of life which can only be won by perseverance.

2. The goal of our hopes.

3. Winning the heart you have longed to call your own.—ISABEL.

1. The goal of human happiness.

2. What we all wish for, but do not all get, owing to our want of persevering courtesy.

AMELIA.

1. That which is promising where *courtesy* and *perseverance* predominates.

2. What many struggle for but few obtain.

3. That to which genius aspires.

EWOL TENNEB.

That to which Violet has attained from the hands of the Editor.—VIOLET.

TRIPLE DEFINITIONS.

A few words of kindliness and *courtesy* bestowed on the drooping mind, may induce in it the habit of *perseverance*, which will ultimately lead to *success*.—KATRINE.

1. Treat your enemies with *courtesy*, and by *perseverance* in well-doing, you will at last obtain *success*.

2. *Perseverance*, combined with *courtesy*, is sure to be crowned with *success*.

3. A gentleman making a lady an offer, and using *courtesy* attended with *perseverance*, will most likely obtain success.—FORGET-ME-NOT.

1. If *courtesy*, proceeding from real kindness of heart, is practised with *perseverance*, it is generally found to result in *success*.

2. If you would win your enemy for a friend, *perseverance* in *courtesy* is the surest road to *success*.

3. The utmost *perseverance* of some of us to obtain a prize has not met with *success*; but I trust our President's decision will be received with *courtesy* by all.—CINDERELLA.

Let *courtesy* attend all your criticisms, and *perseverance* your efforts to improve, and be sure that *success* will ultimately crown your exertions.—TERRA COTTA.

1. Suavity of manner, coupled with unremitting endeavour, will gain a laurel all wish to wear.

2. Let *courtesy* be exercised in criticism, *perseverance* be the characteristic of all the F. F. C.s, and *success*, such as we all desire, will follow.—BUSK.

Success will follow *perseverance* blended with *courtesy*.—GAZELLE.

The fair handmaiden, *courtesy*, and the spirit of the lamp, *perseverance*, will conduct us far on the road to the winning-post, *success*.—A. DE YOUNGE.

Courtesy of demeanour, with habitual *perseverance*, insures *success*.—OCEAN.

Courtesy should ever distinguish the conduct of the man who attains *success* by habits of *perseverance*.—G. ASHTON.

1. When we show *courtesy* to our fellow-creatures

and use the greatest *perseverance* in the accomplishment of our designs, *success* will ultimately crown our efforts.

2. If in any of our undertakings we combine *courtesy* of disposition with habits of industry and *perseverance*, *success* will nearly always be the result.—ELIZABETH H.

Walk in the paths of *perseverance*, with the garb of *courtesy*, and you will surely attain the reward of *success*.—EUPHROSYNE.

Whatever the false *courtesy* of the world may assert respecting the brilliancy of our talents, it is an undoubted fact that our only sure road to *success* is the prosaic one of *perseverance*.—ILLA.

By *courtesy* and *perseverance* we may obtain *success*.—L'ESPERANCE.

1. *Courtesy* is a great ornament to Christianity, and if united with *perseverance*—the surmounter of every difficulty—is sure to gain *success*, which is the desired end of all our undertakings.

2. Let our rule be *courtesy* to each other, *perseverance* in our duty, and *success* be our reward.—DORA.

Courtesy from the instructors of youth will oft inspire the mind to *perseverance*, and ultimately lead to *success*.—SPECTATOR.

1. *Courtesy* in manners and *perseverance* in duty are the best guarantees of *success* in life.

2. *Courtesy* and *perseverance* combine to form a ladder by which we may attain to the heights of *success*.

3. The entrance fee to the Family Council, where *perseverance* is sure to be crowned with *success*.

4. A weapon from love's armoury, which, in the hand of *perseverance*, is sure to attain *success* in the work of transforming "human rock-work into men."

5. *Courtesy* is a cheap but invaluable balm, which, if applied with *perseverance*, is certain to prove efficacious in soothing and healing wounded hearts, it having been tried with the happiest *success*.—LILY H.

1. True *courtesy* is that *perseverance* with which a noble mind throws from it the halo of *little* kindnesses; and though, perchance, failing notice *at the time*, will certainly meet with *success*.

2. When *perseverance* has been crowned with *success*, *courtesy* is ever ready to bow the knee and worship.

3. The great secret of *success* in life is to exercise *perseverance* in our pursuits, and a winning *courtesy* towards our fellow creatures.—DAISY H.

Success is usually the reward of *perseverance* and *courtesy*.—MARY BLANE.

Courtesy and chivalry, combined with *perseverance*, will always command *success* in love.

BLANCHE ALSINGTON

Perseverance, with a due portion of *courtesy* to all, will insure *success* in most undertakings.—CANNONIA.

If, in our journey through life, we wish to gain the esteem of our companions, we must resolve that our actions shall be characterised by *the politeness that springs from the heart*. A few rebuffs at first must not dishearten us, for *the steady fulfilment of purpose* will, eventually, obtain *the acme of our desires*.—LUCINDA B.—[Excellent. ED.]

Where *courtesy* prevails, *perseverance* and *success* generally attend.—NARCISSA.

To attain one's heart's desire through the *courtesy* of our President, *perseverance* has been pleasantly repaid, and *success* has been proved by the prizes awarded.—STANTONVILLE.

1. The *courtesy* we receive from the President ought to cause us to use such *perseverance* as will surely be crowned with *success*.

2. With *courtesy* at the prow, and *perseverance* at the helm, the goodly ship man will arrive in time at the haven of *success*.

3. *Courtesy* combined with *perseverance* will insure *success*.—IAGO.

The father of good-will, *courtesy*, and the son of determination, *perseverance*, may build, by united action, a conservatory of delight,—*success*.

CARACTACUS.

Courtesy is the pathway to, and *perseverance* the key to, the temple of *success*.

R. JOHNSON.

It is with *courtesy* that I solicit my fellow subscribers of the "Family Friend," to assist me in endeavouring to promote the circulation of that valuable Magazine; and I trust our united efforts and *perseverance* will be ultimately crowned with *success*. ANNA GREY.

The good knight, *perseverance*, assisted by his faithful esquire, *courtesy*, wooed and won the fair maid *success*. KATE SYDNAS.

In all your transactions with men,
Let *courtesy* ever abound—
Your efforts, by *perseverance* then,
With certain *success* will be crowned.

C. T. RYE.

1. *Courtesy* is the true lubricator of society; *perseverance* the key which at last unlocks the door to the temple of fame, which is named *success*.

2. The thousand and one little acts of social politeness we call *courtesy*, when joined to the undaunted front which repeats and again repeats the effort, must go far to attain the desired haven, the port which all endeavour to gain—*success*. ZANONI.

1. *Courtesy* and *perseverance* are stepping-stones to *success*.

2. By the President's *courtesy* and my own *perseverance* my endeavour to obtain a better position in the classifications may meet *success*.

CROCHET.

1. True *courtesy* belongs only to the brave and generous; 'tis a heart's emanation, and combined with that "Roman virtue," *perseverance*, "wins each god-like act, and plucks *success* even from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger."

2. In our journey through life, let us but take *courtesy* as a travelling companion, *perseverance* as a bosom friend, and *success* will assuredly crown our efforts.

3. He who through life shows *courtesy* to those around him is never envied the *success* that his *perseverance* has gained.—REBECCA.

The fulfilment of our desires (*success*) is oft-times achieved through the continual practice (*perseverance*) of a deference to the feelings of our neighbours (*courtesy*.)—ADELINE A.

1. *Courtesy* and *perseverance* linked together will insure *success* in every undertaking.

2. *Perseverance* from all members of the Council, coupled with the present *courtesy* of our worthy Editor, cannot but result in *success* to all connected with the "Family Friend."

EWOL TENNEB.

1. Words and deeds of *courtesy* are the wayside flowers that lighten the rugged path of *perseverance*,

and *success* is the temple-crowned summit where that path ends

2. Undaunted *perseverance* in true *courtesy* of manner must ever achieve *success* over acerbity and ill-will.—NELLIE.

Courtesy of behaviour is the sure magnet of affection, and *perseverance* is the mother of *success*.

LEILA S.

Courtesy and *perseverance* are certain roads to *success*.—ST. CLAIR.

Let the young aspirant in learning receive advice and instruction with *courtesy*, follow up his course of studies with resolute *perseverance*, and he will be certain of *success*.—J. J. GORTON.

1. *Courtesy* and *perseverance* oftimes ensure *success*.

2. *Courtesy*, the advertisement of the quack doctor, by which, with an unbroken chain of *perseverance*, he often arrives at *success*.

3. *Courtesy* and *perseverance* form the key-stone of the arch *success*.

4. In our manners there should be kindliness and *courtesy*, then *perseverance* seldom fails to win us all *success* entails.—IVANHOE.

Courtesy is the oil and *perseverance* the motive power which guides each individual engine to the terminus of *success*.—ZANONI.

1. However far *perseverance* may lead us, it will not ensure *success* unless coupled with *courtesy*.

2. *Success* is the shrine to which we should, with no laggard step, make *perseverance* conduct us, through the road of *courtesy*.—MIGNONETTE.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c.

A very cunning trick is made known in the following game, which is called "The Wild Boar of Ardennes." When your invitations have all been sent out and the answers received, so that you are in possession of the names of every person whom you hope to see on the evening of your party, take two pieces of paper, and write on each paper exactly the same words—that is to say, the names of each of your invited guests, and also the names of your own family likely to be present; opposite to each name write some word as a representation. For instance, suppose the following paper as one of these two:—

Mary B.	...	a flower.
Annie D.	...	a quality.
Charles B.	...	a colour.
Harriet O.	...	taste.
Catherine A.	...	characteristic.
Lily G.	...	a sense.
Henry T.	...	a season.
Eliza T.	...	rubbish.
John F.	...	a stone.
Ellen C.	...	a tree.
Martin P.	...	a piece of furniture.
Tom Q.	...	a jewel.
Alfred E.	...	a bird.
Roland H.	...	a beast.

Please remember that the other paper must be exactly like this.

You must take one of your friends into your confidence, as either she or you will have to act "The Wild Boar." On the evening of the party, when all are assembled in one room, take your friend into another; and, having enveloped her person in the most gigantic cloak in the house, bind as many furs round her head as possible without covering her face. Then give her one paper, keeping the other in your own hand. You must both be very careful not to let the audience read what is written on the papers. When "The Wild Boar" is ready to appear, return yourself into the drawing-room, but "The Wild Boar" must wait until called in. Your visitors must then touch one of the persons assembled. "The Wild Boar" will then be called into the room, and, after making a short and astounding speech, will declare his ability of guessing the person who has been touched. The "Boar" must then walk round the room, and stop at each of your guests in turn, without speaking. They are bound to make some remark upon the "Boar," such as "The Wild Boar" is quiet, or pleasant—anything they feel inclined to say will be right. But when the "Boar" comes to you, he must still hold his paper, looking at it when you speak, and you must have looked at yours only when the person was touched. Suppose, for instance, the person touched was Catherine A., you look on your paper and perceive the word "characteristic" opposite her name. Be sure to remember it, and fold your paper up. When the "Boar" comes to you, say to him, "The Wild Boar" is "furious," or "famishing," or "ravenous," in short, anything *characteristic*. Suppose the name, to be Eliza T., you must say "The Wild Boar" is like "a heap of rubbish," or "muck." Again, suppose the name Tom Q., you will then say the "Boar" has eyes like "diamonds." If the name be John F., you will say the "Boar" is "inflexible," or like "marble." While you are speaking the "Boar" will look at the paper in his hand, and easily tell from your answer which of the company had been chosen. Be sure to have your own name on the papers amongst the list.

LEILA S.

90.—ANAGRAM.

CITIES AND TOWNS OF ENGLAND.

	Rib lost.	*i.*	Pup on.
b.	Rest Fanny T. Ford.	*j.*	Two pads.
c.	Ruby Sails.	*k.*	Ten won.
d.	North.	*l.*	And lo!
e.	Dan Troy.	*m.*	Her Votes.
f.		*n.*	Charm.
g.	Grey Tea.	*o.*	Dan Rule.
h.	Swell.		

IAGO.

91.

All know my *first*, a royal name,
Bucolic in its derivation;
My *next*, too, is well-known to fame
In the fair field of vegetation;
My *third* is formed of every thing,
Assuredly 'tis not ideal—
You plainly see and touch it too;
It's therefore tangible and real.
How can I best describe my *whole*?
The houseless poor will bless his name,
And future ages will enrol
His deeds in the records of fame.

JANE C.

92.

My *first* is a domestic fowl,
My *next*, is a domestic fish;
My *whole* is a domestic pest,
To be rid of which housekeepers wish.

GEOGRAPHICAL QUESTIONS.

93

a. Where should copper-coloured women reside?
b. What town reminds you of Cannibalism?
c. Where would you expect to find good bread?
d. What town is a hawker of rugs?
e. Over what stream would you expect a hurricane? BUSK.

94.

My *first* is an animal; my *second* is an animal; and my *whole* is a kind of cloth.—LITTLE GIGGIE.

95

My *first* is used to guide an animal, my *second* is an animal, and my *whole* is an animal.
ELIZABETH H.

96.

To a unit add ten,
And then you will find
An angular point will
Be brought to the mind. IAGO.

97

My *first* in a ball room may often be seen,
Where bright smiling faces look happy and gay—
Where my *second* is quite an essential, I ween,
Though still more essential at dawning of day.
For my *whole* I sought vainly in "Walker's good spelling,"
Though oft I have seen it in many a dwelling.
PAULINE S.

98.

I am composed of ten letters; my 3, 9, 10, 6, is decay; my 10, 6, 2, 3, a heavenly body; my 8, 4, 3, 6, a vehicle; my 1, 7, 3, 2, dear; my 5, 9, 6, an incision; my 6, 4, 3, a sailor; my 8, 7, 3, 4, 6, a weight; my 3, 7, 6, 10, destructive animals; my 4, 1, 6, a deed; my 10, 2, 3, 7, a female name; my 5, 2, 3, a carriage; my 1, 7, 6, 10, domestic animals; my 5, 3, 9, 10, 6, a hard case; my whole is the friendly critic of the F. F. C. JANE C.

99.

To church a loving couple went,
To be my *whole* was their intent;
The man vow'd that he'd faithful remain,
But, alas! he proved a faithless swain.
Her husband's love she no longer shares,
So to Cresswell's-court she now repairs!
The case is heard, the proceedings closed.
This couple now is my *whole* transposed.
J. J. GORTON.

100.

My 6, 1, 8, 3, 1, 7, a kind of dance; my 2, 7, 5, 3, to jump; my 4, 5, 8, an article of dress; my 3, 7, 1, 2, a noise made by my 6, 7, 2, 2; my 6, 5, 8, a toy; my 1, 3, 3, 2, 7, a fruit; and the knowledge of my whole is quite as essential to the poor as to the rich. ELIZABETH H.

101.

Entire, a lake in Scotia's land,
Behead (odd thing you say to me),
Yet still I'd have you understand
It is not odd, as you will see;
Cut off its tail now, and, though maimed,
A woman's name by this is gained.
BUSK.

102.

Read backwards or forwards, I'm each way the same;
In music you'll find me;—a dwarf I will name.
IAGO.

103.

My *first* for strength is noted well,
And has to do with war;
My *second* comes at close of day;
And now just one thing more—
My *whole* is doubled every month 'tis clear;
Now guess me, for the answer's pretty clear.
UNCLE STEPHEN.

104.

My *first* is oft worn by ladies fair
When winter's snow drifts through the air;
My *second* is by gamblers used
When their honour they stake, their health abuse
My *mid* stands first of a numerous race,
Or 'mong articles small it finds a place;
My *whole* a queen, who, in her warlike car,
Harangued her troops before they went to war.
ELIZABETH H.

105.

To build up my *second*
My *first* you'd require;
My *whole* is a town in
A neighbouring shire. IAGO.

106.

My *first* is a place for rest;
My *second* is a weight;
My *whole* a scarcity.
UNCLE STEPHEN.

107.

Two-thirds of a weapon, a means of defence,
An article next—indefinite—hence
'Tis useless for me to say any more,
Soon to my *third*, and here, I implore
Each reader to ponder the thing I affirm;
My *third* contains nothing; and now you may learn
My *fourth*, which you are, if reading this o'er,
You find out my meaning at once: but no more;
My *whole* I will state, without further demur,
Whate'er is my whole will most surely occur.
BUSK.

108.

First take a fish fresh from a lake,
A dainty breakfast it would make;
My *second* is a pronoun small,
Of more importance, perhaps, than all;
In every home, my *third* is seen,
Of different forms it is I ween;
When winter's snow lies o'er our favoured land,
My *whole* we ought to be with liberal hand.
ELIZABETH H.

109.

Who violate the laws of God
My *first* most surely do;
My *second* is an open space
Oft easy to pass through;
My *third* is metal unrefined;
Now, ere you solve the same,
Know that my *whole* will truthfully
An Indian island name. IAGO.

110.

My *first* will bark, and growl, and yelp,
But seldom bite, they say;
My *second* most folks, doubtless, do
Some time or other pay;
My *whole* doth run, and in the sea
Is found to make its way.
UNCLE STEPHEN.

111.

Why would not the guillotine have the same effect on Lord Clive as on most persons?

LITTLE GIGGIE.

112.

Whole, I am a precious stone. My 8, 5, 6, 2, 3, is a plant; my 4, 5, 6, is a pronoun; my 1, 2, 6, a lady's name; my 4, 5, 3, an article; my 8, 3, 7, 4, to examine; and my 1, 2, part of the verb "to be."

FORGET-ME NOT.

113.—GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

a. A town in Yorkshire.
b. A river in Africa.
c. A Spanish town.
d. A town in Holland.
e. A town in India.
f. A town in Belgium.
g. A French town.

The finals and initials will name two countries of Europe intimately associated with each other.

ELIZABETH H.

114.

a. A seaport in Devonshire.
b. A country in Asia.
c. A town of France.
d. A sign of the Zodiac.
e. A river in Spain.

The initials and finals form the names of two great poets.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

115.

My *first* is a sort of fence, my *second* a pig, and my *whole* a small animal.

OCEAN.

HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURES.

12

The scene is Naples. A most amiable and accomplished king being remonstrated with for walking about the city unarmed, and without his usual retinue, replies, with noble air, "What cause have I for fear? A father has nothing to fear in the midst of his children."

ST. CLAIR.

13

A fierce battle is raging between two contending armies, each is striving to gain the mastery. In the heat of the action, a man dressed in white garments, holding a branch of laurel in his hand, advances into the thickest of the fight, crying out that he saw an eagle hovering over the head of the king (a sure omen of victory), showing with his finger the pretended bird to the soldiers, who imagine they see it also; and now, believing themselves to be invincible, they carry on the fight with greater spirit than before, and gain a decisive victory.

ELIZABETH H.

14

The scene is in a well-known edifice in London, formerly used as a prison. In one of the cells is seated a female, habited in robes which proclaim her to be of high rank. She is still young and very lovely, with fair hair and complexion, and deep blue eyes, which, though in happier times, were wont to sparkle with merriment, are now pensive and sad in their expression. As she thus sits musing, the heavy door is swung open, and a man who appears to be her gaoler, enters the dungeon. The lady addresses him in a sorrowful tone, to which he replies in a gentle and soothing manner. She looks pleased, and even smiles, as again speaking she places her hands around her swan-like throat in illustration of her remark. A few hours later this beautiful but unfortunate woman is led forth from her prison to suffer death upon the scaffold.

KATRINE.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c.

(*On pp.* 261-264.)

42.—Bear, Star, Sate, Breast, As, Lear; *Alabaster.*

43.—*a.* Burton *b.* Apple-by. *c.* Dun-stable. *d.* Henden. *e.* Wellington. *f.* Car-lisle.

44.—*a.* Corrupt. *b.* Atheist. *c.* Neophyte. *d.* Charadrius. *e.* Epicedeum *f.* Roe; *Cancer.*

45.—Sum-mit. 46.—Plum-age. 47.—Sh ep, Rake, Spar, Pear, Seek, Peer, Shake, Asp; *Shakespeare.*

48.—*a.* C-hat-el-arab. *b.* Che-nab. *c.* Men-am. *d.* Canton. *e.* Gog ra. *f.* A-moor.

49.—Flaw, Law. 50.—Mer-chant. 51.—Spitfire. 52.—Skate, Reats, Sleak, Rate, Teak, Tea, Eat, Ate. 53.—Name, Mine, Teal, Anne, Mile, Tea, Mole; *Leamington.* 54.—Hem-a-tite. 55.—Car-mine. 56.—Nap-wine. 57.—Because it stands the fire well. 58.—Hen-bane. 59.—(P)lan-cashire. 60.—Lip, Lac, Ale; *Plaice.* 61.—Ave-rage. 62.—The one gives the criminal the first *drop*, and the other the last *drop.* 63.—Hottentot. 64.—Hay, Van, Oh, Can; *Anchovy.* 65.—Luck-now. 66.—Mint, Time, Nap, Mat, Tom, Ant, Top, Emma, Potion, Mine, Atom, Pin; *Pantomime.* 67.—Rat, Tub, To; *Turbot.*

68.—*a* Because it would make a Rifle a Trifle. *b.* Because it would be delighted (D-lighted). *c.* (B)rocket.

69.—*a.* RotterdaM. *b.* UrbinO. *c.* SolssonS. *d.* SiedleC. *e.* IldefonsO. *f.* ArKloW. *Russia, Moscow.*

70.—*a.* Hector. *b.* Egean. *c.* Romulus. *d.* Colæno. *e.* Ulysses. *f.* Laborna. *g.* Erato. *h.* Saturn. *Hercules.*

71.—Foot. 72.—(wrongly placed). 73.—Ladder. 74.—The letter N. 75.—When it is "returned empty" to the house. 76.—Mis(t)-fortune.

77.—*a.* Appleby. *b.* Uncas. *c.* Seville. *d.* Tagus. *e.* Romulus. *f.* Aaron. *g.* Linnæus. *h.* Italy. *i.* Appolonius. *Australia.*

78.—*a.* Cherbourg. *b.* Odessa. *c.* Winchester. *d.* Pound. *e.* Eastbourne. *f.* Rouen. *Cowper.*

79.—Wells-pent. 80.—Mon-soon. 81.—O-port-o. 82.—Pen-wiper. 83.—Sea-ling wax. 84.—Den, Ned. 85.—Frome, Rome.

86.—*a.* Seven, Even. *b.* Eye, Ye. *c.* Mice, Ice. *d.* She, He. *e.* None, One. *f.* Frome, Rome. *g.* Lass Ass. *h.* Trifle, Rifle. *i.* Never, Ever. *j.* Whole, Hole. *k.* Yours, Ours. *l.* Beagle, Eagle. *m.* Pill, ill.

87.—Free-man. 88.—Yawning, Awning.

89.—*a.* Wil-low. *b.* T-horn. *c.* L-arch. *d.* O-range. *e.* Palm. *f.* (H)elm. *g.* Date.

HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURES.

10.—The Death of the General Nicias and Demosthenes.

11.—The Capture of Monmouth, and his interview with King James.

"THIS, THEN, IS THE ISSUE OF MY BRILLIANT HOPES."

LOVE AND DISCIPLINE; OR, TWO WAYS OF TEACHING.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LITTLE GARDENER.

THE result of Pierre Chiron's visit to his landlord was not such as he had hoped. Ashamed and vexed, he returned home with so fallen a countenance, that his wife directly guessed his journey had been unsuccessful.

"Is there no more hope?" said she to him.

"Nothing can move that obstinate old man," he replied; "to all my reasons, and, I may say my prayers," he coolly answered.

"I am sorry for it, Chiron, for you are an honest man; but the longer time I give you, the greater would the debt become, because you will not be richer next year than you are this."

"Well, is he not right, Pierre? If we found ourselves in arrear through some extraordinary blight, we might reckon upon better times; but we cannot say so with truth. This debt is a millstone about our neck, which will, sooner or later, sink us into misery, and therefore to liquidate it I sacrificed our last resource."

"Oh, how I regret having been so weak," continued Pierre; "there is, however, a way of escape for us, but I dare not mention it to you."

"I cannot believe it is a dishonourable way. What, therefore, keeps you back?"

"The fear of demanding both from you and my mother too great a sacrifice."

"Alas!" replied Babet, sighing, "can anything be harder than leaving the place to which we are accustomed—a garden watered by our toil—to go, I know not whither?"

"By the means in question we should be almost quits with M. André."

"You fear, perhaps, that he will not consent?"

"On the contrary, wife. It was he who proposed the plan to me."

"Explain yourself. What must we do?"

"In the first place you must allow, that if I were wrong in burdening myself with young Rigobert, our interest demands that the contract should be fulfilled."

"Of course."

"The consequence is that Noel's help is of very little use to me."

"But it is to him, who should not, on that account, neglect it. Are you not teaching him a trade?"

"Oh, I do not intend him to be idle, far from it. I mean to say it will be to his advantage to profit by this opportunity of seeing the world a little, and that if you and my mother consent, he can take a situation at M. André's."

"A situation! How? As a servant, I suppose! And can you consent to that? The only child remaining to us, for him to be thus reduced—he whose brother and sister—Ah! poor innocent, is it then he who has to bear the weight of our misfortunes?" and Babet wept bitterly.

"Well, my dear, let us not argue the point—you can keep your son. I did not make any engagement for him. On the contrary, I told M. André that the child was too young. We must try to find another garden, and if I cannot succeed, I shall go as journeyman to some one."

Babet continued to weep.

"I did also think of borrowing, but who would have sufficient confidence in me to open his purse for my use? Madame de St. Yves might, perhaps, she is so kind."

"Yes, she is certainly kind," replied Babet; "but being already at expense on Angelique's account, would it be right to throw the entire family upon her? Ah, we must not think of it; let us conceal our distress from her as much as possible, for we know how she would feel it."

"Madame André also appeared much interested for me, and if our fate depended on her, I should have hope. She is an excellent woman, Babet, who would take great care of a child entrusted to her."

"Do not talk of that, Pierre," said the poor mother, whose tears flowed afresh; "if I could consent to it, I should never have the courage to say to my child, 'go and serve a stranger—you are not wanted at home.'"

The gardener hung his head in sorrow, rightly judging it would be useless to grieve his mother by speaking of what she would perhaps oppose still more strongly than his wife. It was not mentioned again that day.

The following morning every one asked what had become of Noel, he was not to be found in the garden, nor in the house, and was absent at breakfast-time. His parents began to be uneasy, when a neighbour came to tell them that Noel had started at daybreak for the capital, whither he was taking some flower seeds for his sister. His absence was thus apparently explained, but his father and mother were surprised, and even hurt, at this independent step, which was so unusual,—the first time he had thus acted.

Let not the reader condemn him hastily; this good child, on the contrary, deserves praise. Without his parents suspecting it, or his prying into their secrets, Noel had overheard the conversation of the previous evening—a conversation that revealed to him many things of which he was ignorant. He quickly comprehended the distress of the family, and the remedy which the sacrifice of his own liberty could afford. It was but the work of a moment with him to perceive and determine upon it; his first idea was to tell them, but his mother's dislike to it suggested a different plan.

He therefore left home before any one was awake, and went to Passy, where their landlord resided, not to Paris. As it was yet too early to call upon him, Noel walked about the environs for some time; but M. André being up earlier than usual, had already gone out when the little gardener knocked at his door. He then inquired for Madame André, who immediately consented to see him. One of her grandchildren was with her. She was truly an excellent, kind, and upright woman.

"What do you want, my child?" she said to him; "Are you not Pierre Chiron's son?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am."

"What, then, brings you here so early?"

"I was here indeed very early, but waited, fearing to be troublesome; and now I am too late, as your husband is absent."

"May I not know what you want?"

"Certainly, ma'am, it is necessary I should tell you. I am come to ask whether he still wishes to take me into his service?"

"Dear me, grandmamma," whispered the little girl to Madame André, "how well he speaks for so young a boy. Is it possible that he is only a peasant?"

"This is your father's favourite, Matilda," she replied, in the same tone. "He considers him clever, and yet he is but a gardener's son." Then addressing herself to Noel, "I do not suppose, my child, that M. André has changed his mind since yesterday, but your father did not seem inclined to send you to service, and we cannot take you without his permission."

"Be assured, ma'am, he will give it," said Noel, with vivacity.

"But yesterday—"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. Yesterday at the first glance it appeared to him difficult, perhaps impossible, for my mother has no one besides me, and I have never left her—"

Tears came into his eyes; but again taking courage, he added, attempting to smile:

"What is the distance that would separate us? You would allow me sometimes to go and see her? Besides, we must yield to necessity. Should I not be happy in ameliorating my dear parent's condition? I shall have courage for their sakes, be assured, even if they lack it themselves!"

"As far as I am concerned, Noel," replied the lady, I should be delighted to have in my house so good a child as you seem to be, and the more so, as it will enable M. André to retain your father as a tenant. I like your family, because they possess uncommon integrity."

"Thank you, ma'am. Oh, why does not your husband think as you do?"

"My husband has a high opinion of your parents."

"Yet he will not keep my father, unless—"

"Unless he do not liquidate his debt, it is true; but, my child, that is just, after all. When an engagement is made, it must be kept. He who neglects to pay a small sum, is unable to do so when it becomes a large one."

"I hear my grandfather's voice," said Matilda.

M. André entered; he was neither avaricious nor hard-hearted, but a man of stern justice, who, after having granted Chiron a reasonable delay, and seeing no way to get clear of his difficulty, had refused to renew his engagement.

"It is rendering him a service," he said to his wife; "for credit ruins those who possess anything, and injures honest people. Deprived of this resource, the father of a family has only his own industry upon which to depend, and to that he must come, sooner or later. Why, therefore, wait until he has lost his reputation?"

The sight of Noel vexed him, supposing he had come to beg him to retain his father; he was, therefore, agreeably surprised to learn the real motive for his visit.

"Well," he replied, "I am glad that Chiron has become more sensible, as the proverb says, 'take counsel with your pillow.' In offering your father to take you into my service, I thought more of his interest than my own, for indeed, my child, you are still very young and feeble for cultivating my garden, although it is but a parterre."

"I have worked for three years with my father, sir."

"As for intelligence, I know you are not deficient; besides, I have given my word—all is settled. But why did not your father come with you?"

"I will bring him to you to-morrow, sir, now I have your promise."

Noel, longing to be alone once more, bade his future master adieu, and was about to leave, when Madame André detained him to take his breakfast. It was of no use to refuse, they insisted upon his going into the kitchen, where they left him to the care of the servant, whose name was Adèle.

"Sit down here, my child," she said to him kindly. "It is you, then, who are

to be my fellow-servant—I am glad of it. You have the manners of a well-trained boy. I undertake to say that you never use bad language, nor play tricks, and that you are not one to run about the streets, like many others I know. Therefore, if you behave well to me, I will take care of you, for you see that, without disparaging our employers, it is right that poor servants should protect each other. But pray eat, for Madame begs you will—this dish is worth tasting. Why do you not eat ?'

"I am not hungry, ma'am."

"Not hungry at your age, and after the long walk you have had? That is strange. You must be ill or unhappy."

Tears escaped from poor Noel's eyes in spite of himself; he experienced the pain which a patient feels when a finger is laid upon the suffering part.

"Is it then against your will that you come here?" said Adèle, lowering her voice. "If I understand rightly, Chiron is in debt to M. André, which will be liquidated by your services, so that, after all your trouble, you will receive nothing. That is hard certainly."

"Supposing what you say were true ma'am, is it nothing to oblige good parents? Alas! in leaving them, my only consolation is in thinking that it is on their account I shall work. Thus, so far from coming against my inclination, I have not, you see, waited for my father."

"And yet you cry?"

"Ah, no, I do not cry—at least nothing worth mentioning. It is allowable to shed a tear or two on leaving home."

"No doubt, no doubt; besides which, people say that your mother is such a good woman. If her husband had half her sense, your affairs would not have gone so badly. I have been told that Pierre Chiron formerly loved cards and drink."

"Since I remember," replied Noel with warmth, "I have never seen my father either gamble or get intoxicated; but if he had these faults, ma'am, his son would not willingly allow them to be mentioned in his presence."

Saying these words he rose, bade the cook good-bye, who was a little confounded, took leave of the heads of the house, and went away, promising to return the following day with his father.

CHAPTER XVII.

LOVE AND DUTY.

The more we endeavour to conceal our grief, the more deeply we feel it. Noel, not wishing to look like a victim, had tried to preserve a calm countenance during his visit, and had succeeded pretty well in Adèle's presence, although she had inadvertently aroused within him many painful feelings; but, scarcely was he at liberty, than he found relief in a flood of tears. Notwithstanding Noel was precocious for his years, we must not forget that he was still very young, and endowed with extreme sensitiveness.

"This, then," said he to himself, "is the issue of the brilliant hopes which I secretly cherished! Of what use will this insatiable thirst for knowledge be to me? Did I require to spend so many hours in reading and study in order to become the companion of a servant, and to be one myself? Ah! my mother was right. I have

hitherto dreamed! My awaking now is very painful. All that M. Valérius has taught me, all that I have remembered, will only make my situation the more insupportable. But why have I received from heaven this desire for glory that other children in my rank of life have not? Why was I not in my brother's position? He would have been happy indeed in mine—in that which *was* mine I should say; for as I have sold my freedom, no one will exchange places with me now. Yes, I was wrong to complain, for at home I enjoyed a leisure which my good mother never refused; but a master, however kind he may be, will not have the same consideration for me. No!" he added, crying bitterly, "there is not a child upon earth more to be pitied than I am!"

"Have compassion on an unhappy orphan, for the love of God!" exclaimed a plaintive voice.

Noel quickly turned his head and saw, in a corner, a boy of eight or nine years of age, who was extending his hand.

"An orphan so young!" said Noel, struck with surprise. "What, poor little one, have you neither father nor mother?"

"No," replied the orphan.

"Are they, then, both dead?"

"I cannot say; I have never known them."

"Your misfortune is therefore greater. By whom have you been brought up?"

"By the Sisters of Charity."

"Have they dismissed you at so early an age?"

"Some workmen took me away to learn a trade, but have gone off, leaving me in the streets."

"In that case, my poor child, I think you had better return to the Asylum, and place yourself again in the hands of the good sisters who have had charge of you in infancy, for it appears to me that, not being able to take care of yourself, you will be exposed to the danger of meeting with bad people, who lead children astray."

The orphan was looking at him in a sullen and rude manner, which the little gardener did not at all like, when a policeman seized the beggar's arm roughly, saying, "Ah! you good-for-nothing creature, I have caught you in the fact!"

"Spare that child, sir!" cried Noel; "he has been abandoned by those who ought to have protected him."

"That is the tale he tells to those who will listen to him; but he and I know each other. He is an idle fellow, who prefers begging, thieving, and vagabondising, to earning an honest livelihood. He has already escaped three times from his master, a respectable joiner, who kindly took him in. Come along, Newgate-bird! we will give you a lodging in which you will be compelled to stay, whether you like it or not.

Noel remained for a moment thunderstruck, observing the curious manner of the policeman, and then said to himself:

"Lost at nine years of age! Already plunged by vice into the lowest class of society! Dare I, after that, complain of my lot, and consider myself the most unfortunate child on earth? Ah! if God had also deprived me of a father and mother, might I not have become what he is? We may raise ourselves from poverty and ignorance, but from vice—never, perhaps. At least it is very difficult,

although Socrates cured himself of drunkenness and revelry. The remembrance of a dissipated youth is indeed a heavy weight!"

This adventure, and the consequent judicious reflections, awakened his courage, and he resumed his walk with a lighter heart. The difficulties he had to overcome, and the opposition of his mother and grandmother, who could not consent to his leaving home to enter the service of a stranger, only fixed him the more firmly in his resolution. The necessity of placing the matter before them, in the most favourable light, greatly diminished the unpleasantness, even to himself.

"In the first place," he said to them, "it is well I should live amongst strangers; that will give me experience and form my character. I am going to a respectable house, where you are esteemed, and have been known long enough to lead you to expect that I shall be kindly treated. Designed especially for a gardener, my work will not be either disagreeable or humiliating, because it is that to which I am accustomed; it will also bring me near to M. Théophile, who has already taken an interest in me, and who, I doubt not, will prevail upon his father to allow me occasionally a little time for study. At the end of one or two years, if our affairs be settled, I shall return home, not to leave you again. Are two years of anxiety (not however without some consolation) too dear a price for the securing of ultimate tranquillity, and, above all, the privilege of feeling that we owe nothing?"

Saying this, Noel was actually surprised at having had any reluctance in adopting so easy and reasonable a plan. His own conviction soon influenced those whom he endeavoured to persuade. Simone and Babet looked at him admiringly, charmed with the eloquence of their dear child, whom Pierre embraced with transport, for it was *his* fault which the devotion of his son was to atone for. However, whilst preparing for the sad departure, the two women said to each other, with tears in their eyes, "It is for the sake of a stranger that we send our poor child from home!" This too-well grounded lamentation they only uttered in an undertone, that it might not reach the ears of Pierre and Celestin.

Noel did not omit taking leave of M. Valerius, to whom he frankly avowed the motive for his conduct—not that he might be praised, but to exculpate himself from the suspicion of fickleness which the learned man appeared to entertain. He protested that the interest of his family, and especially that of his mother, whose happiness was so dear to him, alone gave him courage to renounce for a time his much-loved lessons, which he promised faithfully to bear in mind, were he even compelled to content himself with but two hours sleep of a night.

"Do not so, my child," replied M. Valérius; "that would be endangering your health, and perhaps your life; then, of what use would your knowledge be? I will give you a plan for judicious study, suited to your age, your capacity, and to the more dependent position which you enter so generously. Remember that perseverance such as yours will certainly lead to the attainment of your desires. Much toil is apparently assigned you, but, believe my prediction, you will surmount it with honour."

Noel, transported with joy, threw himself on the neck of his learned friend, who, in addition to this encouragement, gave him good advice, which was heard and received with respect. On his return home, the eyes of the scholar shone with extraordinary brilliancy; he already imagined himself crowned with laurels.

As I have before mentioned, the delicate feelings of the Chiron family concealed from Célestin the painful position into which the thoughtless service rendered to him had plunged them. I would also add that, notwithstanding his recent delinquency, the poor young man deserved that consideration on account of his modesty, good conduct, and the sorrow he entertained for his fault. He, however, received some consolatory news which his sister Marine lost no time in communicating to him. Old Rigobert wished to revenge himself no further upon his hardhearted sister than by letting her know the danger into which her refusal had precipitated his son, and making her feel that the disgrace of a public condemnation would have reflected as much upon her as upon him. This letter made such an impression upon Madame Daran as to induce her to see her brother again, whose distress she had not believed so great. The interview led to a reconciliation, in consequence of which, Rigobert and his two daughters went to reside with her; but it was in vain that efforts were made on this occasion to obtain the old man's forgiveness for his guilty son; he resisted all entreaties, and would on no account alter his decision.

However, Célestin, whom it was necessary to acquaint with Noel's departure, could not help feeling uneasy about it, were it only for the circumstance of its occurring at the time of his arrival in the house.

"I am surprised, M. Chiron," said he, whilst at work with him, "*very* much surprised, I own, at the plan you have suddenly adopted with regard to your son, for you did not let me know that was your intention. Do you think that the garden is not large enough to employ the three?"

"It is large enough, Célestin; but our landlord, a good sort of man, sometimes takes fancies into his head. He wishes to have Noel's assistance in cultivating his garden; he asked me for him a long time since, and now that, with your help, I can do without the little fellow, I think I ought not to refuse the old man. I am sure he will treat him well."

"I wish you to clearly understand, master, I should much regret being the occasion of your son's leaving home. I cause sufficient grief to my own family, without bringing any into yours."

"Do not entertain such an idea, my boy."

"Why, then, are Simone and Babet so sad?"

"What a question! Did you ever see a mother and grandmother witness the departure from home of one whom they have nourished and brought up, without shedding tears? And we must allow that Noel is a child who deserves being loved; a good son, a careful gardener for his age, and who would understand his business better still if he did not amuse himself so much with reading and writing. There, do you see him in his little room, carefully wrapping up some books amongst his luggage? As if he wanted all that! If they were 'The Good Gardener's Almanack', all very well; but I venture to say that, perhaps, not one of those who compiled these books knows the proper time for sowing different kinds of cabbages. But it is this learned old man who gives him the taste for these useless things, and that is why I am not sorry Noel should leave him. I hope that with old M. André, he will insensibly forget them, for masters justly consider their servants' time their own."

"But, M. Chiron, would you not feel flattered by your little Noel becoming a learned man? He has talent superior to his age."

"There now, you are talking as my mother does. If I were to follow her advice, I should send him to college. She calls my refusal clipping a bird's wings; but I do not allow myself to be carried away by such delusive hopes. Besides, it is not this world's fame that secures our happiness. All I ask of God in my prayers is, that He would make Noel an honest man, which is a blessing not always granted to fathers, although it is said——"

Pierre stopped short, seeing poor Célestin's face suffused with the blush of shame.

"I am not alluding to you, my friend," said the gardener, holding out his hand to him. "As true as the heaven is above us, I was not thinking of you at the moment."

"And if you were," replied the young man, in a melancholy tone, "should I have a right to complain? Is it not a natural reflection? Oh, how bitter it is to be unable to hold a conversation without at every turn meeting with a subject for self-reproach! It seems to me as if, like Cain, I bore a mark by which I am known everywhere—not as a murderer, but a —— I cannot pronounce the word. Were it not for the necessity of redeeming the watch, I should have left Paris, France, even Europe, and have gone so far away that no one would have heard anything more of me."

"A bad plan, Célestin, for you would then have carried your father's hatred with you, instead of which, by conducting yourself in an irreproachable manner, at no great distance from him, you will at length obtain his blessing."

It was agreed between Pierre, his mother and wife, that they should not acquaint M. Philéas and his sister with the necessity which compelled them to place little Noel for a short time in service, not only because the gardener would be obliged to disclose his imprudence, but, at the same time, to spare their feelings, which might perhaps be wounded by seeing in their *protégés* the near relatives of a servant. But Noel was kept in ignorance of this precaution, which was calculated only to humble him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

At the accustomed hour for walking, a group of young school girls, accompanied by their teacher, sallied forth from an establishment at Passy, whilst a little girl, recently entered, leaned with a sullen air against the terrace wall of the garden, watching their departure. It was easy to perceive, especially by the expression of her countenance, that her detention had been imposed by a superior authority, and that it was a punishment for some fault. Now, the young lady thus detained was no other than Angelique Chiron. Madame de St. Yves, weary of doing nothing with her, and stimulated besides by M. Philéas, had resolved to place her at boarding-school.

However happy youth may be, novelty has always attractions for it. Angelique seeing in a school nothing more than an assemblage of little girls of her own age, able to render her amusements more animated and agreeable, had entered into her godmother's plan with pleasure. There was another circumstance which greatly flattered her pride; it was, that Madame Olympe, in order to avoid entering into a long explanation, perhaps, also,—modestly to conceal her benevolence, and, above all,

to place Angelique on the best terms with her new companions, who were almost all rich and of good birth,—introduced her at the school as a relation. Angelique went still further, in announcing to her school-fellows that she was Madame Olympe's niece, so that they, to whom this was of no importance, always called her Angelique de St. Yves. But what rose has not a thorn? the little girl, self-willed and idle, soon rebelled against the discipline of the school. She had scarcely been there a fortnight when she pretended she had serious ground of complaint. She said she was badly fed; that she was made to rise too early, which gave her a headache; and other griefs equally groundless. Madame Olympe resisted the first attacks; but we do not know whether her firmness would not at length have given way, had not her brother placed it beyond her power to yield to her usual weakness, as we shall soon learn.

To return to Angelique. Whilst she was leaning, as we have seen, against the terrace wall, she felt an arm placed round her waist, and turning her head, she saw young Matilda, M. André's grandchild, who was a day-pupil at the school. Matilda perceiving she was in tears, embraced her affectionately.

"Is it right to vex yourself thus for being deprived of a walk?" she said to her. "But I am wrong, it is not punishment that causes tears, but rather sorrow for having deserved it, and in this case ——"

"Indeed, Matilda, it is neither the one nor the other," rejoined Angelique; "only I cannot endure to be degraded for nothing, before a whole school."

"But think, Angelique, that we are all exposed to the same unpleasantness. To-day it is your turn, to-morrow it may be mine, or some one's else."

"No, no; I am the only one that is punished, you are left behind because you wished it."

"I know that; I asked permission to spend the walking hour in reading—but what have you done?"

"Nothing, dear."

"Allow me to say that is impossible; Madame is considered an enlightened and just person."

"My only fault, however, is not having learned my lesson, and excusing myself on the plea that I did not feel to-day in the humour for studying."

"Ha, ha! could you have supposed that reply would have satisfied her? Really there would not be many prizes to distribute at the holidays if teachers waited until each pupil found herself in the mood to study."

"What! cannot I have a headache or toothache?"

"When the pupils are ill they go to the infirmary, but no attention is paid to fancies. Seriously speaking, Angelique, is it not to be instructed that we are placed here? Are we to regulate the hours for lessons? Ought we not rather to conform to them? What did Madame say in reply?"

"That she was very sorry for the dullness of spirit of which I complained; that did not, however, prevent my running and jumping at play, and she desired me to shake it off also, when study required it, under pain of being punished——"

"And then?"

"I insisted on my point, although politely. I said that the effort did not depend upon my will; that I am not accustomed to do violence to my feelings; in short,

do not remember any more of my expressions, but Madame seemed very much ispleased, and forbade my going out, accusing me of setting a bad example. Can ou approve of such severity, Matilda?"

"Ah, dear! is it not our duty to obey? If each pupil had the right to remonstrate, it would be impossible to regulate so many persons. It may do tolerably well t home, but here we must submit to rule. Between ourselves, I believe that itherto you have known none; your aunt rarely checks your fancies."

"My aunt is kind and affectionate; if I did not deserve it, it appears——"

"Are you now going to quarrel with me?"

"No, no; you are a good girl, but the others are worth nothing."

"How unjust!"

"I tell you that I cannot forgive their bitter smile during that little scene, nor he manner in which they passed me with their bonnets on, as if to mock me in my umiliation; they will not fail to do the same on their return."

"Not unless you provoke them. Do you see that little cloud, which passes across he sky without leaving a trace behind? Let your grief disappear with it, and the ubject will be forgotten."

"As far as I am concerned, I feel that is impossible."

"In order to succeed, let us read the story for which I remainded at home; it is n the paper entitled 'La Récréation,' written expressly for young persons. Would ou like to begin?"

"No, nor to finish," replied Angelique; (for we know that she could not read vell).

"Is it because it tires you?"

"Yes, and without amusing me much."

"You have, however, told me that you like to hear stories related."

"I do not deny that."

"But written ones are much better."

"Do you think so?"

"Listen to this one. I am the more anxious to read it, because my father, who nows the author, told me it was a little boy of thirteen, who has never received egular tuition."

"In such a case, no doubt it is something extraordinary," rejoined Angelique, lisdainfully.

"We shall see," replied Matilda, seating herself on the edge of the terrace.

CHAPTER XIX.

PRIDE AND FALSEHOOD.

WOUNDED pride is not easily healed, and the most entertaining book, although liverting it for a time, cannot induce forgetfulness of the grievance. The sorrow that Angelique felt was, in reality, but slight. What displeased her was to find herself the subject of her companions' raillery, in consequence of her profound ignorance. She had imagined that the name of St. Yves, which she willingly added to her own, would secure the deference of the other young people, not knowing that amongst pupils assembled for instruction, superiority naturally attaches to the most clever amongst them. So that, although her companions were far from suspecting that

this little girl, so vain and imperious, was only the daughter of a gardener, they did not laugh the less at the proofs of ignorance she constantly manifested, and at her numerous orthographical errors.

The day following that on which she was deprived of her walk, Angelique was called into the drawing-room, where she was a little mortified to find Hersilia, instead of Madame de St. Yves, whom she anxiously expected. Her vexation would have been greater had she known the cause of this disappointment. We shall relate it to the reader, who has the privilege of being acquainted with every circumstance. M. Philéas, whose advice had at length induced his sister to place her *protégée* at a boarding school, not doubting that Angelique, accustomed to do nothing, would soon be tired of her new position, endeavoured to render her complaints useless, by removing from her, especially at that time, a patroness who was but too much inclined to listen to them. He, therefore, begged Madame Olympe to accompany him to a watering place. She protested against this proposition.

"Ah, brother, what a time you select! Shall I abandon that poor Angelique when my countenance is more needful than ever?"

"On the contrary,—the time appears to me altogether opportune. Our two *protégés* are both placed with persons worthy of our confidence, and I do not see what encouragement Angelique can expect from you."

"She has not been prepared for the discipline of a school, brother,—you know it very well. It will appear very hard to her."

"She will conform to it better in your absence, sister."

With her well-known disposition, Madame Olympe could not resist her brother, any more than she could her godchild; and, as the latter was ignorant of this excursion of a month or six weeks, she was persuaded to undertake it, but charged Hersilia to visit her dear Angelique often.

The servant could not help laughing on seeing the disconsolate air of the little girl.

"Confess that to-day you cannot say I am welcome," she said to her.

"I am not sorry to see you, Hersilia; but it is true that, having many important things to say to my godmamma, I should have been more pleased had she come herself. I hope she is not ill?"

"Her health is extremely good."

"Shall I see her to-morrow?"

"I cannot give you any hope of that. Business, at least as important as yours, will keep her away for several weeks."

"Several weeks! Nonsense, I do not believe you! Madame Olympe would never have abandoned me thus."

"It is not abandoning you to send me in her place. I have full power to gratify your wishes, provided they are reasonable."

"In that case, my dear Hersilia, take me away from this house, where I become more unhappy every day."

"Do you call that a reasonable request?" asked the servant, laughing. You have only been here three weeks."

"I shall die of grief if I be left here any longer."

"Of what do you complain?"

"Of the discipline, the governess, the pupils,—in short, of everything."

"Let us take things in order. What part of the discipline displeases you?"

"I am expected to be content with the ordinary diet of the table."

"Do you really think that there should be a particular dish for each pupil? Of ɔurse there are several, and it is strange if one do not suit you. Were it right to ıdulge whims, it would not be worth while trying to check them. What complaint o you make of the governess?"

"She overwhelms me with duties, and punishes me when I grumble."

"Are you not placed here to learn all that is taught, and to respect the authority f the lady who directs the establishment? Let me now hear something of the upils."

"In your present mood you will, doubtless, think it quite proper that they should ɔe permitted to criticise my faults in spelling, and to make me the subject of their ɔkes?"

"No; I allow it would be more kind in them to spare you a little; but what can 'ou expect? Youth is thus constituted, and your only resource is to work hard nd become more learned. I advise you, in the meantime, to be the first to laugh ,t your little mistakes. That is the shortest way of making others serious."

"You will not, then, take me away with you?"

"Of what use would that be? Girls at school are all alike. You would not be ıappier elsewhere.

"If that be all you can say, you need not have come. At least you will take :harge of a letter I am going to write to my godmamma?"

"Certainly, if it be well done; but I have not time to wait for it—you write so s'owly. Send it by post."

"Yes, indeed! and have it pass under the scrutiny of the governess of whom I :omplain. Not one goes from the school without being read by her."

"That is a wise precaution," said Hersilia, rising to leave.

Angelique was still under the influence of bad temper, occasioned by this visit, when Maltilda came, saying, as she took her by the hand, "You have told me of your love for flowers. My grandfather's little gardener has brought me two pretty plants of heliotrope,—one for the teacher, the other for you. Come and see if it be not true."

It was play-time; the pupils made a circle round the gardener, or rather the flowers he had placed on the table. Angelique pushed her companions aside, saying proudly:

"One of these heliotropes is for me. No one must meddle with it. What is the price of it?" she added, drawing out a handsome purse.

"Do not you understand that it is a present from me?" replied Matilda. "Therefore close your purse, unless indeed," she said in an under tone, "you think proper to give a trifle to the little gardener."

"Certainly; I happen to have a piece of money quite new. Here, my boy——." But suddenly, raising her eyes to him for the first time, she started back in surprise upon recognising her brother Noel, who, on his part, looked at her equally astonished."

"Matilda," replied Angelique, drawing her aside and still holding the money in

her hand, "he is not a servant—your grandfather's gardener—you will laugh, I dare say."

"No, dear, his extreme youth makes you doubt it, but it is true. The poor boy thinks we are talking of him, he blushes and smiles in a strange manner."

Angelique, much alarmed, directly made up her mind what to do, for the thought of being recognised as the sister of a servant, before all her companions, wounded her pride so much, that she resolved to brave it out, sooner than expose herself to such a thing. She therefore advanced towards her brother, with the most determined expression of *hauteur*, and gave him the piece without daring, however, to look him in the face. Noel had too much penetration not to understand the reason for this manœuvre: he saw his sister was ashamed of him, and, deeply wounded at her conduct, felt for a moment inclined to punish her; but noticing the embarrassment, which, in spite of herself, was perceptible beneath the assurance she assumed, he took the money, and said in a significant manner:

"I accept your money, mademoiselle; you are rich and I am poor, we are very differently situated."

He retired without adding anything further, leaving Angelique the more displeased with herself because she thought she saw tears in her brother's eyes.

Poor Noel was indeed much hurt at this humiliation. "The ungrateful girl!" said he to himself,—does she not deserve to be exposed, at least, to Mademoiselle Matilda? By so doing I should cover her with more disgrace then she has brought on me today, for it is better to show who we really are, than to impose by a borrowed greatness, which makes us ashamed of our nearest relations; but she may rest assured that I shall be silent, that I shall even forget her, and from this moment she shall be no more to me than a stranger."

Angelique's reflections also were painful; she was kind-hearted, and the thought of the lively sorrow she had occasioned her brother, made her very unhappy. What a reward for all his attentions to her! how she wished to ask his forgiveness! An opportunity was afforded her, by Matilda seeing her every day, but Angelique could not make up her mind to lay aside her borrowed dignity. She asked herself, with surprise, "How it happened that her brother was a servant."

Solomon having come the following Friday, that being a holiday for both, she related her sad adventure to him, as well as the teacher's presence allowed, who was in the room with them.

"Did you know," whispered she to him, "that Noel had left home to fill so degrading a situation?"

"It makes me fear some misfortune has happened to our family," replied Solomon. "How is it you did not hear all about it, as you saw him?"

"I saw him, without speaking to him."

"What prevented your doing so?"

"There were so many people. I am supposed by all here to be Madame Olympe's niece, and as such Noel was presented to me—I had not the courage—"

"To own him as your brother, is not that what you mean?"

"What would you have done in my place?"

"Oh! Angelique, nothing in the world would cause me to close my arms against my mother's son, against my own brother, against such a brother as Noel is, so

ffectionate towards us, and by his talents so superior. I know that, for he has hown me pieces of his composition, such as we could never write, notwithstanding he advantages of our education."

"We are still very young, and he also, to judge what we shall be hereafter," re-oined Angelique, piqued.

"Yes, yes," we are young, but that does not prevent Noel from having already had the honour of seeing himself in print."

"In print?"

"Yes, he has written a kind of story, which M. Valérius (you know that professor at St. Cyr, who has taken a fancy to him) thought worthy of being put into a news-paper."

"You remind me of what I heard a few days since, the production of an author twelve years old. It is called, I think, the "Forest of St. Cloud."

"Exactly. Well! what have you to say about it? is it not an honour for us to have a brother an author?"

"M. Valérius has no doubt executed the greatest part of the work; it is impossible that Noel should have so much genius."

"Because he is modest and silent, instead of making a parade of what he knows; you are not aware that that is precisely the poof of talent."

"Ah! I wish he had a hundred times more, and that he was not reduced to servitude."

"I will know why he is brought to such an extremity! I shall go to-day and see him."

"But not under your own name, I hope?"

"Yes, under my own name; for I tell you again, Angelique, that nothing can make me blush for my relationship, but crime or villany, and Noel is incapable of either."

This little conversation was by no means so connected as I have given it; on the contrary, it was often interrupted and resumed, so that the brother and sister separated, without the latter saying all she intended on the subject. Solomon did not fail to call at M. Andre's, who was somewhat surprised to hear a young gentleman, very well dressed, state that he was brother to his little gardener. Solomon explained simply to him the cause for that difference. As for Noel, yet chilled by the interview with Angelique, he hardly knew how to accost his brother, but the latter relieved his embarrassment by throwing himself upon his neck.

M. André having left them alone, Noel related to Solomon the circumstances which had compelled him for a time to leave home, begging him, however, not to mention it to M. Philéas and his sister, lest this candour should appear to them an appeal to their generosity. Solomon ventured to speak of Angelique and the regret she felt for her impertinent conduct, but Noel quickly replied that the wound she had inflicted was yet too fresh to be touched even to be healed; and as his eyes filled with tears, Solomon added no more on the subject.

(To be continued.)

SOLITUDE.

To beings rightly organised—
  The thoughtful and the good—
How sweet are moments when they may
  The busy world exclude!
None but the reckless, the corrupt,
  The imbecile, the rude,
Yearn morbidly for stirring scenes—
  Recoil from Solitude!

For 'tis within that peaceful realm
  Man delves the hoards of sages,
And tracks the march of mighty mind
  O'er learning's rugged stages;
And nurtures many a project grand
  Which highest gifts engages,—
Accomplished, to be graven on
  Fame's adamantine pages!

'Tis there his free-born soul asserts
  Her native dignity,
And ranges o'er untrodden ground
  Of vast sublimity;
Or launches forth rejoicing on
  An unexplored sea,
Where isles of treasure yet unknown
  Await discovery!

'Tis there he most profoundly feels
  How vast are life's relations,
And, pondering the rise and fall
  Of persons and of nations,
May learn to rightly estimate
  The world with its creations,
And curb his rebel will beneath
  Heaven's direst dispensations,

To value the divinier part,
  Think humbly of the "clod,"
Mark well his sin-misguided steps,
  Trace where his Saviour trod;
And so to live, that when his house
  Shall sink beneath the sod,
Its habitant, "white-robed," may soar
  To glory, bliss, and God!

Vain pleasure's idle votaries—
  A gay and fluttering throng—
Dislike or scorn who do not mix
  Her brilliant crowd among.
More fitly might themselves be made
  A theme of pitying song,—
More wise to tune the spirit-lyre
  Than list her sensual gong!

To beings rightly organised—
  The prudent and the good—
How dear are seasons when they may
  The noisy world exclude!

None but the reckless, the corrupt,
  The imbecile, the rude,
Yearn morbidly for stirring scenes—
  Recoil from Solitude! CARACTACUS.

COUSINS.

SYMPATHISING READER! Generous-hearted young man! Hadst thou ever a cousin? A fair cousin, numbering about eighteen summers?—a cousin with light blue eyes, and clustering ringlets of bright chesnut brown?—a cousin with face so sunny that it seemeth never to have known sorrow—an arch smile ever lurking near the corners of one of the prettiest mouths in the world, and lips, sweet lips, so full, so ruddy, and so pouting, that they seem to say continually, "Come, kiss me;" together with a voice issuing from those same sweet lips—a voice of that clear, peculiar richness which windeth itself around the heart; and a form that fain chooseth to nestle near thy bosom, as if that were its appropriate resting-place? O sympathising reader! O generous-hearted and too susceptible young man! if thou hast such a cousin, take the advice of a friend, and—avoid her! Is her figure lightly and beautifully formed? hath she a springy tread, as if half walking, half floating? is her laugh musical? doth she discourse sweetly? doth she call thee "cousin" in a low, confiding tone? If so, I pray thee shun her—fly from her—lock thy door when she approacheth; and if she entereth thy apartment, when thou art sitting alone of an evening, put out the lamp, that darkness may be between thee and her,—then button up thy coat, and take thy hat, and depart quickly. If thou beholdest her afar off, in thy summer rambles in the shadowy grove, or by the margin of the bright river, return thou hastily, as one who fleeth from an enemy that seeketh his life. If thou meetest her unawares, pull thy hat over thy brow and pass on; and, remember, see that thou salute her not by the way, or evil will come of it; for, 'twere less dangerous to thee to gaze upon the head of the Medusa than bestow a single glance upon the laughing features of a cousin of eighteen. Treasure these precepts in thy heart, and so shalt thou be safe in the midst of temptation. But if thou abatest one jot

in thy vigilance, thou wilt, ere many days, become as one who putteth on sackcloth and ashes for a grievous penance, and walketh through the city of many men crying aloud, Wo! wo! wo! Therefore, gird thyself for the contest. If she dwelleth in the house of thy father, depart thou from it; and though they send to thee and say, "What is this that thou hast done? Verily, it is a foolish thing; return, for we lack thy presence at the board," yet go thou not back. And if thou visitest the house of a friend, and thy cousin happeneth to be in and is seated beside thee, do thou throw thy handkerchief over thy head and sleep, or pretend to sleep; and if thou pretendest to snore, it were perhaps better, though it were doubtful if thou couldst deceive her, for cousins are very sly. And if she essay to lift the corner of thy handkerchief and look upon thee with her eyes, do thou resist stoutly, for it is doing battle in a good cause;—yet take heed in thy struggle that thou openest not thine eyes, or evil may come upon thee: better let the guileful one take from thee thy handkerchief without resistance than that thine eyes should be opened. And if she faint at any time when thou art near, do thou hasten and call another, in order that all needful assistance may be rendered; but beware that thou goest not thyself, for it may come to pass that it was but a *feint* to draw thee beside her;—for cousins are exceedingly artful. And if thy cousin singeth exquisite songs at any time, do thou keep time with thy feet, and see that thou doest it loudly, that the noise of the stamping may exceed threefold the noise of the singing.

Should thy father at any time call unto thee and say, "Lo! thy cousin hath not anyone who shall conduct her whither she would go, therefore do thou array thee and depart with her, that she may not be rudely treated by the way;"—if thy father speak thus unto thee, refuse not, but do his bidding; for a son may not refuse his father; but when ye are arrived in the open street, be thou as an adder that heareth not, even as an adder that is deaf—though thy cousin's voice be as musical as the pipe of the charmer, yet be thou not charmed, "charm she never so wisely." Take heed that thou dost this, lest thy cousin *cozen* thee; and if a rude man should push against her as ye walk together in the street, even in the street of the city of many men, and thy cousin fall, do not thou smite the man, but bid him raise her; and if he sayeth nay, and passeth on, do thou ask the next wayfarer: but be sure that thou raise her not thyself, least thine eyes meet hers—for it may be that she fell, hoping to rise in thy esteem, even as he of the Horatii retreated to conquer—for cousins are exceedingly artful. And when ye have arrived at the place wherein thy cousin is fain to enter, do thou ring and retire quickly, lest that the good man of the house should call to thee and say, "Tarry thou with us for a while," for, should he speak the speech, thou couldst not say to him nay, seeing that he is thy father's friend. Therefore do thou stand afar off and watch till thy cousin entereth, that thou mayest depart in peace. And should thy father at any time bid thee to banquet, that thou mayest look upon the faces of his friends, peradventure thy cousin will seat herself over against thee, so that thou shalt be constrained to look upon her—for cousins are very guileful;—then do thou straightway bid the servingman place the lamp betwixt her and thee, so shall the excessive brightness of the lamp dazzle thine eyes in such a manner that thou shalt not behold her, even though she had seated herself before thee purposely. If there be a vacant seat beside thee

do thou occupy both, so that she come not near; but if she hath already cunningly seated herself beside thee, do thou talk loudly and incessantly with the woman who may be next thee on the other side; and if thy cousin still torment thee, bid the serving-man bring thee wine, and in essaying to reach it do thou spill it all over her in such a manner that she be compelled to retire in manifest discomfiture; thereby wilt thou of a verity overreach the cunning one. It may be that thy father will reprove thee for thine awkwardness. If he do so, apologize;—but should thy cousin venture near thee again, *repeat the dose*—for after having been administered twice or thrice thou wilt perceive it to be wonderfully efficacious.

When thou art bid to journey with thy cousin into the country round about, do thou carefully overset the vehicle by the wayside, so that she become wofully disfigured with the wet earth. Then mayest thou look upon her without fear; provided always that she is peevish and fretful from the mishap. But if she laugh as if she recked not the mishap, and there be no vexation in her tones or anger in her eye, disregard the injunction, "See that *ye fall not out* by the way," and take the first opportunity of overturning the vehicle again. And if she still laugh, do thou it again—for, verily, the third time hath never been known to fail. If she ventures with thee into the country after being thrice frightened with prospective dislocations, truly she is more than woman.

Nevertheless, there are times at which thou mayest go in and talk with thy cousin boldly. If the woman who hath the making of her garments, even her garments of muslin and of silk, hath disappointed her grievously, and thou shouldst hear her pacing the apartment hurriedly, and stamping ever and anon with her little foot, as if sorely vexed, then mayest thou venture in and look upon her. But take heed thou doest this cautiously, lest she stop suddenly, and looking upon thee with her eyes, laugh with exceeding great laughter—in which strait, haste thee to shut thine eyes and the door, and depart quickly.

But if at any time thy cousin hath a carious tooth, which causeth her to groan because of the greatness of the pain thereof, thou mayest look upon her then without fear; but even then 'twere better that thou proceedest circumspectly, lest that the artful one and thou are forced to acknowledge in thy tribulation it was a *bite* devised most cunningly—for cousins are exceedingly guileful. And if thy cousin hath been to a neighbour's house, in the season of festivity with the young men and maidens, until the crowing of the cock, and she returneth home fatigued, jaded, and spiritless, thou mayest then look upon her boldly; nay, further, even speak to her if such is thy desire—but remember that thou neither lookest upon her nor speakest to her after noon-day, for by this time she shall be fully recovered.

Let not these things which have been written fall to the ground. For he who inscribeth these lines had once a cousin; and she was surpassingly beautiful, and her eyes were exceedingly large, and mild, and lustrous. And he who speaketh to thee could read that which was written within them, even as the prophet of old did read the strange characters upon the walls within the banquet-hall of Belshazzar, the king. And he was fain to seat himself beside her, for her voice was soft and low and her words were many and good; and she could discourse most winningly. And he would linger and listen, even as one that is wrapt in woven sounds of sweet music—for verily there is magic in the voice of a cousin, and in her gaze—there is a subtle and dangerous charm. Therefore do thou avoid them.

Now it came to pass that he, who penneth these words, was wont to make pleasant journeys into the country round about; and it often chanced, although he wist not how, that when he looked around, lo! his cousin was ever beside him. And she would lean upon his arm confidingly, as if from very weariness; for she leaned heavily, so that he would look down upon her, fearing that she might be sick—for cousins are often sick, although they know not why. Then would the light of her eyes shine upon his, and he would feel a strange feeling creep over him, and his pulse would throb wildly, though he spoke nothing, but passed on.

Now it happened on the third day of the week, and in the fifth month, which is called May, having wandered far, they seated themselves upon the bank beneath a tree that cast its shadow abroad, and her head leaned against his arm confidingly—for was she not his cousin?—and he considered within himself and said, "Verily, my cousin is most comely, and of exceeding great goodness. What if I take her to wife? It shall be so." And as he communed with himself thus, she looked up into his eyes and said—

"Cousin!"

And he answered and said, "Lo! Amy, here am I."

Then spake she not again, but cast her eyes down, and played with the tassel that girded her waist. After a little while she looked up again and repeated:

"Cousin!"

And he replied, "Speak, I hear." Then spake she nothing more, but played with the tassel of the girdle that was around her waist, more vehemently. Then did she cast her bright eyes upon him for the third time, and whispered, softly:

"What if I were in love!"

And the pulses of his heart beat more rapidly, as he looked down and replied, "I should rejoice with an exceeding great gladness."

"Shouldst thou?" said she; and she laid her white hand upon his shoulder, and glanced furtively upon him from beneath her half-furled eyelids. And as he drew himself closer towards her, there was silence.

Then did she again say, "Cousin!"

And he replied, "I listen." But she spake not again at that time, for the rich colour came and went upon her cheeks, while she appeared struggling to reveal some thing, but could not. And he drew nearer, and placed his arm round her—for was she not his cousin?—and said:

"What wouldst thou?"

But she was busily employed pulling to pieces the tassel of silk, and answered not a word. So he thought within himself, "My cousin loveth me, surely I will take her to wife." And he a-hem'd thrice, that he might speak the more clearly; but, as he did so, she whispered very low,

"Cousin!"

And he said, "Thou speakest."

Then did she lift her mild eyes, half tremblingly, to his, and say—"What if I were engaged?"

And he started up from beside her, and smote his forehead, as he asked—"To whom?"

She spake the name in a low tone. It was enough. He fled from before her;—for the name she whispered *was not his!*

AILEEN'S MAY-DAY.

BY MAGGIE SYMMINGTON.

It was May-day in Hayslope, and golden-haired Aileen Gifford determined to celebrate it in a new fashion. Early in the morning she marshalled her companions away into the clearing in the forest, where the sun shone brightest on the green turf, and verdant walls that shut in the beautiful spot in romantic seclusion.

"Now," said Aileen, seating herself on a green and sunny hillock, "I am going to be queen of the flowers, and all who are true and loyal subjects, will kneel around me, and sing the Welcome to Spring."

Instantly a crowd of youthful forms, in a kneeling attitude, congregated around the self-elected queen of the flower revels; but before they commenced the hymn, Harry Silburne, who had wandered away into the forest, returned with a branch of the budding linden tree, which he placed in Aileen's little hand, and crowned her with a wreath of almond blossoms. As a reward for his services, Aileen chose him for her principal knight, and the chief upholder of her regal state, and gave him the post of honour at her side.

Like such a group of fairies as we dream of in moonlight visions, the children nestled on the bright turf around Aileen, who seemed, as her flaxen locks streamed about her pure, sweet face, a little spirit imported from the shadowy realms of fancy.

The song arose on the perfumed air from the chorus of silvery voices.

"SONG OF SPRING."

Spirit of Spring! from the sunny south
  Thou art wafted on dewy wing,
And we meet 'neath the waving forest trees,
  Thy jubilant praise to sing.

Thou'rt come, sweet Spring, and the sleeping earth
  Awakes 'neath thy fairy hand;
The zephyrs are wantoning over the heath,
  The flowerets blossoming stand.

The daisy glimmers in em'rald grass,
  The mezerian's pale pink buds
Are now blushing forth on the leafless stalks,—
  The cowslips bloom in the woods.

Thou hast bath'd with light the pale primrose
  Away under the hedge-side green;
The golden-eyed violet painted with blue,
  With yellow the celandine.

Spirit of Spring! in thy balmy air
  There are health and joy, sweet hope and peace,
For life hangs bright on thy sunny locks,
  And gloom and sorrow ever cease.

Sing joy for the budding, sweet Spring-time,
  Welcome season of faith and love,
Certain pledge of the endless Spring,
  In that changeless world above.

"Now," said Aileen, softly, when the last faint sounds of the song died amid the waving forest boughs, "You must all away into the forest, and each bring a flower, to lay at my feet, that I may tell their stories to you. Harry only will stay until you return."

With a little laughing acknowledgment to their queen, they bounded happily away.

"Ah! Aileen," said Harry, "will you not tell me the story of my choice, whilst we are alone? See, a daisy is my flower, and I have brought this ivy leaf too."

"You good Harry!" said Aileen, joyously, "and will you love me always, and cling to me, as the ivy does to the oak?"

"Yes, Aileen, I will, indeed, though all your other subjects should leave you. I plucked it because it is always green, even in the winter, when all the other flowers die; so shall my love ever live like that, and you shall nestle in it, and it shall keep you from the winter's cold and frost, even as the little birds find a home in the ivy branches. Even if you should be weak and ill, I will cling to you still, because the ivy creeps over ruins, and holds the loose stones together with its fibres."

A little sunbeam paused to shine upon a pearly tear that stole from Aileen's blue eye.

"Dear Harry! and I will be gentle and good to you, and never cast you aside for love that appears more brilliant and fascinating. Now I will tell your flower's tale. It is like you, Harry, for whenever I see one, I think it is a star fallen from the sky; and just so, your love has been sent me from heaven. You know, Harry, the daisies were stars once, but it was so cold up there in the sky, that they came

down to nestle in the soft grass; and when they tried they could not get back again. They are ashamed of having fallen, and always when night comes on they close their golden eyes, because they cannot bear to see the stars looking at them. But in the day time they are always looking upwards, and wondering how they may get back again. So your soul came down from heaven to animate your body, and you must be always looking upwards and striving to win a path for it back again; you must keep it pure and spotless as the white leaves of the daisy."

As Aileen finished, the rest of her companions came back from the woods, and tripping like fairies over the springing grass, cast their blossoms at the feet their queen. Aileen raised them one by one, and moved round the circle, pausing before each of her subjects as she told th story of the flower. With her pure spirit beaming through her clear blue eyes, and her golden hair streaming in sunny waves over her shoulders, she seemed like an angel in the garb of earth.

"Siddie has brought a Buttercup," commenced Aileen, "and I fear he has chosen it because of its golden colour; but he must not let that dazzle his eyes, for its ingratitude is well known; for all the homage it exacts it never makes the faintest return of happiness to its possessor; but it is sturdy and strong, and has a broad, brilliant smile, adding not a little to the glory of spring. Ah! Lilly, why did you bring this branch? it is cypress and is always mourning."

"It is right for me," answered Lilly, as for an instant a bright colour flashed into her sunken cheek, "My mother is dead, and I have no one to love me at home. I ought to choose the cypress, because my life is so unhappy."

Lilly swayed her little form backwards and forwards, and pity was upon all the faces of the fairy group, bright crystal tears on some.

Aileen moved on, "Agnes has chosen a snowdrop, and she must be pure and gentle as her flower. It is the first of all spring flowers, and blooms on a cold, dark bed, when many bleak days have yet to come, like a little remnant of winter's snow, fragile, and white. But it is a very patient flower, and never murmurs, when the nights are long and cold, but only meekly bends itself when the icy blasts blow over it. Agnes must be as meek and patient, and then nothing will harm her; but having performed her mission here, she will be taken to bloom in her father's mansion above. Ah! Elwyne, how funny of you to bring this nettle! Do you know that it is a false friend and will sting you, and if you kiss it, some of its poison will get into your veins?"

"Yes," exclaimed the stalwart Elwyne; "but if you grasp it firmly and treat it like a man, it is as friendly as any flower."

Aileen continued. "Do you know the nettle once loved a little blue forget-me-not that grew in the hedge-side under its sheltering leaves, and he hid his poisonous stings, and wooed her with soft words and caresses. But there sprang up beside the forget-me-not, a little celandine, who bore the language of truth written on his bright, bonny face; and when the nettle was uttering soft sighs in the twilight, the little celandine blurted it out right before his face, and discovered the carefully hidden stings to the starry little blossom, who ever after despised the height and strength of the nettle, and rewarded the humbler celandine with her love. Roland has picked the jonquil; it is a kingly flower, and holds its head proudly above the smaller blossoms in the garden, disdaining their companionship. Roland must beware of pride, because it never makes any one happy. He must try and be contented and cheerful with his companions, and not, like his flower, be always desiring loftier acquaintances. The jonquil once made love to a little early bud of the monthly rose, and thought if only by marrying her he could get into the great royal family of the roses, he should be completely happy, for you know the kingdom of the summer flowers is as much above that of the Spring ones, as the sovereignty of a king over his numerous feudal lords. The jonquil breathed soft nothings into the ear of the blushing rose-bud, and tried all the powers of his eloquence to hasten a speedy marriage; and all this time he tossed his head loftily above the violets and snowdrops, and crocuses, as though he had

already attained the dignity his ambition aspired after. But the sun kissed the rose-bud, and persuaded it to wait until its charms were in full bloom, and the rose-bud waited, and, one day, when the delicate pink leaves were unfolded, and it blushed forth in a garb of beauty, craving admiration, it looked down for its old admirer the jonquil; but it had withered on its stalk, and there was now only a mass of dry, brown leaves, where the lofty golden-hair had been. So the rose-bud felt glad that she had not allied her youth and beauty with the ambitious old age of the jonquil."

There was a merry peal of silvery laughter as Aileen concluded her story, and gently picked up the next flower.

"Julian's flower is a purple crocus In fairy-land each flower has a tiny sprite dwelling inside the cup, whose task it is to keep the colours from fading, and the leaves always fresh. The guardian fairy of the crocus is a little jaunty knight, full of mirth and gladness; a perfect beau in gallantry, full of kind and gentle attentions to all the weak and timid in fairy-land. Julian must be as chivalrous, and imitate the perfect good temper and bright warm-heartedness of the gallant little inhabitant of his flower.

"Annie has chosen a blue violet, and she must be as modest as her choice, and let her position in the great world be known only by the perfume of her virtues, contented to make fragrant, with them, the circle in which she is born to move. All the violets were once white, but a little sunbeam got lost in the dense forest one day and could not find its way out, until a meek little violet pointed the way by raising its bowed head and turning its golden eye up to the blue heavens. The violets all knew the way to paradise, because they had originally fallen from thence. The sunbeam was a grateful little ray, and he drew out his palette, and painted the violet's leaves the colour that is recognised as royal on earth, so that all the descendants of that little violet are blue."

And so Aileen told the stories of the flowers; and sometimes her listeners were sad, and pearly drops, like beads of dew, hung quivering on their long lashes. But, anon, they laughed, and clapped their hands, and shouted for joy; and, in their pure, young beauty, they seemed fair types of the budding freshness of spring as the impulsive words of truth and affection gushed from their untainted hearts. When it was Aileen's turn to choose a flower, she stooped and picked a little eye-bright that grew at her feet. But at night it was plucked by a spirit's hand, and he whispered to the other flowers that the Great Master had need of it above.

The next May-day, Aileen lay upon a little white couch, and her face was pale, but spirit pure as ever, and her limbs shrunken with pain. All her youthful friends and subjects had been to see her on their way to the forest, where they were to elect another queen, and once more hold their revels. But Harry remained by her couch, to watch the fading of his cherished little flower.

Spirit-like Aileen had always been, but now she looked so pale and fragile, that a summer zephyr might almost blow her away.

"Harry, I am glad I shall die in the spring time, while every flower is budding, and every tree trembles with fairy green. My father died in the summer, when the sun shone brilliantly all day long, and mocked the grief in our hearts. My mother died when snow covered the earth, and cold winds whistled around our dwelling. But my grave will be away in the green forest, where I shall hear you sing the welcome to spring on every May-day; and you, Harry, will plant daisies, your own dear flower, upon the turf above my head, and will steal from the rest to sit by my side."

"Dearest Aileen!" said Harry, tearfully.

"Dear Harry, and you will care for all the birds in the forest, and the flowers. You will let the soft winds breathe round my bed, and keep the turf green, for I must lie where there are birds and trees, and flowers and sunshine—I could not rest where there are no blue skies and sunshine. And I must have a mossy pillow, and leafy flutterings above my head. Let the brown bees come and lull me to sleep with their dreamy songs; and

let the butterflies rest on the soft green mound. And oh! Harry, remember how I have loved all these; how I shall love them still, when I sleep this last long sleep."

"Oh, Aileen, I will care for them all, and when I sit by your mossy bed, I will think that Aileen speaks to me in the sighing breeze, the flowers, and the soft song of the bees. Perhaps the Great Father will let your spirit be near me always in the spring."

The still, quiet night dropped down from heaven, and the stars gleamed in the deep blue; and a shadow moved without in the dim light. But still the fragile form lay there on the white couch, the pale, golden hair streaming around the pure child's face, and Harry kept faithful watch by her side. He noted not the death-hue stealing over the fair, pearl-white cheeks, nor the unearthly gleam in the sweet blue eyes.

When morning broke, and jubilant bursts of praise resounded through the woods from a thousand joyous throats, Aileen's brief life was ended, and a new flower bloomed in the shadowy mansions above, where fragrant spring reigns eternally.

But Harry lived, lived to become a wise man, and to perform his mission nobly upon earth. But he never forgot his child-love. Ever when the timid, trembling spring-time came he thought of Aileen, and her pure young visions; and the memory kept him sinless, as in those early days. So that when at length he was called from the enjoyment of earthly pleasures, it was to meet Aileen, his guardian angel, in the pastures of the Great Shepherd.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

GREAT as is the value of Life Assurance, it is, unfortunately, too much neglected. The wealthy and well-to-do have generally the forethought to provide for their families; but the struggling clerk, who lives up to his income, and strives to make his wife and daughters keep up a *genteel appearance*—who endeavours, flimsy as the artifice usually is, to make a salary of *one* hundred a year look like *two*, and always fails in the attempt—and poor professional men and tradesmen, who are obliged, positively *obliged*, by the exigencies of their various callings, to appear richer than they really are—these are the people who neglect Life Assurance; and these are the people for whom it is more especially needful, and to whom it proves of most real advantage. Mechanics, and the better sort of labourers, are usually more provident in this respect than the class immediately above them; for they have their clubs and benefit societies, their Odd Fellows' and Foresters' lodges, their Druids', Old Friends', and Birmingham Brothers' meetings. In fact, the whole economy of these excellent institutions, imperfect though many of them are, have for their end and object the helping of their members in sickness, and the providing a decent funeral for a deceased member, or member's wife. Besides, the families of the artizan class are more apt at "getting their own living;" and the sudden misery and destitution which occur upon the death of a so-called "independent" and "respectable" clerk, or professional man, seldom happens with them.

The cases in which Life Assurance is attended with beneficial results are too numerous to need more than the slightest reference. If a man has a wife and children dependent upon him for support, a small sum set aside from his regular income will secure to them a provision at his death. Where married persons have a jointure, annuity, or pension, depending upon either of their

lives, by insuring the life of the one entitled to such annuity, the other may secure a provision after death shall have taken the one on whom the interest depended. An individual desirous of borrowing money may insure his life, and thus give the lender security for the sum obtained. If a creditor be in danger of losing his debt, he may insure the life of the debtor, and thus render repayment certain. A professional man making a certain annual income only may, on marriage, secure such a sum by way of settlement upon his wife as shall render his loss less severe than if he left her to the chances of poverty and the world. A man may commence business with the fairest prospects, but a few years may find his wife a widow, and his children fatherless: Life Assurance almost remedies the evil. These are a few of the instances in which Assurance upon Life may be rendered of incalculable advantage. In fact, to all those who wish to make provision for their wives and families—professional men, merchants, tradesmen, and mechanics—Life Assurance offers a cheap, safe, and most certain method. How many helpless and destitute would have been rescued from misery—how many a widow would have been saved the pain of blaming her dead husband—how many daughters would have doubly blessed the memory of their dear father—had that husband and father been properly mindful of the day when he should be parted from them. The experience of men is daily convincing them of the necessity which exists for obtaining this security for the benefit of those they leave behind; and when we examine the principles on which it is based, and scrutinise their bearings upon the moral and social condition of mankind, we are unable to discover any reasons which ought to prejudice the mind against it, or observe the slightest tendency it possesses towards the introduction of fraud or evil practices.

In a disordered state of society, where the administration of the law is too feeble and ineffective to provide perfect safety to life and property, Life Assurance, unless confined to very narrow limits, might be dangerous; but in a community like ours, where stern justice is certain to overtake the wrong-doer, and where the laws are respected and observed, and the passions and feelings governed and controlled by considerations of morality and the public good, it is eminently calculated to insure the most important benefits. The prejudices which exist—or rather *did* exist—against it, on the ground that it trifles with the decrees of Providence, by setting a price upon the solemn event of death, are without foundation in reason or good sense, and hardly deserve serious consideration. These prejudices arise from a want of due deliberation and reflection on the true principles on which the world is governed. What infringement of morality or religion is committed by an individual who pays a small yearly sum, that his family may enjoy a humble competence at his death? Is it any presumption towards his Maker, if a man endeavour to make an event, which must inevitably produce mourning and unhappiness, fall as lightly as possible on his beloved wife and children? Can there be any impiety in his looking forward to his dissolution, and "setting his house in order" against the day when it shall arrive?—or will it be pretended that he shows less love to those who are near and dear to him in life by rendering his death less painful, and taking, as it were, the sting out of grief? We think not.

Where is the moral distinction between insuring a ship for a voyage, with a hundred souls on board, and insuring the life of an individual? In either case the loss may depend upon equally uncertain and contingent circumstances: the lightnings of heaven, the billows of the sea, or the rocks that lurk beneath it, may destroy the vessel, and death may be the fate of every person on board. The event thus insured against is productive of the most dreadful consequences, while Insurance upon the life of a single individual contemplates a result in which the safety of that one person only is involved.

Another objection is sometimes urged that a man may realise a larger sum by laying by the surplus profits of his profession or trade. So he may, if he live to carry out his intentions; but he may

die before he has added a year's surplus to the fund; whereas, if he insures his life, he is by so much the richer; in fact, as soon as he has paid the first premium. The advantage of the assurance system is, therefore, quite apparent. There is no certainty in life; there is no stability in trade; the one may decline, and the other may pass away as a shadow, ere the ultimatum be reached — ere the necessary means may be set aside. Who shall say, then, that a man does his duty to his family, who leaves them to the mercy of chance?

Again, many persons decline to assure their lives on the ground that they are young, strong, and healthy, and may live to amass a sufficiency for the decent maintenance of their families. A few words will settle this part of the question. When any man can guarantee to himself health, long life, and the power of resisting temptation, contagion, and "the thousand ills that flesh is heir to," then, and then only, can such an argument be available. There is no time like the present; a good should not be delayed too long. A young man may be in good health to-day, to-morrow he may be stricken with disease or death. Besides, a state of health is an almost indispensable requisite in Life Assurance. "A whitened tongue or a quickened pulse finds no passport to the Life Office;" who shall say how many days the hue of health shall rest upon the cheek, or how long he may be free from those dangerous symptoms? A slight cold may be the herald of consumption; a sharp pain the premonitory harbinger of cholera;—delay, therefore, in such cases becomes almost criminal.

Driven from these strongholds of objection, the last argument of the vacillator is, that he "cannot afford it." If he can afford to live at all he can afford to put away something from his daily means, to provide a living for those who may survive him. Consider, for a moment, you professional man with £300 a year: to secure £1,000 to your wife—the wife you took a blushing maiden from her father's arms—needs an outlay of just £32 10s. a year, supposing you commence at forty; something more than 12s. a-week—two shillings a-day—the price of a cab! Look to it, you honest, hard-working, striving mechanic: you married at twenty-two—you might have done worse—and you may die, God only knows, before you are thirty. Look at your pretty wife and the chubby, darling boy upon her knee. You wouldn't like to leave them in poverty; no, I'm sure you wouldn't. Well, then, insure your life. For two pounds a-year you may leave your wife £100 at your death, happen when it may. One hundred pounds! why it is a little fortune, and so easily obtained, too. Let us see: £2 a-year is just 9¼d. a-week; less than three-half-pence a-day, only the price of the slightest indulgence. Three-half-pence a-day, my dear sir, and do justice to the wife who loves you.

Considering assurance upon life only in the light of a proper and necessary provision—just, indeed, as the insurance of a house from fire, or a ship from the chances of loss or wreck, are necessary to the prudent conduct of business and speculation—let us proceed to point out the plan and manner of adopting this description of security.

To the person desirous of insuring his own life, or that of one in whom he may be interested, the nature of the preliminary measures to be taken is important to be understood; and the facts and circumstances he is bound to disclose, as the foundation upon which the policy is based, for the purpose of giving effect and validity to its provisions, should be faithfully and unreservedly communicated. The usual mode of proceeding is, to procure at the office of the selected company a printed form of proposal, containing a number of questions, relating to the profession, trade, situation in life, and health of the proposing insurer—all of which must be satisfactorily and truly answered, or the proposition for effecting the insurance will not be entertained. Questions of similar purport are also propounded to the medical attendant and a friend of the proposer, which must be truly replied to; and then, if it be what is called a "safe life," the company grant the insurance required. Strict probity is important; for, although good offices very seldom—it may be said, never—take advantage of

trifling objections for the purpose of discharging their liability when once entered on, actual proofs of fraud, concealment, or misrepresentation are sufficient to vitiate the claim of the assured.

The importance of a "full, true, and particular" statement of every circumstance that may affect the probable duration of the life of the assured, will be best seen by the relation of a fact. In 1824 an insurance was effected on the life of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha. In answer to the usual questions, the Duke's physicians and others stated that he had formerly led a dissolute life, by which he had nearly lost the use of his speech, but without mentioning that his mental faculties were also greatly impaired. Upon death, in 1825, it was discovered that there had existed a large tumour pressing on his brain, which had probably affected his mind and deprived him of speech. Under these circumstances, the assurance company refused to pay the demand, and an action was brought on the policy. Upon trial, all the medical testimony went to establish that the symptoms, during the Duke's life, tended to disprove the supposition of a tumour existing; but several eminent medical men averred that, had they been consulted, they should have considered themselves bound to mention the loss of the Duke's faculties; and the Court held that the concealment of the fact was a fraud in law, and sufficient to invalidate the claim. The person whose life is insured is considered the agent of his creditor; and all statements, as to his health and other circumstances necessary to be divulged, made by his physician or friend, are binding upon him and his executors.

So much for the value of Life Assurances; a few instances of their benefit will not be out of place. From a little volume published lately we extract the following:—

An eminent tradesman in London effected an assurance for £2,000, and dying within the first year, arising from a cold, his widow and family were thus put in possession of £2,000.

A young medical man opened a chemist's shop in the suburbs of London, and was induced by his wife's friends to assure his life for £1,000; shortly after this the cholera broke out, and he fell a victim. The assets of the deceased were little more than sufficient to pay his creditors, and had it not been for the Insurance on his life, his widow and family would have been left destitute; as it was, however, they received the £1,000.

A clergyman of thirty, possessed of an income of £500 per annum, and married, without a family, desirous of securing his wife a sum sufficient for her support, in the event of his being cut off before he was enabled to save the required amount of money, assured his life for £2,000. The annual premium payable to the office was £45—not a tenth of his income—and he having unexpectedly died after two payments had been made, his widow received £2,000, which enabled her to maintain a state of comfortable independence during life.

A medical man in a country town, whose emoluments, from an extensive practice, averaged £300 per annum, reflecting upon the precarious tenure of health in the sphere of his duties, which necessarily exposed him to the constant vicissitudes of the weather, besides bringing him frequently into contact with parties afflicted with infectious diseases, took out a policy on his own life for £1000. Having been assured for four years, he died from a malignant fever, caught in making a professional visit, and his widow thus obtained the sum of £1,000.

A still more striking instance of the uncertainty of life occurred in the case of a commercial gentleman, who, for the benefit of his wife, to whom he had been lately married, made a proposal to an assurance company for a considerable sum, and his health being good, the proposal was accepted, and the premium paid. He died of apoplexy during the first year, and the large sum insured thus fell to his widow.

An apparently trifling incident will oftentimes give a right direction to the thoughts and conduct of a youth, and determine his course during all his future years. The obligation imposed by a policy of assurance is as likely, I think,

as any other to exercise a moral influence on the possessor. If the value of health, its importance, and the most rational means of preserving it, be rightly understood; if habits of diligence, economy, kindness, and forethought be cultivated in early life, there is hope that a man will prosper in all he undertakes, and become an ornament and a blessing to the sphere in which he moves.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell, in a garland, their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.
The Rose is the sign of joy and love,
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn;
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,
From the Myrtle, snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence dwells in the Lily's bell,
Pure as the heart in its native heaven;
Fame's bright star, and glory's swell,
By the glossy leaf of the Bay are given.
The silent soft, and humble heart,
In the Violet's hidden sweetness breathes:
And the tender soul that cannot part,
A twine of evergreen fondly wreathes.

The Cypress that darkly shades the grave,
The sorrow that mourns its bitter lot;
And faith that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in thy blue leaves, Forget-me-not:
Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

The language of flowers is a language that is more often spoken of than practised; but that our readers may know how to contrive a bouquet thatshall tell its own story—be, in fact, a communication from sender to receiver—we append a list of flowers with their floral significations.

FLORAL DICTIONARY.

Abatina	Fickleness
Acacia	Chaste Love
Acanthus	Art
Aconite-leaved Crowfoot	Lustre
Adonis	Sorrowful remembrance
African Marygold	Vulgarity
Agnus Castus	Chastity
Agrimony	Thankfulness
Almond Tree	Heedlessness
Aloe	Affliction
Amaranth	Immortality
Amarylis	Pride
Ambrosia	Love returned
American Cowslip	You are my Divinity
Angelica	Inspiration
Angrec	Royalty
Apple Blossom	Preference
Arbor Vitæ	Old Age
Ascelpius	Cure for Heartache
Aspen Tree	Lamentation
Asphodel	Lasting Regret
Auricula	Painting
Azalea	Temperance
Bachelors' Buttons	Single Blessedness
Balsam	Impatience
Balm	Care and sympathy
Balm Gentle	Pleasantry
Barberry	Sourness
Basil	Hatred
Bay Berry	Instruction
Bay Leaf	I change but in Dying
Bay Wreath	Reward of Merit
Bearded Crepis	Protection
Bee Orchis	Industry
Beech Tree	Grandeur and Prosperity
Betony	Surprise
Bindweed	Insinuation
Birch Tree	Meekness
Bitter-sweet Nightshade	Truth
Black Poplar	Courage
Black Thorn	Difficulty
Blue Campanula	Constancy
Box	Stoicism
Bramble	Envy and Remorse
Broken Straw	Rupture of a contract
Broom	Humility
Buckbean	Calmness
Bugloss	Falsehood
Bull Rush	Indiscretion
Burdock	Importunity
Buttercup	Childish Glee
Butterfly Orchis	Gaiety
Canary Grass	Perseverance
Candy Tuft	Architecture
Cardamine	Paternal Error
Cardinal's Flower	Distinction
Carnation	Refusal
Centuary	Felicity
Cherry	Good Education
Chesnut Blossom	Do me Justice
China Aster	Variety
China Pink	Aversion
China Rose	Beauty always New
Chrysanthemum	Cheerfulness under adversity
Cistus	Popular Favour
Clot-bur.	Rudeness
Clover	Provident
Cobœa	Gossip
Cock's-comb	Singularity
Columbine	Folly
Colchicum	My best days are past
Coltsfoot	Justice shall be done
Common Cactus	I burn
Common Reed	Complaisance

Convolvulus Major	Extinguished Hopes
Convolvulus Minor	Night
Coriander	Concealed Merit
Coronella	Success to your wish
Cowslip	Pensiveness
Crab Apple	Ill-nature
Creeping Cereus	Horror
Cress	Resolution
Crowfoot	Ingratitude
Crown Imperial	Majesty
Crown of Roses	Reward of Virtue
Cudweed	Never-ceasing remembrance
Cyclamen	Diffidence
Cypress	Death
Daffodil	Deceitful Hope
Dahlia	Instability
Daisy	Innocence
Damask Rose	Freshness
Dandelion	Oracle
Darnel	Vice
Dittany	Birth
Dodder	Meanness
Dog-wood	Durability
Double Daisy	Participation
Dragon Plant	Snare
Dried Reed	Scolding voice
Ebony	Blackness
Eglantine	Simplicity
Elder	Zealousness
Endive	Frugality
Evening Primrose	Inconstancy
Evergreen Clematis	Poverty
Everlasting Pea	Lasting Pleasure
Faded Leaves	Melancholy
Fennel leaved Genarium	Ingenuity
Fig	Argument
Fig Marigold	Idleness
Fig Tree	Prolific
Filbert	Reconciliation
Flax	Fate
Flax-leaved Goldlocks	Tardiness
Fly Orchis	Error
Forget-me-not	Faithfulness
Fox-glove	Youth
French Willow	Celibacy
French Marigold	Jealousy
French Honeysuckle	Rustic Beauty
Fritillary	Persecution
Frog Orphreys	Disgust
Full blown Rose	Beauty
Fullers' Teasel	Misanthropy
Fumitory	Spleen
Garden Anemone	Expectation
Garden Chervil	Sincerity
Garden Marigold	Uneasiness
Garden Ranunculus	Rich in attraction
Genista	Neatness
Geranium	Gentility
Goat's Rue	Reason
Golden Rod	Precaution
Grass	Utility
Greek Valerian	Rupture
Guelder Rose	Winter of Age
Hawthorn	Hope
Hawkweed	Quicksightedness
Heath	Solitude
Helenium	Tears
Hemlock	You will cause my death
Henbane	Imperfection
Hepatica	Confidence
Hollyhock	Fecundity
Holly	Foresight
Hop	Injustice
Horse Chesnut	Luxuriancy
Hortensia	You are cold
Houseleek	Vivacity
Honeysuckle	Bond of Love
Hyacinth	Game, or Play
Hydranger	Boaster
Ipomœa	Attachment
Iris	Eloquent Messenger
Ivy	True Friendship
Japan Rose	Beauty is your only attraction
Jonquil	Desire
Juniper	Asylum
Larkspur	Levity, Fickleness
Laurel	Glory
Laurel-leaved Marigold	Dignity
Laurustinus	I die, if neglected
Lavender	Assiduity
Lemon	Zest
Lettuce	Coldheartedness
Lilac	Forsaken
Lily	Innocence
Lily of the Valley	Return of Happiness
Lime Tree	Conjugal Fidelity
London Pride	Love Match
Lotus	Silence
Love in a puzzle	Embarrassment
Lucern	Life
Lunaria	Honesty
Lupin	Voraciousness
Lychnis	Religious Enthusiasm
Madder	Calumny
Maiden's Hair	Secresy
Mandrake	Rarity
Maple	Reserve
Marigold	Despair
Marjorum	Blushes
Marsh Mallow	Humanity
Marvel of Peru	Timidity
May Rose	Precocity
Mercury	Goodness
Mezerian	Desire to Please
Michaelmas Daisy	Cheerfulness in Age
Mignonette	Your Qualities surpass your Charms
Milfoil, or Yarrow	War
Milk Vetch	Presence softens Pain
Milkwort	A Hermitage
Mistletoe	Parasite
Monk's-hood	Knight Errantry
Moon-wort	Forgetfulness
Moschatell	Weakness
Mossy Saxifrage	Maternal Love
Mountain Ash	Prudence
Mouse ear Chickweed	Ingenuous simplicity
Moving Plant	Agitation
Mulberry Tree	Wisdom
Mushroom	Upstart

Musk Rose	Caprice
Myrtle	Mildness
Narcissus	Egotism
Nightshade	Witchcraft
Oak Tree	Hospitality
Olive	Peace
Orange Blossom	Marriage
Orange Tree	Generosity
Osier	Pliability
Ox-eye	Obstacle
Palm	Victory
Pansy	Thought
Parsley	Feast
Passion Flower	Superstition
Patience Dock	Patience
Peach Blossom	Perfidy
Peony	Shame
Peppermint	Warmth of Temper
Periwinkle	Pleasures of Memory
Pesicaria	Restriction
Peruvian Heliotrope	Intoxicated with Pleasure
Phlox	Unanimity
Pimpernel	Assignation
Pine Apple	You are Perfect
Pine Tree	Boldness
Plane Tree	Genius
Plum Tree	Independence
Pompon Rose	Prettiness
Poppy	Consolation in Sickness
Potatoe	Beneficence
Primrose	Early Youth
Privet	Defence
Quince	Temptation
Red Pink	Lively and Pure Love
Reeds, a Bundle of	Music
Rhododendron	Danger
Ripe Currants	You please all
Rose	Love and Joy
Rose Acacia	Elegance
Rose-bud	Youthfulness
Rose Campion	You are without Pretension
Rudbeakia	Justice
Rue	Purification
Rush	Docility
Saffron Flower	Do not abuse
Sage	Esteem
Sardony	Irony
Scarlet Auricula	Avarice
Scarlet Fuschia	Taste
Scarlet Nasturtium	Splendour
Sensitive Plant	Bashfulness
Silver Fir	Elevation
Small Bindweed	Obstinacy
Small White Bell Flower	Gratitude
Snap Dragon	Presumption
Snowdrop	Consolation
Southernwood	Jest or Banter
Spanish Jasmine	Sensuality
Spider-wort	Momentary Happiness
Spiked Speedwell	Resemblance
Squirting Cucumber	Critic
Star-wort	Afterthought
Stinging Nettle	Cruelty
St. John's Wort	Sanctity
Stock	Lasting Beauty
Stonecrop	Tranquillity
Sun-flower	False Riches
Strawberry	Perfection
Swallow-wort	Medicine
Sweet Alyssum	Worth beyond Beauty
Sweet Briar	Poetry
Sweet Pea	Delicate Pleasure
Sweet Sultan	Widowhood
Sweet William	Craftiness
Syringa	Memory
Tamarisk	Crime
Tansy	Resistance
Tea	Slander
Tendrils	Ties
Ten-week Stock	Promptitude
Thistle	Surliness
Thorn Apple	Deceitful Charms
Thrift	Dauntless
Throat-wort	Neglected Beauty
Thyme	Activity
Tiger Lily	Pretension
Trumpet Flower	Separation
Tuberose	Voluptuousness
Tulip	Declaration of Love
Turnip	Charity
Valerian	Accommodating Disposition
Venus's Looking Glass	Flattery
Veronica	Superstition
Vine	Drunkenness
Violet	Modesty
Wall Flower	Fidelity in Misfortune
Wall Speedwell	Fidelity
Water Lily	Purity
Water Melon	Bulkiness
Weeping Willow	Mourning
Wheat	Riches
White Jasmine	Amiableness
White Mullien	Good-nature
White Pink	Talent
White Poppy	Sleep
White Poplar	Time
White Rosebud	Ignorant of Love
White Violet	Candour
Whortle, or Bilberry	Treason or Treachery
Winter Cherry	Deception
Wood Anemone	Sickness
Wood Sorrel	Joy
Wormwood	Absence
Yellow Carnation	Disdain
Yellow Day Lily	Coquetry
Yellow Iris	Flame of Love
Yellow Rose	Infidelity.

"The first principle to observe," says the author of "Floral Emblems," "is that the pronoun *I*, or *me*, is expressed by inclining the flower to the left; and the pronoun *thou*, or *thee*, by sloping it to the right, but when represented by drawings on paper, those positions should be reversed, as the flower should lean to the heart of the person whom it is to signify. The articles *a*, *an*, and *the*, may be expressed by tendrils, the first by a single tendril,

the second by a double tendril, and the third by one with three branches.

"The second rule is, that if a flower presented upright expresses a particular sentiment; when reversed, it has a contrary meaning. Thus, for example, a rose-bud upright, with its thorns and its leaves, means, 'I fear, but I hope.' If the same bud is returned, held downwards, it signifies, 'You must neither hope nor fear.' But if the thorns be stripped off, it expresses, 'There is everything to hope. Deprived of its leaves, it signifies, 'There is everything to fear.' Thus the expression may be varied of almost all the flowers, by changing their position. The flower of the Marygold, for example, placed on the head, signifies, 'Trouble of spirits;' on the heart, 'Trouble of love;' on the bosom, 'Weariness.'

"The Pansy, held upright, denotes 'Heart's ease;' reversed, it speaks the contrary; when presented upright, it is understood to say, 'Think of me; but when offered pendent, it means 'Forget me.' And thus the Amaryllis, which is the emblem of pride, may be made to express, 'My pride is humbled,' or 'Your pride is checked,' by holding it downwards, either to the left or the right, as the sense requires. In the same manner, the Wall-flower, which is made the emblem of fidelity in misfortune, if presented with the stalk upwards, would insinuate that the person was considered no friend to the unfortunate."

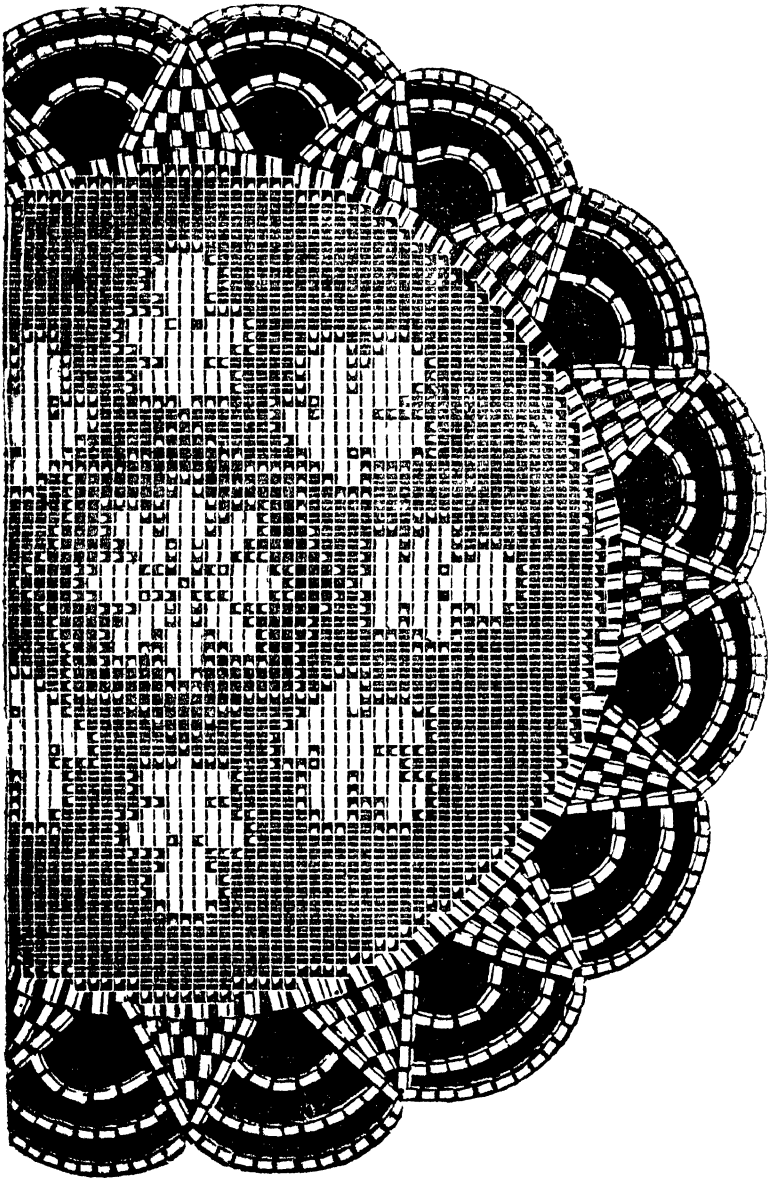
THE WORK-TABLE.

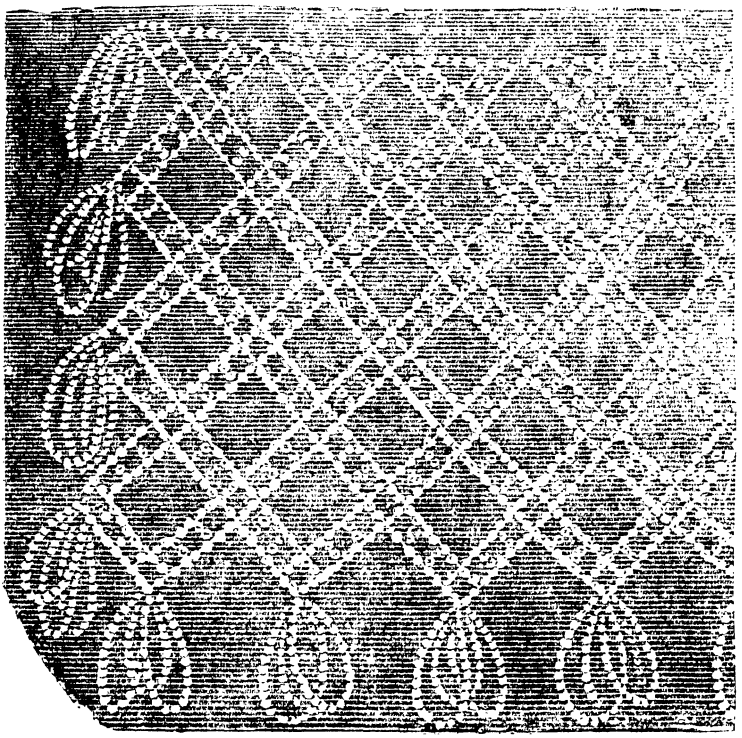
Drawing Room Mat.—There are few articles of fancy-work in greater request than the mats and rugs of all sizes on which vases, shells, baskets, and the various ornaments of a drawing room are laid, both to enhance their own beauty, and to preserve the polish of the furniture on which they are placed from injury. The mat we now give is extremely suitable for this purpose. The materials are wool and beads. The outline of the design is done in steel beads, the inner part being filled up with transparent white beads. Within the centre the ground is black Berlin wool; without it is of red Berlin wool. When this part of the work is done, it must be stretched over a round card-board cut to its exact size, and lined with any material that may be at hand in the way of cloth, silk, or coloured calico.

The border in OP beads is made in the following way:

Thread three beads, pass the needle down back again through the first, and tie the thread. Thread one bead, pass the needle up through the next bead. Thread three beads, pass the needle down through the first of three. Thread one bead, pass the needle down through the bottom bead. Thread one, pass the needle up through the second bead from the bottom. Thread one, pass the needle up the fourth bead from the bottom. Thread three, pass the needle down the first of the three. Thread one, pass the needle down through the third from the bottom. Thread one, pass the needle down through the bottom bead. Thread one, pass the needle up through the second bead from the bottom. Thread one, pass the needle up through the fourth bead from the bottom. Thread one, pass the needle down through the third bead from the bottom. Thread one, pass the needle down through the bottom bead. Thread one, pass the needle up through the second bead from the bottom. Thread one, pass the needle down through the bottom bead. Thread one, pass the needle up the second bead.

This completes the first part of the vandyke, leaving it with an irregular edge. To bring the thread into the right place for commencing the next, pass the needle through the neighbouring beads, so as to bring it out again through the last bead downwards. Then commence a second vandyke, and so go on. Here we may observe that it is rather an advantage than an injury for the thread, which should be thick, to pass and repass through the beads, as doing so gives consistence to the work. When as many vandykes as are necessary have been worked in this way, they are completed by threading-in a bead in every vacancy, carrying the thread all round, which makes a more perfect line. The loops are added by threading for the outer row thirteen beads from point to point, passing the needle down and then up the two beads which remain at the points, repassing the needle up the thirteenth bead of the loop, and so continuing all round. The next inner loop is composed of nine beads, the third of five.





COLLAR IN SEED CRYSTAL BEADS.

These loops are composed of white and red beads taken alternately. The border is sewn on by means of a stitch taken over the thread between each bead. The mat may be made the size of the engraving, one half corresponding to the other.

COLLAR IN SEED CRYSTAL BEADS.—These collars are extremely pretty, useful, and durable, as they can always be repaired if a thread breaks, and they are uninjured by damp or rain, which has such an unfavourable influence on any article which is formed of muslin. These are great recommendations, and sufficient to induce many young ladies to commence this article.

The materials required are, some small, transparent white beads, and a little rather strong glossy cotton. Cut out in paper the shape of the collar, the size required. Commence by threading eight beads; pass the needle through the first two, so as to form a ring; thread six; pass the needle through the two centre beads of the first eight, and through two of the six. Continue threading six beads and passing the needle through two five

times; that is, making a chain of five links in length. In turning, pass the needle through four beads instead of two, and continue to thread the six beads as before, forming another chain of five links; continue in this way to make the four sides of the diamond. At the last side, after making four links, thread two beads, and pass the needle through two of the beads at the beginning of the first side of the diamond, and thread two more beads; this is requisite at the completion of every diamond. After making two or three of the diamonds, it will be found very easy. With looking at the illustration, we think not the least difficulty will present itself. It will be necessary to work it according to the shape of the paper pattern. The drawing-in at the neck is done by the last row of beads, which is a plain row, only the needle being passed through the beads which form the point of each diamond. This will contract it sufficiently, if care is taken throughout in working it as much as possible to the paper pattern. A small tassel at the point of each diamond is then added, formed of loops of beads, each having about thirty-five beads, five loops being sufficient for each tassel.

AIGUILETTE.

MRS. CLEVER'S SERVANTS.

MR. MANAGEM CLEVER was a very little man, about fifty years of age. He was remarkable for his skill in paintings, and a very determined amateur. The great business of his life was to watch the first moment when every new exhibition was opened for public inspection—to attend at every auction of pictures, and, while his funds did not permit him to make many purchases, to enlighten a numerous audience with his critical opinions. The domestic concerns he left entirely to the management of his wife. He had never been remarkable for personal attractions. His eyes were small, his nose very long, his mouth excessively large, and he had never been able to confine his chin within the limits of any cravat. He was not well made. In walking, his knees saluted each other constantly, and his legs had not even the appearance of a calf. Nevertheless, he was adored by his *cara sposa*, who did not think that the whole world contained one handsomer object.

Since we are confessedly blinded by love, it is not in the least surprising that the loved object is invested with a multiplicity of charms. Mrs. Managem Clever was prodigiously blinded; her passion manifested itself at times in jealousy; and this ridiculous jealousy often made her husband miserable. It is sometimes a very great calamity to a husband to be adored by his wife. Mrs. Managem Clever was what is generally understood by "a fine woman." In truth, she could almost put her husband in her pocket. Her features were upon a great scale, but withal comely. Yet, disdainful of making conquests, in which she might unquestionably have succeeded to any extent, she preferred simply adoring her husband, ugly as he was, and deficient both in manner and intellect. Many a handsome husband of the most enlarged mental capacity is not so fortunate.

From the union of these turtle doves had sprung two daughters. The young Misses Clever were named Leonora and Emmeline—names which had suggested themselves to their mamma during the perusal of the romances which she patronised. The young ladies presented nothing remarkable in their characters, and for an excellent reason—they possessed none. They resembled in all respects most other young ladies of their age; learned little, although having regular hours of study, and great apparent application; played much, but displayed no remarkable talent for any particular accomplishment. This was a great consolation to their parents, who relied much on the axiom

that youthful prodigies do not live long.

Mr. and Mrs. Managem Clever lived with their daughters in a neat rustic house, situate on a terrace which overlooks the Thames. The gentleman, who had retired for some time from business, occupied himself continually with his devotion to the fine arts, and was in truth an impassioned amateur. Without either refinement of taste, or acuteness of judgment, he was possessed naturally of strong good sense, which is sometimes of more value. He found that nothing betrays the advance of age so much as changes of place and address and associations. He therefore clung fast to his house, which was a very good one, and in a gay locality; and had a female servant who had remained for more than ten years in his service. He flattered himself that he would be able to keep both his house and servant, and to continue the pleasant sort of life he was leading, without the vexation of being obliged to introduce any change in his habits.

But the most trivial causes will sometimes lead to the most momentous events, as small sparks, &c. It so happened that Mr. Managem Clever one day remained a very long time at his sitting-room window, looking out at the river and the busy scenes which enlivened its bosom. It was an innocent pastime, and one which was not without its poetical adjuncts. But to the faculty of poetical imaginativeness he had not the slightest pretension. He perpetrated not a single couplet upon the element which has inspired so many poets, but he caught a cold in his head!

Now, for colds in the head there are a thousand remedies; and Mr. Managem Clever had heard that the very best of all remedies is to rub the tip of the nose with tallow. Mrs. Managem Clever had retired to bed some time before; but thinking she heard the voice of her husband proceeding from the kitchen, she got up hastily, ran to the spot, and there saw her beloved husband getting the tip of his nose rubbed with a tallow candle by the maid-servant. A jealous woman sees something wrong in the most innocent actions. Mrs. Managem Clever became purple all at once with rage; and darting the most furibund looks at the servant-maid—

"Mr. Managem Clever!" she exclaimed, "pray, sir, what brings you here?"

"You plainly see the reason, my dear. I am getting Dorothy to rub some grease on my nose."

"And what may be the meaning of that farce, sir?"

"It means, simply, my dear, that I have a cold in my head, and I have been assured that this will cure me."

"And you could not grease it yourself?"

"I cant't bear the idea of touching a tallow-candle with my fingers."

"Fiddlesticks, Mr. Clever!"

Mrs. Managem Clever pushed her husband before her. When they had reached the bed-chamber—

"Clever," she cried, "you are a horrible monster!"

"Now why, love?" Is it because I have grease on my nose?"

"Love, sir! Don't *love* me! I understand that vile subterfuge. Your cold in the head, sir, is a mere pretext. You were in the kitchen, sir —— with Dorothy, sir! This long time past I suspected that there was something improper going on. I have already seen you, sir—I have caught your eyes fixed on her more than once."

"Eyes—eyes fixed—on whom?"

"You understand me perfectly well. You are on excellent terms with Dorothy."

"I on terms with Dorothy! I! You surprise me. My dear Jane, you are dreaming."

"No! I am not dreaming, but wide awake! I am not at all surprised now at the excessive kindness with which you treat her. You never scold her by any chance!"

"You scold enough for us both," said Clever quietly, shrugging his shoulders.

"The fact is," pursued his better half, "that you are afraid to speak to her. When we are at table, you dare not ask her for a plate!"

"This is truly amusing," said Clever.

"Amusing! it's the truth. You dare not! But I shall not suffer such abomi-

nations any longer in my house. I'll turn the jade out of doors!"

"That is to say, you'll part with a woman who has served us faithfully for more than ten years, who is accustomed to us, and we to her."

"Yes, yes, I can readily believe that," said the enraged wife ironically.

"I tell you, Mrs. Clever, that if you part with Dorothy, you will be committing a most foolish act. She has her faults; but where is the servant that has not? When there is a preponderance of good qualities, people should be contented with their lot. You will not part with Dorothy, because I do not wish it; because I know that we shall presently regret her, and I detest new faces."

Clever could sometimes exhibit a little strength of character. When he raised his voice, he made it heard; when he fell into a fit of passion, he was anything but quiet. His spouse well knew the man she had to deal with, and she took her measures accordingly. Perceiving that Clever was bordering on the savage mood, she made no answer whatever, and the next day said not one word of dismissing the servant. But she had made up her mind not to yield, and she knew perfectly well that she could find the means of accomplishing her ends.

After the lapse of a few days, breakfast or dinner was never ready at the appointed hour; then the furniture was not dusted; everything was "out of sorts" in the house, and from morning to night nothing was heard but Mrs. Managem Clever complaining of her servant.

One day the lady pointed her husband's attention to the sideboard. "Pray, just look at that," she said. "It's covered with dust; but you are determined to keep your servant!"

Clever approached the sideboard, inspected it narrowly, saw nothing, and made no answer.

Another day, his wife thrust a silver-spoon close to his nose, and said, "Smell that!"

Clever did as he was desired, and smelt nothing whatever. But the lady, in a tone of triumph, said, "We had fish yesterday for dinner, and the spoon smells of it still. But I suppose it's all proper."

Clever reflected inwardly that people do not eat fish with spoons; but he held his tongue, so as to avoid disputes, which he detested.

Presently Mrs. Clever brought her husband a fresh account each day of the frightful state in which she had found some one of the pots or pans in the kitchen. Nothing was ever "sweet." The coppers were covered with verdigris. "We shall be poisoned some of these days," she would exclaim—"but you will keep your servant!"

As all this made no impression, Mrs. Managem Clever presented herself one morning before her husband, pale, dishevelled, her face as long as one of Southey's epics, and let herself fall in a half-hysterical state into a chair, exclaiming,—

"She shall quit the house, or I shall leave it. Choose between us!"

"What is the matter now?"

"What's the matter! That woman, sir, has insulted me; yes, sir, insulted me grossly. She has told me, the impudent hussy, that she was quite as good as me!"

"The dickens she did! Rather cool that. But you must have provoked her to it. You have treated her like a galley-slave for some time back. It must never be forgotten that servants are human beings like ourselves. They are unfortunate enough in being obliged to earn a livelihood by service, without adding to their misery by humbling them from morning to night. I have never found servants otherwise than civil in their intercourse with me; it is certainly true that I have been so with them."

But of what use is a man's reasoning against the obstinacy of a woman, once resolved? Clever was, above all things, desirous of peace under his roof, so he allowed Dorothy to be turned adrift. Mrs. Managem Clever became pleasant, amiable, delightful; and at the end of two days she said to her husband,

"We shall have a new servant, my dear, to-morrow. Ah, you shall see! You shall see how well we shall be served! Honest and faithful—she comes from

Northamptonshire—very neat in her person, lively and active; her conversation very good—and a most excellent cook."

"So much the better; my only desire is that we may meet with a servant whom we can keep."

The new servant arrived. Her name was Catherine. Clever contented himself with a furtive glance at the newcomer; and before pronouncing his opinion decisively as to the domestic's qualities, it appeared to him to be necessary to know her for at least six weeks. Therein he showed his mother-wit.

Mrs. Managem Clever, who pronounced judgment on a servant's character at the first glance, and alleged that she had never been deceived, was enchanted the first day with her new servant, and never ceased pouring forth her eulogiums upon Catherine.

The second day her enchantment was less vivid. The third day, the lady, who did not choose to be always in the kitchen herself, left the preparation of the dinner to her new servant. This prodigy, upon whose qualifications as a cook Mrs. Managem Clever had enlarged to her husband, served up soup in which a hundred-weight of rock-salt seemed to have been steeped,—peppered, too, with a handful of soot a joint burnt to a cinder, and vegetables in every spoonful of which the sand grated between the teeth.

Clever made sundry grimaces, but said nothing. The two young girls never ceased crying, "Ah, how the meat's burnt! Ah, how disagreeable it is to meet with lettuce full of sand! Ah, it's quite impossible to eat it!"

Mrs. Managem Clever talked politics throughout the entire time of dinner, in order to call off her husband's attention from what he was eating.

At the end of eight days, it was decided that the Northamptonshire woman, although engaged as a remarkably good cook, could not even boil an egg: and she was dismissed accordingly.

Three days afterwards, Mrs. Managem Clever entered her husband's study with a radiant air, and said—

"We shall have a new servant tomorrow; I am sure she will suit you."

"It appears," replied Clever, with an indifferent air, "that it is not me she is to suit, and that whether she suits me or not, is a matter of little consequence."

"Yes, yes, you will be quite content with her. She cooks charmingly—an excellent hand at a great variety of the nicest things imaginable. She is a Kentish woman, a fine tall girl, and extremely active—very intelligent countenance—reserved and respectful—she is honesty itself. Her testimonials are excellent—lived with several first-rate families—I am persuaded that we shall keep her."

"So be it!"

The next day, Clever saw a tall, large-sized country wench bustling about the house. Her face was the very picture of rude health. Maria, for such was her name, charmed her mistress by the alacrity with which she executed her orders. In a hand's turn she did all that was needful. Mrs. Managem Clever ran into her husband's study, and, transported with joy, exclaimed—

"Now do you see what it is to have a really active and lively servant? The house is entirely set to rights at half-past eleven, while your Dorothy had not the rooms swept sometimes at one o'clock. Our dinner, too, will be charmingly dressed. Really, Maria is quite a treasure I have just been taking a peep into the kitchen."

At this moment, one of the little girls made her appearance at the door, and said:—"Mamma, the new servant has just broken the large porcelain vase—"

Mrs. Managen Clever had rather that her daughter had bitten her tongue than brought this piece of intelligence to her husband's study. She began humming an air, as if completely unconcerned, pushed the child out of the room, and followed herself, remarking that they would sit down to an excellent dinner.

The dinner hour arrived; and the family sat down to table. Every thing was excellently cooked. Mrs. Managem Clever was so supremely satisfied, that she ate to such a degree as might have caused reasonable apprehensions of indigestion.

The pastry was delicious. Every one was happy, when, all of a sudden, a great noise was heard in the kitchen.

"Oh! what's that?" said Clever.

Leonora went down to the kitchen and returned quite terrified, to announce that the Kentish woman had let fall an enormous pile of plates.

Clever looked rather serious. His wife observed that this was an accident which might happen to the most careful person in the world.

"That is the second time that she has been breaking to-day," observed little Emmeline. "This morning, the large porce—"

The child was not able to finish the word, for her mother at the same moment gave her a kick on the shins, and, to prevent her from crying out, thrust a huge spoonful of pudding into her mouth!

Maria shortly after entered the room, with an air quite as gay and self satisfied as usual, and said:—

"Oh, it's no great matter, ma'am! The pile of plates fell, true enough; but then there were only eleven broken. None of the rest met with the smallest accident; how very lucky!"

"Only eleven!" muttered Clever, as he gulped a glass of port; "quite enough to begin with."

The following day, Maria, while engaged in dusting the drawing-room mantel-piece with admirable vivacity, sent flying into the middle of the room two most beautiful and valuable chimney-ornaments. Of course they were broken in pieces.

"They must have been mere tinsel gimcracks," said the Kentish woman, almost laughing out in her supreme indifference, "for I scarcely touched them with the force of a feather!"

Clever left the drawing-room, heaving a deep sigh, and shut himself up in his study. His lady said, so as to be overheard by him—"Maria, you will make us another of those apple pies to-day for dinner. You make them admirably well!"

Dinner-time arrived. Mrs. Managem Clever praised the Kentish woman's skill a little less eagerly than the preceding day, for during the course of the morning the new servant had broken her mistress's smelling-bottle, and cracked a mirror besides—accidents which the lady carefully concealed from her husband. Still, when the apple pie was cut and tasted, Maria's praises resounded anew. But, in removing, she broke a beautifully cut crystal glass placed opposite Mr. Clever, which he valued much, since it had belonged to his father.

"That's raypher a trifle of a misfortin'," said the Kentish woman, "but it had the look—that glass had—of being as old as the hills."

"You must be a little more particular, Maria," said Mrs. Clever.

"Poor glass! which I prized so much," said Clever, "it was once my father's!"

"Will you, my dear, taste a little more of this delicious pie?" said Mrs. Managem Clever to her husband.

"No, no; I have had enough!" was the poor man's reply. He seemed ready to shed tears, and surveyed the ruin of the goblet with a piteous air.

The next day Maria broke the back of a chair, and the works of the clock, which, in her amazing activity, she wound up too far.

Mrs. Managem Clever ordered a rhubarb pie for this day's dinner.

The following day Maria broke a teapot and a bowl of china, and fractured the glass of Clever's watch, which he had incautiously left on his toilet-table.

Mr. Clever made a final declaration to his wife, that he was disgusted with pastry of all descriptions, however excellently made. That lady herself, finding her own looking-glass in six pieces instead of one, decided upon parting with the Kentish woman.

For four days the house was without a servant. The fifth, Mrs. Clever informed her husband, with a delighted air, that she was sure to please him at last. "To-morrow," she said, "we shall have a new servant. I knew she would suit me at first sight. She is a Scotch girl, carefully and well reared—modest and religious—just twenty years of age. She is no great adept in cookery, but can dress plain joints remarkably well - reserved, respectful—honesty itself! Testimonials from the first families."

Clever had made up his mind not to make any answer to what his wife said

each time that she engaged a new servant.

The Scotchwoman arrived. She was excessively ugly, had very heavy brows, and squinted. But Mrs. Managem Clever said: "We must not trust to countenances; they are very deceitful. I shall never be guided by them again!"

And, in spite of this piece of wisdom, during the first days of the Scotchwoman's servitude, Mrs. Managem Clever never ceased to trumpet her praises.

"At last I have found what completely answers," she said to her husband, with a triumphant air; "at least I have met with a servant that will suit us exactly—active, laborious, careful — catch *her* breaking anything! Strictly honest—never will hear one word from her louder than another! *She* is not an impertinent huzzy, like *your* Dorothy!"

Clever contented himself with shaking his head, and saying simply: "Wait a little—we shall see."

The contents of the wine decanters were observed to gradually diminish; the brandy-bottle grew lower by little and little—towels and handkerchiefs, and other loose articles began to disappear, and money, too, was missing.

To every question the Scotchwoman replied by bridling up, and saying: "What, mom! surely you dinna sispec' me! Gin I thocht ye dead, I wadna bide in y'r hoose anither day!"

"No, indeed, I do not suspect you," would Mrs. Clever reply; "but I really can't understand how these things should occur."

"Oh! it's the ither lassies that war un the hoose afore me."

"Probable enough."

And Mrs. Managem Clever did not for an instant suspect the Scotchwoman. One evening that Mrs. Clever returned home quite unexpectedly, when the Scotch servant imagined that none of the family would return from their evening walk for a full hour at least, Mrs. Clever caught the servant in the very act of rummaging her mistress's drawers, and filling a large bag with handkerchiefs, chemises, and stockings.

The Scotchwoman was thrust out of the hall door, for Mrs. Clever hated the *éclat* of a police investigation; and she remained for nearly a fortnight without a servant.

At the expiration of that period, Mrs. Managem Clever resumed her radiant air, and meeting her husband, cried out. "Well, my dear, it's all right at last."

"What's all right?"

"I mean as to a servant. We are going to have a treasure."

"A treasure!" said Clever, drily.

"Yes; we may rest assured that we are suited this time—she is a Suffolk girl."

"A Suffolk girl! I see nothing very promising in the circumstance of her being from Suffolk."

"But this is a girl," interposed his spouse, "of the most excellent character. She is just come up from the country—prudence and modesty personified."

"Yes, yes, the common story! Oh! when will you have done with this mania of vaunting people's good qualities before you have the slightest knowledge of them?"

"My milliner is answerable for her. Her name is Betsy."

"What! your milliner's name?"

"No; but the Suffolk girl's."

"This is the fourth since Dorothy; and in two months, too!"

Betsy was installed in her new functions. She was pretty; but her eyes were constantly fixed on the ground. Her air of modest timidity could only be compared with that of a novice!

Mrs. Managem Clever was again enchanted. This time there was no ground whatever for finding fault with the servant. The work was always well done, the cooking satisfactory—the entire house neat and orderly. They had truly found a treasure.

One evening that the family returned from a quiet dinner-party at a neighbour's house, somewhat sooner than they had told the servant, the "treasure" was caught in a *tête-à-tête* with a strapping fellow about six feet high.

The tall fellow took his leave, exclaiming: "Good bye, Cousin Bess!"

"You have cousins, then?" inquired Mrs. Clever of her servant.

"Yes, ma'am," said the Suffolk girl.

"I have one, a mere lad, not long come up from Suffolk, to learn his trade."

"He did not appear to me to be such a mere lad," murmured forth Mrs. Clever. "You were engaged to me as having no 'followers.' I have no objection to your seeing him sometimes; but he must come very seldom."

A few days after, the Suffolk lass was surprised in the kitchen with a brisk little footman.

As this person disappeared up the area-steps,

"He is another of my cousins," said Betsy.

At last a very serious fault was found with this "treasure" of a servant, and she was turned out of doors.

To these four servants succeeded a dozen others in the short space of four months. Lancashire witches and Leicestershire lasses, Irish, Welsh, and Yorkshire women were passed in review. Almost every English county was tried.

At the end of four months, Clever had taken an absolute disgust to his house, being unable to reconcile himself to the constant succession of new faces. Accordingly, one morning, he took a place in the Southampton coach, on his way to Havre, and, in taking leave of his wife, said:—

"There is nothing I abhor more than change of place; but, as you have made an hotel of my house, I must set out on my travels."

"What, Clever! surely you are not going to leave us?"

"Yes, but I am."

"And for how long?"

"Of that I am wholly ignorant. When you shall have kept the same servant for more than three months, write me word, and I shall then return." And Clever set out for the coach-office.

Two years elapsed, but he was still on his travels. Yet Mrs. Managem Clever had, during that time, fallen in with no fewer than seven and twenty "treasures." But she "fell out" with them immediately after.

SONNET TO SPRING.

Come, fairy spring, appear, appear!
To glad the heart, the eye, the ear,
In blooming garb, superbly drest,
In pure, unsullied, virgin vest;
Come forth in nature's bright array,
To welcome thee,—enchanting May.
Now fragrant sweets perfume the air,
From violet and primrose fair,
While all beneath the sky so blue
Is springing up to life anew,—
Each lowly shrub and stately tree,
Where sings the feathered minstrelsy,
Till groves delightfully rebound
With joyful, harmonizing sound,

IAGO.

BESIDE THE RIVER.

A DREAM.

I dream'd beside a river
I sat one eve in spring,
I saw the troutlett playing,
The swallow blythe on wing;
Sweet flow'rs around were springing,
The wind pass'd softly by,
I thought through all creation
Was perfect harmony.

A swarm of insects pass'd me,
I watched them on their way,
The troutlett from the river
Soon made them easy prey.
The swallow too was eager
To gain from them a meal;
Then other thoughts unsought for
Into my mind would steal.

I took in hand a pencil,
To write my "free thoughts" down;
An angel came beside me,
She wore a golden crown.
Then from my hand the pencil
Into the water fell—
"O doubt not," said the angel,
"Believe, for all is well."

I musing, watch'd the angel
Heavenward take its flight,
But another came beside me,
In robes as black as night.
I fear'd to break the silence,
But gaz'd at him askance;
In winning tones he whisper'd—
"All harmony is chance."

Then there came another angel,
And to me sat anear;
I saw in her bright features
My sister once so dear.
"Doubt not," said she, "my brother,
If thou thy soul would'st save,
Though mystery surround thee,
'Tis clear beyond the grave."

IVANHOE.

HOW I SAW THE ILLUMINATIONS.

"You will go and see the illuminations to-night, will you not?" inquired a friend with whom I had gone to spend the memorable day; "I understand our old city of York looks really well."

"Certainly," I replied, with as much determination as I could muster. One moment I listened to the ceaseless beating of the rain against the windows, then, indignantly forcing back a little sigh that rose involuntarily to my lips, repeated, with increased determination, "Certainly, I shall."

"Then you had better go and get ready," responded my friend: "it's nearly seven; and mind and wrap up well, for I promise you it is not very warm outside to-night."

I ran upstairs, and soon descended, cloaked and bonnetted, to the drawing-room, where my friend awaited my return.

I confess, as we left the apartment, I cast an unloyal glance behind me at the blazing fire, the glittering chandelier, the open piano, and table strewn with books, and, for an instant, I heartily wished to remain. But, alas! this could not be. "I have come to Kroy," thought I, "the venerable, time honoured city of Kroy, to see the sights—and shall a little rain prevent me?" I felt thoroughly ashamed of my weakness, and resolutely turned away.

Of course, our umbrella had to be put up as soon as we emerged from the house. "A very trifling inconvenience," I hear some quiet country-dweller remark. True, my friend, in your village extremely trifling. where you go the door, and uninterruptedly glide under the sheltering expanse, and then jog along peaceably on the arm of the friendly holder. Very trifling, indeed; remarkably, touchingly, infinitesimally so! But attempting this just ouside the door of your house on a dripping night like the tenth of March, with a dense mass of humanity surging past you, and which threatens every moment to drive you off the step into a state of uncomfortable humiliation, is no such easy matter. Of course you make an effort; and, just at the moment your umbrella is being opened, there comes a sudden rush of the crowd. The upraised, unopened umbrella is brought into painful proximity to your face, thereby knocking your bonnet off. At last, however, after many fruitless endeavours, you find yourself under the friendly shelter, but not before you have had the pleasure (?) of listening to the warm expressions of—of spite those endeavours have called forth; not before you have poked into that good woman's patient face, and destroyed the equilibrium of that dear old man's hat. These, ma'am, are a few of the trials consequent on the trifling act of getting an umbrella in a crowd on a stormy night. Are you satisfied? I hope your are, for I must leave you and pass on.

Well, the umbrella being at last safely up and ourselves under it, we moved along with the mass, which soon brought us into Parliament-street. Here I took my first peep from under the umbrella. Some of the shops were most brilliantly illuminated; and "A. A.," or "A. E. A.," gleamed upon you from all sides. A large well-lighted crown in the centre of the Market-place had a remarkably fine effect. The Mansion House and other public buildings also displayed much taste and ingenuity in their adornments. But notwithstanding my really sincere desire to feel pleased and happy, I could not be insensible to the dripping, drenching rain, as it patted on the umbrella, and then off, on my neat and hitherto carefully-used mantel. I could not complain, however, for my friend was even in worse plight than myself. To her, being the taller of the two, was deputed the honour (?) of holding the umbrella. Poor Eleanor!

As we trudged along through the sloppy streets, some one near us exclaimed. "We must see the bars!" Eleanor looked at me, and a corresponding desire, I saw, was trembling on her lips.

"O let us go by all means," I replied, to her mute interrogation, and off we went.

Walm-gate Bar was the nearest, so we bent our steps in that direction, bravely forcing a path through the forest of umbrellas. My memory is somewhat confused respecting the ornamentation of the Bar. I only know that some blazing words ran round the archway, but what they were my faulty memory will not supply. One thing, however, I remember very well. As we stood gazing up at the bright character, a woman near us pushed one of the points of her umbrella through my veil. We were close beside her, and the sharp point moved about on my face rather too roughly to be pleasant. Just at the moment I was endeavouring to free myself, the woman moved on; and not being desirous of the delicate task of repairing my veil, I was compelled to follow her.

"Ma'am," said I, quite pleadingly. But ma'am was too deeply engaged with her neighbour in discussing the wonders of the night to hear unfortunate me.

"Ma'am," said I rather louder than before, "my veil is fast to your umbrella!" Here, the woman stopped, and partly turned round, while I freed myself as speedily as possible, she, meanwhile, bestowing very suspicious glances upon me out of her eye-corners as I proceeded.

"Would you like to see Mickle-gate Bar the next, or the electric light on Clifford's Tower?" inquired Eleanor, as I once more drew up under the umbrella.

"Which ever you please," I replied; then half unconsciously added, "which is the nearer?"

"Clifford's Tower, I believe," said she, which decided the question.

As we passed through the streets on our way thither, I could not help observing in my casual peeps from under the umbrella, a number of ludicrous-looking blinds, as I ignorantly called them, in some windows (I afterwards learned they were more generally known by the elegant term, transparencies). They professed to be portraits of our noble Prince and his beautiful young bride; but, I dare say, could those august personages have beheld them, they would have started back in undisguised horror. In some, the Prince and Princess appeared to have attained the mature age of forty years, and looked as sober and steady as those years demand. In others the Prince owned a complexion of deep unchanging red, unpleasantly suggestive of a too close intimacy with claret and champagne; while, the Princess by his side, looked the personification of an over-dressed country-lassie, whose very wide-open eyes testified her amazement at the ovation she was receiving.

I could not help contrasting this ridiculous representation of Alexandra with her own fair, sweet self, and, as I gazed upon it I felt, could she have seen it, her kind and gentle disposition would have forgiven this defective tribute of a loyal subject's love.

Clifford's Tower, which we eventually reached, is situate within the precincts of the Castle; and the electric light shed its beams over the gloomy, massy walls. But, dear reader, the rain—the persistent rain—kept pouring, pouring; and while I was walking, or rather splashing, about in St. George's Field, basking in the rays of the electric light, a slight but steadily-continued noise near me attracted my attention. Such a soft, little pattering it was; but, oh! so alarmingly suggestive,—especially when I ascertained it to be in the neighbourhood of my bonnet. A vague fear crept into my mind, which, a moment after, settled into certainty. My friend had unconsciously allowed the umbrella to fall from its perpendicular position; and I found it had been very quietly divesting itself of superfluous drops on my nice, new, velvet bonnet!

"Well, shall we walk on or go home?" inquired Eleanor, after the umbrella had been restored to its primal position.

"Oh, *home!* if you please," burst from my lips spontaneously. So home we went.

Our spirits were quite restored when we had changed our drenched garments for some warm dry ones, and after wishing our noble Prince, and his lovely bride, all the happiness that can be enjoyed by sublunary beings, we closed the evening by singing, with a fervent and heartfelt devotion, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

[My pretty drab bonnet, with its brown

velvet flowers, had received too thorough a saturation ever to regain its pristine elegance. I smoothed and stroked it with the gentlest of fingers, but to little purpose. So I intend keeping it as a memento of the hour I spent in the streets of Kroy on the night of March the tenth, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three!]

LUCINDA B.

COUSIN AMY.

BY THE EDITOR.

COUSIN AMY, Cousin Amy, O those laughing eyes of thine,
How often, lit with merriment, have answered unto mine;
How often has that little hand within mine own been pressed,
And a word has risen to my lips that could not be confessed;
How often, in the merry dance, have I gazed upon thy face,
And held thy beating heart to mine in cousinly embrace.
How often, O how often, have I walked alone with thee,
In city streets, beside the wave, or "neath the shady tree"
Yet never, Cousin Amy, in our warm and ardent youth,
Did I dare to whisper word to wrong thy innocence and truth;
For thou wert rich and noble, whilst I was proud and poor.—
But my heart was almost broken when he bore thee from the door!
Years have passed, and thou art happy—from care and trouble free—
So farewell, sweet Cousin Amy, thou art nothing now to me!

THE FIRST PRIMROSE.

I SPIED it in my wand'rings
One dewy morn in spring,
Half-hidden in a nest of leaves—
A little, timid thing.
No other flow'r had ventur'd
Its petals to unfold,
For April's changeful sun had fail'd
To chase the winter's cold.

No morning salutation,
By radiant sunbeam borne,
Had waked the lonely little flow'r—
For early was the morn;
And far within the shadow
The timid primrose grew,
Unnoticed, save by zephyr's breath,
Or evening's drops of dew.

No sister-flow'r grew near it,
And yet it liv'd and bloom'd
Serenely, 'mid the solitude
Its fragrant breath perfum'd:
Closing its eye when darkness
Crept o'er the field and plain,
And nestling down amid the leaves
Till morning dawn'd again.

I watched it long and fondly—
It seem'd so fair a sign
Of that meek patience and content
I often wish were mine.
And from the lowly primrose
I glanc'd up to the skies,
And breath'd the yearnings of my heart
In low and fervent sighs.

Surely there came a blessing
In answer to my pray'r,
For brighter glow'd the morning skies,
And purer breath'd the air;
And sweeter fell the warblings
Of the songsters in the trees—
And e'en the leaflets on the boughs
Whisper'd low melodies.

I turn'd to bid my primrose
A tender, kind farewell,
For duty bade me leave the spot
I'd learn'd to love so well.
And while I linger'd, musing
Upon its Maker's power,
A sunbeam struggled through the hedge,
And rested on my flow'r!

O surely, have I never
Beheld a lovelier sight,
Than when the little primrose-flower
Peep'd up to meet the light.
Half-shyly, it unfolded
Its golden, glistening eye—
Glistening with many a dewy gem—
And raised it to the sky.

And now my lovely primrose
Held me with stronger spell;
I gaz'd upon its sweet, fair face,
And could not say, "Farewell!"
A few more days, I ponder'd,
And other flow'rs will spring,
And my sweet primrose then will be
A faded, slighted thing.

Oh, no! I inly murmur'd—
Better that it should rest,
And sweetly breathe its little life
Out on my grateful breast.
So stooping down, and dashing
Away each dewy gem,
I slid my fingers through the leaves,
And broke the slender stem.

Dear little flower! I envied
Its countenance benign;
For all that day its golden eye
Peep'd kindly up to mine.
And in the fragrance, floating
Around me and above,
A still small voice spoke to my heart
Of patience, hope, and love!

LUCINDA B.

THE HARBINGER OF SUMMER.

BY GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON.

THE various natural phenomena, customs, associations, memorable days, and chief features of the months, are worthy of every one's attention. And, besides these, there are the games peculiar to each season; the flowers that bloom, the birds that chirp and sing in our fields, and the fish that visit our shores.

April and May are the real spring months—the genial opening of the year. With the Romans the year began with March; and it is not much more than a hundred years since that our own legal New Year's Day was removed from the 25th of March to the 1st of January. And it really does seem more appropriate that the year should commence with buds, young leaves, and sunshine, than with ice-bound rivers, bare trees, and snow-mantled fields. We all know the natural signs of the month. For January, frost; for February, rain and sleet; for March, wind; for April, rain; and for May, flowers. As the old nursery rhyme has it—

> "March winds and April showers
> Bring forth May flowers."

With April comes the first fine days of the year. Its very name is expressive of its qualities. Romulus, the founder of Rome, is said to have named the months. He called this April from the Latin word *Aperio*, to open, germinate, or blossom. The Romans, with poetic fancy, united April to March, the war-month; and thus joined power and ferocity with love, beauty, and gentleness. The Saxons called it the Oster Monath, or Easter Month, because the festival of Easter usually falls in April.

The first day of April is the well-known All-Fools' Day. The word *all* is perhaps a corruption of *auld* or *old*. It is said that the Romans were themselves in the habit of playing jokes upon their friends on this day; so that our custom of making April Fools, by sending Tom to the cobbler's for a pennyworth of strap oil, or Jane to the dairy for a pint of pigeon's milk, or Anne to the chemist's for the essense of two-lips, has, at any rate, the warrant of antiquity. The French, the Germans, and other peoples, celebrate All Fools' Day.

The astronomical sign of the month is *Taurus*, the Bull; on the 20th the sun enters the sign of the Zodiac. The 29th day of March, in this year of grace, 1863, is *Palm Sunday*, the Sunday before Easter. It is called Palm Sunday in memory of our Saviour's triumphant entry into Jerusalem, when the people took leaves and branches of the Palm tree and spread them on the ground, crying, "Hosannah, blessed be the name of the Lord!" In our own country, and in continental towns, the people still gather branches of the willow, with its velvety buds, in commemoration of the event; and, in the Church, there are special services performed.

The week following is called *Passion Week*, from the passion or suffering of our Great Master in the garden of Gethsemane. It is held a holy week by all Christians. The fourth of this week is Maundy Thursday—*dies Mandate*, the day of command. On this day it is recorded that Our Lord washed the feet of His disciples, and *commanded* them to wash the feet of each other. It was formerly the custom for persons of high estate to give money, food, and clothing to their poor neighbours on this day. A relic of this custom still remains in the gifts made by our beloved Queen to certain poor persons in the neighbourhood of the Court, of money, food, and clothing. The Maunday money consists of a single piece of each silver and copper coin of the time.

The day following is Good Friday, which is kept holy in commemoration of the death of Christ. In the Church there is a special service; and all unnecessary business is on that day interdicted. All Government and public offices are closed, the theatres and places of amusement are shut, and a solemn observance of decorum is adhered to. In both Protestant and Catholic countries Good Friday is celebrated with prayer and praise. The hot-cross buns, that smoke upon our breakfast tables, are, probably, the modern form of the sacred cakes formerly eaten in the Arkite temples, or a remnant of the early Christian custom of meeting together and breaking bread, significant of the Passover and the Lord's Supper.

Easter Eve was anciently celebrated with great pomp, the Churches being lighted with multitudes of torches, and the people watching and waiting with solemnity for the dawn of

Easter Sunday. This is the festival of the commemoration of our Saviour's resurrection, and is celebrated in all Christian countries with great pomp. It, and the nine

following days, are kept as high festivals and holidays. In our own country, Easter Monday and Whit-Monday are the two great holidays of the people. On the continent, the Carnival begins; and everywhere are signs of rejoicing and glee. In the Easter week, indeed, we obtain a glimpse of "Merrie England."

On Easter Monday and Tuesday the Spital Sermons are preached in Christchurch, Newgate Street, London. The word *Spital* is a contraction of Hospital, and the sermons are preached for the benefit of the charities connected with the five royal hospitals of the metropolis—Christ's, St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, Bridewell, and Bethlehem. The boys of Christ's Hospital—the Blue-coat School—go in procession to the Mansion House, where they are received by the Lord Mayor, and each presented with a glass of wine, a bun, and a new shilling. The civic functionaries then proceed to Christchurch and hear the sermon, which is usually preached by one of the bishops or by the Lord Mayor's chaplain.

Easter-day is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon, or next after, the 21st day of March. If the moon is full on a Sunday, Easter-day is the Sunday after. The 23rd of April is St. George's day. St. George is equally the patron of England and Russia; and, in both countries, his fabulous encounter with the dragon is the subject of legend, tale, and song.

Low Sunday is the next following Easter Sunday, and this year fell on the 25th of the month. The primitive Christians kept this day as a festival, and respected the ceremonials of Easter Sunday in a lower degree Hence the name.

So much for the days in the Calendar. In other respects April is almost as attractive as May. Though true to its old characteristics of wind and rain, it has many lovely days, especially towards its close. The bursting blossoms and the bright green grass, the opening leaves, and the twittering of the numerous birds of passage that now return to dwell for a while in our fields and orchards, all give pleasant promise of the summer—soon to come in sunshine and loveliness.

The cuckoo, with her well-known note, is heard among the yet scanty leaves of the beech and ash; and the nightingale sings amid the flowering hawthorn and delicate sycamore. The house swallow, the martin, the blackcap, the whitethroat, the yellow willow wren, the redstart, the grasshopper lark, the cornerake, and the stone curlew, are among the birds of passage that make their appearance about this time. In our woods and gardens the anemone blows, and the daffodil, the yellow rose, the star-eyed daisy, and the violet gladden our eyes. The gorse is full of golden blossoms, and cowslips and primroses deck the fields. The hyacinth spangles the green earth; and tulips, and jonquils, and kingcups—thousands of nature's own lovely children—rise up from the brown earth and show their modest faces to the sun.

The ploughman is out in the fields, and the shepherd is busy with his flock; the cottager finds plenty to do in his garden; and, amid the intervals of light variable showers, the early May sun comes out bright and warm. The wild creatures of the forest—the hare and the squirrel, the hedgehog and the rook, and many others, are roused to new activity. The rivers are alive with fish, and the woods abound with nests, and, amid all, the schoolboy is certainly not dozing.

In the Easter holidays the playground-games are carried home, and the garden and forecourt resound with merriment and noise. The shuttlecock and the top are now the popular toys for lads. The top is a very ancient toy. Virgil, in the seventh *Æneid*, says:—

> "The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
> Admired with clamour by the beardless lout;
> They lash aloud, each other they provoke,
> And lend their little souls to every stroke."

Does not this description apply as well to English boys in the nineteenth century as to young Roman scapegraces in the days of Augustus? Tipcat, rounders, feed the chickens, and race running, are also favourites with the boys just now, and in some parts of the country the exciting games of cricket, steeplechase, and *follow-my-leader* make the welkin ring. All nature is gay and merry.

> The bees that wakened in early hour
> Are hovering busily over the flower;
> The cattle are still in the welcome shade,
> And loveliness dwells in the sunny glade.
> The traveller rests in the quiet street—
> Labour is pleasant and toil is sweet.

We do not measure love by words, and the simple "I love you" from one we trust, conveys more to the heart than the most fervent protestations from those we have reason to doubt. Love is felt rather than heard.

DAISY H.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

How many a struggling tradesman would give his ears to find it out: how many a poor author, seeking for fame in the beaten paths of literature, and living, literally, from hand to mouth, would be happy to discover it: how many a speculator dreams of, but never realises it: how many a daring experimentalist woos the goddess Fortune in every shape, and never arrives at the solution of the giant mystery: how many a student makes it, in one way or another, the subject of his daily, aye, his nightly thoughts, without once coming within sight of the envied goal which all men strive to reach. The story of unrequited toil—of patient, unremitting labour, badly paid—of bold hearts withering beneath the frown of unsuccess—of mighty intellects damped and disappointed—of golden day-dreams and glorious aspirations crushed beneath the iron heel of want—is it not as common as life?

And yet some favoured few have, almost without an effort of their own, discovered the mighty secret. Some, the sons of toil, have achieved the great purpose. Some, by intuition, as it were, have mastered the riddle that the world—the great moral Œdipus—has given them to solve, and guessed the Secret of Success.

Some men, said Shakspeare, are born to greatness; some achieve greatness; and some have greatness thrust upon them. There is yet another class, who seek for greatness, and never find it. Of these are the thousands to whom the Secret of Success is never vouchsafed, puzzle and seek they never so hard.

And why is this? Why is it that some charlatan, with nothing but a face of brass to recommend him, takes the world by storm, while patient merit is neglected? Can no one answer the question—can no one solve the riddle—no one guess the Secret of Success? It appears not; and yet the answer is patent to the world.

In the nineteenth century—the age of civilization and refinement—one man was rewarded munificently by public subscription for having made a railway fortune; while another, the author of the railway system, pined in poverty and gloom, and no man thought of him: and yet of these two men, George Hudson and Thomas Gray—whose name will be most honoured by posterity? The first is in disgrace, the last is in his grave.

Again: in the same building a great genius exhibited the fruits of his mighty mind, and a charlatan abortion was caressed and petted by the rich and fair, who flocked in hundreds daily to kiss his puny cheek. Haydon the painter died by his own hand; and the keeper of the manikin Tom Thumb retired upon a noble fortune.

While Thomas Chatterton pined and withered in a garret in Brownlow-street, and was laid in a pauper's grave in Shoe-lane—garret or churchyard, however, exist no longer—men were making fortunes by the sale of cheap poisons and quack medicines, and thieves and conjurors were living in luxury upon the fruits of their unholy callings.

Not to multiply instances, can we look around without everywhere observing these inequalities of fortune—the many, striving in vain, the few rewarded without desert?

But is the grand secret unsolvable, except by accident? Surely not. There is a story told of a carpenter, who being observed carefully planing a bench that was intended for the county magistrates, was asked why he took so much pains with the work. He answered, that he was making it smooth and pleasant against the time when he should himself take his seat upon it. That was the purpose of his life, and he lived to achieve it. Is there not a great moral in the anecdote?

Columbus, when he had satisfied himself that there must be a western world, was untiring in his applications to native and foreign princes for assistance. Fer-

dinand and Isabella rendered it, and America was the result. Wedgworth was a barber's boy, and shaved for a penny. Doctor Johnson was the son of a poor bookseller in Lichfield, and came to London in search of fame with a single guinea in his pocket; and yet both have left names that will never die.

And so we might go on. It is vain to say that with some men all things seem to prosper, and that beneath the touch of others, all things seem to wither and to die The Secret of Success is not so very difficult to solve as some imagine: it lies in a word, and that word is—*Perseverance.*

EDITOR.

LITTLE ELLEN'S FAULT.

"DEAR Aunt Sara," exclaimed my nieces, surrounding me as I entered my sister's house, some few days back, "we are so glad you have come!"

"And why?" I mischievously replied, although divining their reason.

"Oh," they all said, "you promised next time you came to tell us a pretty story."

"And I intend keeping my word, nieces mine." So, having disrobed, I seated myself to comply with their urgent request.

"Now, what shall the subject be?" I queried.

"Please, something true, from real life."

To which I willingly assented, and forthwith commenced.

CHAPTER I.

"Mamma," said little Ellen Graham, as sitting at work on a stool at her mother's knee, "I have promised to spend the afternoon with cousin Jane. May I go?"

A shadow of surprise flitted across Mrs. Graham's face; and the elevation of her eyebrows, as her daughter looked up, anticipating a prompt consent, caused her speedily to bend all attention on the work she had in hand. Silence reigned for a few minutes. Mrs. Graham was naturally a good and indulgent parent, but she thought the above request worded in much too consequential a manner, proceeding from the lips of such a child, so determined to check that tendency to superiority, which would, as she grew older, become stronger and more difficult to eradicate, and would necessarily carry in its train many other errors of a more glaring character. Therefore, after a pause, she said, gently and smilingly—

"I cannot permit you to leave me to-day, as you did not consult me before giving your word; and I feel deeply grieved that my Ellen should take so much authority on her own shoulders; so my child must rest content with her mother's society for this day," she playfully added.

In the meantime Ellen's humour was becoming every minute more irritable. At length she burst forth, passionately throwing her work from her—

"I must go; I won't stay at home for any one!"

Then her mother rose calmly from her chair, but with a look of great displeasure; and, taking Ellen by the hand, led her to her room, where she bade her pass the rest of the day, to think over, and combat with, her wicked passion, so that it might be conquered in youth.

"When you feel in a better frame of mind, and quite repentant, I shall be, as you know, ready to pardon you."

So, after she had finished speaking, her mamma locked the door, and left her in quiet meditation.

CHAPTER II.

When quite alone Ellen began to consider how wrong had been her sudden passion, causing others unhappiness besides herself; she sobbed for a long time in grief and sorrow, till worn out, gradually sleep for a time brought forgetfulness

e in this state she dreamed, and saw an angel, clothed in pure and spotless white; her face was radiant with smiles, and a halo of light cast itself round her head, while her hair shone in rich golden waves. Holding out her hand, she said, entreatingly, in a sweet beseeching voice, her look giving double weight to her words—

"Oh, come with me, I will not harm you, dear one; my name is Humility—

'That low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly bodies shoot,'

and those who allow themselves to lie enfolded in these loving arms, never repent. O haste thee!"

But, as she endeavoured to grasp the child, she disappeared, leaving in her stead one who caused a shudder to pass through the slight frame. He was enveloped in a long and flowing robe of black, a crown of the same colour encircled his haughty brows, and, bending them frowningly on the child, commanded her to rise and follow him.

"My name is one of glory and renown, and well known to all mankind—it is Pride. There is no man living but whom has learnt a lesson from me. I teach them well."

And once more he extended his hand, with a hoarse and fearful chuckle, saying:

"So come, you must not be exempt."

"No, no!" screamed little Ellen, and, in her fright, awoke to find all a dream, her mother watching at her bedside, to whom she related her dream and begged forgiveness, further adding:

"O dear mamma! save me from that wicked man who called himself Pride! He frightens me so much!"

"My dear one!" her parent said, "'tis yourself who must endeavour to elude his grasp, and you may be sure I will do all in my weak power to assist you. When you feel any sinful thoughts or feelings intruding, prostrate, at the throne of your loving and heavenly Father, must you engage in earnest prayer, in order to banish them. We are all prone to err from very weakness. I can only further advise you to watch yourself, and pray for strength."

Thus she counselled, and nobly in after years was she repaid, when her child became a good and worthy member of society; and, finding how much self-control was needed, she blessed that mother who had punished her when young, and afterwards gave her such loving advice.

"Are you satisfied with my story, children?"

"Quite! quite!" they instantly replied.

"Then to bed with you, and another tale, if you are all good, next time I come."

"Thanks! thanks!" was the universal cry, and, with a kiss of satisfaction, they all departed.

MIGNONETTE.

LINES TO A SNOWDROP.

WELCOME, sweet harbinger of opening spring;
Thy pensive beauties caught my wondering eye;
I've plucked thee, solitary flower, to bring
Thy tender frame where no rude blasts are nigh.
I see thee! Thou scarce can'st rear thy drooping head,
For frosts inclement pierce thy lovely form;
But I'll transplant thee to a warmer bed,—
My hand shall raise thee and my fire shall warm.

ROBERT JOHNSON.

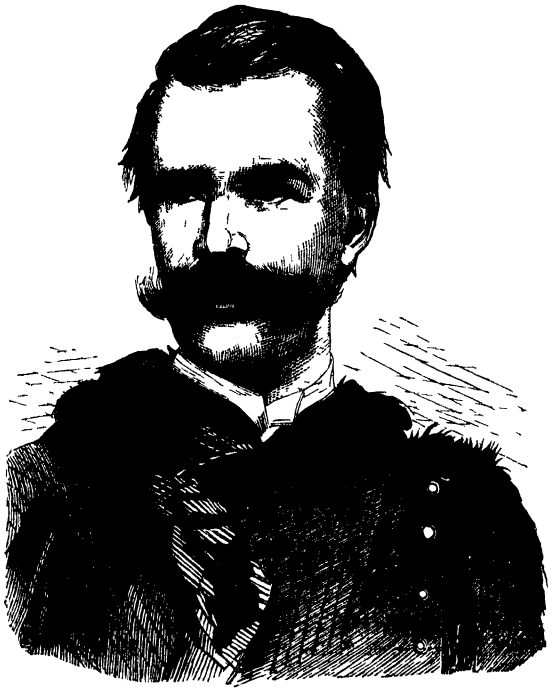
THE FAREWELL.

'NEATH the bright waters the sun is sinking,
Oft have I watched it in days gone by.
Give me your hand—nay, grieve not, dearest,
I'm with you yet, though our parting's nigh.
Fill up the wine for a last carousal;
Round me once more let your arms entwine;
Pledge me, and let ev'ry shade of sorrow
Pass from your brow—see, there's none on mine.
Though short the time that we've loved and revell'd,
You'll think of me oftener, if hence I go
In my beauty's prime, than if fate had spared me
Till age had sprinkled my head with snow.
Faithful and kind you've always been, love;
No one with me has shared your heart;
Kiss me, dearest, I'll ne'er forget you,
Though by death's hand we are forced to part.
Think sometimes in your hours of pleasure
Of her whose love was all your own.
Kiss me again, for the moment's coming
When into the darkness I go alone.

Lift me up, for my life is ebbing;
Let my head on your bosom rest.
There, I shall die as I've oft desired—
Falling asleep on my lover's breast.

The sun has set, and my eyes are dimming;
I see you not, but I feel your hand.
Farewell, love!—when you come you'll find me
Waiting for you in the silent land!

BLANCHE ALSINGTON.



LANGILWICZ.

LANGIEWICZ AND THE POLISH STRUGGLE.

THE most important political event in Europe since the downfall of Napoleon the Great, is, undoubtedly, the present struggle of the Poles against the brutal tyranny and unjust subjugation of the Russians. To Langiewicz, the late dictator, is certainly due the permanence achieved by the Polish insurrection of 1863. Beyond all question the deeds of General Langiewicz have absorbed the attention of Europe, and the stranger of yesterday has become the soldier of to-day. To him, more than to any other of the Polish patriots, liberty is indebted for having converted an unpremeditated and undirected effort of resistance into a great national and patriotic movement against Russian despotism. The Garibaldi of Poland has, it is true, suffered a check in his career, but everything leads us to believe that to him will be owing, if to any man, the liberation of the kingdom of Poland.

POLAND, PAST AND PRESENT.

Look at the map of Europe, and you will find, at the most westerly part of the immense tract of land called Russia, the country known as the kingdom of Poland. A kingdom without a king, a nation without an admitted nationality, a fair land which, for centuries, has been at once the battle-field of liberty and the theatre of oppression. Surrounded by the territories of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, Poland is separated from the rest of Europe by distance, by language, and by tradition. By distance, seeing that its peculiar geographical position places it out of the road, as it were, of modern travel; by language, because the extreme diffuseness and complexity of the Sclavonic dialect, spoken by the Poles, renders it insuperably difficult of attainment by foreigners; and by tradition, in consequence of the policy of the Poles themselves, in endeavouring to remain a separate and distinct people, cherishing old customs, and refusing to mingle or associate with their conquerers.

The Poles belong to the great tribe or family of the Sclavonians, who, in early times, were called Sarmates, and, from the country between the Don, the Volga, and the Caucasian mountains, spread over Russia to the Elbe. To this family also belong the Russians, the Servians, the Bulgarians, the Croats, the Bohemians, and the Sclavonians proper. Let us run rapidly over the main points in the history of the Poles, till we come to the great struggle of the present day. The name of Poland comes first into vogue in the ninth century, when (in 840) the Poles elected a simple peasant, named Piast, as their duke, or chief, and his dynasty continued for more than five centuries,—till 1370, in fact. Duke Niceslar embraced the Christian religion in 955, and his son Boleslas I., surnamed Chrobia, was crowned *King* of Poland in 1024. The male line of the Piasts became extinct in 1370 by the death of King Casimir the Great. His only sister being married to the King of Hungary, the Polish magnates, vayvodes, and bishops agreed upon the succession of Louis of Hungary, the nephew of Casimir. Louis died in 1385, and was succeeded by his daughter Hedwig, who was married to the Grand Duke of Lithuania, which province was thus united with Poland. Jagello now mounted the united kingdom of Poland under the title of Vladislaw II.; and during his reign Poland gradually rose to the position of a principal and powerful kingdom in Europe, extending from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and from beyond the Dnieper to the Oder. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Poland had an area of about 400,000 square miles, larger, in fact, than the present France and Spain together. But from about this time the internal dissensions of the Polish nobles began to weaken the kingdom. They encroached on the prerogatives of the Crown, gradually wrested all political rights from the middle classes, and treated the peasantry, who from of old were the bondsmen of the nobility, with great harshness and severity. And so at last the nobles became the actual lords of the land, the Polish people and the Polish sovereign being equally under their sway, especially when, on the extinction of the Jagello dynasty in 1572, the election of the kings in preference to hereditary succession was determined on. Being absolute masters of Poland, the nobles could not agree among themselves as to the mode of governing it, and quarrels and dissensions soon arose. Is it any wonder, then, that henceforth the progress of Poland was downward? Is it surprising that Russia, Austria, and Prussia, now grown into power, and possessed

of large and well disciplined armies, stepped in to arrange matters between the Polish people and their rulers;—and, like the lion in the fable, seized upon and divided as prey that which it had pretended to protect. Poland was torn to pieces and divided between the three surrounding powers. The first partition of this goodly country, that produced wine and corn in abundance, was made in 1772, when Russia took the larger share, including a large portion of Lithuania; Austria took Galicia; and Prussia the provinces of West Prussia. Henceforth the Muscovite endeavoured by every means to obliterate all the ancient landmarks of Poland, oppressing its people, suppressing the use and teaching of its language, wherever that course was at all practicable, using violence in every shape, and making might right, till the power in insurrection became a virtue, and patriotism meant something more than love of country, and included resistance to the military powers in all and every possible shape. Another division of Poland took place in 1739, when the major part of Great Poland fell to the share of Prussia, and the remainder of Lithuania was absorbed into Russia. But even this did not satisfy the grasping ambition of the conquerors. Two years later a still further spoliation was accomplished, and Prussia took possession of what remained of Great Poland, together with Poldachia, and the remainder of the ancient kingdom was divided between Russia and Austria. But were the people content to remain quiet under foreign rule and foreign oppression? No; risings and insurrections were frequent, and the greatest possible hatred was felt and expressed towards the usurpers by the whole Polish people. In 1807 Napoleon restored Great Poland to political independence, and appointed the King of Saxony as its sovereign, under the title of Grand Duke. This Grand Duchy comprised the six departments of Warsaw (with the ancient capital of the kingdom) Posen, Kalixh, Bromberg, Ptsch, and Lomza, which had, at the close of the year 1808, a population of nearly 9,000,000, and an extent of about 38,000 square miles. But this state of things did not long remain. In 1815, on the political reconstruction of continental Europe, consequent on the fall of Napoleon, the western part of Great Poland was restored to Prussia, while Russia retained, under the title of a *kingdom*, all that she had previously possessed, and so much more, that nothing was left of the ancient sovereignty. A constitution was promised, and, by the treaty exacted by England, various measures for the amelioration of the Poles were wrested from the Czar.

From 1772, with the Poles discontent and patriotism were convertible terms; and in the year 1831, this brave and gallant people made a vigorous but unsuccessful effort to shake off the hated yoke of Russia. The Poles rose in revolution, and the fatal battle of Warsaw, the bloodiest seen in Europe from Waterloo, bound for another long period the shackles of slavery on the wrists of Polish nationality.

THE INSURRECTION OF 1831.

The fatal issue of this revolution is well known. The Polish nation exerted its utmost strength, and the whole force of the colossal empire of Russia was brought against it; and, in spite of prodigies of valour, crushed it. The moment, the only moment when gallant, chivalric, and heroic Poland could have been saved and restored to its rank among the nations, was suffered to pass by, and no one came to her aid. The minister of France threw out the bold boast, that a hundred thousand

men stood ready to march to her assistance; but France and all Europe looked on and saw her fall. Her expiring Diet ordered a levy *en masse*, and made a last appeal, in the name of God, in the name of liberty, of a nation placed between life and death; in the names of kings and heroes who have fought for religion and humanity, in the name of future generations, in the name of justice, and the deliverance of Europe; but her dying appeal was unheard! Her last battle was fought under the walls of Warsaw. Even then she would not have fallen, but even in Poland there were traitors. The Governor of Warsaw blasted the laurels of the revolution by the blackest treason. He ordered General Romarino to withdraw eight thousand soldiers and chase the Russians beyond the frontier at Breze. While he was gone the Russians pressed upon Warsaw. Romarino could have returned in time to save it, but was stopped with directions not to advance until further orders. In the meantime, Warsaw fell, with the curse of every Pole upon the head of its governor. The traitor lived ingloriously in Russia, disgraced and despised, while the young lieutenant was sent, an unhappy, but not unhonoured exile to Siberia. So ended the heroic struggle in Poland. It is dreadful to think so, but politicians have become familiarised to the idea that Poland is blotted out for ever from the list of nations. Indeed, by an imperial ukase, bearing date about 1850, Poland was expunged from the map of Europe; her old and noble families were murdered, imprisoned, or exiled; her own language was excluded from the offices of Government, and even from the public schools; her national dress was proscribed; her national colours were trampled under foot; her national banner (the white eagle of Poland), was laid in the dust. Warsaw abandoned, became a Russian city; her best citizens were wandering in exile in foreign lands, while Cossack and Circassian soldiers were filing through her streets, and the banner of Russia waving over her walls.

But this state of things was not destined to endure. The ancient spirit of the Poles was not quite crushed, and now, in this year of grace, 1863, we have a prospect of a successful revolution.

THE POLISH INSURRECTION OF 1863.

The history of the insurrection cannot be written in a few pages. Time and the sequence of events—the great consequences that spring from little causes—distance from the period and place of action, philosphical deduction and impartial narrative—all of which are impossible, now that the struggle is going on—are necessary to a full and fair appreciation of the political importance of the outbreak, and to a proper understanding of the series of battles and skirmishes, risings and counter risings, successes and failures; patriotic acts on the one side, and deeds of violence and savage brutality on the other, which go to make up the great dramatic whole of the Polish revolution.

The first outbreak took place last year, on an attempt, by the Russians, to force the Poles into the imperial army. All the materials for insurrection were ready, and it wanted but this outrage to fan the smouldering embers of disaffection into a blaze of revolution, which, at this moment, is spreading far and wide, and cannot be crushed out by the heel of the Cossack.

"This," says M. de Montalembert, "is no plot hatched in the dark; no speculation

on the chances of the bloody game of battle, like that which produced the Lombard and Italian revolution. It is a sudden and spontaneous explosion provoked by the conscription—a conscription imposed, not with the equitable and unvarying forms usually practised in France, but with the same savage treachery with which negroes are kidnapped on the coast of Guinea;—a conscription intended, not to arm the nation but to decimate it; and having for its result the deportation for life of twenty-five thousand young poles, previously marked out by the Russian police! One of its consequences is, that, for the present, the cruel boast can no longer be made 'that order reigns at Warsaw.'"

THE CAUSES THAT LED TO THE PRESENT INSURRECTION.

But in order that we may give a somewhat better notion of the causes that immediately led to the present insurrection, we must retrace a step or two.

The Treaty of Vienna guaranteed to the Poles a constitution, a national army, representative and national institutions, with various measures of justice and amelioration. That treaty has been habitually, grossly, and entirely violated. It declared that Poland should be a kingdom of itself, the Emperor of Russia being its ruler with the title of King of Poland. The policy, the avowed policy of Russia has been throughout to destroy the nationality of Poland, and to incorporate it as an integral part of that huge and barbarous empire, and in time—having cleared the way by conscriptions, "proscriptions," and by massacre and extermination, to put down rebellions designedly provoked by Russian cruelty—to re-people it with a Russian race. The danger of a province ripe for revolt would then be at an end, and Russia Proper would project itself into the middle of Central Europe. If Poland were an independent power, Russia would be in reality safer, and be better able to consolidate her power. And that therefore Poland must be made the prey of the bear in perpetuity to keep that omnivorous and ravenous member of the great carnivora occupied, is the desire of the despotic monarchs of France, Austria, and Prussia. But this is the worst sort of Machiavelism. An honest policy will take into account the interest of the Poles themselves. When the Czar Nicholas, in 1831, violated the Treaty of Vienna and abolished the Polish Constitution, he launched the strongest execrations against Constitutional Government, and in doing so revealed the real spirit of Russian policy. He declared that Constitutional Government was what he could not understand and would never tolerate; and despite the late measures known as the emancipation of the serfs, the spirit and policy of the Russian Government is what it always was, and always will remain, while the Russian Empire lasts.

The following passages in Sir Archibald Alison's History of Europe are well worthy consideration. The restoration of Poland, he says is essential to the independence of Europe. "In the very front rank," says the historian, "of the great league of Western Powers, which can alone preserve Europe from Russian subjugation, must be placed the restoration of Poland. Such a measure would not be revolutionary; it would be conservative. Restoration is a work of justice, of which no Government how strong soever, need be ashamed. The principle of revolution is spoliation, not restitution. To restore Poland is not to introduce new ways, but to return to old ones. In the courage and heroism of the Sarmation race is to be found the real and

the only effective barrier against the encroachments of the Muscovite. Such a barrier is not to be found in Turkey. England and France might fight their own battle in the Crimea or on the Danube [this was published in 1855] but they will not find their real allies in the Ottomans. The cross must defend itself; it is not to be defended by the crescent. Europe committed a great sin in permitting the barrier of Poland to be swept away; it can only be expiated by aiding its restoration. If Prussia casts in its lot with the Muscovites it cannot complain if it undergoes the fate it imposed upon Saxony in 1814. Poland must be restored by an effort of united Europe. Its partition was the sin of the Sovereigns alone, and restitution must be made or retribution endured by the Sovereigns, not the people."

LANGIEWICZ.

Passing over the story of the various encounters between the Russians and the Poles, we come at once to Langiewicz and his efforts for the liberation of his beloved country.

Maryan Langiewicz is a young man, not yet thirty-seven years of age. He has not the conventional or romantic proportions of a warrior, being of no greater stature than Julius Cæsar or the First Napoleon. He belongs to the Grand Duchy of Posen, where his father was a physician and his brother now practises the same profession. The result of the Polish revolutionary attempt of 1831 converted nearly all Polish youth—nay, nearly all Polish children—into conspirators and embryo volunteers. Young Poland might, from that time, be described as one of Victor Hugo's earlier poems describes a Greek child of Canaris's day—caring nothing for play or amusement of any kind, and only praying for a weapon to use against the oppressors of his country. Young Langiewicz from a very early age determined to serve his country, and, in order to serve her, to learn the use of arms. Besides studying in Breslau and in Prague, where he occupied himself chiefly in the mastery of the Sclavonic tongues, he entered a military school in Prussia, served for some time in the army, and obtained a good position as an officer in the artillery. But it need hardly be said that to remain in the employment of Frederick William of Prussia formed no part of Langiewicz's ambition. "When a man," says Byron, in half satirical, half melancholy lines, "has no freedom to fight for at home, let him combat for that of his neighbours." This was what Langiewicz did. When Napoleon III. aroused the hopes of all the fallen nationalities by declaring war against Austria; when Garibaldi, Turr, Klapka, Kossuth, and other patriots and exiles generally streamed towards Genoa or Turin, Langiewicz, too, made his way into Italy. He arrived, however, only in time to find the sudden and bewildering peace of Villafranca concluded; but he was one of those who saw clearly that an inopportune and extraordinary step could not possibly close the revolutionary crisis which the campaign in Lombardy had opened.

Langiewicz than attached himself to the fortunes of the great popular hero of the day, the foremost partisan soldier of the age, Joseph Garibaldi. He took part in the secret preparations for the daring attempt on Sicily, which was crowned with such splendid success. Langiewicz formed one of that renowned band, unsurpassed in daring and devotion since the days of Leonidas—the Thousand of Marsala. In that gallant little army there were represented, as we all know, almost all European

nationalities, and Langiewicz was not the only Pole who shared its perils and its triumph. When Garibaldi crossed to the mainland Langiewicz followed his progress, and bore his part in the crowning victory achieved upon the banks of the Volturno. Garibaldi held a high opinion of the young Pole's military capacity, and when the Italian civil war was at end Langiewicz formed a connection (through the ex-Dictator) with the Polish exile Mieroslawski. The latter was then directing in Paris a military school for the instruction of Polish emigrants, and he invited the co-operation of Langiewicz. The offer was eagerly accepted, and Langiewicz devoted himself for some time to directing in artillery studies the pupils of Mieroslawski's school. Subsequently this school was transferred to Genoa, or at least another, for the same purpose and on the same plan, was founded there. This school, which had the permission of the Italian Government for its operations, was assisted by Langiewicz, who took up his residence in Genoa. Many of our readers may remember that when Russia was about to recognise the kingdom of Italy she called upon the Italian Government to suppress this school. It was suppressed, therefore, to the great indignation of many Italians, who bitterly accused the Government of having yielded subserviently to a foreign demand.

But before this event had come to pass, Langiewicz had left Italy and returned to Poland. He was, of course, thoroughly *au courant* of all the secret movements of the national party in Russian Poland, and was one of those who, after the massacres of February, 1861, in Warsaw, considered insurrection as inevitable. He never believed in the liberal promises of Russia, and always regarded a civil war as an event which must occur soon, and might occur at any moment. The outbreak, which has now reached such enormous dimensions, was not a premeditated and general rebellion. It was an irrepressible outburst against the conscription. Many sincere patriots thought it premature and inopportune, and were, therefore, at first inclined to discourage it or allow it to die out. Langiewicz judged otherwise. Although almost unknown in the country, he offered himself to lead some of the first insurrectionary bands which formed in the forests of Southern Poland. The rest the world knows. After years of labour and struggle unseen, comes at last the time of labour and struggle, seen, watched, and admired by all the world. Langiewicz made the insurrection a great national revolution, and himself its chief and hero. He exhibited immense strategic skill as well as daring; he has only given battle when and where he thought fit; he has harrassed and exhausted as well as beaten his Russian foes; and he has forced European statesmanship once more to acknowledge that something must be done for Poland. Over and over again have Russian journals announced that Langiewicz had been defeated, wounded, captured—nay, taken and shot. But he has lived, fought, and conquered none the less. We are certainly not yet in a position to appreciate the effects which will follow from his daring achievements. However the insurrection may end—whether the power of Russia may succeed to drown it in blood; whether diplomatic intervention may effect a compromise between the despot and the nation; or whether an heroic struggle will be crowned with a glorious triumph—it is equally certain that, in a few short weeks, Langiewicz, unknown before, won for himself unfading renown as a patriot and a hero.

LANGIEWICZ, MILITARY DICTATOR OF POLAND.

Despite all the efforts of Russia, the insurrection of the Poles made rapid progress.

According to the Vienna correspondent of the "Times," the Russians sustained a severe defeat at Malogosz on the 25th February. From the same source we learn the imperial government had but few troops at its disposal on whom it could safely rely:—"Langiewicz was the most formidable opponent the Russians have in Poland and the Warsaw government therefore ordered four corps to co-operate in 'exterminating' him and his followers. The first corps, under Alexitschoff, advanced from Czenstochau; the second, under Bagration, from Miechow; the third, under Czengerz, from Kielce; and the fourth, under Dobrowolski, from Statsow. We are without detailed information relative to the movements of Langiewicz, at this time, but it is known that he gave the slip to the Russians at Stobnica near the Galician frontier, in the of government Radom), and made a flank march in the direction of Cheziny, a town to the south of Kielce. In the neighbourhood of Jedrzejov (south of Cheziny) he fell in with a Russian detachment of 500 men, with two guns, which was escorting a very considerable number of conscripts and some insurgents who had been taken at Miechow, Ojkow, Olkutz, &c. After a sharp skirmish the Russians were routed, and they left their artillery in the hands of the victors. Among the persons liberated were several Roman Catholic priests and Jews, who were sent to their homes. The conscripts, who voluntarily joined Langiewicz, were armed with weapons taken from the defeated Russians. On the same day two insurgent corps, under Jezioranski and Zielinski, were engaged with the Russians in the neighbourhood of Wloszkzov and Molabosz. After Langiewicz had beaten the Russians at Jedrzejov, he joined Jezioranski and Zielinski. We learn that the railway communication between Warsaw and Wilna, and between Wilna and St. Petersburg was interrupted. The Berlin government declared that no Prussian troops crossed the frontier into Poland, but the Poles positively assert that they have been at Dobrzyn, and also at a place called Jarrow, where they assisted the Russian frontier guard to beat off some insurgents."

Fired by his successes, the Central National Committee proclaimed General Langiewicz Dictator of Poland. General Wysoczki was appointed his military coadjutor, while the direction of the civil administration was intrusted to Poetkowski.

Immediately, that is to say on March 11th, Langiewicz issued the following important proclamation:—

"Countrymen!—In the name of the Most High, the most patriotic sons of Poland have commenced a struggle caused by terrible abuses, and directed against the internal enemies of liberty and civilisation. Notwithstanding the extremely unfavourable circumstances in which the enemy, by a great increase of oppression, hastened the armed conflict, the struggle commenced by an unarmed people has already lasted two months, gains strength, and developes itself with energy. In presence of this war to the death, the massacres, the pillage, the conflagrations, which mark the progress of the enemy, Poland feels painfully the absence of a visible central power capable of directing the forces engaged in the struggle, and of summoning new assistance to the field. Although the nation possesses more capable and worthy citizens than I, and although thoroughly conscious of the heavy duties of the office and the weight of responsibility which it involves, the gravity and necessity of the moment have decided me, after consultation with the provisional government, to assume the supreme power of dictator, which I shall surrender to the representatives of the nation as soon as the yoke of the Muscovite is shaken off.

"While retaining the immediate direction of military operations in my own hands,

. recognise the necessity of establishing a civil government, whose functions will be regulated by a special ordinance. Continuing the work of the provisional government, I confirm the principles of liberty and equality to all citizens, granting land to the peasants, with indemnity to the proprietors.

"Poles of all provinces beneath the Muscovite yoke, I summon you to the struggle against the domination of Russian barbarism. The concord of all citizens, irrespective of difference of classes and religion, community of sacrifices, and unity of strength, will render our now scattered forces terrible to the enemy, and insure the independence of our country.

"To arms, for the liberty and independence of our fatherland!

(Signed) "LANGIEWICZ."

Langiewicz then took command of the Polish army, and issued a manifesto consolidating the civil administration of the National Government:—

"Head Quarters, Sosnowka.

"In the name of the people, Maryan Langiewicz, Dictator.

"By virtue of the manifesto of March 10, and the stipulations therein contained, I, Maryan Langiewicz, Dictator of Poland, hereby ordain the institution of a civil National Government as follows:—

"Clause 1. The civil National Government to consist of four members, being respectively the chiefs of the military, financial, home, and foreign departments.

"Clause 2. Until further notice this Government is to remain secret.

"Clause 3. The commands and ordinances of the Dictator, relative to the civil administration of state, are to be addressed to the civil Government; the latter to be responsible for their transmission to the subordinate authorities.

"Clause 4. The decrees of the civil Government shall be issued in the name of the Dictator, and by virtue of the authority conferred upon it.

"Clause 5. The commands of the Dictator to the civil Government shall be countersigned by one of his Secretaries-General. The appointments here mentioned have been completed simultaneously with the issue of this decree.

"Clause 6. I also appoint three Government Commissaries, to be attached to the Home Department for special purposes. These Commissaries will be placed under the orders of the National Government, which will give them the necessary instructions.

"Clause 7. Our representatives at foreign Courts I shall appoint, subject to the recommendations of the chief of foreign affairs.

"Clause 8. All civil and military authorities, whatever their origin and the time of their appointment, are hereby dissolved.

"Clause 9. They are, however, to continue their functions until further orders from the civil Government or its Commissaries.

"Clause 10. I hereby appoint Valerius Tomczynski to be Deputy Secretary-General, until the assumption of office by one of the Secretaries-General already nominated.

"Given at Head Quarters, Sosnowka, March 12, 1863.

(Signed) "MARYAN LANGIEWICZ.

"The Deputy-Secretary-General VALERY TOMCZYNSKI."

The news of this manifesto excited considerable sensation in all parts of the country. This step of General Langiewicz was fertile in consequences. Up to this time the political as well as the military power had been monopolised by the central committee, which, from the very nature of the circumstances, was necessarily a secret and invisible affair. The advantage of a supreme direction by a person not only a reality in himself, but a notorious and renowned leader, could not be valued too highly in the actual condition of the country. The proclamation was

read in the camp after Divine service, and received with the thundering applause of the troops. Immediately after the camp was broken up and operations resumed in different directions.

The camp offered a very interesting aspect. The troops, although far from looking like regulars, had no need to shun comparison with the enemy. Their only shortcoming was in the important article of firearms, but these, too, were supplied with efficient activity from day to day. After so many exhausting fatigues they were full of spirits and eager for the fray. Quietly they look death in the face. While the greater part continue without uniform, the regimentals of the Polish army have been revived by others. Large fires in the open, roasting entire oxen and sheep, complete the picturesqueness of the camp.

But the chief centre of attraction was General Langiewicz. A Polish visitor found him in a room with his captains, taking part in the discussion that was going on, and giving orders at the same time to others who came to inquire his pleasure His answers, though curt, were to the point; and, from time to time, he turned to a voluminous paper he happened to be drawing up, despite the interruptions to which he was continually subjected. He is short and muscular, and his features are particularly striking. He looks calm and reserved, like a quiet deliberative mind, rather than the champion of an audacious insurrection. He has a slight halt, talks little, and knows well how to value the worth of time and words. In short, he looks what he is, a man of decision rather than of impulse. He wears a square-shaped cap of violet silk, adorned with a sheep-skin border, and surmounted by a white plume. High Polish boots, and a dark czamarka, lined with fur, constitute the chief items of his truly national uniform. Among his captains there are still many remnants discernible of the revolution of 1831. Not a few hoary heads and grey beards figure among the immediate advisers of the General. They have hurried thither from every quarter of the globe, hopeful again and longing for the realisation of the dreams of their youth. A peculiar element in the camp is formed by the lady officers, half-a-dozen of whom have been admitted into the service. Two of them followed their husbands to the war, the rest consisting of girls of noble descent, are also desirous of striking a blow against the hereditary enemy of their race and caste. They all wear men's garments, are capital riders, and renowned for their gallantry amid the dangers of the fight. Before others, Mademoiselle Pustowojtow is mentioned as a dead shot and daring leader of reconnoitring patrols. In her uniform, adorned by a sash of the national colours, she looks like a delicate youth on the threshold of manhood, and with the promise of future strength imprinted upon her animated features. She, as well as the other officers, and, indeed, the General himself, observes the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. with religious care and solicitude. Mass is celebrated daily in the camp, and the Capuchin monk, the head of the church militant in the interim, is regarded as one of the most important personages in the council as well as the vestry. Any one entering the ranks is introduced to the General personally, who asks him if he has made up his mind to die on the gallows, or fall on the battle-field. If the question is answered in the affirmative, the resolute recruit is next sent to the pater confessor, after which he takes the oath, and is handed over to the drill sergeant.

Succours continued to pour in from Galinia, although the Austrian Government

gan to realise the danger of allowing arms and ammunition to accompany the gitives. But the smuggle is too well organised for the Poles to require the untenance of the Kaiser in this particular respect. A lady committee was formed , Cracow for taking charge of the wounded, who were regularly sent to Austrian ospitals, and nursed by the Nightingales of the most distinguished families in the nd. Lint is prepared, money collected, and shoes, together with clothing, and ther articles of raiment openly transmitted to the insurgent camp.

Meanwhile great exertions were made on the part of the Russian Generals to fill p the gaps in the southern corps, the noise and din of battle having proceeded to he immediate vicinity of the capital. A great fight occurred at Wlonzownia, about ve miles from Warsaw, between a column of 500 Russians and a reconnoitring arty of the Poles. The men killed on both sides amounted to fifty and more. t the close of the skirmish, which lasted for several hours with varying success, ither party wended their way home unmolested by the other. On the same evening large number of people were stopped and arrested in the streets of Warsaw. These, as well as the other prisoners taken in the towns, by the latest improvements f tyranny, were dragged off to the interior without even the forms of justice. The Russian Government lay hold of and enlist in the Russian army for life all the Polish townspeople who, from their age or other circumstances, might be thought to xperience some hankering after the national army and the command of General Langiewicz. As a natural consequence of this reckless Tartarism, every one who believes himself marked out for exile hastened to satisfy the suspicions of Government by passing over to the enemy.

On March 16, Langiewicz left Zaryszyn for Chrobrz, where next day he fixed his headquarters in the castle. All the horses and provisions were taken away. Before his departure Langiewicz summoned the mayors of the adjacent villages to come to Chrobrz, where they were required to satisfy themselves that, with the exception of the horses and food, nothing in the castle had been disturbed, and the building was placed under their care. On the 17th no encounter took place. The Russians (comprising some companies of infantry, 50 Cossacks, 50 dragoons, and two guns), who had observed the movements of the Poles from a distance, were then in the little town of Dzialoszyce, midway on the road from Miechow to Wislica, about two miles on the south-west of Chrobrz. The main body, under General Prince Schachowskoj, were at Miechow. The general's troops consisted of some thousands of the infantry of the guard of the regiments of Wilna and Smolensk, of the 6th jager battalion, and four guns. Colonel Zwirow had moved with his column from Kielde to Jendszejow, which is situate almost centrally on the road between Kielce and Miechow, and had pushed on his advanced guard to Pinczow (a seat of the Margrave Wielopolski), about a mile to the northward of Chrobrz. General Uschakow, military chief of the Radom Government, had removed his headquarters from Radom southwards towards Kielce. Some 300 Russians were also posted at Stohnica, to the north-east of Wislica.

At this time the Poles displayed great boldness, and advanced nearly as far as Praga, a suburb of Warsaw, on the right bank of the Vistula, where is situate a station on the Warsaw and St. Petersburg railway. In the neighbourhood of the little town of Miloswa, on the high-road, four miles from Warsaw, a band of many

thousand insurgents had assembled without any attempt to attack them being made by the Russians. Most of the scholars of the preparatory school for the university had gone over to the insurgents, and the school was entirely closed. Recruiting for the insurgents was carried on openly in the city, and oftentimes people were found in the brandy-shops reading aloud the proclamation by the Dictator Langiewicz, and summoning their hearers, who were mostly working people of all classes, to join the cause of the country, and to proceed to the forests. Generally these recruiting agents found willing hearers, and the people would assemble at a given place, when the oath would be administered to them, and then they would leave Warsaw in a body. These facts, which look incredible, are vouched for by trustworthy authorities.

THE WITHDRAWAL OF LANGIEWICZ.

But the glorious career of Langiewicz was soon to receive a check, though even now it cannot be said to have been brought to a close.

On the 17th of March, near Zagosc, and on the 18th, near Grochowice, the Russians were defeated and repulsed. On both these occasions they had to deal with part only of the Polish force. But fresh columns of Russian warriors were pouring in from the west (Dzialosyce), the north (Pinczow), and the east (Stobnica), surrounding and hemming in the Polish force on all sides. Worn out with six days' incessant marching, and knocked up by two days' continuous fight, the Poles had not even a sufficiency of provisions to refresh and strengthen their exhausted frames. For these reasons, the Dictator, when passing the night at Welce, with the victorious detachment that had worsted the Russians at Grochowice, held a council of war, about one o'clock in the morning, at which the following proposals were laid before the assembled generals. It was indispensable, he said, to return to the system of guerilla warfare, which, owing to the rapid increase of his forces, had been partly abandoned of late. He had therefore determined to divide his corps into two larger detachments, and a number of smaller ones. These would have to carry on hostilities on the former principle in accordance with the directions given them. Another and equally cogent cause for this change of tactics consisted in the difficulty of victualling a large force without the conveniences of standing depôts. The propositions being successively adopted by the council, the Dictator proceeded to appoint the commanders of the several detachments. With regard to himself, he intended to repair to another part of the country, with a view to a uniform direction and more systematic arrangement on the same principle of the war. A want of experienced leaders having been sorely felt in many provinces, he also ordered a number of superior officers to accompany him on his way, and assume the command of revolutionary bands in other quarters of the kingdom. To secure success, the plan was to be kept secret; and it was only at the moment of carrying it into execution that the following order of the day was communicated to the men :—

"Gallant and faithful companions in arms!—In the course of my dictatorial functions the necessity has arisen for me to settle a large number of important questions, both in the civil and military departments of State. I am also obliged to inspect the numerous detachments carrying on the war in other parts of the country, and to direct action in accordance with a uniform and well-matured principle.

"I thus find it incumbent upon me to leave your ranks for a short time—your ranks with which I have been connected ever since the first rise of insurrection, and through so many labours, troubles, and fights.

"But I have thought that, after the brilliant victories of the last few days, I shall be at liberty to absent myself for a few days.

"For this purpose I showed a bold front to the Muscovite near Sosnowka, challenged him near Miechow, repulsed him near Chrobrze, and put him to flight in the sanguinary encounter of Grochowice.

"In leaving you, I regret it has become impossible for me to bid you farewell; but to secure my success my intention is to remain a secret for a little while. For this reason I am not at liberty to inform you of the direction I take and the place I have in view. I have collected around me some superior officers, to be placed at the head of other detachments, as yet in want of qualified leaders. An escort of thirty uhlans will accompany us a little distance, and return to the camp as soon as their services can be dispensed with. I have divided the force into two different corps, appointing a commander to each of them, and prescribing their manœuvres, and the road they are to pursue.

"Companions in arms! Before God, and in front of the Polish army, I have taken the oath to fight to the last breath. This oath, as I have hitherto kept, I shall keep in future; and you have sworn to serve the country under my command. Your oath, too, will be kept sacred by you.

"In the name, then, of God and country, you will continue fighting against the Muscovite, while fighting remains necessary to restore the liberty and independence of Poland. (Signed) "MARYAN LANGIEWICZ."

At the same council of war, Brigadier Smiechowski was appointed leader of one detachment, the other being entrusted to the command of Colonel Czachowski. Both received implicit instructions as to the direction of their march, and the operations to be entered upon. Colonel Rochebrune, who had but lately distinguished himself at Zagosc and Grochowwice, was appointed brigadier, and entrusted with a special charge. Special commissions were also set apart for Generals Jezioranski and Waligorski. General Czapski had already left the camp on the night of the 19th.

The events which followed are thus described by one who was near the scene of action:—It was the plan of the astute general to steal his way to the Lysagora hills, the theatre of his former successes, and manœuvring in the rugged ground between Kielce and the Vistula, await the fortunes of war, and the progress of rebellion in the north. The direct road, which leads over Stobnica and Staszow, being barricaded by the enemy, Langiewicz was obliged to turn to the north, and make for Pinczow, a place about 20 miles to the south of Kielce. I hardly know whether his misfortune ought to be attributed to this latter move, the number and position of the enemy making escape impossible, whatever device might have been adopted under the difficult and harassing circumstances. Suffice it to say, that, suffering from scarcity of provisions, he found it indispensable to march on the left side of the Nida, and collect a sufficiency of provender in the fertile districts of the plain. A day more and he would have ensconced himself in the hills offering a friendly retreat to the north as well as the east. But his embarrassed situation no longer gave the unfortunate general these precious twenty-hour hours. No sooner had he arrived in the plain than every inch of ground was contested by the Russians. On the very day of his departure from Chrobrze he fought and defeated them near Zagosc. The

day after, like true dragon seed, the conquered enemy presented himself again in the front, the forces he had given the slip the morn before coming up from the rear, and other bodies making their unwelcome appearance on either flank. But while air lasted him he managed to breathe. Before his fresh enemies could engage the rear he flung the van on the foe of the day before. Once again he enjoyed the supreme happiness of meeting the Russian sword in hand. Once again he withstood the hostile attack, and drove the enemy from the field. At the place of the second encounter, is mentioned the village of Grochowice, situate near Busk, on the road to Pinczow. But it was only with the most reckless sacrifice of life and future safety, that this last success could be wrung from the hands of the Czar. At the head of his scythemen he had to brave the Russian fire to purchase a few hours' respite from his impending fate. His rifles soon spent their ammunition, and his artillery proving of little use, all he could rely upon was the personal valour of his troops, the energy of their patriotism, and the dangers threatening every man of them in case of defeat. He had not been mistaken in his calculations. By the ardour and fearlessness of his followers he repulsed the second attack as the first, and took seventy prisoners, with considerable stores, treasure and ammunition. While the fight lasted, and the whole available force was engaged, the Cossacks, falling upon the rear, plundered the baggage, and cut down the men in charge.

Things had, however, reached a pass, where the general could be no longer deluded by the appearance of victory. That very night, Langiewicz dividing his 8,000 men into four separate corps, bade them try to retreat in four different directions. The bearing of this order was but too fully realised by the men. One of the corps, or more probably a promiscuous group of fugitives, recruited from all of them, immediately ran away, and, traversing the short distance which separated them from Austrian ground, threw itself upon the mercy of the Kaiser. The remainder of the force encamped at Wislica, six miles from the Austrian frontier, and seems to have followed the example of their companions or else dispersed.

The following items, obtained from other sources, supply a few additional facts. It appears that Langiewicz crossed the Galician frontier near Opatowice. At Uscie Langiewicz was met by M. Bassler, an Austrian commissary, who quartered him in the house of a Galician nobleman, where he passed the night. In the morning of the 20th March he was sent in a carriage, with an escort of four Hussars, to Tarnow. From that town he and Mademoiselle Pustowaydora (the daughter of a Russian officer of rank), were sent by rail to Cracow, where they were shut up in the citadel. This "aide-de-camp" of the ex-Dictator, a pretty girl of about 22 years of age, wears the Polish costume with an Hungarian pellisse attached to her shoulders. When Langiewicz crossed the frontier, he was in possession of a passport, which had been issued by the Swedish consul at Paris. This document belongs to Waligorski, who lent it to Langiewicz.

THE LADY AIDE-DE-CAMP OF THE DICTATOR.

THE young lady "aide-de-camp" of Langiewicz was not well treated by the Cracovian police. Instead of being confined in a fortress or kept in a decent hotel, she was shut up in some small station-house in Cracow. A Pole who visited her

before she had exchanged her military costume for female apparel, thus describes the interview :—

"The police officer went to the next room to announce us. He returned in a few moments, and by the motion of his hand towards the door, we saw that we were admitted. At our entrance, a short, thin figure rose to salute us. She still wore the national Polish costume in which she had fought at the side of the Dictator, and which imparted a particular charm to her interesting appearance. Her black hair, though cut short, surrounded her pretty face on both sides in profuse curls. A short Polish coat, a military cap surrounded by cords, and richly adorned with fur, formed her headdress, and she also wore boots turned over at the top, and reaching to the knee, grey trowsers, and a red shirt confined to her slender waist by a band. If it were possible to doubt whether this masculine costume was indeed worn by a maidenly form, the elegance and amiability with which she requested us to be seated, and the womanly voice, completely removed all misapprehensions. The apartment in which she was, contained only a cupboard, a table (bearing various kinds of refreshments), two stools, and the other necessary articles of furniture, and was not devoid of comfort, but it was situated so low that Miss Henriette Pustowaydora, who smoked her paper cigarette all day long, and who was continually obliged to allow her window (which looked on the street) to be open, or at least for a great portion of the day, on account of the mild weather, was exposed to the curiosity or sympathy of the crowd. On Sunday, and on the next day, hundreds of ladies and gentlemen passed before the window, but they were prevented from looking into the room in some measure by a few blooming plants, which some friendly hands had placed there, and which formed a strong contrast to the rusty iron bars by which the window was made secure. The conversation turned upon politics, and was then carried on in French, because the police attendant was present; but she spoke of other matters in German, but with a pointed accent. In the course of the visit, which did not last more than ten minutes, we had an opportunity to observe her youthful countenance more closely. In her pale features the unmistakeable stamp of much past fatigue was visible. The cheeks had become thin, and only the black fiery eyes retained their former brilliance, but as soon as the name of Langiewicz was mentioned, they seemed to be animated with redoubled ardour. A high forehead, a small pointed nose, and a fine ovally-formed chin, only contributed to increase the charm of her appearance, even in her original costume. We showed her a photographic portrait of herself, which we had bought at a shop after a long search, and which was perhaps the only one in Cracow. She regarded it mournfully, for it represented her in the bloom of her health, perhaps a year previously, and she said, with an accent of melancholy which well became her, "Ce n'est plus moi." Thereupon she returned it to us, and remarking a portrait of Langiewicz in the same envelope, she exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Ah ! c'es mon général." She then began to speak of him, enthusiasm causing her to utter her words quicker, and she complained of the uncertainty of her fate and his. As we prepared to depart, she asked for our cards, and as a token of remembrance, but without being requested, she wrote her name in full with pencil on a sheet of paper, saying in a half-laughing manner, and partly turning to the police officer, that visiting cards were not the fashion in such a saloon. She dismissed us with a hearty shake of the hand. By accident, as we left the building, the general stood at an open window of his room in the castle, enjoying the fresh air. He was immediately recognised, as he still wore his blue uniform, and repeatedly bowed, in acknowledgment of lively marks of sympathy. As he perceived us he leaned out of the window, and by motions of his hand and head returned our salutes. As well as we could see at the distance, he also seemed very pale, but was visibly pleased at the marks of sympathy shown

THE PROGRESS OF THE INSURRECTION.

The withdrawal of Langiewicz did not, however, put a stop to the insurrection, as many supposed it would. The Dictatorship laid down by the patriot Langiewicz was offered to and and accepted by Mieroslawski.

The following account of the present position of the insurrectionary bands is given by an officer in the Polish national army :—

"Not far from the Silesian frontier, to the south of Czenstochau, is the band of Cieszkowski the indefatigable destroyer of bridges and railways. A little further to the north, between Czenstochau and Kalisch, Oxinski, the victor at Opatoweck, has a band under his command. Further on towards Konin, and on the Wartha, the corps of Mielenchi and of Taczanowski have daily combats with the Russians. Those corps are not badly organised, and there are among them many men belonging to the Prussian landweir of the Duchy of Posen. Turning to the right, in the direction of Kutno, are the bands of Lakinski. In the Government of Plock General Padlewski commands; he extends his excursions beyond the Narew, and in the Palatinate of Augustowo. Under his orders is Colonel Fritsche, of the sithemen. The most important bands in Lithuania are commanded by Rylski and Raczinski, and, according to a Polish letter from Warsaw, two brothers named Rykow were collecting detachments of insurgents in Polish Livonia, and would give the Russians much trouble. The neighbourhood of Warsaw has been for some time past disquieted by bands of insurgents under Czartkowski, who has again made his appearance at Milosna (although, according to the Russian bulletins, he had been annihilated by General Toll), also under Jankowski, Sokol, and Zawesky, whose corps by turns disturb the towns more or less distant from the capital, and continue to escape the Russian columns sent out in pursuit of them. In the government of Lublin, Colonel Lewandowski by the aid of the peasants surprised the Russians at Slavin and defeated them. In this band is Colonel Zakrowski, who commands the cavalry. In the same government Martin Lelewel is at the head of a band of insurgents, and other small detachments operate in different parts of the same country, while Czechowski has been beaten by the Russians and driven back into Galicia. In the government of Radom a number of small corps have been formed whose chiefs, not yet known, intend to profit by the lessons of experience, and carry on only a guerilla warfare, avoiding any great combat with the Russians. The corps of Milenski has more Prussian than Russian Poles in it, and it will in a short time have a Prussian Pole as its chief. Most of them are persons of distinction, rich and influential, and who have not joined the insurgents until after mature reflection. They do not want for arms."

LANGIEWICZ ON PAROLE.

From Cracow Langiewicz was taken to Tischnowitz in Moravia, where he will be stationed. A particular dwelling is assigned to him, and he will be able to go about unmolested, having giving his word of honour not to proceed beyond a certain distance. "It is a happy circumstance," says a French writer, "for the ex-Dictator that he has fallen into the power of Austria and not into that of Prussia. According to the latest explanations of Count Eulenbourg, he would, in the latter case, have been handed over to Russia." When the Cracow train stopped at Oderberg Langiewicz was received with loud acclamations by a great crowd of people, and during the journey from Oderberg to Lundenburg his fellow-travellers frequently raised a cry of "Vivat Langiewicz!" At the last mentioned station a vast number of persons were assembled, and when the Polish patriot went to the coffee-room to get some refreshment the struggles to enter after him were so violent that the

women and children were in danger of being trodden under foot. An officious Austrian commissary tried to cross-question Langiewicz at Cracow, but the ex-Dictator put a stop to the man's importunity by turning his back on him. Miss Pustowaydora was set at liberty, and it is believed that she will follow her "general" to Tischnowitz. After the departure of Langiewicz, Miss Pustowaydora was informed that, on condition of her giving a like promise, she would be free to choose her place of residence. Notwithstanding that it was represented to her that she might immediately leave the place in which she had resided since her arrival in Cracow, she preferred to pass the night there. She afterwards expressed the wish to proceed to Prague, and permission was accordingly granted. A further request, that an old servant (who had attended on her and Langiewicz, as a groom, during her stay at the camp) might be allowed to accompany her, was also granted. Miss Pustowaydora gratefully expressed her thanks for the kind treatment she and the ex-Dictator had received at the hands of the imperial government.

The little town of Tischnowitz in Moravia, which numbers about 2,000 inhabitants, has been crowded with strangers, anxious to get a sight of the Polish hero. Troops of visitors from Brünn and its neighbourhood flock in with that object, which, however, they rarely achieve, for Langiewicz, cast down and melancholy seldom goes out but in the evening. It is said here that Langiewicz is engaged on a pamphlet giving an account of his short campaign.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE STRUGGLE.

Russia has offered an amnesty to all Poles who will lay down their arms; and all Poles, capable of carrying arms, have indignantly refused the offer. The National Provisional Government of Poland have gone farther. They have issued a proclamation, declaring that the people will never lay down their arms till the independence of Poland shall have been achieved; and they have further divided the kingdom of Poland into districts, for the more effectual collection of taxes and supply of contingents. The insurrection, instead of quailing before she proposals of Russia, which, like the wreaths of Harmodius, conceal a sword within, has become more formidable than ever. There is scarcely a solitary spot in which the revolution is not now developed, and the national character of the movement is placed beyond a doubt by the universality of the support it receives. That the Russian forces have hitherto been baffled and beaten in detail by the insurgents, may be partly accounted for by the great extent of the operations, and partly by the nature of the warfare. Regular troops, not being ubiquitous, cannot appear in more places than one at a time; and their very discipline is unfavourable to them in a war of feints and surprises. Certain it is that the successes are chiefly on the side of the revolution.

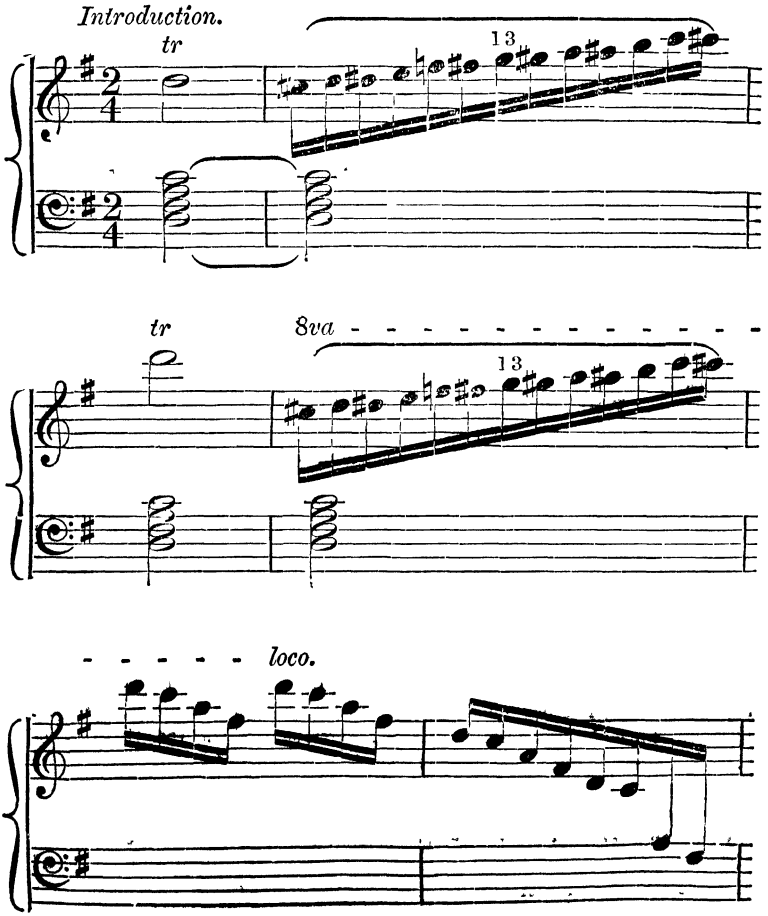
Europe no longer looks on with indifference at this calamitous struggle. Despatches have been transmitted to St. Petersburg, from the Cabinets of Vienna, Paris, and London, remonstrating on the treatment of Poland, and on the answer received, may depend the future of the insurrection. If nothing satisfactory come of this step, it is supposed that a Congress will be convoked. Even the Pope has evinced an interest in the matter, and appealed to Austria and France for aid on behalf of the Poles. But blood continues to flow from the wounds of injured and oppressed Poland, and nothing but the entire removal of her chains can restore her to vigorous and healthy life.

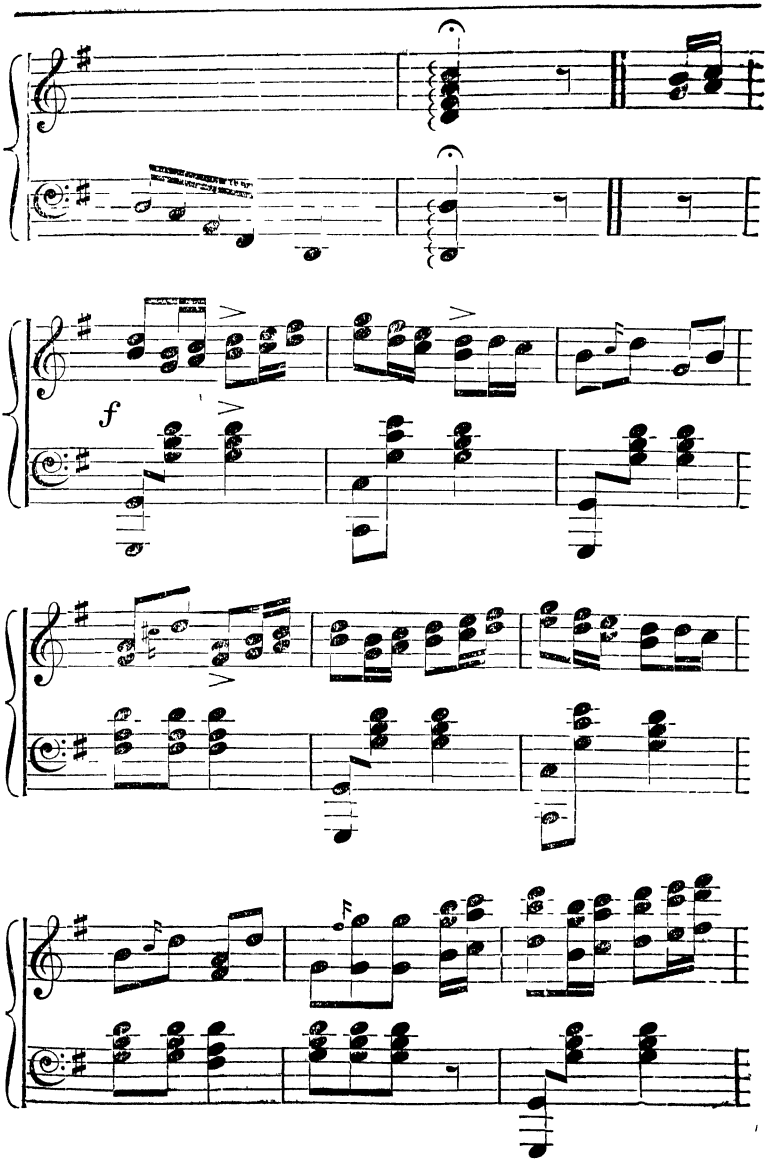
THE

SOUTH KENSINGTON POLKA.

(ORIGINAL.)

KATE SYDNAS.

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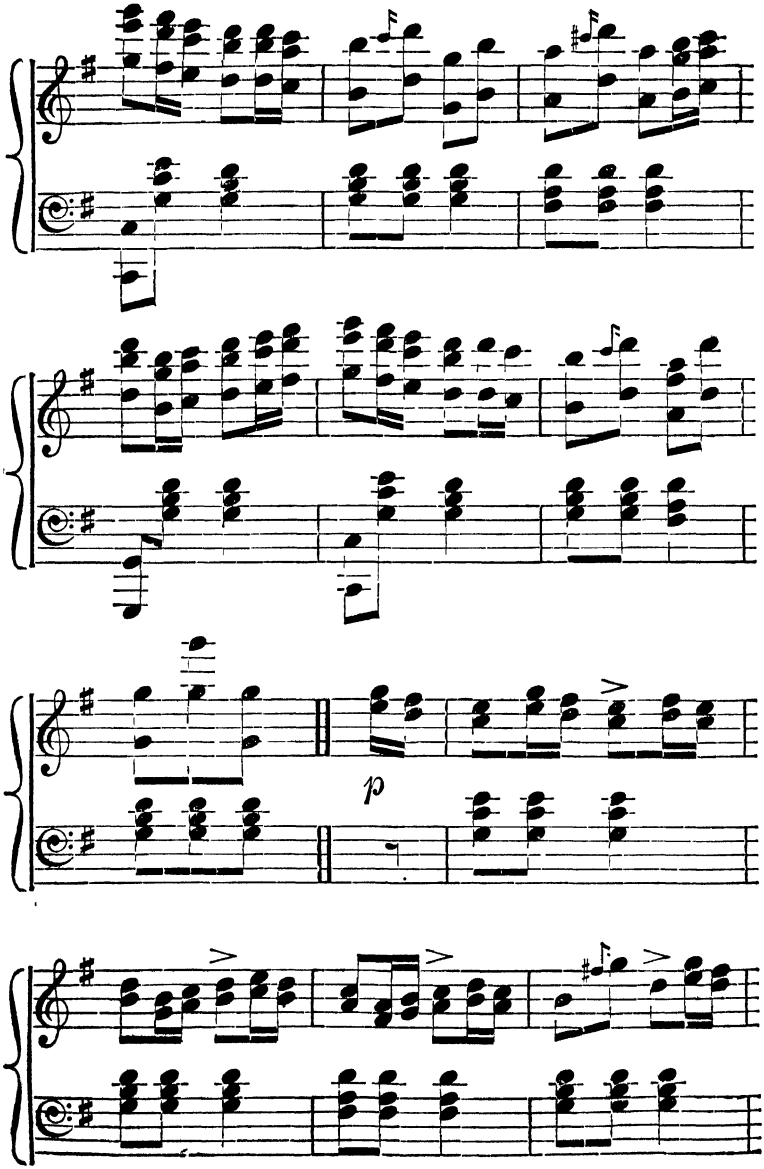
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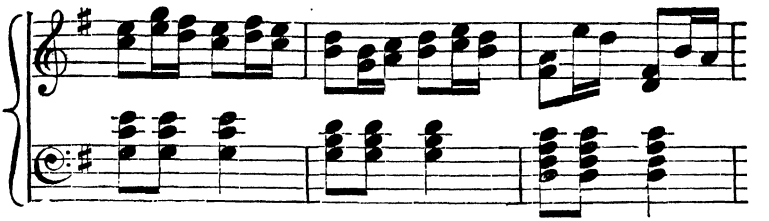

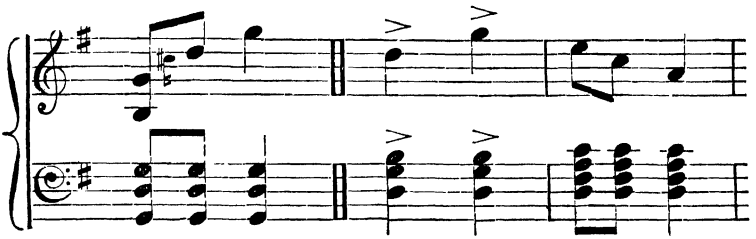

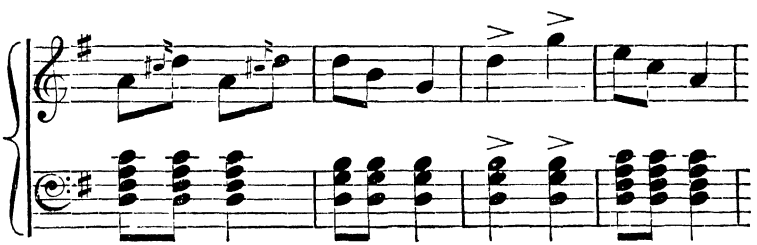

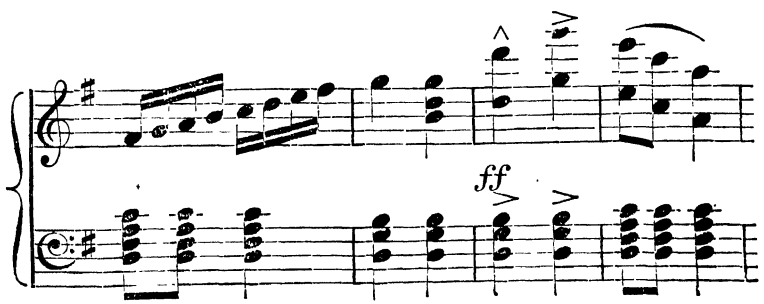
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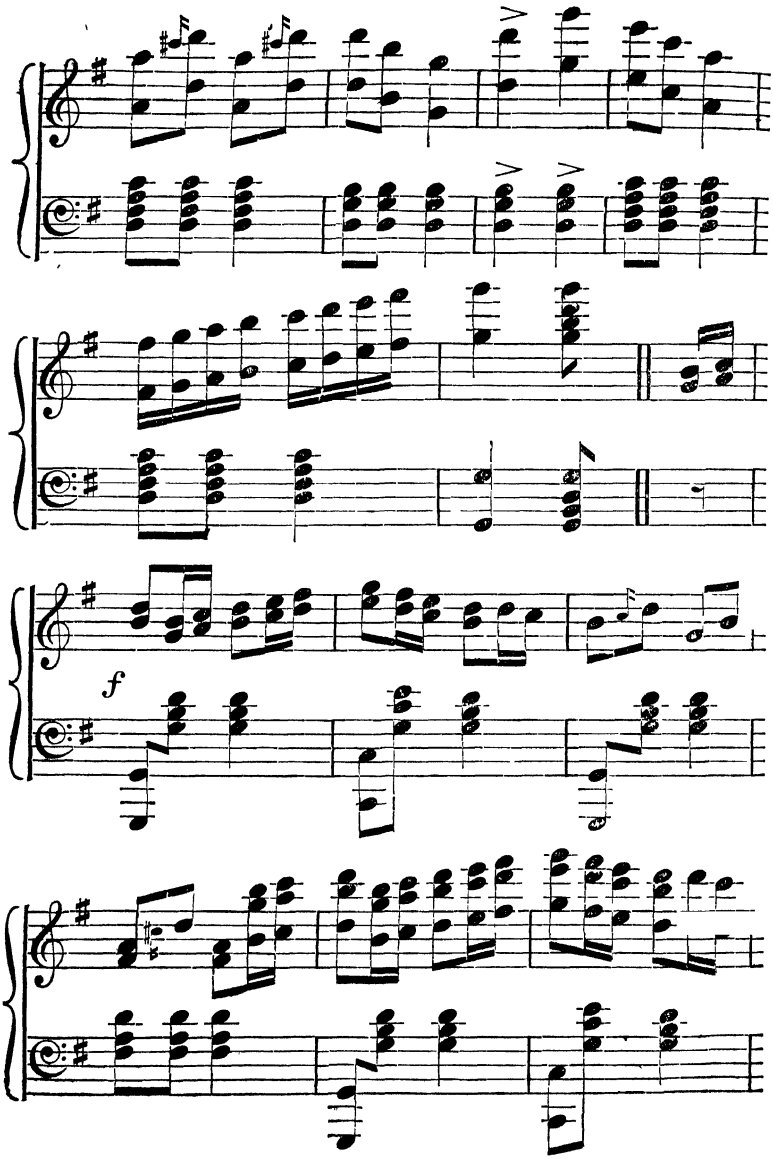
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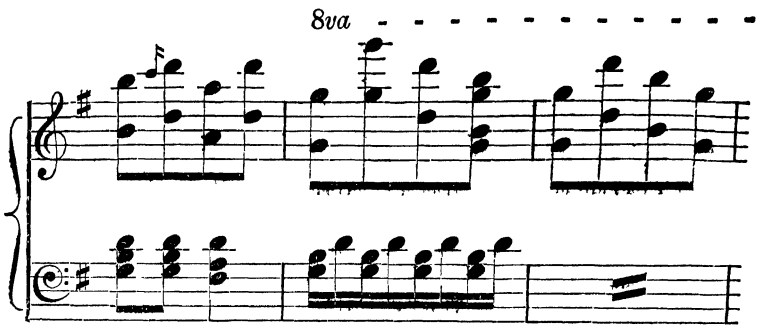
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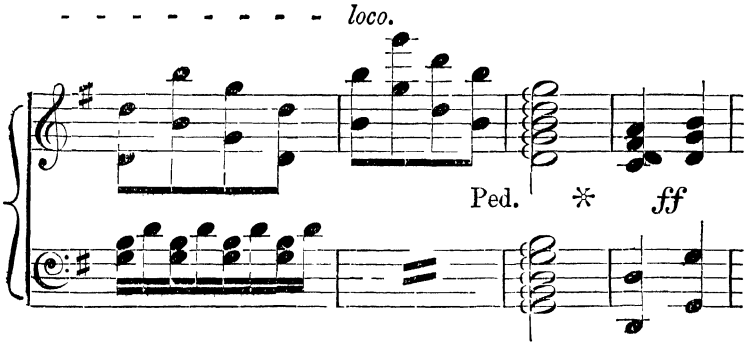
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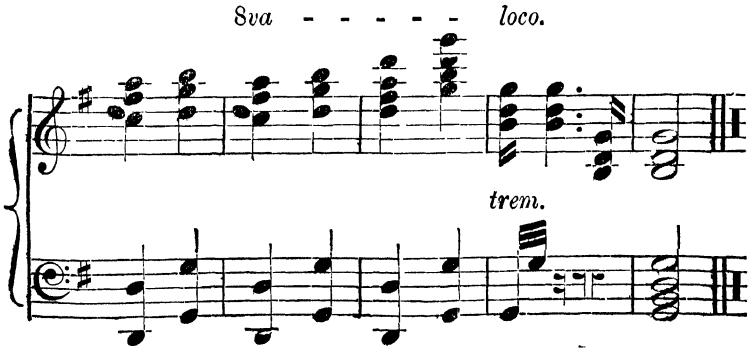
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GARDENING FOR THE MONTH.

Blue Hydrangeas. — These flowers have been produced in so many different kinds of soil, both with and without the application of alum, iron, limewater, &c., that if they are not to be considered as an unaccountable freak of nature, it is time we began to try and discover whether it is attributable to some other cause or causes, and that position, temperature, and light are possibly the real agents which produce this much-wished-for effect. That light has a considerable influence upon the colour of the flowers has been many times proved beyond the possibility of a doubt. Mr. George Dawson, writing in 1857, says, "At Enys, in Cornwall, they have hydrangeas by hundreds in the home plantations, and there they grow very well indeed, and under fir, elms, oaks, yews, laurels, beech, &c., the plantations being of a mixed character, and the greater part of the ground of a good, rich, deep loam, generally resting upon a rotten flat, inclining to clay — a bottom through which water soon found its way; and the land seldom if ever suffered from lengthened dry weather in summer; and to see the hydrangeas as they flower there is quite a treat to any person who may not have seen them in such perfection. The most essential thing in assisting them there to become a distinct blue, was that they were well shaded all through the summer from the sun, as those growing in shady situations were always of the deepest blue. One season some trees were cut down, thus exposing some of the hydrangeas while in full flower, the colour of which was a pleasing blue; but, after being exposed for ten days to the rays of the sun, they soon turned to an unpleasant rusty colour. I have seen some bushes of them there producing yearly between 60 and 100 large heads, measuring on an average over seven inches in diameter, and all of a beautiful blue; and there, where frost seldom if ever injures them before January, they produce, along with the Leycesteria formosa, a very pleasing effect throughout the whole of the autumn months." In the island of Guernsey, where the hydrangea attains great perfection, and where magnificent specimens both of blue and pink-flowered plants are found in the utmost profusion in the gardens, it is affirmed by many that those which are of the deepest blue invariably grow in the shade. Mr. Thomas, gardener at Melton Constable, Norfolk, affirms that, in the shrubbery of that place, were growing indiscriminately, some years ago, very large bushes of pink and blue hydrangeas, in exactly the same kind of soil, which is a sharp, red, sandy loam. He observed that the blue ones were growing in the most shady and the pink in the open situations, and he found that upon taking cuttings from the blue ones, planting them in the same soil, and putting them in different positions, they invariably produced pink flowers. But it may be asked, is there no reason for supposing that solutions of alum, lime, &c., have any effect upon the colour of hydrangeas? By no means; for that these things have an effect has been demonstrated in numerous instances. But the influence is very partial, and is at the best of a most uncertain character, and appears to differ greatly with different individuals; and we recommend to those of our friends who wish to cultivate blue hydrangeas the following course of culture. Choose a warm, sheltered position, shaded from the rays of the sun, or, at the most, only exposed to them during the hours of early morning. Plant in good peat, mixed with a little silver-sand, or in leaf-mould, mixed with sand, and water them when necessary with a weak solution of alum, or water in which iron filings or iron scale from a blacksmith's forge, have been placed. Continue this course throughout the season.

Kitchen Garden.—Vegetable marrows and gourds should be sown directly, and if in a moderate hot bed so much the better. As soon as they are well up, prick them off singly into three-inch pots, and keep them in the frame growing, allow them plenty of air, and in the middle of the month you may plant them where they are to grow. Give them plenty of room. A single plant will cover several square yards. They ought not to be nearer than three yards apart, and even then you will have repeatedly to cut them back. The custard marrow is the best, and the white long marrow the most abundant bearer, and therefore the most profitable. Kale and Brussels sprouts, if they have been left standing, now throw out their bloom stalks, and those who have never eaten them can form no idea how delicious they are as

greens. Both of these, kale and Brussels sprouts, continue shooting as long as they are left undisturbed. These shoots are tender and sweet, far more so than the little round lumps that come first—for table they are preferred. They are like diminutive cabbages; for flavour and tenderness, they are far better when they open; but best of all when, as now, they make the last effort and show their bloom. Many throw them away long before this; but they lose one-half the value of both kale and Brussels sprouts if they abandon them before they make their bloom shoots. They are good even when they show the colour of their flowers; when these are gathered and eaten, the stumps may be thrown away, but not till then.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Annuals that were sown last month are coming up in patches. They must be thinned out before they advance too far or they will smother each other. Auriculas are rapidly perfecting their bloom. This flower has been almost banished from our gardens by bad management. Auriculas in flower should be watered with soft water. Among seedlings we have green-edged, gray-edged, white-edged, selfs, alpines, and yellow. They appear to run one into another in a strange manner, and a pinch of seed gives a collection in which the great majority are all selfs of various colours. Polyanthuses are in habit like the auricula, except that they are perfectly hardy, and grow best in a shady border. These are in bloom, but there is no flower which runs back so much into faulty flowers, and many almost wild. If the seed be saved from the very best varieties, few will be so good as the originals. Pansies are also in flower. Growers prefer raising the fancy German varieties from seed, for there are very few that are not showy and interesting, and almost the worst among them make pretty border flowers. Those shoots that come up from the roots are the best. They very soon make strong plants. Seeds may be sown at any time, and the seedlings will bloom in ten or twelve weeks.

THE WANDERERS.

On the ship's deck stands a chosen band
Of brave men bound for a far-off land,
Where they may earn, by willing toil,
The bread sought in vain on their native soil.

Some have wives on board, who wile away,
With happy visions of a brighter day,
The lurking grief of the saddened heart;
For many among them have had to part

With a parent lov'd or sister dear,
Whom remembering starts th' unbidden tear;
For nature tests her power in truth,
When we're leaving for long the home of youth.

You may also hear the chattering tongue
Cheerfully sound from that group of the young,
Who have scarcely left old England's strand,
Ere they castles build in the far-off land.

Sail, noble ship, on thy pathless way!
The friends left behind will wait the day
When the absent return,—never more
Will there need be to leave their native shore.

* * * * * * *

Years have passed since the wanderers left—
Many forest-trees their axes have cleft;
Landscapes many their dwellings adorn,
'Mid shrubs, home-like flowers, and waving corn.

Plenty they have—they need work no more:
'Tis well—they'll return to the home of yore;
And they talk, and they laugh with heart-felt mirth,
Preparing to see the land of their birth.

The homes of the new land all will sell;
They knew not before they were loved so well;
They cannot finally let them go:
"Will they return then from England?" "Oh, no!"

They would not yet be of them bereft,
But soon will forget them when once they've left;
And will not own that it gives them pain:
Surely they'll never leave England again!

The friendships they've formed,—well, for ever
Esteem may exist, though friends must sever:
The young grown up round them, they leave not;
No other home know, or nigh have forgot.

Dissuade them no longer—at length they are free,
Relatives left, their hearts ache to see;
Spots known in childhood to visit again:
In their old country they must remain!

Once again, with a thrill of delight,
England they're nearing—her cliffs are in sight!
Again set foot on their native shore:
Friends welcome them back—they can leave no more!

A year passes o'er them—perchance less:
Already they have begun to confess
England has scarcely met their demand,—
Their hearts are away in the far-off land!

The old home deserted, or disperst
The brothers, the sisters, the friends, whom erst
Known there—the charm of the place had made;
They are gone, and low the high hopes are laid!

The Wanderers are welcomed, but no more
Find here the resting-place left before;
And again they quit old England's strand,—
Their true homes are now in the far-off land.

ADELINE A.

NOTANDA OF THE MONTH.

AMONG the remarkable men who *died* in April, we may mention Alexander the Great (B.C. 323), Lord Bacon (1626), Buffon, the naturalist (1788), Collins (1759), and Cowper (1850), the poets; Daniel Defoe, the author of the immortal "Robinson Crusoe" (1738), Fielding, the novelist (1754), Benjamin Franklin (1790), Oliver Goldsmith (1759), the Great Duke of Marlborough (1722), Raffaello, the painter (1520), born the same day, the 6th, in 1483), our own Shakspeare (1616—born the same day, the 23rd, in 1564), Tasso, the Italian poet (1595), Sir David Wilkie (1841), Wordsworth (1850), and Dr. Young, the author of "Night Thoughts" (1765).

On All Fools' Day, in 1596, was *born* the philosopher Descartes; and on the same day, in 1810, Napoleon Bonaparte made his unfortunate marriage with Maria Louisa of Austria—which fact gave rise to the Parisian criticism that he was "*une poisson d'Avril*"—an April Fool. On the 5th of April, 1603, James the Sixth left Scotland to ascend the throne of England as James the First. On the 8th of April, 1814, Napoleon abdicated the throne of France, and retired to his mock sovereignty at Elba. On the 11th of April, 1512, was fought the famous battle of Ravenna. On the same day, in 1713, was concluded the celebrated Peace of Utrecht, which concluded the twelve years' war for the succession to the throne of Spain; and on the same day of the month, in 1770, the distinguished orator and statesman, George Canning, first saw the light. April the 16th is the anniversary of the victory at Culloden, where, in 1746, the Pretender was overthrown. On the 19th, in the year 1529, was published the protest of the princes of Germany against the errors of the Church of Rome, whence we get the name of Protestants. On the same day, in 1775, the American War, by which England eventually lost a large portion of her possessions in the New World, was commenced. On the 25th, in the year 1599, Oliver Cromwell, soldier, statesman, and merchant, was born; and on the 30th, in the year 1789, General Washington, after establishing the independence of America, was installed the First President of the United States, at New York, amid the rejoicings of thousands. In the April of 1863, the descendants of the rejoicers have, it seems, but little cause for congratulating themselves on the severance of their native land from the dear old mother country.

DE FUNIBUS.

A SNOB, coming in to a fortune, sent for a tailor to measure him for a coat of arms.

Widow Buxom to her daughter: "When you are my age, Selina, it will be time enough to dream of a husband." Selina: "Yes, mamma, for the second time!"

"I'm all heart," said a Yankee colonel to his subs. "Pity," whispered one of them, "that you hav'nt pluck as well."

"Why," asks Lord Dundreary, "ith it good to go to Ramsgate? Give it up? Becauth ith is a Thanet-ary (sanitary) proceeding!"

If you call eggs heggs, does it make them angry? Yes; for they become eggs aspirated (*ex*asperated).

"Smith, I wish to speak with you privately. Let me take you apart for a while." "Certainly, sir, if you will promise to put me together again."

Why is a watch-dog bigger by night than by day? Because he is "let out" at night and "taken in" in the morning.

How to live on small means:—Eat three dried apples for breakfast; drink a quart of water for dinner, to swell the apples; and then take tea (and supper if you can) with a friend.

There is a man in Hampshire who has a mile of children. How is that? Why his name is Furlong, and he has eight children; and eight furlongs make a mile, you know.

What is the difference between a photographer and the whooping cough? One makes fac-similes and the other sick families.

If a fender and fire-irons cost a guinea, what do coals come to? Cinders and ashes.

Why are good women like ivy? Because the greater the ruin the tighter they cling.

Why is ivy like bad women? Because the closer they cling the greater the ruin.

Why does Lord Dundreary disbelieve in the existence of young ladies? Because he says of every Miss that she is a Myth.

Why are birds in spring like joint stock banks? Because they issue promissory notes and rejoice in raising branches.

When Sir Rowland Hill gives to each of his children a half sovereign, why is he like the rising sun? Because he "Tips the little hills with gold."

In what sort of cookery does a young lady most frequently engage? Dressing her hair (hare).

Why was the Deposit Bank like a slice of bacon? The one was a rash speculation and the other is a rasher.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER.

THE chief topics of the month just passed have been the Polish revolution, the Greek problem, and the American war. There have, indeed, been other subjects to engage the attention of the public—not the least of them being the distress in Lancashire, which it is a happiness to believe is slowly declining; and the lamented death of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, the Secretary of State for War, whose place in the Cabinet it will not be easy to efficiently fill.

With regard to the Polish revolution, the account given in another part of this number will furnish some curious and instructive information; but the following picture of Cracow, from the facile pen of a "special correspondent," will not be read without interest:—

"Never since the coronation of the last Polish king, who was crowned in this once royal city, has Cracow been so full. Instead of the deserted look which it generally presents, all the principal streets are now as crowded as those of London on a general holiday. The hotels are 'crammed to suffocation,' as theatrical managers say, and visitors in search of rooms have to subscribe their names on the books, and to wait an indefinite time for their turn to be admitted. Numbers of young men leave Cracow every day, or rather every night, on business which is evidently of a very urgent nature; but there still remains an immense surplus population, for which no accommodation can be provided, and which, somehow or other, contrives not to sleep in the streets. The Austrian police creates vacancies in the hotels, from time to time, by its system of midnight arrests; otherwise new comers would really have no chance of getting a decent room in Cracow, for those who take their departure of their own accord name their successors before leaving.

"This unprecedented influx of visitors is not to be attributed to the break-up of Langiewicz' army, but to the general attractiveness of the insurrection, and also to the terror inspired by the Russian soldiers, to avoid whom some 1,500 proprietors, with their families, have taken refuge here. When Langiewicz was close to the frontier, Cracow was quite as full as it is now; many of the insurgents kept on their rooms at their hotels, and after a good day's fighting in the Kingdom of Poland came back to Cracow to supper, telling the waiter, when they went to bed, to call them the first thing in the morning, that they might be in time for an early battle."

We believe that it is now settled that Prince William, the brother of our Princess of Wales, has been accepted as king of Greece, under the title of George the First. So far as Greece is concerned, nothing remains to be done, and all goes merrily as a marriage bell. The "situation" was very precisely stated by Earl Russell in the House of Lords:—"The Greeks had positively refused to be ruled by King Otho, and had determined on establishing a constitutional monarchy. The English and French governments had objected to the choice of Prince Alfred and the Duke of Leuchtenberg, although Russia had not gone with them on the latter point. The Government then did their best to obtain such a king as would fulfil the requirements of the Greeks, and if they had not been successful at first, they believed that the choice of Prince William of Denmark would be found to meet the exigency of the case. With regard to the Ionian Islands, many spoke as if they formed part of Her Majesty's dominions, whereas they stood in no such position, but were simply under the protection of the English Crown, and belonged geographically to the Greeks, to whom they would be ceded as soon as a strong constitutional government was formed."

Then as to the frightful civil war in America. Every new phase of the lamentable contest reveals its hopelessness more and more clearly. In the South there are terrible whispers of fever and starvation. But they do not, even in the agonies of distress and starvation, lean to submission to the North. The South rejects with scorn the notion of lowering its flag as long as a solitary man remains to wave it, and the North is as far off as ever from being able to strike it down. Every account which reaches us only adds to the complication, so that a connected narrative of successes and defeats becomes a sheer impossibility. The antipathy to England in the North becomes more virulent than ever. "General Butler," says an eloquent writer, "who may be regarded as the Nana Sahib of the war, is the interpreter of the anti-English sentiments of the rowdy population, and the brutal audacity of his language has certainly never been surpassed. His condemnation of England, and his demand of a total cessation of intercourse with this country, leading directly up to a declaration of war, would be of no importance if we did not find it echoed and applauded with frantic enthusiasm by the enormous audiences to whose fierce passions and incredible prejudices it is addressed. It is this alone that gives any weight to such effusions; and it must be confessed that the ill-blood which exists in America towards England, seems to admit of no result in the long run but that to which ill-blood usually tends. A war with America would be a great misfortune to both countries; but, looking at the comparative resources of the belligerents, it would be, for a certain term at least, absolute annihilation to America."

Turning to more pleasant subjects, it is satisfactory to find that at home we are in a prosperous condition. So prosperous, indeed, that in spite of the deplorable distress in the manufacturing districts, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is able to announce a surplus of nearly four millions, which he wisely appopriates to a large reduction in the Income Tax and a lowering of the Tea Duty by fivepence on every pound. Thousands of poor women will bless him for this concession; and well does Mr. Gladstone deserve the honour he has achieved of being considered the ablest financier of his time.

So much for current topics. In our own little sphere it is pleasant to record the fact that the "Family Friend" goes on increasing in popularity, influence, and usefulness. Long may it continue to work out its mission, and prove a real friend, welcomed in every family.

THE TRYSTING TREE.

A MAIDEN stood there, all blushes and smiles,
Bashful, yet practising her maidenly wiles;
Her head was bent, but she sometimes cast
A glance at the hands that were holding her's fast;
And, then the glance from those hands would stray
To the face bent o'er her when feigning dismay;
The lashes drooped low, on the burning cheek,
That its own glowing tale of love would speak.
In spite of her coyness, oh! what could be
So sweet as that talk 'neath the Trysting Tree?

A woman stood there, on whose pale, thin face
Sorrow and want had left many a trace.
She sadly gazed on a hoop of gold
That a story of plighted love-troth told:
Undimmed was the gold—unworn the ring,
But the vaunted love was a faded thing;
And the breeze 'mong the leaves seemed to whisper reply,
As she murmured the words with a weary sigh—
"Life is not so bright as it seemed to me
When I first stood beneath the Trysting Tree."

A woman came there, whose figure was bent,
And whose last few hours were almost spent;
She looked on the spot, where years before
The maiden had stood with her boundless store
Of love and trust, that, in summer given,
The frosts of winter had sharply riven.
With a tottering step she turned away,
Whilst the wind 'mongst the branches seemed to say—
"Ye have tried and have proved how vain can be
The dreams that are dream't 'neath a [illegible] Tree."

FAMILY COUNCIL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL,—It is always pleasant to pay and to receive a compliment, especially when both payer and receiver are perfectly sincere. You will believe me when I say I am much gratified at the evidences of your progress in all departments of the Council. These mental exercises, fairly conducted, cannot but yield a considerable amount of pleasurable profit—no small gain in this work-a-day world of ours. With regard to the Definitions, &c., they are scarcely so full as I expected, though, on the whole, they are very creditable. Many of you will perceive that I have exercised the powers belonging to my office, and expunged a line here and there, to the advantage equally of the Definitions and their writers. There is a certain rule of literary composition that was early instilled into my mind, and which—though I am not certain that I have invariably followed it—I now, in turn, offer to your consideration. Severely criticise your own writings, and, before submitting them to an editor or venturing to send them to a printer, *put a wet pen through every word that does not help the sense.* This, amplified, means,—when you have written a particularly showy sentence, search it well to see if it be absolutely correct; and, if it be not, expunge it without mercy. When you have committed your pen to a sentiment, a trope, or a poetical flight, look well to it; weigh it, turn it upside down, twist it inside out, and try it by all the tests of logic, before you let it finally pass; for you will often find that a nice, smart-looking sentiment—terse, full, round, and flowing—is only a falsity in disguise: as when we say, "Honesty is the best policy," we forget that honesty is a principle, and that if we are honest only for policy's sake, we are not honest at all.

In this number a very pretty piece of music, by our good friend and able Contributor, Kate Sydnas, has been introduced; and I take this opportunity of recommending the Councillors to try their hands at musical composition. Several pieces have been submitted to the musical critic of the "Friend," who is pleased to say that they contain considerable musical expression, but are hardly up to proper publication standard. Try again.

For next month's Mental Exercise I go back to the Definitions, which, on the whole, appear to be most generally approved. The three words selected may be either defined singly or embodied in a sentence. They are, ladies and gentlemen of the Council,—

HONESTY. | POLICY. | PRINCIPLE.

And now having come to the end of my paper, and possibly having exhausted your patience, I conclude, by subscribing myself your Faithful Friend,

THE PRESIDENT.

THE CRITIC.

TALES, SKETCHES, ETC.

THE prose articles of the Council in the April number of the "Family Friend," allow but little room for "fault-finding." In quality they appear more uniform than those of any previous issue. Ignoring the merits of "The Midnight Encounter," upon the assumption, comrades gentle and stern, that not "one of *us*" had a hand in it, I would mention as most noteworthy among many worthy of note, the papers of DAISY H., MAGGIE SYMMINGTON, GIPSY, ISABEL, and GORGONIA. The first-named lady, as beheld "In the Firelight," is so unconsciously fascinating that I am quite prepared to believe she must prove so under

other conditions. And what charming "Gossip" is that contributed by MAGGIE! Who could not spend a *long* evening in such company? The vitality of spirit, and elegance of diction noticeable in this paper, are something unique; and the simile of the "fluttering snow-flakes," is not less choice in its aptness than exquisite in its beauty. Few, having looked upon the figure, could forget it. For GIPSY to be disagreeable in the pages of the "Family Friend" is simply impossible; and who of the Council could be otherwise than pleased with her graceful presentation of "The Cousins?" Isabel's "Contrast," in its quiet impressiveness, will contrast favourably with mere "sensation" sketches; and Gorgonia, in "Laying a Trap" for the attention of divers readers, has been doubtless more successful in securing it, than was Todman in catching the robber.

It may seem hypercritical, and rather "too bad," to complain of ESTELLA's treatment of her "Grandmamma," the said treatment being as little derogatory of its author as of its subject If the narrative have faults (and this was my first impression on perusing it), they are faults which may be *felt* rather than delineated, and to which no arbitrary rule will apply.

BUSK must have contributed to the amusement of many a Councillor, in his exposure of the bachelor's "New Year's Gift;" while CROCHET, I am positive, cannot have made April Fools of those who expected entertainment at "Holly Lodge."

The papers of our two essayists *par excellence*, ILLA and EMMA BUTTERWORTH, are healthy, discriminative, and well written. That of the latter ought, however, to have been entitled, "Pity and Sympathy," dealing as it does, equally with both. It is disfigured also with a little tautology. "Happiness, joy, and felicity" — "misery, wretchedness, and woe"—"suffer, bear, and endure"—are exceptional forms of expression, alike inelegant and weakening to the sense. But such phraseology is seldom used by the talented author of "Pity."

ROSALIE's treatment of the topic, "Anagrams," is at once skilful, classic, and entertaining. I am quite sure she is a welcome contributor.

The sentiments of HONORIA, regarding "Home," are calculated to render her a "household idol:" and "Mabel's First Visit" is too prettily recorded by ADELINE A to convey any mean opinion of its fair chronicler.

FLORENCE S article, "Bear the Cross Patiently," will appeal, I doubt not, soothingly to the tried spirit of our dear compeer, LILY H., whose "Soliloquy" is tinctured with deep melancholy, and with whom I feel sure my esteemed fellow-members will sympathise as truly as I do. Let me remind the dejected one that it is those to whom "much is *given*," from whom "much will be *required*," and that HE, who in His sovereign righteousness, takes or witholds from some of His creatures the power of vigorous action, preserves them thereby from countless temptations, while He recognises and blesses the "*passive*" graces of patience, faith, and submission. True indeed it is that—

> "Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction,
> And oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
> Serves but to brighten all our future days."

Perhaps those of our poets who shine most in the April number, are MAGGIE SYMMINGTON, LUCINDA B., KATE LESLIE, and BLANCHE ALSINGTON. But BELLA's "first appearance" in "The Outcast," will create, I am quite sure, a favourable impression.

THE DEFINITIONS.

P.p., 346—50.

IN the subjoined observations I have endeavoured to avoid trodden ground. It is far from my wish to be continually dwelling upon the same defects; but I cannot help regretting that certain well-founded objections are so persistently set at naught. For example, after all that has been said about *vagueness*, how many definitions are still open to the charge! By profound thought and vigilant care the department might be made a casket of gems. At present, not a few are "base imitations," which, as MAX intimates, are "not worth the space they occupy." With my worthy colleague's suggestion upon this point I most cordially agree.

Of the single definitions under the head of "COURTESY," especially praiseworthy (as combining clearness of meaning with felicity of expression) are that of LUCINDA B., and the No. 1 of ZANONI. These, I think, might well be taken as models. There are, however, others which they only partially eclipse. But

alas! there are two councillors anything but symbolical of the word they define. A. DE YOUNGE with her "jar," is steadily opposed to AMELIA with her "oil." Let me proclaim, with justice, as I would with "courtesy," the latter the victor.

In defining the word "PERSEVERANCE," A. DE YOUNGE is more successful. The figure employed is a very apt one indeed, and I look in vain for a better. KATRINE'S "golden chain" is pleasing as an idea, but faulty as a definition, inasmuch as perseverance implies *action*. The definitions next in quality under this head, are some of those furnished by MIGNONETTE. The No. 2 of STANTONVILLE, refers to the verb "*persevere*."

To speak of "SUCCESS" as "*the reward*" of industry or of perseverance, is not to define it, for success often follows listless indolence, and why not a "reward" then? Moreover, the virtues indicated are frequently *not* so rewarded. "The reward *for which* we toil," of BELLA, is more precise in idea, but, like the others, ambiguous. LUCINDA B.'s No. 1, and AMELIA'S No. 1, are meritorious, but not sufficiently comprehensive. In fact, nearly all the definitions of "*success*" may be regarded, in various degrees, as evidences of *failure*.

Only eléven of the Council* have rightly understood the *nature* of a "triple definition," and only five of these† have produced one *complete*. That of LUCINDA B. is incomparable, and might fitly be accepted as a model. I feel glad indeed, that our EDITOR has appended to it his honorary mark of approval. The Councillors who fail in this department have violated Rule No. 5, furnished by BUSK on page 256. It appears, however, that this month an embodiment of the words only is *required*. CARACTACUS.

* Dora, (No. 1.); Lily H., (No. 4); Daisy H., (No. 1); Lucinda B.; R. Johnson; Zanoni; Rebecca, (No. 1); Adeline A.; Nellie, (No. 1); Lilla S.; and Mignonette.

† Dora, (No. 1); Lucinda B.; Zanoni, (No. 2); Adeline A.; and Nellie, (No. 1).

OFFERINGS FROM OUR COUNCIL.

ON DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

SEEING an article in last month's "F. F." upon servants, by L. B., I venture to make a few remarks upon the same topic. The universal cry amongst the ladies is, that there "are no good servants to be had; they are so inefficient, they are so impertinent now-a-days." But let us ask ourselves, does *all* rest with the servant? To this question we must answer most decidedly, *No*. There is much, *very much* depending upon the mistress. They ought to treat their servants with kindness, remembering that they are creatures with like passions as ourselves, and often have never properly been taught to govern those passions. Therefore, instead of treating our servants with harshness and severity, we should speak gently, not forgetting "that it is better far to rule by love than fear;" and when they err, correct them with mildness, not giving way to anger, and they would soon see we reproved them for their good, and would love and respect us, working for us with all their might; and they would exert themselves to the utmost to do everything in their power to please and oblige us. Mistresses are very apt to make their servants' faults a topic for conversation in the drawing-room, and din and annoy their husbands with a long list of domestic grievances. How wrong it is to tease husbands with such petty matters; for the wearied man returns after all the toil and anxiety of the day, in the hope of spending a quiet evening, enjoying his fireside chat, and resolving to *endeavour* to forget the day's turmoil. But, alas! no sooner does he settle down in the old arm-chair, "where his forefathers sat," than his wife begins to narrate a monstrous catalogue of her household troubles—of "how impertinent Jane had been, and Betty was really getting worse every day, for she had left the children for a whole half-hour in the nursery, while she had been gossiping with the butcher's boy; and Sarah, the housemaid, was so horribly *untidy—dirty*;" and thus the wearied husband listens until he can bear it no longer, and gets up and goes to the nearest hotel to finish up the remainder of his evening.

Poor, careless, ignorant mistresses *spoil servants*, for they do not care *how* their work is done (in fact, many do not *know*), and so long as a certain quantity is got through during the day, they are *satisfied* —not telling and instilling into their ser-

vants' minds that one thing *well* done is worth twelve badly done.

To procure truly good, trustworthy servants, they must be treated properly. Mistresses should "forbear threatening," remembering they have a "Master in heaven" whom one day (and how soon we know not) will appear in great glory, and require us each to give an account of our stewardship, and every idle word we have spoken will be brought to judgment. Therefore we should try to be "kind one to another," and do as we would wish to be done by, remembering the words of the wise man:—"That he who delicately bringeth up his servant from a child, shall have him become his *son* at the length."

EMMA S. P.

HINTS FOR EVERY-DAY LIFE:

A PLAY UPON PROVERBS.

"LOOK always upon life and use it as a thing that is lent you," for "A wrong judgment of things is the most mischievous thing in the world," and "He that acts without consideration will often have cause to repent;" therefore, "Deliberate long on what you can do but once;" but "When you are sure you are right, go on," "For take heed will surely speed." Recollect that "Labour is the mother of health," and "Industry is a man's right hand and frugality his left," and the combined exertion of these brings "Comfort, plenty, and respect;" in fact, "Time, patience, and industry are the three grand masters of the world." But, after all, we must not depend too much on our own industry and frugality, for "He that would thrive must ask God's assistance;" and, since "The life of man is a winter's journey," we must not expect our path to be always smooth and bright: yet often "The darkest cloud has a silver lining," and what are called misfortunes are "Blessings in disguise," yea, "Crosses are ladders that lead up to heaven;" while, on the other hand, "The worst of losses is never to have had any." "A great fortune has often made a young man poor," for "Prosperity lets go the bridle." Besides, "Riches are but the baggage of virtue;" and "Money, though it is a good servant, is a bad master." Moreover, it is well to recollect that "The indifference to riches makes a man more truly great than the possession of them;" in fact, "He is wealthy who is contented," for "Great men's dainties are not their greatest blessings," and "It is not poverty, but discontent, that is man's worst evil;" and, surely, if men would give "Anything for a quiet life," then "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and contention therewith." Besides, we know that "The best instructed have the best portion;" and, further, that, "A good reputation is half an estate." Then "Do well and have well." But as "The best duty in the world is to live above it," say to pleasure, "Gentle Eve, I will have none of your fruit," for it is certain, "That he who most studies pleasure wants it most;" therefore, reverse the order of procedure, and "Fly pleasure, and she will follow you."

Don't be suspicious, for "Suspicion is the virtue of a coward," yet as "Ill will never said well," you are by no means sure of her favour; but, remember, that "Some evils are best cured by silent contempt," and, "Living like Christians, is the best way to confound our enemies." Sometimes, however, "The safest remedy against an evil man is to keep at a distance from him;" for in this, as in most other cases, "Of little meddling comes great ease."

Be courteous: "Manners make the man," and "Civility costs nothing, but it is worth a great deal,"—"Honey catches more flies than vinegar." Besides, "Soft words compose hard arguments," therefore, "Set good against evil," and "Take care to be what thou wouldest seem to be;" for be assured, that "Craft brings nothing home in the long run," and in this respect, as in every other, "Honesty is the best policy."

Owe no man anything: "Better go to bed supperless than rise in debt;" indeed "Out of debt is out of danger." And, further, as "Good counsel breaks no man's head," I would say, "Reprove others, but correct thyself;" for "If every one would mend one all would be mended."

Be just and firm of purpose: "Inconstancy is the attendant of a weak mind,"—"A rolling stone gathers no moss." Remember also that "Great concerns oft turn on a little pin;" and that "One foolish act may undo a man, but a timely one may make his fortune."

Finally, keep in mind the fact that "Though life is short, he lives long enough who has lived well," and "He that lives well looks before him." The advantages of living well are too numerous for reference, but I will mention one, it is that—"A good life keeps off wrinkles."

LILY H.

THE LOVE OF KNOWLEDGE.

THE love of knowledge heightens the enjoyment of life. It elevates the soul of man. It gives a charm to society, and renders solitude pleasureable. It is a shield against temptation, and a solace in trouble. If you love knowledge you need never be lonely. It feeds the imagination, refines the taste, and ennobles the character. The love of knowledge embodies the love of all that is good. RUTH.

ON A WISE SAW.

THERE was an old Frenchman, whose name I do not recollect, who left a great many wise sayings and maxims behind him. I say I have forgotten the old gentleman's name; and I will further tell you what you know, or ought to know already, *i. e.*, that I am neither a well-read nor a learned Councillor. The fact is—and I blush while I confess it—that I have never "read up" any subject in my life. I glance occasionally over the columns of the daily papers, and now and then lose myself in the advertising sheets of the monthlies, and this is the extent of my reading! Perhaps I have too much—well, I won't mention it, but you may finish the sentence by adding the word that is given us to define this month. It must be so, for I am always ready for an argument, no matter what the subject may be. For instance, I would talk to you as long as you like about Dr. Colenso, and take whichever side of the argument you choose to give me; but for all that, I give you my word that I have never read either the writings of the Bishop or of his reviewers! I have many such arguments, and my opponents sometimes say that I get the best of it; and I think I can explain this paradox. Have you ever heard of madmen who go about in the common walks of life, and pass themselves off for sane men? They themselves know they are mad; but, with wondrous sagacity, they keep their neighbours out of the secret; and sometimes they get a reputation for being remarkably clever. So it is with your ignoramus. He has very few ideas in his head, but he keeps *that* secret to himself, and is often acknowledged to be an intelligent and useful member of society.

But "*revenons à nos moutons*"—the mutton or sheep being, in this case, the old philosopher whose name I forgot. Strange enough, it has just struck me that his name was Rochefoucault. Why did I not think of it before, and thus avoid the humiliating confession I have just made? But let it pass.

Misfortunes seldom come alone. First of all I forgot my author's name, and now I have forgotten the quotation! It was a wise saw, somewhat to the effect that human nature is so essentially selfish, that we feel gratified rather than displeased when our neighbours come to grief. This, I believe, is a very free translation; but you will catch the idea, although I have handled the words so clumsily.

Do you agree with Monsieur the philosopher? I do, to a very great extent. Of course I don't mean to say that you would feel intense gratification when informed that your dearest friend had been found, cold and stiff, hanging to his bedpost. That would be going to the extreme. But suppose a certain lady has her moral robe tarnished, does that cause all her lady-friends to shed tears of agony and go down with grey hairs to the grave? Not at all. Does the honest merchant gird his loins in sack-cloth and mourn, when a rival firm suspends payment? I am afraid not, unless he himself be a creditor. Let me put the question in another form. Do we members of the Council give ourselves any unnecessary trouble when the critics attack and pull to pieces the works of our fellow-councillors. I am afraid the old moralizer was not far wrong, and that we do feel a little—only just a little—gratification in the misfortunes of others.

You know what the Pharisee said when he saw the sinner grovelling in the dust. Let me ask you a question, reader. Did you ever go into the back streets of a crowded city, into the haunts of the lowest class of society, into the lanes, and courts, and byways, all rife with dissipation, poverty, filth, and crime? If so, did you not hasten out of those wretched hovels, home to your own snug quarters, and, when in the bosom of your family, did you not silently thank God that you were not such as the sinner in the back-streets? That is what the Pharisee did.

And now for the moral that I wish you to draw from my lecture. Men are by nature selfish. Let us, therefore, try to avoid falling into the common error, and instead of adding thorns (in the shape of satire) to our neighbour's load, when he "comes to grief," let us sympathise with him, and help him. Let us leave off our pharisaical ways, and hold out a hand to the poor sinner in the mire, and lift him up. To be brief, we have been naughty people—let us henceforth try to be good. MAX.

INGENUITY OF A SPIDER.

I LATELY saw a wonderful sample of ingenuity displayed by a spider. One of my friends used to shelter a number of garden spiders under a large verandah, and was much interested in watching their habits. One day a violent storm arose, and the wind beat so furiously through the garden that even, though protected by the verandah, the spiders suffered terribly. In one case one or two of the guy ropes were broken, so that the web flapped about like a loose sail in a storm. The spider did not attempt to make new guy ropes, but had recourse to a remarkable expedient. It lowered itself to the ground by a thread, crawled along the ground to a spot where were lying some fragments of a wooden fence that had been blown down, the wood being quite decayed. On one of these fragments it attached its line, reascended, and hauled the piece of wood after it to the height of nearly five feet, suspending it by a strong line to its web. The effect was wonderful; for the weight of the wood was sufficient to keep the net tolerably tight, while it was light enough to yield to the wind, and so prevent further breakages. The wooden weight was just two inches and a half in length, and about the diameter of a goose-quill. On the following day a careless servant struck her head against it, and knocked it down; but in a few hours the spider had found and replaced it, thus proving that the occurrence was not accidental. After the stormy weather had ceased, the spider mended the web, cut the rope, and let the wooden weight fall to the ground.—*Glimpses into Petland.*

DEFINITIONS.

ASSURANCE.

1. That which is always associated with perseverance and determination.
2. What we too often find misplaced through over-rating the qualities of "our friends."

EWOL TENNEB.

1. A happy inborn conviction that all things are "well ordered and sure," both for time and eternity.
2. The antipodes of modesty.—JANE C.

The shell in which nature generally encloses a shallow brain.—MAGGIE SYMMINGTON.

1. The base on which rests the temple of belief.
2. Christianity.
3. That the lightning's vivid flash
Will bring the thunder's deaf'ning crash.

IVANHOE.

1. A bond of faith.
2. Balm to a troubled spirit.
3. Down-right impudence —CHLOE.
1. One of the credentials of ignorance.
2. An organ largely developed in our North American cousins.
3. A quality displayed in Colenso's Quixotic attack on the Pentateuch.—GILBERT ASHTON.

Full many meanings hath this word—
Sheer impudence may be inferred;
Or that which we obtain by payment
For life or fire may be what they meant;
Or well-based faith, the word may mean,
The evidence of things not seen.

GORGONIA.

1. The full fruition of hope.
2. Unblushing hardihood.
3. The indescribable air and manner acquired by a "season in London."
4. A mingling of impudence, assumption, and vanity.—NELLIE.
1. "Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."
2. "As thy day thy strength shall be"

EMMA S. P.

1 The antagonist of modesty.
2. The noble daring of a mind that knows its own power.
3. An art that often wins dame Fortune's favour.

LILY H.

1. The favourite child of conceit.
2. An odorous essence, extracted from the beautiful flower, religion.
3. An ostentations covering with which many endeavour to hide their poverty of intellect.
4. Beau Brummel, when he told the Prince Regent to ring the bell.—REBECCA.
1. The offspring of self-respect.
2. Breaking the lock which diffidence in vain essays to turn.—GIPSY.
1. What too often overbalances a virtuous mind.
2. A wide ocean, which, if cautiously and discreetly made use of, may open to us the paths of knowledge; but if we rashly plunge into its depths, we shall incur the displeasure of those around us, and lay open our hearts to the adulation of the world.—HONORIA.

The feeling that may be felt by one who knows he has done everything according to the dictates of his conscience —OLIVE.

1. I know I'm the prettiest girl in the town.
2. Often mistaken for candour.
3. That which springs from an ill-bred person.

GAZELLE.

1. A mixture of impudence and vanity.
2. The daughter of hope.
3. How pleasant it is when we have striven
To feel we have our sins forgiven.

That which kept Blondin from falling.

C. R. RYE.

A combination of ignorance and self-conceit.

DIE VERNON.

1. "I have not the slightest doubt of it."
2. The Editor's promise to send us his photograph, of which we shall shortly be in possession.
3. A prominent feature in the character of Lady Macbeth.
4. A little child's reliance on the protecting care of its mother.—EMMA BUTTERWORTH.

Firmly believing you are right.

FAIRWEATHER.

A quality not wanting in the ticket-of-leave man who was presented to the Prince of Wales.
CINDERELLA.

To feel as the Great Apostle did, when he was about to lay his hoary head upon the block, and to terminate his long and useful ministry, amid the cruel agonies of martyrdom, and was able to exclaim, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day."—IVY.

In one sense I'd have it, in another I'd not,
Though 'tis what I have in our President got.
IAGO.

1. The audacity of ignorance.
2. The brazen front of folly.
3. The invulnerable armour which enables "fools to rush in where angels fear to tread."
CARACTACUS.

1. That which characterises many young men of the present day.
2. Forcing your company on those who you know do not wish for it.
3. The dandy trying to rival the true gentleman.
4. That by which many a rogue will get through the world well with, while an honest man without it suffers.—FORGET-ME-NOT.

The spirit in which a man speaks when telling the truth.—HORATIO.

1. Self-possession, with a dash of impudence.
2. A provision for relations in spite of death.
3. Without the shadow of a doubt.
4. The passport of the impertinent into society.
ZANONI.

A quality which makes its possessor ignore diffidence, great modesty, and distrust of oneself.
MARGUERITE.

A nod significant, a stately gait,
A blustering manner, a tone of weight.
DORA.

1. That which renders a mind fit for any state.
2. The dying martyr's consolation.
3. What we often think we have when we have not.
4. Bronze without a lustre.—ROBERT JOHNSON.

1. The Christian's trust.
2. The bird in hand.—DOTTA.
1. David, when he encountered the Philistine.
2. That which treads on the toes of courtesy.
3. "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."
BUSK.

The primary requisite for private theatricals.
BLANCHE ALSINGTON.

"I say, Bob, don't you think that little play I wrote at Christmas is nearly as good as some of Shakespeare's?"

1. Perfect confidence and unbroken faith.
2. Believing we shall reap a good harvest without first sowing the seed.
3. Impudence in a lesser degree, combined with want of modesty.—ELIZABETH H.

The foster-brother of insolence.—MAX.

1. A young lady not in her teens being asked to pry, sitting down with all the confidence of a grown person.
2. Assurance in some things is required, but not without modesty.—NARCISSA.

The feeling that a British soldier experiences in battle.—ST. CLAIR.

Taking too much upon ourselves to the annoyance of others.—STANTONVILLE.

1. A bond without which true friendship cannot subsist.
2. "The earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession."—FAN.

If the fulfilment of our desires be to combat the repeated words of those who call good evil, and evil good, we shall succeed, however feeble may be our efforts of description.—MARGUERITE.

Writing to a stranger for his *carte de visite*.—SPECTATOR.

A truthful confidence given in what you state.—SPECTATOR.

1. Confidence in the superlative.
2. The rock on which honesty stands.
3. Heartfelt belief or conviction.
4. The *ne plus* of certainty.
5. A limitable essential to success.
6. The trunk of the tree self-esteem.
LUCINDA B.

Going to a dinner party with a black eye and empty pockets in bursted boots and paper linen.
JOHN.

TRIPLE DEFINITIONS.

Many are the means resorted to to improve and embellish the human heart and mind, but there is no greater *accomplishment* available than that of courtesy to all, no matter what their position in life may be; of this we have positive *assertion* in every day life, as a marked politeness is an excellent *representation* of a cultivated mind.—ROSALIE.

Accomplishment, from whatever source it derives its origin, is a great advantage and ornament to both sexes, whether young or old; for, by its influence we gain the power of *assertion*, which enables us to give a just *representation* as to manners and character.—SPECTATOR.

Deeds ever defeat words. The simple, manifest *accomplishment* of any given plan, far outweighs the most positive *assertion*, or the most elaborate *representation* respecting it.—LUCINDA B.

Do not, at any time, be tempted to make the *assertion* that you are master of an *accomplishment* you do not possess, for such false *representation* may bring upon you most mortifying results.
JOHN.

Make not rash *assertion* of the possession of any *accomplishment*, lest thou fail in the *representation* thereof.
ADELINE A.

If we would gain a recompense for the consciousness of having *performed* a good action, it should not suffice us that it came in the shape of an *assertion* from others' lips, but our consciences should acquit us of all mean or selfish intent, which would give us a safer reward than any one's *verbal* description of our goodness.
MIGNONETTE.

Never make an *assertion*, unless you feel you may with safety be responsible for the true *accomplishment* of your *representation*. This will necessitate a strict adherence to truth, and thus you will overcome that odious habit of exaggeration into which you have fallen.—CHLOE.

1. Drawing is a worthy *accomplishment*, notwithstanding the *assertion* of some, when it can give us the *representation* of scenes passed through or of friends passed away.
2. The *accomplishment* of a task is a better proof of industry than any *assertion* or *representation*.
GORGONIA.

We should beware lest we are led away by *assurance* to make an untruthful *assertion*, or to give a false *representation*, in order to secure a more speedy *accomplisment* of our desires.

GILBERT ASHTON.

1. Perfect education may be considered the chief *accomplishment*, enabling us not only to make a correct theoretical *assertion*, but a more desirable and practical *representation* of all the visible and invisible objects of this great universe.

2. The *assertion* of young ladies now-a-days that the wearing of crinoline forms part of their *accomplishment* is beyond dispute; but is considered by the "Dames of old" as being quite a mis*representation* that each generation improves with the advance of education.—EWOL TENNER.

1. If we would achieve a *successful termination* of our undertakings, we must not give credence to *affirmation without positive proof*, or allow our judgment of undoubted facts to be biased by *prejudiced version or party-coloured views*.

2. *Perfection in any branch of mental culture* may be said to be attained when we can vindicate and maintain every *positive affirmation*, and distinguish a true statement of facts from the *biased version of individual description*.

NELLIE.

The *representation* of good and original ideas is an *accomplishment* that needs no *assertion*.

ANNA GREY.

1. It is no false *assertion*, that the *representation* of the Princess of Wales had for its *accomplishment* the winning of all her people's hearts.

2. The *assertion* and *representation* of the Editor's feelings to the F. F. C. should make us persevering in the *accomplishment* of his wishes.

DORA.

By a faithful *representation* of anything we can make a confident *assertion* of its correctness, and [illegible] object we had in [illegible]

[illegible] your *accomplishment* in writing, your ability to frame a correct, grammatical *assertion*, and your powers of linguistic *representation*.—BUSK.

The *representation* of incidents in their true state, is an *accomplishment* not possessed by all, for the habit of false *assertion* is the prevailing evil of many.—HORATIO.

Before deciding upon the best means for the *accomplishment* of any desired plan, we should weigh well the truth of many an *assertion* upon the truth of which may depend our plans—as facts are often entirely different from their *representation*.—ZANONI.

Let us be careful in our *assertions* not to *represent* anything too highly, then, surely, there will be little difficulty in the *accomplishment*.

STANTONVILLE.

In order that we may acquire every *accomplishment* it is necessary that our *representations* and *assertions* are correct.—OLIVE.

The Federals made an *assertion* that they would subdue the Confederates in ninety days; but notwithstanding their false *representation*, they have not yet succeeded in the *accomplishment* of their design.—C. T. RYE.

The *accomplishment* of a great work is not more an indication of mental power than is overweening *assertion* in its author a *representation* of moral weakness.—CARACTACUS.

1. In aiming at the *accomplishment* of a good definition, we are often compelled to admit the *assertion* that the *representation* of the word proposed is not at all satisfactory to our wishes.

2. It is a great assistance towards the *accomplishment* of an undertaking to have the *assertion* of our own mind that we are equal to the performance, as well as to obtain a fair *representation* of the difficulties of the task.—EMMA BUTTERWORTH.

To assert and represent our own *accomplishments* is decidedly vulgar, ill-bred, and in bad taste. We should leave the *assertion* and *representation* of them to our friends, and remember that modesty always enhances true worth.—GAZELLE.

That many persons possess a degree of *accomplishment* (I hesitate not to make the *assertion*) who take part in the *representation* of the "Family Friend."

IVANHOE.

The *accomplishment* of a noble purpose is the best *assertion* of ability, and affords a *representation* of that which constitutes greatness of character—namely, decision.

LILY H.

When the flattered *representation* of a countenance is sketched for the *accomplishment* of a purpose it becomes as much a false *assertion* as a verbal one.

REBECCA.

The *representation* which your *assertion* led us to expect has failed in its *accomplishment*.

GIPSEY.

If to excel in literature be considered an *accomplishment*, what commendation does that man deserve whose life is spent in opening the paths of knowledge to his fellow-creatures, daily encouraging and leading them forward, giving them *assertion* that life is a blank to the ignorant, and that an embellished mind is a *representation* of an honest man!

HONORIA.

Whenever, in the course of events, we are called upon to act as peacemakers in some misunder- [illegible] be careful how we make an *assertion*; for the *accomplishment* of our desires may mainly depend upon the truthfulness of the *representation* we give of the circumstances which caused the unpleasantness.

FAN.

It is easy for those who have a good opinion of their own attainments to make an *assertion* of their proficiency in this or that *accomplishment*; but, if called upon to give a *representation* of their skill before competent judges, they may, much to their chagrin, be found lamentably deficient.

JANE C.

There is no greater "adornment of the mind" than that strict love of truth that will never permit us to make a "positive affirmation" that is not a "correct photograph" of this cardinal virtue itself.

MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

It is the *assertion* of those who are clever at *representation* that a knowledge of drawing is indispensable for the *accomplishment* of their wishes.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Accomplishment is but a word of the day,
Which states that a deed has been done;
An *assertion*, which, ta'en in a jocular sense,
Is a *representation* of fun.
For taking away a chair from beneath
A person about to sit down,
You *assert*, *representing* his posture of woe,
That your victim has just been *done*—brown!

TERRA COTTA.

POETICAL EXERCISES.

A LINE TO LILY H.

Sister Lily, could I br*ing*
Health to thee, this blooming spr*ing*,
I would seek thee every h*our*,
Blessings in thy lap to p*our*.
Thou should'st know the sweet enjoy*ment*
Consequent on brisk employ*ment*.
But, dear Lily, though una*ble*
Proof to give this is no *fable*,
Take the good-will that it bears,
With a sister's love and pray'rs.

LUCINDA B.

TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

The sound of late rejoic*ing*
Hath died upon the ear;
Illuminations—banners—
No longer they appear.
But the loyal feel*ing* shewn
It hath not passed away;
Brave British hearts will shield thee
Through many a com*ing* day.
Thy wedded life's commence*ment*
We pray *our* God to bless,
And guide, throughout life's journey,
Our love*able* Princess—
Our Alexandra. ADELINE A.

Almighty God! the lov*ing* edict give,
That man with man, that land with land, shall live
In hon*our*, peace, and no*ble* brotherhood,
Pleased to be workers *for* each other's good.
That the la*ment* of war no more be heard—
No more with strife-note be the trumpet stirred;
That hushed be din and roar of battle's strife,
Nor brandish'd blade assail the warrior's life.

JOHN.

To make an *assertion*
Which of truth is a perver*sion*,
Is an *accomplishment*
Which should cause astonish*ment*,
That any should have an inclina*tion*
To make so sad a mis-*representation*.

MAX.

Heaven bless our future K*ing*
With health, and wealth, and hon*our*;
And of our future Queen we'll s*ing*
May Providence smile upon her.
May their people and their govern*ment*
Be generous, just, and sta*ble*,
And with plenty and content
Bless the rich and poor man's ta*ble*.

C. T. RYE.

Spring, Spring, light-hearted *Spring*!
Thou growest in beauty each passing *hour*—
Thou comest like an angel with lightness of wing.
And scatterest the seeds of Autumn's rich dower.
My pen hath not power on thee to *comment*,
But the "Friends'" lions are all of them *able*,
Each time thou comes round, some tale to invent,
Or give us of thee some newly coined fable—
Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring! IVANHOE.

If wisdom's paths beguil*ing*
Thou would'st with hon*or* seek,
Let fortune's aspect, smil*ing*,
Find thee hum*ble*, meek;
That to thy life's accomplish*ment*,
Free from sin's entangle*ment*.

MAGGIE SYMMINGTON.

'Twas less pleasant than surprising when I charged
of plagiaris*ing*
Was brought against me, and, what's worse, was
proved beyond a doubt.
I would fain redeem my credit, *or*, perhaps, our
worthy Edit*or*
Might from the ranks of "F. F." C.'s think fit to
turn me out.
G. Matthewson's admonish*ment* I read with much
astonish*ment*,
Though feeling he was justified in taking me to
task.
There, I'm now quite comfort*able* as I find that I've
been *able*
To make up all the rhymes for which it pleased our
chief to ask.—BLANCHE ALSINGTON.

How now they are think*ing*, and striv*ing*, and
writ*ing*,
Each Council*or* bent upon hon*or* and fame;
Pay*ment* ne'er enters their head for a mo*ment*—
Too happy, if a*ble*, a class-place to claim.

GORGONIA.

The pale stars are gleam*ing*,
The moonlight is stream*ing*,
The landscape is beam*ing*
In silvery sheen;
But soon will the dawn*ing*
Bring glorious morn*ing*,
The landscape adorn*ing*
With nature's fresh green.

CROCHET.

It is a pleasant contempla*tion*
To see a goodly congrega*tion*,
Assembled for a confirma*tion*;
To listen to their affirma*tion*
Of their sponsor's dedica*tion*,
Robed in white—emblem of purifica*tion*
From sin, and a reforma*tion*,
Which is to last through all dura*tion*.

EWOL TENNEB.

Heigho! what a treat! Here's a terri*ble* feat—
Brain-muddl*ing* and patience-distract*ing*!
Busk, Tenneb, and Max, broad may be their backs!
But our Edit*or*'s gett*ing* exact*ing*.
These "endings" are such that 'twill tor*ment* us
much
To fit them in metre unruly;
Yet what can one do, save grum*ble*—"look blue,"
And furnish the manuscript duly!
'Tis treat*ment* most hard of a soft-headed bard
Unoffend*ing*, to claim his assistance
In mak*ing* enough of acceptable stuff
A "devil" to feed at a distance!
He of great "deeds of dar*ing*" the fame should be
shar*ing*
(For 'tisn't a trifle—now is it?)
Who forward the Edit*or* (bother*ing* credit*or*!)
This horri*ble* rubbish—to "quiz" it!

CARACTACUS.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c.

126.

'Twas a lovely morn in spring time that I roam'd
beside a brook,
That through the meadows meander'd and many a
shady nook,

Culling the pretty flow'rets that upon its banks did grow,
While the sun was shining brightly down upon my *first* below.

On my journey I proceeded till I reach'd a lonely spot,
And the ground, being rather marshy, there my *second* soon I got;
But, being not discouraged, I again did onward rove,
Ever and anon enchanted with the songsters of the grove.

Thus musingly I saunter'd till I came unto a stand;
For before me stood a precipice that was sublime and grand,
And 'twas there soft murm'ring music o'er my raptured senses stole,
As with delight I gazed up: the beautiful—my *whole*. IAGO.

117.

My *first* on many a hill is seen.
And travellers, when the wind blows keen,
May find a shelter there.
And those who are my *next* oft lay
Upon their couch, day after day,
In lingering despair.
My *third* a preposition's called;
Reversed, a lover stands appalled
When he is answered so.
To see my *whole*, direct your gaze
To yonder ball room's circling maze—
You need no further go.
GILBERT ASHTON.

118.

My *first* we all belong to; my *second* I hope we all possess; and my *whole* ought to be in every home. DORA.

119.

A bird that oft is trained for sport;
The largest river in the world;
A relic of Egyptian art;
The land which freedom's flag unfurled.
The initials, downwards read, proclaim
What many seek but rarely gain.
L'ESPERANCE.

120.

I am a fruit; behead me,
I then shall name a seed;
If you again behead me
I'm a monkey indeed. IVANHOE.

121.

My *first* is the name of a hill in Derbyshire; my *second* a place for landing goods; and my *whole* is a celebrated watering place. DELTA.

122.—RIVERS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

a. Three-fourths of part of a plant.
b. To divide and a consonant.
c. Three-fifths of an animal.
d. A mouse without his head.
e. A javelin.
f. A stifled song and three-fifths of a wild fruit.
ST. CLAIR.

123.

Great ships are often built of me,
You'll find it true, I think,
But when I am curtailed, you'll see
I'm something that you drink
GORGONIA.

124.

I caught my *whole* in going up,
The same without its head;
Behead again, and I was that
So bad I kept my bed. GORGONIA.

125.

What letter might provoke the destruction of your tea-table, and how? CARACTACUS.

126.

I am composed of nine letters, and am useful as foretelling, in some measure, what is to come. My 7, 4 5, 1, is a resting place; 5, 2, 7, for ornament and use; 3, 4, 5, 8, an imperial city; 3, 2, 7, a destructive animal; 3, 4, 1, 6, a dress; 3, 2, 7, 8, a tax; 1, 8, 6, a model of industry; 1, 6, 2, 5, a support; 4, 2, 9, a propeller; 5, 4, 2, 7, a defence; 1, 8, 2, 9, a ferocious animal; 1, 2, 9, 5, froth; 7, 6, 2, 5, so many horses; 5, 8, 2, 7, sustenance; 5, 2, 1, one of Shakespeare's queens; 9, 2, 3, 8, uncommon; 6, 2, 9, an organ; 1, 8, 2, 7, a given space; 1, 2, 7, a bird; 7, 6, 2, 9, a crystal drop; 7, 2, 9, a sailor; 1, 4, 2, 7, a vessel; 2, 9, 5, part of yourself; 9, 4, 7, to decay; 1, 9, 6, 2, 5, a fish; 6, 3, 2, a certain time; 7, 9, 6, 8, belonging to the vegetable kingdom; 5, 8, 3, the sea; 1, 8, 7, a wager; 1, 2, 3, 7, an abreviated title; 5, 4, 7, 6, an atom; 1, 2, 9, forensic; 5, 6, 3, 8, a mother; 9, 4, 1, 6, 3, 7, a boy's name; 9, 4, 2, 3, a noise; 5, 6, 8, 7, proper; 1, 9, 2, 7, a troublesome child; 8, 2, 7, to devour; 9, 4, 6, game; 1, 4, 9, 8, a nuisance; 2, 9, 7, skill; 5, 2, 9, to deface; 7, 2, 5, 8, dull; 9, 4, 2, 5, to wander; 3, 2, 5, a warlike engine; 9, 4, 1, to despoil; 7, 6, 2, a beverage, 2, 5, 8, the soul; 7, 4, 6, an extremity; 4, 9, 6, mineral; 1, 2, 9, 8, naked; 5, 8, a pronoun; 7, 6, 2, 5, a portion of paper; 7, 2, 9, 6, a weed; 5, 2, 7, 6, a partner: 7, 4, 5, a nickname; 1, 8, 6, 7, a root; 2, 1, a title of honour. JANE C.

127.

My first is much desired by those
Who are with labour weary,
Or are my *whole*, and toss about
All night so long and dreary.
My *second* certainly is less—
But more I shall not say.
Than beg you will the riddle guess
And what you guess display.
GORGONIA.

128.

Entire, I crawl upon the land,
Behead, you'll find me on your hand;
And still a head you'll find is left,
Although of one I've been bereft.
BUSK.

129.

When winter comes, and fleecy snow
Lies deep and thick upon the ground,
My *first* you'll see, with ruddy glow,
Casting its light and warmth around.

When summer comes with flowery train,
And fruit hangs thick on every tree,
And fields are filled with ripening grain,
My *second* you may surely see.

In the forests of the west,
Where the songs of birds resound,
And the red man seeks his rest,
My *whole* is there for light renowned.
ELIZABETH H.

130.

Entire, I run,
Behead, I fly,
O'er meadows green and fair;
Not sought as game,
By hunter's eye,
Yet in a game I share.

BUSK.

131.

Whole, I am an animal. Behead me, and I am a river in England. Behead again, and you will have what most articles are made for.

OLIVE.

132.

My 5, 2, 4, is an article of dress; my 1, 6, is a personal pronoun; my 7, 6, 3, is not dry; my 5, 2, 4, 6, expresses enmity; and my whole a Scripture character.

GAZELLE.

133.

My *first* surrounds our much-loved native Isle,
My *next* resounds from yonder sacred pile,
My *whole* sails o'er my *first*, to bring from far,
Sweet spices, gold and jewels, rich and rare.

CROCHET.

134.

a. A town in England.
b. A precious stone.
c. A poet.
d. A king.
e. A planet.
f. A river in France.
g. A town in Scotland.
h. One of the cardinal points.
i. A continent.

The initials form a lady's name.

OLIVE.

135.

There's a deal of stir made about me just now, yet, by the proper arrangement of seven letters of the alphabet, I am complete before you; and then I am found to be composed of nine letters. The Americans often get up my 7, 5, 6, 7, 3, 8; other folks get up my 2, 5, 7, 7, 3, 8: 8, 3, 4, is thoroughly royal, whilst 2, 3, 4, is connected with the law. As I stand I am a lady, but if I have one eye only I am a foreign part. The Prince of Wales thinks me 7, 3, 1, 8, and I dare say you think me so too. Thank you kindly for the feeling, which I am sure is quite mutual.

136.

a. A Grecian lawgiver.
b. One of Shakespeare's characters.
c. A delicious fruit.
d. One of the (late) United States.
e. A Roman.
f. A river in Asia.
g. A Prussian king.
h. A Grecian mountain.
i. A famous city.
j. A country in Europe.
k. An American.
l. A Grecian custom.
m. Leafy.
n. A town in England.
o. An African.
p. A Grecian state.
q. What the initials will make.

RUTH.

137.

My *first* is an article, please to observe,
My *second*, a pronoun all wish to reserve,
My *whole* makes a fragrant delicious preserve.

CROCHET.

138.

a. I am a Christian name.
b. I am a surname.
c. I am used to turn a spit.
d. I am a young fish.
e. I am a coat of mail.
f. I am a pitcher.
g. I am a small ball.
h. I am part of a musical instrument.
i. I am a wooden horse.
j. I am a signal flag.
k. I am a kind of boot.
l. I am a half-pint.

Notwithstanding I am all these, I am expressed by one syllable. GEO. MATTHEWSON.

139.

The morning is fine, and the sun it is bright,
A maiden is tripping with footsteps so light,
To my whole she is wending her way;
Her snowy white apron, and bright polished shoes
I hope by my *first*, may no purity lose,
When returning more late in the day.
A term of endearment beheaded, will show
My *second*, and now, this is all that I know.

PAULINE S.

140.

A PLAY UPON NAMES.

I have been amusing myself by trying to express some of the characteristics of the First Class F. F. C.'s, by words commencing with their initials; and as this Pastime may not be familiar to all, I append the following as an illustration. They are in the same order as the Prize Award list:—

a. Lovely Benefactor.
b. Earnest Bee.
c. Romancer.
d. A Delightful Yokefellow.
e. Fanciful Houri.
f. Bright Achiever.
g. Insrumentalist.
h. Sparkling.
i. Giddy.
k. Admirable Girl.
l. Critic.
m. Ruminator.
n. Matchless.
o. Excellent Tabulist.
p. Trusty Councillor.
q. Geometrician.
r. An Entertainer.
s. Benevolent.
t. Irreproachable.
u. Zealous.

GYPSY.

HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURES.

15.

A beautiful, but unfortunate queen, flies precipitately from a house, where she has taken shelter, in consequence of some soldiers firing a volley of cannon balls into the windows, in the hope of killing her. She, and an attendant effect their escape, when suddenly, remembering to have left her pet-dog behind, she hurries back, without regard to the great danger with which her life is threatened, regains the room, snatches up her dog, and departs, uninjured. On her way she sees troops advancing and firing, and is compelled to lie in a ditch in perfect silence, till they have passed, in order to avoid them. MIGNONETTE.

16.

The interior of a strongly fortified city in a state of siege. The struggle must have been long, for the inhabitants are suffering severely from the

attacks of those fierce foes, famine and disease. Strong men, who have done their part bravely in defending their city, and repulsing the besiegers, are now weakened with hunger and privations, and reduced to mere skeletons. Men, women, and children are dying of want, but still the survivors are resolute in their determination not to surrender. What do they expect will be the end of all this? Are they waiting and hoping for aid from some quarter? Apparently, yes! Many and many an anxious glance is directed towards the sea, whose calm smiling waters seem to mock their desolation. But look! the sun is shining now upon white sails, a ship is in sight—another, and another, until a whole fleet is seen making its stately way to the harbour. The inhabitants drag themselves to the walls—they embrace one another, some faint with joy, others weap,—for, alas! this help has come too late to save their dear ones. But are they relieved? What stops those friendly ships from entering the harbour? Some obstruction unhappily prevents their advance, all efforts are unavailing, slowly and reluctantly they turn and sail away. Who can paint the bitter disappointment of these anxious watchers, their joy now changed into utter despair?

17.

Time, midnight; scene—the interior of a church, flooded with light, and filled with a noble assemblage. Under a richly drapered canopy is a magnificent throne, upon which is seated a female figure, arrayed in queenly robes, a crown on her head, and a sceptre in her hand. By her side stands a king, in whose pale face, and compressed lips, we may see deep grief and stern resolve; but no proud or loving look for his queen, in whose honour all are thus assembled. He seems steadfastly to avoid even glancing towards her, and watchfully fixes his eyes upon his nobles and warriors, who now, one by one, slowly advance to pay homage to the occupant of the throne. And they, too, avert their eyes from her calm, expressionless face, and even shudder as they touch her hand! The ring of state glitters on the slender finger, the starry crown adorns the ebon hair, but loyal admiration has evidently no place in the feelings of those who pay their solemn homage to that silent queen.

18.

A private gallery of magnificent and valuable paintings. We recognise a Corregio, a Titian, a Carrani; we admire many, and think the owner must be very wealthy, and possessed of great artistic taste. But our inspection is interrupted, a man in nightcap and dressing-gown totters into the gallery; he is not old, it must therefore be illness that renders his step so faltering. He looks round upon the pictures as he might upon children whom he dearly loves. Apostrophises them — clasps his hands as if in grief, and seems to take a last farewell. Another person enters, and with difficulty persuades him to leave the gallery.

A. De Younge.

19.

The scene is at a fair. Three or four ladies, conspicuous from their peculiar style of dress, rush to and from the different tents, delighting in the novelty of the sight, and making several purchases therefrom. The quaintness of their style causes them to be followed, wherever they go, by a gaping and admiring crowd, when one from amongst the multitude suddenly cries out, "the queen, the queen," and thus disables the ladies from preserving their incognito. Hastily they leave the scene of bustle and contention, but not unattended, as hundreds of the citizens, with their wives and sweethearts, from mere curiosity, follow them to the very door of the palace.

20.

A king and a queen are sumptuously entertained by one of their noble subjects. The latter is requested to partake of a venison patty fronting her, when, on the crust being cut, to her great amusement, out jumps a veritable dwarf, who prostrates himself at her august feet, and earnestly begs to be taken into her service. Laughingly she complies, and entertains him as her dwarf *par excellence*.

Mignonette.

21.

A celebrated Grecian commander, is offering sacrifices in a temple, when a messenger arrives to inform him of the death of his eldest son; he takes off the crown from his head, saying with a sigh, "I knew my son was mortal." When told how bravely he fell, he resumes his crown, and finishes his sacrifice.

22.

Armed men wearing a white cross on their hats, and a scarf on the left arm, are hastening through the streets of Paris, shouting, "To death! to death!" They burst open the doors of a large house, and, rushing up the stairs, discover an aged man engaged in devotion. Ascertaining that he is the object of their search, they stab him again and again, and hurl the lifeless body from the window to their commander, who had remained below, and who trampled furiously on the mangled corpse.

Gorgonia.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c.

(*On pp.* 350, 351, 352.)

90.—(No correct answer received.)

91.—George Peabody. 92.—Cock-roach.

93.—*a.* Red-ruth. *b.* Blackburn. *c.* Bakewell. *d.* Rugby. *e.* Windrush.

94.—Buck-rum. 95.—Rein deer. 96.—Apex. 97.—Fan-light. 98.—Caractacus. 99.—United, untied. 100.—Alphabet. 101.—Seven, even, eve. 102.—Minim. 103.—Fort-night. 104.—Boa-dice-a. 105.—Stone-house. 106.—Cotton. 107.—(G)un-a-void-able. 108.—Char-i-table. 109.—Sin-gap-ore. 110.—Cur-rent. 111.—Because it would make Clive live. 112.—Amethyst.

113.—*a.* EcclesfielD. *b.* WilE. *c.* GyoN. *d.* SeedaM. *e.* AgrA. *f.* NameR. *g.* DunkirK. *England, Denmark.*

114.—*a.* DevonporT. *b.* ArabiA. *c.* NanteS. *d.* TauruS. *e.* EbrO. *Dante, Tasso.*

115.—Hedge-hog.

HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURES.

12.—Alphonso, King of Naples,

13.—Aristander, the soothsayer, on the part of Alexander, at the battle of Arbelo.

14.—Anne Boleyne, a few hours previous to her execution.

LOVE AND DISCIPLINE; OR, TWO WAYS OF TEACHING.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CONSEQUENCE OF FALSEHOOD.

THE fabrications of Angelique, induced by her vanity, to make her companions believe that she was of distinguished birth, were threatened with annihilation by an unforeseen, although quite a natural, circumstance. In such a populous city as Paris, where the nearest neighbours remain long unknown to each other, nothing appears, at first sight, more easy than to maintain with impunity a tale in which no one's interest is concerned; but, in the midst of worldly affairs, the designs of Pro-

vidence are carried out, which rarely fail to secure the triumph of truth. Thus the most cunningly devised falsehood ends, almost always, in the confusion of its inventor.

A new boarder having heard the name of Angelique de St. Yves mentioned, asked this little girl if she were the daughter of Madame Olympe de St. Yves, Angelique replied, blushing, that she was her niece. She then added, with some uneasiness,—

"Do you know that lady ?"

"Not personally," replied the other; "but I had, as servant, a girl who lived with your aunt, and who told me a remarkable instance of her extraordinary benevolence, and that also of her brother."

"I do not think I know that girl," said Angelique.

"Oh ! excuse me, it is scarcely four years since she left you. Her name i Fauchette."

"Do you say she is your servant now ?"

"No, indeed ; she is no longer in service. Fauchette is just married."

"As far as I can remember," said Angelique, affecting an air of indifference, "this Fauchette did not deserve much credence. She always talked at random, not uttering a word of truth. It was on that account my aunt sent her away."

"Sent her away ? Did she not leave voluntarily to nurse her mother in her dying illness ? Mamma did not perceive the fault which you attribute to her ; and was even so satisfied that, but for her marriage, she would still have been with me."

"I do not wish to injure the reputation of any one," continued Angelique ; "but it rarely happens that a servant candidly owns the reason for her dismissal."

"She had a good character from Madame de St. Yves."

"She never refuses that to any one whose honesty is unimpeached."

"From your manner of speaking it would seem that there were some serious charges against her."

"Indeed !"

"Yes ; I appeal to those who hear us."

The young ladies were of her opinion.

"I confess that I am attached to Fauchette, and it would grieve me to think that she did not merit my affection."

"But, I assure you, that I have no serious complaint against her. I merely say that she is a little—untruthful. That we should be on our guard with her, and not place confidence in what she says."

"That is a sufficient reason to make me repent of my esteem for her. When I see her again I shall watch her more narrowly than heretofore."

Angelique did not reply, but began to regret having gone so far. In fact, she knew nothing ill of Fauchette, and had said this in order to weaken any impression the poor girl might make respecting her position. She knew not how to disentangle herself from her own foils. The last words of the new comer alarmed her so much that she wrote to her godmamma informing her of her trying position, begging forgiveness for this vanity, and entreating to be removed from school before the exposure she dreaded took place, the severest punishment appearing perferable to the disgrace of her imposture being unmasked. Not wishing to post her letter, for

reasons already assigned, she thought of another expedient; and, in order to attain her end, she induced Matilda to invite her to spend a holiday at her grandfather's, M. André. Permission having readily been granted them, Angelique readily left the school furnished with her letter, which she had concealed in her dress.

Matilda, in order to make the day more agreeable to her friend, had extended the invitation to several relatives, so that they formed a party of five or six young ladies of the same age, which made their games more animated. Angelique, absorbed in her project, suggested "hide and seek," and availed herself of this opportunity to find her brother Noel, whom she had not yet seen anywhere. He had discovered her in the middle of her young companions; but, too proud and sensitive to expose himself a second time to her contempt, had taken care to keep at a distance. He was working at the end of the garden, which, notwithstanding its small dimensions, contained so many tortuous paths, rows of bushes and green hedges, that it was easy for any one to conceal himself. His surprise was great to see Angelique suddenly appear at his side, and call him by name in a suppressed but affectionate tone of voice. Noel trembled, and continued to take a path as though he heard nothing.

"Noel, my dear Noel, answer me, I entreat," said Angelique.

"Are you speaking to me, mademoiselle?" the little gardener said, taking off his hat ceremoniously.

"You are very angry with me," replied Angelique, casting her eyes down; "and I allow that I deserve your indignation."

"You, mademoiselle! Pray how can a poor servant have any cause of complaint against you?"

"Look at me, Noel, for I begin to think you do not know me."

"Excuse me, you are the generous young lady from whom I received a piece of money the other day for having brought a heliotrope."

"I was very wrong. What can I do more than ask your pardon for it? Will you not forgive me, brother?"

"You are laughing at me, mademoiselle. Is a brother rewarded with money? I do not know if you have one; as for me, I have no sister I protest."

"When you have done jesting, Noel, I hope you will listen to me seriously."

"I do not jest with young ladies of your rank,—it does not become a poor servant."

"Since you persist in this," replied Angelique, mortified, "I have not time any longer to try and overcome your obstinacy; but, perhaps, you will not object to do me a great service."

"That depends upon circumstances. You pay well, I know. Still, although I be in a humble condition, I would not willingly receive an ill-earned reward.

"Is there any harm in my writing to my benefactress?"

"No; but you can do that without my assistance."

"The letter is written; here it is. I only want you to have it posted."

"The person to whom you are writing is at the waters of Vichy, not at Paris."

"How do you know that?"

"It is a fact."

"It is impossible! I should have heard something about it."

"You may doubt it if you please; but I shall take the liberty of observing that a young lady ought not to write a letter unknown to her governess. Such is the rule it is said."

"I have reasons for not conforming to it."

"Very well; I have also mine for not taking charge of your letter."

"My dear brother!"

"Pray, mademoiselle, think to whom you are talking and what you say."

"This is too much!" exclaimed Angelique, stamping with her foot in anger. "What then shall I do?"

"Wait patiently until Madame de St. Yves returns; and if, during her absence, you experience such great vexations try to profit by them, and thus prepare yourself for the more serious ones which await you in the world."

I do not know what Angelique, driven to extremity, was going to reply, when the approach of her companions obliged her to terminate this conversation, which she had not an opportunity of resuming.

In the evening she sorrowfully accompanied the teacher who had to take her back to school, looking in vain for a post office into which she might adroitly slip her letter, when cries of alarm were heard behind her. A horse, which had broken loose, was at full galop, kicking in such a manner as to terrify the passers-by. The frightened teacher rushed into the gate of an hotel, calling upon Angelique to follow her; but the alarmed child rapidly descended the steep street which was before her, and ran to the end without stopping. Scarcely had she recovered from her fright than she thought of taking advantage of the circumstance by disposing of her letter. Then, recollecting what Noel had told her about Madame Olympe's absence, she asked herself whether it would not be better to go to La Place des Victoires, where she was sure of finding Hersilia, than by returning to school, to expose herself to the disgrace which awaited her.

Her natural temerity made her adopt the latter course; and she was already directing her steps towards the capital, when the sight of an omnibus decided her upon making use of it, as much for the sake of avoiding the fatigue of a long walk across unknown streets as to evade more readily the pursuit of the teacher.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ATTEMPTED BURGLARY.

ANGELIQUE endeavoured, by the light of the lamps, to read the names of the streets, but unsuccessfully, as the reader may imagine. Several people came in and went out again; two gentlemen, however, by Angelique's side, kept their places. At last she ventured to ask one of them whose countenance seemed the more prepossessing, where the omnibus was going. He replied by another question.

"Where do you want to go to, mademoiselle?"

"To La place des Victoires."

"This is not the road to it," he replied, laughing; "but how is it that you are alone at such a distance?"

"I have lost my way. A horse broke loose, frightened, and separated me from my companion."

What will you do on leaving this conveyance—it will be late?"

"I shall ask some one to show me the way. Are there not always people in the streets?"

"Yes, but you might accost a person of bad character, who would take delight in leading you further astray."

"Oh, dear! If I were to wander about all night, I think I should die of fear. Will it not be better to place myself under the protection of the conductor of the vehicle."

"Do nothing of the kind, mademoiselle; as we have met you, I will take charge of you. I will conduct you to your relations."

"Ah, sir, be assured of my gratitude. Excuse the trouble and derangement it may cause in your plans."

"Do not think of it, it is a settled thing."

Angelique, quite comforted, waited patiently to follow her companions when they alighted, which they did at a dark and lonely part of the Boulevards, between nine and ten o'clock in the evening.

"Take my arm, and keep silence," said Angelique's chaperon, in a low voice, turning with her and his companion towards the darkest path. The stranger was dressed so elegantly, that the little girl naturally took him for one of the most distinguished persons in Paris, notwithstanding his singularly mysterious conduct; for, instead of hurrying on like one who is benighted, he began to tread lightly, looking right and left, and saying something in an undertone to his companion which Angelique did not understand, They were joined by a third gentleman, who was recognised by a hollow whistle, and they immediately proceeded quickly towards the same place.

They stopped near an isolated house, and whilst two of them were engaged in opening the door, the one who conducted Angelique told her to be quiet; that they wanted to enter that house, which belonged to one of their friends, but that they should not be there long, and would then take her home as they had promised. The giddy child was obliged to be content with this assurance, being in a very embarrassing position, not daring to leave her strange protector, and beginning to fear that all was not as she at first imagined. But she had got further cause for apprehension. The door they wanted to open not yielding to their efforts, a short consultation took place between the nocturnal perambulators, at the conclusion of which Angelique's chaperon said to her, "One good turn deserves another, mademoiselle. As a recompense for the service I am disposed to render you, may I beg that you will do me a slight favour?"

"If it be in my power, you may rely upon me."

"My friend has hampered the lock, and cannot get into his house without the help of a blacksmith; but as it is late he has preferred removing a panel, in the hope of gaining an entrance by that means. Unfortunately, the aperture is too small for any of us to pass through. Slender and agile as you are, it would be very easy for you to get inside, and to open either the door or window, agreeably to our instructions. Will you consent to it?"

"It is certainly an extraordinary method of entering one's own house," said Angelique; "however, it would ill become me to refuse. Show me what I must do."

"Really," rejoined her chaperon, "you are an amiable little girl."

He conducted her to the house, for hitherto they had kept at a distance, took her in his arms to raise her to the aperture, and having made her pass through, though not without difficulty, he held her until she touched the floor, which was a little above the level of the street.

In effecting this, Angelique slightly hurt herself, and was compelled to rest a minute in order to recover; but her fellow-travellers impatiently begged her to remember their directions by opening the door quickly.

"I have not forgotten it," she exclaimed; "yet, now I think of it, if the lock be injured, the door will not open more easily from within than from without."

"Be quiet, little chatterer," replied one of the unknown men, swearing; "do as you are told, or I will make you repent of it."

"Oh, dear! what language!" thought Angelique; "this gentleman's companions are little worthy of himself."

A fresh injunction, more severe still than the first, increased her surprise and terror. She immediately groped to find the door, and, having succeeded, two great bolts with which she came in contact revealed the horrible mystery. She could not believe that those who were trying to enter the house had a right to do so. They were evidently robbers, who were making use of a child to accomplish their infamous ends. What was Angelique to do? Should she expose herself to the vengeance of these wicked men, or consent to become their accomplice?

"Alas!" she murmured, trembling, "into what an abyss have I precipitated myself!"

"Well," cried one of the thieves, "will you not make haste to open the door for us, little wanderer?"

"There are two great bolts," she replied timidly.

"Undo them, if you value your life."

"I—I—they are too high."

"That is a lie, you wicked girl, you have not even tried to reach them; but you shall pay dearly for it. One more panel removed will enable us to reach you, and we will wring your neck like that of a pigeon."

"May God have pity on me then!" exclaimed poor Angelique, falling on her knees.

A confused noise of voices was then heard over head; the aperture was closed, then the noise gradually ceased, and all was again silent. Angelique, who continued listening, tried to discover what had happened. Had the police seized the thieves? or had they gone away of themselves, to return in greater numbers? Darkness surrounded the young girl, who in that room was like a mouse in a trap. What reception would she have from the inmates of the house, provided they were absent or asleep? If the house were uninhabited, would she not die of hunger? Whilst making these sad reflections, she perceived that the air around her was impregnated with a perfume like that which a garden exhaled, and stretching out her arms with care, she discovered several vases of flowers.

A clock, which seemed close by, had just struck twelve, when talking was again heard; this time some female voices were observable; doors were opened and shut quickly. At last a light shone before the eyes of the little prisoner, and revealed four persons, two men and two women; one of the latter seemed almost beside herself, "I am robbed, I am robbed," she exclaimed.

"No, no, my good neighbour," replied one of the men; "it is not likely that a thief could pass through the aperture which has been made. It is only an attempt at robbery.

"Thus far all is right, sister," added the other person; "see, here are your clock, and the drawer of your till untouched. We have come in time."

"Oh, aunt, what do I see," exclaimed a young person, pointing to Angelique, who was in a corner in great perplexity.

"Oh, dear! we are lost!" replied her aunt; "the shop is full of assassins."

In her terror she was about to take flight, when her brother showed her it was only a child. Angelique then took courage enough to tell them that she was alone, and how she came there; but, as might be expected, she was not believed. The two men, therefore, made a strict search, after which, feeling somewhat re-assured, they proceeded to interrogate her."

"Well," said the old woman, "let her name her accomplices, or I will beat her."

"Alas! you ask me about what I know nothing," replied Angelique; "far from being the accomplice of any one, I am the victim of thieves who have forced me to enter your house."

The old woman, unable to credit her statement, had already raised her hand to strike her, when her brother interposed.

"A moment's patience, sister," he said, and whilst she endeavoured to recover from her agitation, he took poor Angelique, who was in tears, from her, begged her to be calm, and asked for a detailed account of her adventure. Angelique gave it him as well as she was able, observing the precaution of not mentioning her name, a reservation which her interrogator fully observed.

"Sir," replied the young girl, blushing, "I have told you the truth, and you now see I did my best to prevent the thieves from accomplishing their object. Of what importance can my name and that of my family be to you?"

"Ah, what confidence can we have in a child who confesses that she has escaped from school, and refuses to own to whom she belongs?" replied he.

"You are silly to listen to that girl, brother. Have not all thieves a story ready to entrap honest people? When morning comes, I will have her taken before the magistrate, and then we shall know who she is."

"The magistrate! Oh, dear!" exclaimed Angelique. "Do not expose me to such a disgrace. I would rather tell you all. I am Pierre Chiron's daughter."

"Chiron," repeated the brother, "of what place?"

"Of St. Cyr."

"What is he?"

"A gardener," she replied, in an undertone.

"There is an imposition," said the neighbour; "do gardener's daughters wear flounced silk dresses? Are they sent to boarding-school?"

"I am situated differently," answered Angelique, raising her head; "a very rich lady, who is my godmother, brings me up as her child."

"That is all false," exclaimed the female.

"No sister, I believe she tells the truth, for I know Pierre Chiron, and I know also that he has a daughter brought up at Paris by a lady of rank. Now, little one, since there is no longer a mystery between us, you must tell me everything. I do

not yet understand why you should run away from the boarding-school, where you were placed."

Angelique had such a dread of the magistrate, that she did not hesitate to confess even her foolish vanity in adopting a name which did not belong to her, and also the insult she had offered to her brother.

The person to whom she so ingenuously related her story was no other than Jean Rigobert, whom his sister, Madame Daran, had taken home after their reconciliation. Angelique's frankness entirely dissipated the suspicions at first entertained with regard to her, and Rigobert prevailed on his sister to get a bed ready for Pierre Chiron's daughter, rest being so necessary to her after what she had lately undergone.

"I will do it for your sake, brother," replied Madame Daran, "for I own I have little sympathy with a child who is ashamed of her relatives, and does not even know how to show her gratitude for the kindness of her godmother, by an entire submission to her will; since, for a whim, she can traverse the country like an adventurer."

Angelique hung her head in confusion, for her conscience compelled her to own she deserved their harsh reprimand. The following morning after breakfast, the florist, putting on her bonnet and shawl, conducted Angelique back to Madame Olympe de Saint Yves.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DEBT REPAID.

Old Simone, Pierre Chiron's mother, was sitting by the garden gate, at the further end of which her son and his wife were working. She appeared uneasy; and, from time to time, looked towards the path by which Célestin should return, who had not been seen for two days, when she perceived a traveller, nearly his height, but whose sedate steps did not resemble that of her workman. From his looking attentively at each house, it was very easy to recognise in him a stranger who felt a little uncertainty. Arrived in front of Simone, he again stopped, accosted her politely, and, at length, asked if he were not near Pierre Chiron's house.

"Is he at home, ma'am?"

"Yes; he is gardening, as a labouring man ought to do on week days."

"Can I speak to him?"

"Certainly, for aught I know. Walk into the house and I will call my son."

Pierre, on hearing his mother's voice, ran the quicker, supposing she announced Célestin's return. He was much surprised to find Jean Rigobert; but he was troubled, attributing this unexpected visit to some bad news which the old man might bring him. He discovered Pierre's uneasiness, and, without replying to his salutation, asked him, somewhat dryly,—

"What is the matter now, Pierre?" One would imagine that my visit occasions you more surprise than pleasure."

"It is because I know not to what to attribute it, Rigobert; but assure me that you bring no bad news, and—"

"About whom?"

"Do you not come from Celestin?"

I? Are you not aware that I have forbidden him the house?

Oh dear! exclaimed Pierre, unable any longer to restrain his sorrow. "Where then is he gone? We have not seen him for two days."

"That need not astonish you," replied the old man bitterly. "Has he not always acted thus?"

"The ungrateful fellow!" replied Simone, with indignation. "Was it worth sending our own child away on his account?"

Pierre Chiron endeavoured to repair his mother's indiscretion; but old Rigobert, who had come for information on this very point, inquired what that meant.

"You are a faithful friend, my dear Chiron," said Rigobert, pressing his hand; "but allow me to add that you lack prudence and discernment, for you see that he, for whom you sacrificed your own son, little merits what you have done for him. However, neither my reproaches nor praises will restore the money that a miserable and dishonest fellow would cause you to lose. I have, therefore, something better to propose to you. My sister entertains kinder feelings towards me. My daughters have become hers, so that, for the future, they will not require my protection. The rheumatism, with which I am afflicted, although not cured, yet allows me to move about; and I had already thought of getting employment. I will, therefore, take Célestin's place, and fulfil the engagement which you made with him, so that Pierre will not at least lose all his money."

"I shall, on the contrary, gain, by that means, the fruit of your experience, good Rigobert," replied Chiron; "but, in coming here, must you not acknowledge that you knew something of the trick that Célestin has played me?"

"I had not the smallest idea of it; and, in order to convince you of it, I will frankly own the circumstance which led me here. For, although you have no longer the charge of your daughter, you are still her natural protector; and it is perhaps well that you should be acquainted with her conduct."

The recital he then gave drew tears from Babet's eyes, who appeared much hurt at the contempt which Angelique manifested for her relatives. Simone, who went out and in without taking part in the conversation, came back to announce Célestin's return, whom she descried from the window. Rigobert had only time to seat himself in a corner of the room before the young man entered.

"Here you are at last," said Chiron to him, with an air of displeasure. "I did not expect to see you again. Do you think this is acting rightly towards a man who has shown himself your friend?"

"No," replied Célestin; "for, perhaps, it would be wronging myself. Yet, however, I could not have done otherwise. I did not intend to have been so long away; and, as I was compelled to keep secret the reason of my absence, of what use would it have been to mention it beforehand?"

"And why conceal it, young man? Honourable actions require no mystery."

"However, what I wanted to do is accomplished. I do not know what you will say to it; but it cannot be undone."

"I hope you have undertaken nothing that interferes with your engagement with my husband," said Babet.

"Indeed, Madame Chiron, I am obliged to confess that it is necessarily broken."

"What!" said Pierre. "You dare calmly to tell me so?"

"Do not be angry, Pierre Chiron. Everything will be settled agreeably to your wishes. Is it not a fact that, in rendering me a service, you have consulted feeling rather than prudence; and that, in consequence of my coming here, Noel has been obliged to go to service, to the great grief of his mother and grandmother?"

"Since you have found that out," replied Simone roughly, "you must make amends for that sacrifice by helping us with your labour."

"I have done better than that, dame Simone. I have put myself in a position to restore your child to you. Yes, Pierre Chiron, I leave you; but, before the end of the week, you will receive the money which you have so generously advanced."

"Ah! Whence comes that money, miserable fellow," exclaimed Rigobert, suddenly making his appearance, "that you have again procured? Can you not wait until I am dead before you complete your disgrace?"

The presence of his father seemed to petrify poor Célestin; but, at last, aroused from his stupor by the sharp reproaches addressed to him, he said, in a suppliant tone—

"You threatened me with your malediction if I appeared before you without having discharged my debt. That time is come. Pardon me, father."

"Pardon you, when I suspect that, in order to accomplish this, you have made use of dishonourable means! Explain yourself fully, and we shall then see how you deserve to be treated."

"You must know then that I have enlisted, in order to return to Pierre Chiron the money he advanced. That is not disgracing myself I imagine. Tell me that, for once at least, I have acted in accordance to your wishes."

"Yes, my son," replied Rigobert, embracing him, "Yes, I approve the step you have now taken; for it is not just that the master's child should remain an exile to make room for you. Go and serve your country; but never forget that real glory consists in honesty. No laurels and no rank can ennoble a corrupt mind."

We will here add that Célestin did not forget this paternal injunction; and that he was enjoying the esteem of his comrades and superiors when he lost his life, on the battle field, some years afterwards. Pierre Chiron no sooner beheld himself the possessor of his little treasure than he hastened to pay his debt, and to bring his son home to St. Cyr, much to the regret of M. André.

God was very good, and even bestowed special favour on this dutiful son, by giving him an intelligent mind, which made amends for the instruction he could not obtain. Without any other help than his books, and the occasional lessons of his friend, M. Valérius, he made surprising progress in his literary studies. Solomon, on the contrary, went through the routine of a classical education without rising above mediocrity. Madame Olympe scolded Angelique severely when she heard of her adventure; but, instead of sending her back to school, as M. Philéas wished, she kept her at home, where masters were engaged for her tuition. She shewed great firmness for about a fortnight. At the expiration of that time her usual weakness overcame her. She became wearied of combatting with the idleness of her *protégé*, who continued to waste her time and do as she liked.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BROTHERS AND SISTER.—CONCLUSION.

TEN years had elapsed since the period to which we have brought our story, when one morning a hackney-coach stopped at the door of a small house in La Rue Mazarine. The coachman having inquired for M. Solomon Chiron, who lived there, a young lady alighted, and asked to which floor she was to go.

"To the third, ma'am," replied the portress.

"To the third! and up this horrid staircase?"

"Good or bad, there is none other."

"But, is it possible that the person for whom I am inquiring, lives in such a place?"

"All I can tell you," replied the woman crossly, "is, that we have as a lodger a young man of the name of Solomon Chiron."

Solomon was then in mourning for M. Philéas, who, a few months before, had followed his sister to the tomb. The apartment was as humble a one as everything had announced it to be. He rose to open the door to the young lady, whom he recognised as his sister Angelique, now married and residing in the country.

"You in Paris!" he exclaimed, embracing her.

"Yes it is I, my dear brother. If you be surprised at seeing me, I am not the less at finding you in this dull retreat, whom I supposed to be in yon beautiful house in La Place des Victoires."

"That is mine no longer, Angelique," he replied, sorrowfully; "M. Philéas's heir entered a law suit against me, which I have lost. An income of five hundred and fifteen francs is all that remains to me—I have no other fortune."

"What you say equally astonishes and distresses me."

"It is however true, sister. A legal flaw has annulled the will. It is a happy thing for me that this small income had been previously settled on me. You are more fortunate than I, having, by the help of a rich dowry, married well."

"I, Solomon! Alas, I possess nothing—all is in my husband's hands, who will not readily give it up, and I am come to Paris to seek a home with you, whilst I endeavour to obtain a separation from him."

"You are not speaking seriously, Angelique?"

"Ah, indeed, I have no desire to joke. My husband is of such a tyrannical temper, that it is impossible for me to bear with it. He insists upon my obeying him—"

"Do not you know such is the duty of a wife?"

"Are you now going to take his part? Just think that I have been accustomed to do only what I like, that my dear godmamma never contradicted me, and it is an unheard of thing that a husband should be less indulgent than a benefactor. He reproaches me with taking no delight either in housekeeping or work, with treating the servants imperiously, with thinking of nothing but dress, and, worse than all, he laughs in my face when I propose a separation."

"He loves you, and hopes to bring you to your senses, that is all."

"No, he only wants to keep my fortune, and give me nothing in return, for he is

a dreadful man. So I have made my escape from him, to come and claim your protection."

"You may at least depend upon what I still possess, sister."

"Thanks, brother, I know the kindness of your heart. Now for our family. What has become of Noel?"

"Since our mother became a widow, he has resided with me in Paris, and they appear to be living comfortably, although they have no other resource than Noel's pen."

"His pen! How?"

"He writes for the newspapers, and also works of some length."

"Noel an author? Impossible!"

"Have you then forgotten the rare attainments of his youth, and that at twelve years of age he published an historical piece, entitled 'The Forest of St. Cloud?'"

"It was M. Valérius, the old professor of the school at St. Cyr, who corrected his works, or who, perhaps even borrowed his name. I always thought so."

"You did not do justice to our brother's talent."

"However," continued Angelique, scornfully, "it is said that the profession of an author is but a poor one, it rarely leads to fortune."

"I hope that Noel will owe his to his merit, not only because he works with equal delight and success, but because his good qualities have drawn down upon him the blessing of heaven. But for home duties, which in consequence of our removal devolved entirely upon him, he might, as well as we, have found a patron, which would have taken away many difficulties in his studies. Now that he has conquered them, he continues, with the tenderest care, to solace the declining years of our mother; it is for her that he writes, studies, watches—that he is ambitious of fortune and renown."

"We did not of our own accord leave home," replied Angelique; "and could not be in Paris and St. Cyr at the same time. In Noel's place, we should have acted as he did."

"I do not mean to reproach either you or myself with it, I only wish to do Noel justice."

Whilst the brother and sister were thus conversing, an interesting scene took place between the two persons who formed the subject of their conversation Babet, who was now in Paris called Madame Chiron, had found it somewhat difficult to accustom herself to this new kind of life. She longed alter her usual avocations, but had not been able any longer to resist the wish her son felt of fixing himself in the centre of learning and the arts. They occupied a floor in a small house near the garden of the Luxembourg, in which Babet could every day enjoy a walk. Her widow's weeds were superior to those worn by a villager, and when she went out, accompanied by her servant (for Noel had insisted upon giving her one), she had the appearance of a person in comfortable circumstances, her good looks and calm demeanour being admired by everybody.

The diffidence that his good mother felt in Noel's abilities, had not prevented him from succeeding, even beyond his own expectations. His excellent qualities had secured to him enthusiastic patrons, and the librarian, Théophile, among others, introduced him to the editors of the best newspapers, who added him to the

number of their writers. His name began to be known, and the comfort of his domestic arrangements enhanced. The simplicity of his habits, his orderly manners, his love of study, and his rather strict economy, ensured abundance to them, when others would only have found a bare sufficiency. Babet, accustomed all her life to wait upon herself, regarded the help of a servant as useless, and when her son, inexorable on that point, engaged one for her, she did not at first know what to do with her, nor how to speak to her, being always ready to do everything herself. However, in consequence of an illness that confined her to bed for several days, she at length felt the comfort of deputing to another the performance of certain duties, and began to see that there were occupations more suited to her new station with which she could employ her time. She nevertheless retained a great taste for gardening, as the boxes and flower-pots testified which occupied the windows, somewhat at the expense of the light. Noel, always ready to add to his mother's enjoyment, hired a piece of ground of the landlord, which rendered Babet the happiest of women.

She had just returned from her accustomed walk, and taken off her shawl in order to weed, not only her flowers, but the salad, which she thought a thousand times better than what could be bought, when the sound of hurried footsteps reached her ear. Noel entered at the same moment, his countenance beaming with delight, overcome by an emotion which tears betrayed, and shewing triumphantly a roll of paper which he held in his hand,

"Embrace me, dear mother, and let us thank God, for this is the best day of my life," he exclaimed, suiting the action to the word.

Babet, struck dumb with surprise, looked at him without knowing what he meant. Noel, trying to command himself, added,—

"You remember the dreams of my infancy, when I looked forward to becoming one day illustrious and rich, in order that you should share my fortune and renown? Well, mother, they are realised. Your son has this day been publicly crowned by the Academy—that is, by an assembly of the most celebrated men—which triumph leads to everything else. This is the moment for which my friend Théophile waited, in order to introduce a work I have entrusted to him, and for which he has promised me a considerable sum. Dear mother, you will have henceforth only to say you like a country house, and we will have one, to which a nice carriage shall take you. I desire to see you surrounded with servants, to wear silk dresses, to—"

"Stop, stop," interrupted Babet, "let me assure myself that you are not mad. A country house, a coach, silk dresses, for the widow of a poor gardener. Your head is turned my child. What need have I of so many things?"

"But, I repeat, sovereigns will pour into my purse. I am too proud of the cause of my fortune not to do it credit in every way."

"Well, Noel, were the whole world at your disposal, what would it add to your happiness?"

"I am perfectly happy, mother, honour is enough for me; it is only on your account that I rejoice at the means which accompany it, for at least I cannot refuse to receive it when it presents itself. How, then, should we spend our money?"

"Are there no unfortunate beings to assist?" asked Babet with simplicity; "will you do nothing for your brother, who has lost a fine estate?"

"Oh, my dear mother, how far above me does your goodness place you! Oh, empty glory of this world, what art thou in comparison of that wisdom which governs generous and upright minds? Yes, I was a boaster, an egotist; I saw only two persons in the world. I thank you for making me sensible of this. It is to you that I shall leave the management of my affairs, for you alone are capable of guiding them properly."

He then recounted all the circumstances of his triumph, giving full and unrestrained vent to the joy it occasioned him. He depicted to her his fears, his toil, his hopes, and the confidence and discouragement which had agitated him alternately in the prospect of this eventful day.

The conversation between the mother and son had not terminated, when it was interrupted by the arrival of Solomon and Angelique. If misfortune dispose a kind heart to pity, benevolence is also increased by joy, which it delights in having an opportunity of diffusing and sharing with others. This family meeting Noel hailed as an additional blessing, crowning the solemnity of the day; he imagined that, hearing of his success, his brother and sister had come to congratulate him.

Scarcely had Babet embraced her children, particularly Angelique, whom she had not seen for several years, than she told them of her gratification, and the happy turn which had taken place in her dear Noel's fortune. Solomon expressed himself more rejoiced than surprised, from the high opinion he entertained of his brother.

"You are so happily constituted, dear brother," he said to him, pressing his hand, "that study, uninteresting to the majority of young people, has only offered you a series of enjoyments. I was therefore very wrong to lament, as I have more than once done in secret, that M. Philéas had not adopted you in my place—you possessed that which could dispense with the help of others."

"You are mistaken, brother," replied the young laureate; "the little I know is entirely owing to a great effort of memory, and steady perseverance. The pleasure I took in them, did not prevent my feeling the difficulties of my solitary studies. No, no, nothing can be obtained without toil, whether it be in cultivating the ground or the mind of man, and I know, to my cost, that it saves much precious time, to afford youth the benefit of the experience of others."

"Notwithstanding all this," said Solomon, suppressing a sigh, "the little gardener of St. Cyr will rank amongst the literati of his age, whilst the pupil of M. Philéas will lead a humble life in obscurity."

"You are free from ambition," pursued Noel, "on which account you have preferred the title of an honest man to any other; and, if I may believe the greater number of literary characters, it is the wisest choice that can be made in order to secure happiness. This path, which now seems strewn with roses, has probably more than one thorn in store for me, and I shall then much need your consolation. Let us, therefore, no longer be separated my brother, let our re union be the first part of my good fortune. The only alteration which my mother allows me to make is to take a house of a more convenient size, and I hope that Angelique will be satisfied with the room we shall reserve for her, when she and her husband add to our happiness by their company."

Whilst Noel and Solomon were chatting together, Babet was talking in a low voice

to Angelique, who, upon being questioned, had just avowed her trying position. Noel therefore was much astonished, when, looking for his sister, to see her embarrassed and sad by the side of her mother, like a person receiving a severe reprimand.

"I will only exact one promise from you, my daughter," said the excellent mother, in conclusion; "which is, that you will not take advantage of our protection, by turning a deaf ear to your husband's entreaties, if he beg you to return to him."

"I will do as you wish, mother, but, from the manner in which we parted, there is not much probability of your hope being realised."

She spoke truly; irritated to the extreme by her whims and imperious temper, Angelique's husband was not much inclined to disturb the tranquillity which his wife's absence from home occasioned. However, Noel went secretly to see him, to shew him kindly that he also had a duty to fulfil towards her to whom he was united.

"My sister has the defects of a spoiled child," he said, "but her character is irreproachable; she is intelligent, and has a good disposition, and is yet young enough to be improved. Employ, on your part, the superiority which your age and judgment give you—complete the work which my mother has begun, by leading her gradually to recognise the duties of a wife. I flatter myself that her sojourn with us has already proved beneficial to her, and that you will find her very different from what she was when she left you."

This interview, prompted by paternal love, and conducted with equal wisdom and prudence, was attended with the happiest success. A reconciliation took place. Angelique returned to her husband's house, and was made to feel that harmony and good order must reign there, in order to promote her own happiness.

THE END.

SONG.

SHINE, shine, O moon of night!
And let your pale beams glow;
Come forth, O stars so bright!
As you did long ago.
Make earth look bright and glad,
Beneath your silv'ry rays;
Bring back the thoughts we had
In happy, olden days.

Bloom, bloom, O lovely rose!
And, in your scent so sweet,
Give to us dreams of those
Whom here we'll no more meet.
Tell us of friends once dear,
Who've long gone diff'rent ways;
Whisper of one so dear
We lov'd in olden days.

Sing, sing, O bird so free!
And, in your tuneful voice,
Tell us of times when we
Did all day long rejoice.
And as you upward soar
Towards the sky's blue ways,
Sing, as you've done before,
In dreamy olden days.

MASETTO.

YOUTH.

How oft and sadly have I gazed
On things long since forgot—
Of youthful friends, of boyhood's days—
The friends who now would know me not.

Well is it said our days of youth
Are lightly strewn with flowers;
How bright, how happy, full of truth,
Were those our happiest hours!

In youth methought to be a man
Consisted all of earthly bliss;
In manhood back to youth I ran,
Regretting boyhood's happiness.

How full of castles built on high
Were all my youthful schemes!
In manhood other thoughts draw nigh—
Reversed I found my boyish dreams!

GEO. MATTHEWSON.

THE PLAID DRESS.

A SIMPLE SCHOOL STORY.

THE church clock of L—— had just struck ten, and the young ladies of the seminary close by were intent on their morning lessons. Hitherto they had been listlessly talking and idling about, but when the first stroke of the eventful hour was heard, the merry laughter was checked, and the talking almost entirely ceased.

Now Miss Phillips's school was, in every sense, well conducted; though, of course, there were amongst the thirty young ladies over whose education she presided some few that were at times almost unmanageable, and, perhaps at any time, their temper was not very loveable. But on a whole the young ladies were considered, by those personally acquainted with them, as very intelligent and orderly. The principal feature of the school was, that Miss Phillips always heard the morning classes herself, for, although she had a competent staff of teachers, it was a source of satisfaction to her, as well as to the friends of her pupils, to hear them herself. Ten o'clock was the hour appointed for the commencement of these classes, and at this time she always made her appearance; no wonder, therefore, that the young ladies should so quickly turn to their lessons when the hour struck. In vain had Miss Bennett, the junior teacher, called for silence at least a dozen times, and, in hopes of making at least a few of them obey her orders, had given tickets for disobedience to the most troublesome among them, but without success. Their voices were quite as loud as ever, when the clock struck, and in an instant there was a complete hush. Miss Bennett vacated her seat at the head of the table as she heard the approaching footsteps of Miss Phillips, who, in another moment, opened the door quietly and advanced towards the table; all the young ladies rose from their seats as she entered, demurely glancing at their books, as if to say they were very attentive and obedient. Miss Phillips bowed, and seated herself in the chair just vacated by Miss Bennett.

"The first class for English History, young ladies," said she.

At this injunction about fifteen of the elder girls left their seats and formed themselves in a line before her. There was no talking now, and not even a smile was upon their faces. To disobey Miss Phillips would have been utterly impossible, so frightened were they at incurring her displeasure. A half hour's examination ensued, and the class was dismissed. The second was then summoned, and so on, until the whole of the lessons were said, and "well said, too," as Miss Phillips ventured to say, by way of commendation. On this morning she did not immediately leave the room, but, having allowed the young ladies to resume their seats, she said—

'My dears, if you will listen to me for a few minutes I have something to say that will tend to elevate your apparently depressed spirits."

The young ladies were all attention, so she continued.—

"I think it is not necessary to inform you that the annual flower show is announced to take place in the Castle grounds, on Tuesday next, and I want to know if you would like to go."

"Yes, Miss Phillips," exclaimed twenty voices at once.

"I expected you would," replied Miss Phillips, smiling; "and to-day being letter-writing day, I want you to ask your parents if they will allow you to go. You must all remember to be supplied with a suitable dress, as most of the aristocracy will doubtless be present; and I may also say that my brother and a few other friends intend paying me a visit next week. Therefore, recollect my injunction with regard to the dresses. And now, dears, it is time to put away your books, you will not walk to-day. Miss Bennett, perhaps you will come with me," she said, rising.

"Yes, with pleasure," replied Miss Bennett, glad to be freed for a while from her sometimes troublesome pupils.

As the door closed behind the two ladies, one of the elder girls exclaimed,

"It is our greatest treat this half. I

shall not write home to ask; I shall go. And I have lots of dresses I can wear, that's one thing."

"But then," said Katie Green, "Miss Phillips told us all to write; therefore we ought to write, whether we can go without or not."

"I shall not," replied Ellen Somers, indignantly; "pray do not interfere with me, you will have enough to do with your own affairs. I write home, indeed, to ask if I may go to a paltry Flower Show, not I!"

"Nor I!" exclaimed Polly Brown; "such nonsense. She only meant the younger ones to do so."

"I think she meant all of us, Miss Brown," a young, delicate-looking girl ventured to reply, as she rose to leave the room."

"I know what she meant, Annie Grant, without your dictating to me," replied Miss Brown angrily.

But she received no reply, for Annie was gone ere she had finished speaking. Several of the younger ones who were not interested in the discussion went out to play, evidently to the satisfaction of the elder girls.

"How exceedingly fast Annie Grant makes herself," exclaimed Ellen Somers. "Of course she must write home; she cannot, for shame, go in that plaid dress she calls her best. She has had it ever since I have been here, and that is four years at Midsummer."

"Miss Phillips will make her have another—she would disgrace us all," continued Polly Brown. "Why it is worse than either of my old ones. I do hope she will have to send for a new one, there will be such a fuss made about it."

"I hope she will have to stay at home," was the ill-natured remark of Ellen Somers.

"For shame," cried some half dozen voices.

"Oh dear, Polly, we must not speak; Annie Grant is in great favour seemingly," exclaimed Ellen Somers, satirically.

"Perhaps they will venture to lend her a dress," said a young girl in the farther corner of the room, who was writing home to ask if she might go.

"So I should think, Fanny," eagerly replied Polly Brown. "If she likes, I will lend her this one," she continued, pointing to the one she had on. "It is decidedly better than hers."

"Well, don't let us say any more it," said Ellen Somers. "We will wait and see if she will write home."

"Not she; they can't afford it," replied Polly Brown. "Why, one of the girls that used to live here, came from near their home, and she told us that they are wretchedly poor. They keep no servant, and her brother is a poor clerk."

"I wonder, then, how it is they can afford to send her to such an expensive school as this," said Ellen Somers.

"Why, I believe," replied one of the girls, "that Miss Phillips is not paid for her; but how that can be I don't know. She is quite a favourite with Miss Bennett. Sometimes I imagine that it is her that keeps her here."

"No, that cannot be, for when Miss Bennett first came, she did not know her," replied Ellen Somers.

"I guess how it is," exclaimed Polly Brown, "she is being educated for a governess, and perhaps Miss Phillips will have her for a teacher when she is qualified."

"Gracious me, Polly, how you talk!" cried Ellen; "you will frighten us all away. Talk of having that poverty-stricken creature to teach us! Miss Phillips knows better, I'm sure. My papa would not let me stay here another day, if he only knew there was such a mean girl in the school. Fancy her teaching us!"

"Annie Grant will never be a teacher while any of us are here, so do not trouble yourselves," exclaimed one of the young ladies; "for Miss Bennett is engaged for four years, that I know for a fact."

"Who told you," asked Polly Brown, annoyed at the presumption of the speaker.

"If you wish to know, it was Miss Bennett herself," replied the young girl, colouring.

"Thank you for the information," said Ellen, sneeringly.

At this juncture many of the young ladies left the room, leaving their un-

kind schoolfellow to discuss the condition of poor Annie Grant at their pleasure; which they did, until they had given vent to all the unladylike and unfeeling remarks in their power. When they met in the afternoon all eyes were turned on their victim, but poor Annie did not know what they meant. Her eyes were red and swollen, and many were the conjectures as to the cause. But in vain; there were only two besides herself that knew, and they were Miss Bennett and Katie Green, her bedfellow and associate. They did not know that it was the Flower Show that had caused her grief. The poor girl longed to go, but she could not afford it. She never thought of a new dress, that was an impossibility; but, on passing the school-room door, she heard the unkind remark of Ellen Somers.

Nothing more was said by Ellen Somers and Polly Brown in the presence of their schoolfellows; but, when they were alone, they talked and wondered how it would pass off. Tuesday came; the morning opened cheerful and sunny, and they were all up early, so great was the pleasure they evinced. Miss Bennett was deputed to superintend the young ladies toilet on this important day. Miss Phillips was engaged with her visitors, who had just arrived. Ellen Somers was dreadfully impatient to know what Annie Grant was going to wear. She could scarcely arrange her new dress, so flurried was the disagreeable girl; and she would not wait until eleven o'clock, the time they were to assemble in the school-room, to be introduced to the visitors.

"Do go, Polly, up to their bed-room," she exclaimed, "for some excuse, and see what she is going to wear."

"I shall be fined if I do; we had better wait," replied Polly Brown.

"There are no fines to-day, Polly. How many times must I tell you so?"

"I forgot. I'll just run up," replied Polly; as throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she bounded up the stairs to the room above, knocking at the door, she opened it in the greatest hurry imaginable.

"Can you lend me a few hair pins, Annie?" she asked.

"Oh! yes," replied Annie, good-naturedly, "you may take as many as you want," handing her a box.

Polly took a few, and put the box back on the table, and, with a hurried "Thank you," started out of the room. Once more in her own room, she carefully closed the door.

"Well?" said Ellen, inquiringly, "Have you seen her?"

"Yes; and what do you think?" she exclaimed.

"I don't know?"

"Why, she has actually got on her plaid dress. She is ready, and is dressing Katie Green."

"You don't mean it!" cried Ellen.

"I do—I haven't patience. Miss Phillips will never let her go."

"And do you think Miss Bennett has seen her?" asked Ellen.

"Miss Bennett is in the room with her, dressing little Alice."

"Well, wonders will never cease! How can she dare to go in such a rag?" And Ellen tossed her head disdainfully.

"Oh! if she should be told to stay at home before Mr. Phillips and all, won't it be a disgrace to us all!"

"Not at all," replied Ellen. "We are dressed as we ought to be; it will rather serve to reflect credit on us."

"I think Miss Phillips ought to send her away—she is not a fit companion for us."

"I'll take care I don't speak a word to her the whole of the day," said Ellen.

"Nor I," replied Polly.

Without any further conversation, they completed their elaborate toilet to their entire satisfaction, and glanced admiringly in the glass at what they fancied their exquisite appearance. And then, with no little pride, they descended to the school-room, where nearly the whole of the young ladies were now assembled. Miss Phillips and her friends were not there; so the two, bent on scrutinising the dresses of their school-fellows, passed arm-in-arm up the room. There were many there who rivalled them in neatness and simplicity, but they passed on until they came to Annie Grant. Before her they stopped, and stared rudely in her face. But she, too wise to notice it, turned away.

"Annie, are you going to stay at home?" asked Ellen Somers.

"No, Miss Somers," she replied, laconically.

"Oh! I thought you were not going, as you were not - " here Polly Brown nudged her elbow, to stop her speaking, which Ellen did.

They had now seen all who were there, and retired to the window, to comment on the appearance of the girls.

"Well," said Ellen, "I think, next to ourselves, Katie Green is decidedly the best dressed."

"Do you think so?" replied Polly; "Now, I don't like her dress, it is so childish to wear all white. If she had worn a scarlet cloak, she would have looked much better."

"Look!" said Polly Brown, "what a beautiful bouquet Katie has! And so has Annie! Where can they have got them from? How very provoking! We ought to have had one by all means—how very thoughtless we were!"

"It is of no use lamenting—we cannot get one now. Besides, I can't imagine that they could get them from Brown's nursery, and, if they did, Katie must certainly have paid for both—Annie could not afford it. Let us go and speak to Katie—she will tell us, if we ask."

They went straight up to the young girl, and, drawing her away from Annie, began by admiring her flowers.

"I was not aware," said Ellen, affectedly, that Mr. Brown had any flowers for sale, or I should certainly have had a bouquet."

"He has not any," replied Katie.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ellen; "I was led to suppose that you purchased yours there."

"I did not purchase them at all," replied Katie; "they were the gift of a friend. Such flowers as these are rarely sold in bouquets."

"And Annie, too, were hers given her?" asked Polly Brown.

"No! not exactly," was the laconic reply.

"Oh! she bought hers?" said Ellen, inquiringly.

"She did not," answered Katie; "she it was who gave me mine. She had several bouquets, but she has given them all away, except the one she kept herself, and that she offered to Jane Marsden, who, however, would not accept it, as it would be taking the last that Annie had.

"How very conscientious," remarked Ellen.

"Whom has she given them to?" inquired Polly.

"Oh, I cannot mention their names, but Miss Phillips and Miss Bennett have one, I know," replied Katie.

"Where did she get them from?" asked the inquisitive Ellen.

"They were sent as a present from home, I believe," was Katie's answer.

Annoyed at the thought of being outdone by young ladies whom they thought in every way inferior to themselves, they haughtily moved away. At the same moment, the door opened, and Miss Phillips walked into the room, followed by her brother and two gentlemen. The young ladies were formally introduced by their governess, and when she came to Annie Grant, much to the amazement of Ellen Somers and Polly Brown, she kindly took her arm, and, drawing her forward, said in a pleasant voice—"Miss Annie Grant—Mr. Holmes, Mr. Edwards." "George," she continued, addressing her brother, "you know Annie too well to need any introduction; and I know you you will be pleased to enjoy her society once more.

This was quite enough to mar the enjoyment of the unkind girls for the rest of the day. They felt almost inclined to stay at home, now that all chance of their being the point of attraction was gone. But they mastered their feelings enough to allow them to go, and in a few hours they were enjoying an ample repast in the castle grounds, prepared for them by their kind and considerate governess. The day was a merry one, and after the flowers had been seen, there was a concert. Then there was dancing, in which the young ladies were allowed to join; and, after all, there was a brilliant display of fireworks. It was not until a very late hour that the party returned; but this only added to the enjoyment of the day, as it was a beautiful moonlight night. They all declared they

had spent an exceedingly happy day; for, although Ellen Somers and Polly Brown had not spoken to Annie Grant during the whole of the day, she was too happily engaged to notice it. But Miss Bennett had done so, and had remarked the unmannerly conduct to Miss Phillips.

The next morning, the usual duties were resumed, but with anything but diligence by the young ladies; their minds were not with their lessons. And when Miss Phillips came in at the usual time, there were no perfect classes ready for her. Having waited a considerable time, she left the room; but returning in a few minutes, she called for Miss Grant. The young girl timidly approached her, but she soon gained confidence when she saw Miss Phillips's smiling face.

"My dear," said she, "my brother and his friends are going out to-day; and they are anxious to secure your pleasant company, as well as Miss Bennett's. You are a very diligent scholar, therefore I will excuse your lessons this morning, to enable you to be ready at an early hour.

"Thank you," was the modest reply.

How annoyed Ellen Somers felt! None cared to know, but they saw plainly enough she was confused. She bit her lips to stifle her rising anger, and at last rose from the table. Polly Brown was not in the room, so that Ellen had to silently suffer her annoyance, and to be noticed by every one.

Several days passed by, during which Annie Grant was often called upon to go out with the visitors. Once or twice some of the young ladies joined her; but not once were the two ambitious and disagreeable girls invited to go.

At last the day arrived for the departure of the visitors. Mr. Phillips was called back to business, and his friends declared that they must go at the same time. In the morning they entered the schoolroom with Miss Phillips, where the young ladies were all quietly seated. She arose, and said:—"Young ladies, my friends and my brother are desirous of seeing you all once again before they leave, for which purpose they are now here. They also have given me a task to perform, which, perhaps, they will think rather a difficult one; but it is not so. As a parting memento, they have decided to present one of the young ladies with a handsome and costly gift, and the young lady entitled to it is to be my most diligent, amiable, and best pupil. Now, I know which is the best girl now in this room, and therefore I call Miss Annie Grant to come forward.

Trembling and blushing, Annie approached her kind governess. She had to pass between all her school-fellows, many of whom loved her dearly, although, as we have seen, there were a few who did not. Miss Phillips, kindly taking hold of her hand, said:—"Gentlemen, this is my most worthy pupil. She is an excellent girl; and not only for diligence do I recommend her, but also for her amiability, and consideration for the comfort of others. She has been under my care for four years, during which time she has never once incurred my displeasure, and I think that is of itself a sufficient commendation. I know I am sometimes accused of having favourites, but I can say that I always entertain the best opinion of the most worthy of my pupils."

The modest, simple-minded Annie could scarcely refrain from tears, while her governess was speaking so eloquently in her praise; and when she led her forward to the gentlemen, to receive the book, she trembled violently, and her eyes were turned to the ground. With a kind word of encouragement and praise, one of the gentlemen put the book into her hands, and then they both cordially shook hands with her; and with an affectionate farewell to the rest of the young ladies, they left the room, accompanied by Miss Phillips. As the door closed behind them, an eager crowd of young ladies gathered round Annie, with the intention of examining the book. But they were baulked in their desire, for a message came for Annie to go into the drawing-room, and take the book with her. It is unnecessary to detail the disagreeable commentaries made by Ellen Somers and Polly Brown. They were annoyed beyond description; but the worst had not come yet.

A few days afterwards, the whole of the young ladies were directed to assemble

in the dining-room at the termination of the class. As they descended to the room, they were on the tip toe of expectation, imagining something pleasant was about to occur; but when they beheld Miss Phillips's stern and dignified look, they were completely awed, and their pleasant hopes were turned into fear. When they were all seated, Miss Phillips began :—

"My young friends, the last time we met, it was for a very different purpose than the one of to-day. I had pleasant news to communicate then; now I have a very unpleasant and sorrowful task, as it implicates two of your school-fellows, and that in a way utterly disgraceful to them. I refer to Miss Somers and Miss Brown. I have been told, but, remember, not by the young lady on whom the wrong has been inflicted, of a very unladylike proceeding, which originated in the trip to the flower show. It appears that a discussion arose, as to whether I meant all, or only a few, to write home. I meant that every one, without any distinction as to age or position, should do so, as Annie Grant rightly ventured to assert; and in so doing brought down on herself a volley of abuse. But more than this, it appears that the position of Annie, her dress, and many more things, were spoken of in terms anything but proper. They imagined, it appears, that I should not allow her to go with the rest, on account of her wearing a dress which was not new, and which those two young ladies spoke of as being a disgrace to the school. I never heard, I could not have imagined, that any one of my pupils could have dared to have said a thing so entirely devoid of truth. It appears, however, that they decked themselves out in every imaginable colour, in all sorts of finery, with the view of outshining their school-fellows; which they certainly did: but at the same time, they brought upon themselves the ridicule of all. They did not speak to Annie during the whole of the day, merely because she had on a dress that was neither new nor fine. Now, young ladies, I will give you my opinion of dress. If you would look nice, be neat; do not make yourself like dazzling rainbows; be contented with colours that harmonise. Again, tidiness is another important point. Ellen Somers, with all her costly and tawdry finery, did not look nearly so well as Annie Grant. Her hair was slovenly, and she had been aiming at some new style, I presume. Her dress was not neatly put on, her bonnet was bent, and she looked exceedingly untidy. Annie Grant, on the contrary, was a perfect picture of neatness. There were no unsightly patches on her dress, that we all know. It was as nice and neat as the day it was new. Perhaps it is a little faded, but what does that matter? she certainly looked as well as any one of my young ladies. My brother noticed her appearance several times, and has drawn comparisons between her and Ellen Somers. The appearance of a person to a stranger is everything: by her dress they can estimate her character, her abilities, and her manners. It was Annie's dress on that day that led them to seek her company on the following day, as they did indeed several times afterwards; and to no one in this room can the visit have been a source of greater happiness than to Annie. And now, my dear girls, let this be a warning to you;—to all, more especially to Ellen Somers and Polly Brown. Do try to hold up simplicity and neatness as an example. Remember that beauty when unadorned is adorned the most. Dress neatly, and every one will admire you; dress gaudily, and you draw on yourself the ridicule of every one. Another thing, do not boast of your riches; it is a vain thing, and a proof of want of common sense. In this case, you will see poverty has been the source of happiness. It often is. It is not a mere chance; such scenes happen every day. Again, do not speak unkindly of one another. Go hand in hand; do not each try to pull a different way. I think I have now said enough. My object was more to advise than to reprove, as I felt Ellen Somers and Polly Brown acted under the guidance of rash and improper feelings. I trust this will be a lesson to them, and to you all. Annie is a girl of good moral sense. She would not be here to-day from a proper feeling of kindness; and it is at my own inclination, and not at her wish, that I have

spoken on the subject. Now you may go, but let each remember what I have said."

The young ladies dispersed with better feelings in their hearts, and, I am glad to say, that Ellen Somers and Polly Brown sought Annie, and begged her forgiveness, which she immediately and cordially granted. From that day, the three were united in bonds of friendship, and Annie was loved by all as a sister.

ROSALIE.

REVERIES.

SITTING before a cosy fire, with door shut, and windows carefully closed, what can there be to suggest the idea of dear old Dunham? Yet here, as vividly almost as ever to my material eye, has risen before my mental one, a picture of "the pleasant places of my youth."

> "The little waves rock to and fro,
> And the white gull lies asleep,
> As the fisher's bark, with breeze and tide,
> Goes merrily over the deep."

It is still the Dunham of my childhood, not of my maturer years, the bright sunshine, the blue sky, the far-spread reach of glancing waters, all belong to the "long ago," and so too do the two figures that I fancy I see wending their way along the road, then shyly and cautiously lingering near the door leading to the kitchen-yard of what was usually our sea-side lodging. Many and many a year has passed since I beheld that pair, yet I recognise them at once--the "bathing beggar" and her son.

The title is an odd one, certainly. I imagine that, as children, we had sufficient shrewdness to observe that, in general, beggars were not particularly fond of cleanliness, and as the woman in question not only dipped herself, but taught her boy to do so, such an honourable departure from the common rule was commemorated in the name bestowed on her. She was singular in other ways, though very harmless in her oddities, if they might be called such. Who or what she was no one could say with any certainty, the generally received opinion, however, being that she had "seen better days," a phrase in frequent use in Ireland, where the merest suspicion of such a fact is sufficient to gain for those so situated an amount of deference and delicate respect both surprising and touching.

The "bathing beggar," for by this uncouth name I must designate her, in default of any other, never could be persuaded to take her meals in company; many a good-humoured stratagem have I seen our old cook put in practice, in order to break through her solitary habits: always shy and silent, and apparently unwilling to mingle in the least with the regular band of applicants for relief that thronged our door, the mother and son would stand aside until called to receive their dole, and then, with hasty steps, would seek some quiet spot where they might have their meal undisturbed. I think it must have been chiefly on this exclusiveness that the report respecting her past history was founded, for so far as my memory serves, very little could be discovered by conversation with her, though I know our housemaid used often to endeavour to draw her into chat, with very small tangible results, however, except an infinite number of head-shakings from our worthy domestic, though her turn for the marvellous was considerable, and would have enabled her to construct a goodly castle of romance had any foundations been available.

So the "bathing beggar" came and went amongst us, creating plenty of conjecture, but satisfying none; just sufficiently strange in her appearance and habits to make us children a little afraid when she and her son came down on the strand to pick limpets, or to bathe amongst the rocks; just singular enough to keep curiosity alive, without necessitating an explanation of the phenomenon; just a subject for a quiet gossip amongst

the nursemaids congregated on the shore, or the cooks dividing remnants amongst a crowd of sturdy pensioners.

But the waves of the great sea of time have long since swept away every mark of the wanderer's footsteps. I think, but I cannot be sure, that she was at Durham for more than one season, possibly for three, but whether it were so or not, all trace of her has been lost, all record, save the slight picture traced on the canvass of memory. But often and often, in the after years that succeeded those old, thoughtless, childish days have I pondered over the few, faint outlines thus left of what may possibly have been a mournful history of reverse and disappointment, of passionate hopes and wishes blighted in the bud, of weary yearnings to be free

"From the slow wasting, from the lonely pain
The inward burning of those words '*in vain*,'
Seared on the heart."

How often, even as now, have I, in fancy, seen that strange, silent woman, moving along on her solitary way, and thought how many such are to be found in the daily walks of life, how many an unwritten romance might be read, could our eyes but pierce the secrets of the folded hearts around us. Better, perhaps, for them and us that the veil should be drawn between us; better that they should be spared idle comment and unpalatable pity; better that we should be taught to pass on softly and reverently, owning the majesty of sorrow, and leaving the sufferer in the hands of Him who we know doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.

ILLA.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

THAT dismal impersonation by which men are now accustomed to image forth the King of Terrors, we owe to the middle ages. Though the figure of a skeleton has been occasionally found sculptured upon ancient tombs, it does not appear that it was ever there intended to be symbolical of death. An inverted torch, or some such graceful image, was usually adopted in classic ages to express the extinguishment of human life; and the tendency of the heathen mythology and philosophy was to dissociate the thoughts of the grave from any sentiments of unmanly dread.

The circumstances of the early Christians likewise tended to divest death and the grave from any associations that might awaken disgust or aversion. In the times when persecution raged, and martyrdom was not unfrequent, the faithful were taught and encouraged to look upon death as their great deliverer, the means of their triumph, and the herald of perpetual peace.

As ages rolled by, and the standard of human conduct became debased, men had reason to look with some apprehension on that event, which their religion informed them precluded all after change, and initiated them into their state of final happiness or woe. At the same time, their unrefined imagination required something gross and palpable to feed upon. The concealed truth, wrapt up in figures and symbols, they cared nothing for. It scarcely affected them at all. But any rude, homely illustration, no matter how coarse, was felt at once, and its truth and force readily acknowledged.

Under such circumstances, the human skeleton became everywhere regarded as the true and only type of death. When the idea first crept in, it is impossible to discover with any exactness; but by the close of the ninth century it was in universal use. Death once represented as an animated skeleton, the fiction of his appearing to different individuals, and summoning them away whether they would or not, seems little more than a variation of the original thought. It is supposed to have first been put definitely forward in an old Latin poem, written by a French monk. However this may be, the thought was eagerly seized upon, and, with its various embellishments, it

became one of the most popular and fruitful fictions of the middle ages.

Death visiting the king, the serf, the bold man, the child, taking them off, one by one, with his most forcible persuasion, soon became a subject on which every rude painter tried his hand. It was represented in tableaux; the miser going off with his friend, and then the same friend calling away the lawyer, and then the priest, and so on; while the whole series was called "The Dance of Death." The Church seized upon the idea, and the Dominicans especially, who almost monopolised the preaching, had scarcely a convent which was not embellished with a "Dance of Death." They found it of invaluable use to them in their sermons, as every condition of men was implicated in this solemn merriment, and, with such notes, they could rarely fail to make an impressive discourse under any circumstances.

And in the cloisters of the cathedrals, on the walls, on the windows, on their public buildings, in the market place, on the bridges, nay, in private houses all through the northern part of Europe, especially during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, where might there not be found a "Dance of Death?" The idea seemed to be specially congenial to the Teutonic mind. It worked its way, indeed, into every European literature, but the nations of German extraction more delighted to parade it in every possible form, and what sly satire, what searching sarcasm, what grotesque humour, was it not made the vehicle! and yet the subject remained the most lugubrious that could occupy the thoughts of men. Here we see the first broad manifestation of that union of the comic and the terrible, the first balance of that strange taste which loves to contemplate buffoonery and solemnity intermingled, which is so peculiarly a characteristic of the German races.

The most celebrated of all these pieces was that which stood in a small shed in the church-yard of the Dominican convent at Basle; and which was standing, though in a dilapidated condition, so late as 1505. But the first publication upon this subject was issued at Lyons in 1538, and the prints were regarded as copies of works executed by the famous Hans Holbein, at Basle, his native place. This was soon republished with alterations, though it was not till 1545 that the work was arranged in the form in which it has come down to us. It soon attained an enormous popularity. Edition after edition was printed. The plates were transferred to missals, and were used as illustrations of every kind of work. This always went by the name of "Holbein's Dance of Death," and, for a long time, the designs were regarded as the genuine work of that artist. But doubts have been raised upon this as upon so many other literary matters in which our fathers implicitly believed, though the weight of evidence still inclines in favour of Holbein.

The number of plates in this celebrated work amounts to fifty-three, though several of them appear to be interpolations, as they have little or nothing to do with the subject; while those which are strictly part of the Dance amount in number to forty-one. They differ from other designs on this subject, inasmuch as they frequently represent a group of persons, whereas the old paintings generally had only two individuals in each compartment, Death and his victim. The freedom, spirit, finish, and severe truth of some of these gems are truly wonderful. What a satire upon human vanity! And, oh! what fantastic humour is there; what irrepressible mirth breaks forth in every attitude of that strange dread spectre! There is the messenger bringing to a new-made cardinal the insignia of his dignity, and Death looks him in the face and takes his hat off ere it is well settled on his head. And the bishop —ah! you must come—and he tucks the prelate's arm under his own, and walks him off, to the bishop's unmitigated surprise; and see! he has put the abbot's mitre upon his own head, and has shouldered his crosier, and has got the abbot by the robe, and is laughing in the very intoxication of delight at his victim's futile reluctance. And there is the canon, with his furred robe and rich vestments, walking leisurely to his cathedral, and Death steps behind him and holds up an

hour-glass before his face. The sand has almost run out. And there is a friar preaching to a self-satisfied congregation, and Death peering over his head in the pulpit, and holding up a human bone. Churchmen are satirized, and kings, and emperors, age, and the Pope himself; and lawyers, and physicians, and every human passion and folly. There is the miser, who has barred himself up with his treasure, but Death walks in, in spite of bolts and bars, and helps himself to his gold at pleasure; and the merchant, who has just escaped shipwreck, grasps his recovered bales, but it is of no use, Death has got hold of him, and his recovered merchandise he must again abandon. And there is the bride, but Death is sporting even with her; and the young warrior fights with the courage of desperation, but Death is more than a match for him; and the newly-married pair are listening to each other's converse, and Death is frantic with delight as he beats his suspended tabor, for there will be more work for him, so he will leave them alone for awhile. There is a merry meeting, and Death pours the wine down the drunkard's throat. Death is fighting with a fiend in order to carry off the gamester, he clutches the robber just as he is chuckling over the success of his villany. The blind man submits to his guidance, and he plays jocosely upon his dulcimer as he beguiles the old man into the open grave, takes the pack off the pedlar's back, and the fool prepares to have a merry bout with him, it will be his last. But there is one plate more touching than all, perhaps because there is less of satire in it. It shows us an old shed, bare and desolate, and a woman bowed down with poverty, is boiling some broth for her two children, when Death steps in and leads off the younger. In vain he stretches out his little hand to his mother, she can only utter exclamations of sorrow, for there is no one to help her. Why should that little one wish to remain amid all that wretchedness? Why should she wish to retain him? Oh, spare the innocent yet a little while! no; Death has him by the hand, and he cannot stay there longer. No wonder the fiction was popular. There was joy, sorrow, mirth, madness, misery—a stereotyped epitome of the world. Every one anxious, every one busy, and death sporting unexpectedly with all. It was a printed homily and satire combined, which all who read could understand, and there was a truth in it of tremendous significance, which all felt it their duty to apply, though they did not always care to apply it.

The set of plates here alluded to as "Holbein's Dance of Death" has been published by Mr. H. G. Bohn, of Covent Garden, and, with the illustrative text, forms an interesting and important addition to that valuable series known as the "Antiquarian Library."

TO THE RIVER WYE, MONMOUTHSHIRE.

STRIKE, strike the harp's indulgent strings,
Till hill and vale with echo rings;
And every warbler 'neath the sky,
Shall utter joyous harmony.
Sing of the Wye's pure limpid stream,
Through ancient Tintern's fairy land.
No spot, methinks, more beauty yields,
In fragrant and luxuriant fields;
And if awhile you chance to stray,
When moonlight sheds her tranquil ray,
Each shady grove, and plant, and flower,
Seems loveliest in that favoured hour:
While as you gaze, still something new,
Will ever open to the view,
To glad the heart, and feast the eye
Along thy shores, romantic Wye.
Tall cliffs, by moss and ivy crowned,
With lovely vales and plains are found,
Array'd in Nature's blooming pride,
From Tintern fair to Severn side;
While many charms doth intervene,
To decorate each magic scene.
Within the calm, sequestered vale,
I've heard the merry minstrel's tale,
Who sweetly on his lute did play,
Some ancient legendary lay,
'Till rocks reverberate the sound,
In murmuring echoes all around.
All that of pomp which now appears
Upon thy shores from by-gone years,
Proud Abbey stands—a ruin grey,
Where monks and friars met to pray.
Sweet pile of grandeur! hail to thee!
Thou ancient, fair monastery.
And thou, my own, pure sylvan stream,
Doth ever bright and lovely seem.
May sunshine decorate thy bowers,
And s'rew thy banks with vernal flowers,—
"For Nature lives beyond a day,
While art is mouldering to decay."

IAGO.

FIRMNESS OF CHARACTER AS OPPOSED TO OBSTINACY.

THERE are not a few qualities which, while exceedingly different in reality, are, to the casual observer at least, not dissimilar in their manifestations. The diffident man is often stigmatised as proud and haughty, because he shrinks from that free intercourse with his neighbours which, while easy to them, is torture to him; the ostentatious man is frequently awarded high place among the ranks of the benevolent, although, in the secret of his soul, no title to such distinction exists. We are bounded in our power—no ability is given us to search into the hidden places of the hearts of those around us: to what then shall we have recourse when we desire to seek the solutions of such problems? Perhaps our safest guide to a true result will be the slow but sure one of close observation, of diligent comparison, of avowed principle, and actual conduct. There are unguarded moments—insignificant actions—in every life, which contain volumes to those who can read their signs aright. This remark applies strictly and forcibly to the case in question. Shall we then proceed to inquire what shades of difference? And, in despite of some assertions, I am well convinced that there are many subsisting between those two developments called respectively Firmness of Character and Obstinacy.

Let me take the least desirable quality first, and ask what may be its component parts? It is far too commonly possessed by mankind for any to plead ignorance of its nature. At least, if such lack of knowledge be ours, it ill becomes us to lavish the epithet, as we often do, on the conduct of those whose plans differ from our own.

Obstinacy implies the presence of no small amount of self-confidence. To assert and to maintain the propriety and necessity of any train of action in opposition to every remonstrance—to persist in our opinion, when most, if not all, around us dissent from it, and seek to dissuade us from our intention of carrying it into effect—would be a simple impossibility if some such strong foundation did not exist already in the mind. Is it then to this that we are to refer the whole matter? May we define this unhappy tendency as an exhibition of over-grown self-esteem? Not wholly so. Other ingredients are requisite to make up the entire.

To thwart and set at nought the convenience of others is an ungracious thing, and augurs badly for the actor. Selfishness is a dangerous guest for any heart, and it alone can prepare for the task. Then to self-confidence we must add this latter quality, and the two undoubtedly form no desirable union.

Let us look deeper still. Can we, beset by human infirmity, arrogate to ourselves the ability requisite for forming perfectly infallible decisions? Are not the wisest amongst us, if they desire indeed to maintain the truth, obliged often to examine, and, it may be, to alter their opinions on many points; in other words, "to change their minds"—that hardest, most humbling of ordeals to a proud nature? How is it then with those who refuse to yield to this law, and, having once promulgated their ideas and plans of action, adhere to them amidst all circumstances—all changes of condition? Conviction forces itself on the soul, even through the strongest bars of prejudice. We cannot shut our eyes and close our ears against her; but we can conceal from others that the unwelcome visitor has made an entrance into the citadel. Integrity must be abandoned; but our point will be gained. Is not this choice often set before the obstinate, and what is the decision? Too often the event answers the question. Truth is sacrificed on the unworthy altar of self. "Be consistent,—hide from those around that any vacillation of opinion can be yours,—do not let them triumph over you." Such is the false language of the unregenerate spirit, listened to, alas! when the conduct ought to be swayed by the highest and purest of motives alone.

One more item, and I shall close this long, but imperfect, enumeration. Perhaps this last particular scarcely deserves

to rank as high as its companions. It is an evil, but one that, while it certainly entails annoyance on others, more especially brings down with it its own punishment on the heads of its possessors. I allude to that pettiness of character that is such an invariable accompaniment of Obstinacy, that meanness, that inability to rise above minor affairs, that inclination to attach undue weight to the veriest trifle, and to dispute and overbear with as much eargerness and pertinacity as if the point in question were in reality one of the most intense importance.

There is little beauty in this group of attributes—self-confidence, selfishness, disregard of truth, pettiness of character. Few would desire to have such motives ascribed to them; and yet how often do we trace their working, not only in the conduct of our neighbours, but also in our own? It is true that very frequently their manifestations are not absolutely decided. Modifications exist: other qualities step in and produce their softening effect; but, if the root of bitterness be there, however we may conceal, or palliate, or give smooth names, the fruit will bear such witness as will put to flight and reveal the truth in its real and unlovely colours.

When we turn to consider the opposite side of my subject, Firmness of Character, we shall find the scene changed - so changed that we shall marvel how it can ever happen that man can be so unwise and misjudging as to mistake the one for the other, to dignify the false with the title of the true, or to debase the honourable by affixing to it the stigma that rightfully belongs to the unworthy. And yet this is what they have done. Past ages bear ample testimony to the correctness of the accusation, and the experience of to-day teaches us that, in this particular, we are no wiser, no more just, than our ancestors. It is so easy to mistake, to misinterpret, to call the virtues of our opponents by every possible name of reproach, while over our own failings we draw a convenient veil, or it may be boast ourselves of the very evil from whose yoke we ought instead to strive to free our captive spirits.

There is one point undoubtedly in which the two dispositions at issue bear a resemblance one to the other. Both equally pre-suppose the possession of self-confidence—so far they move along the same path, but it may be doubted whether they do so exactly side by side.

The delineation of true Firmness of Character would consume no small amount of my limited space. Let me, at all events, attempt it, endeavouring to be as brief as justice to my subject will permit. What then is requisite for the due formation of this truly noble attribute?

Clearness of judgment, a capacity for weighing and considering conflicting claims and sentiments, and for selecting, from among them, those that most nearly approximate to the truth. Lacking this power, the mental mist would be too great to permit of that definite action that springs from conviction.

Unity of aim, which will lead to a simple, resolute pursuit of the object in question.

Strength of will, which, without degenerating into stubbornness, will carry its possessor decidedly through obstacles.

Perseverance, but not blind pertinacity, to keep him from being deranged by the numberless impediments both from within and without.

Self-dependence, to uphold him unshaken, even if the whole world cry out in scorn of him and his enterprise.

These, but not these alone, are essential Further still must we go if we would depict the whole. We must speak of honesty of purpose which will shrink from all duplicity, and openly avow the truth however it may seem to run contrary to former opinions-- of courage and self-devotion, which will nerve for maintenance of the right, be it assailed from what quarter it may of an elevation of soul which has nothing in common with the low and the mean, which is too earnestly bent on concentrating its energies upon worthy objects to bestow one needless thought on the small and the unimportant.

The weak, the illogical, the boasting swell the ranks of Obstinacy—the strong, the reasoning, the working, they marshal themselves beneath the opposite standard.

ILLA.

A SKETCH.

Mrs. H. sat in her cosy parlour, her busy fingers employed on some fairy piece of needlework, her little one playing at her knee, her thoughts,— Well! they, at least, are private property; but we may safely assume that they were pleasant as the sunny face which mirrored them. It was nearly two o'clock, and the young matron dined at that primitive hour, so she folded her work, and, in true housewifely fashion, proceeded to gather up the slight confusion of material on the table, and told Willie, he must take his "toys away, because Susan was coming to lay the cloth." Just at that moment Susan was heard running upstairs in a manner which made even Master Willie marvel; and he was about to express an opinion on the subject, when the excited maiden rushed into the room, exclaiming—

"Oh, ma'am! I'm so sorry; but I could not help it, ma'am; indeed I couldn't. Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Susan, what *is* the matter?" asked her astonished mistress.

"Oh, ma'am, it aint no fault o' mine; but, oh! *the kitchen chimney's on fire!*"

"Never!" exclaimed the lady, as if doubting the possibility of such a calamity darkening her hitherto happy life. "It can't be true—it's too dreadful," said she to herself as she almost flew down the stairs; and, kneeling on the kitchen fender, peered up the chimney. But oh, horrors! there was the soot blazing away frightfully. What was to be done? Salt was thrown on, water too, and everything else that could be thought of; but without effect. Then they took to shovelling, —nay more; poker and tongs were all thrust up, as if to beat the fire out; but the mass of burning soot seemed to augment.

Mrs. H. was at the verge of despair, when suddenly a double knock was heard at the door. "Mind the child," was the mother's hurried injunction as she flew to open it, hardly knowing what she did. The open door disclosed a neat, quiet looking, elderly lady, who was just about to say, "My dear, as it was such a lovely morning, I thought I would come over and sit with you for an hour;" but these words were all frightened back into her throat at the appearance of the figure who opened the door to her. It was heated and flurried to a degree perfectly incomprehensible to the little, old lady, who stood aghast, as it franctically pointed its finger at her, and bid her "*Fetch the sweep!*"

"Mamma! mamma! make haste, fetch the sweep!" reiterated the excited Mrs. H., in a tone calculated to raise the neighbourhood.

"A sweep!" slowly repeated the astonished lady. "My dear, I don't know any sweeps. What—"

"Oh, mamma," groaned poor Mrs. H, "the chimney's on fire!"

This last sentence had the effect of an electric shock on the little, old lady, who, without knowing how she got there, found herself the next moment knocking continuously, and with all her might, on the door of a friend who lived in the next street. The servant of the said friend wondered greatly at such an unwonted announcement; and her surprise was by no means decreased when the author of it demanded to know where a sweep lived.

"Tell me directly—without asking a word," added the strange visitor. Whereupon the servant gave the address as clearly as was possible under the bewildering circumstances. Without thanks—without another word of explanation, old Mrs. G. turned on her heel and ran,—on, on,—up one street and down another,—tumbling up against fat men,—pushing over perambulators,—till, oh! long-desired vision! blessed emblem!—there, over a doorway, hung a *sweep's brush!* She entered, and going straight up to the man, who was leisurely reading a newspaper, she adjured him, by everything he held dear on earth, to run with all his might to 28, Cam Terrace.

The man laid down his paper, and opening his large, stupid eyes to their utmost extent, gazed with unrestrained astonishment for the space of a minute,

and then, as if suddenly infected with a like panic, he caught up his cap and rushed out of the house. Meantime poor Mrs. H. was growing impatient, and fearing lest her mamma should have mistaken the road to the sweep's house, she despatched Susan after another chimney functionary. All this time the mass of burning soot seemed to grow brighter, and the poor lady's fears increased in proportion, till feeling unable to wait any longer, she caught up her bonnet, and ran to the corner of the terrace to see if she could obtain any sign of the approach of the much-desired grimy face. Presently she espied him in full career towards her; in a minute he had passed, she only imploring him by a gesture to hurry on, and then herself hastening after him as fast as ever she could. At the same moment another sweep emerged from the other end of the terrace, followed by Susan, the four nearly all falling into each other's arms at the door of No. 28, where, just as this disagreeable concussion took place, a cart, which had been tearing up the street, suddenly stopped, the said cart containing a man and boy belonging also to the black fraternity. All were soon peering up the chimney, and making use of the brushes to such an extent, that the room became unbreathable to Mrs. H., who, now that her chimney was in able hands, felt that she could do nothing but wait patiently, so she withdrew to an adjoining room, and from sounds which there reached her ear, she soon became almost uncomfortably conscious that the men were enjoying a little fun at her expense. She also found, from their conversation, that they intended to "make a good job of it." Here was a predicament! It puzzled her to know how to act; but she thought it better not to seem flustered, so, as confident as might be, she again braved the smoke and dust which the men were unnecessarily making, and said, pleasantly, "Why, there does not seem to be much damage done after all."

To which one of the men replied, "Well, you see mum that it might have been a deal worse, if you hadn't been so quick in calling help." The blackies here exchanged sly winks.

Mrs. H. felt annoyed, and began to speculate as to the amount of the "harvest" they meant to make out of her fright, when her husband's knock was heard. Oh, what a relief! Often before had it been listened for and loved, but now doubly welcome! The men were soon dismissed with their proper fees, the room was cleared up, and the next day this story was told to

GIPSY.

THE LANDLORD'S VISIT.

"TERRA, my boy," said my father to me one day, "put on your hat, and we'll go and visit some of our people in the valley. We have been away from home so long that I should like to see how things have been progressing in my absence."

I quickly jumped up, for I was always happy at the prospect of a walk with my father, as he generally contrived to make the journey instructive as well as amusing. "See," he would say, "there is a raven;" and then he would tell me all about that species of bird, and descant upon the various superstitions which are firmly rooted in the minds of the lower classes. Any anecdotes, also, bearing on the subject, would be forthwith related; and the interest of the journey was always enhanced by the amusement and instruction received by the way.

My father, Mr. Cotta, was a large landholder, and was the owner of some cottages and grounds in a valley near us, and one small tenement about half a mile further on. He always treated his tenants with courtesy, and was ever ready to hear complaints and grant indulgence or extension of time for payment of the rents; and it was said of him that "he never oppressed any one in his life." Severe illness had compelled him to be absent from home for nearly a year; and he had given directions that, during his absence, his business should be carried on, and the

rents received, by a Mr. Varley. This man had a sinister look about him; and, I must say, I ever regarded him with aversion. My father, however, believed him to be a thoroughly practical man of business, and supposed that his harshness was merely superficial.

Mr. Varley accepted the appointment with suspicious eagerness; and, having arranged his affairs, my father set off with the whole family for Germany.

We had returned about two days before; and, wishing personally to observe the aspect of affairs in the valley, my father invited me to accompany him in the words recorded at the commencement of this story.

It was a fine morning. The showers that had fallen the previous night had just sufficed to give everything its freshest appearance, and the walk was excessively pleasant and agreeable. We were gaily walking along, when, turning a corner, we perceived an old woman, sitting on the bank by the roadside, looking very dusty and fatigued, while the tears were chasing each other down her furrowed cheeks. My father, ever alive to another's misfortunes, instantly stopped; and, approaching the old woman, he kindly asked what ailed her, and whether he could be of service to her in any way? and at last gleaned from her the following outline of what had taken place in his absence.

"Sirs," she said, "I am a poor, old woman that have lived in the small cottage yonder for near on twenty years. My landlord, Mr. Cotta, who owns all this valley, and lives in the hall over there, was a very humane person and a kind gentleman; but, alack! he fell sick and left England; and, while he was away, his business with us was to be carried on by Mr. Varley, who had somehow managed to curry favour wi' him, that he himsel' might reap the advantage. We soon found that our prospects were very much altered from the time when Mr. Cotta was here. Mr. Varley exacted the rents punctually, and gave no grace. If the people could not pay on the day, owing to bad crops or the like, he gave them notice to quit immediately; and, as last year was a bad season, half the poor people were turned out to wander away to other towns. Eh, sirs!" continued the poor creature, "but I could tell ye mony more things that he did, greatly to our discomfort and misery, but I must soon be going. I managed to pay my rent to the day all last year; for although my garden had failed me, yet I had laid by some money, as I thought, for my old age, and what was wanting I made up from that. But, sirs, all my savings were spent in making up my last quarter's rent, and I have no means whatever for paying the amount due to-day; and Mr. Varley told me, when this morning I begged for a little time, that if the money was not paid before night, he would turn me out, 'and a good riddance too,' he says. But they told me that Mr. Cotta had come back, so I'm going to the hall now to beg *his* mercy, for I can get none from Mr. Varley."

I never saw my father so affected as he was at this sad recital. He lifted his hands and eyes in amazement and distress that such wickedness should have been practised in his name; and, disclosing his name to the old woman he bade her return to her cottage, while he went to see Mr. Varley.

The old woman's face lighted up with gratitude. She seized his hands, and, in choking accents, called down blessings on his head, until, to end the scene, my father gently disengaged himself, and hurried off with me to the residence of his collector.

I will not attempt to describe the scene that ensued. Mr. Varley was taken by surprise. He had not heard of our return, and was totally unprepared with his explanation. He said something about the perverseness of the tenants, and the difficulty he always experienced in obtaining the rents; but his excuses were not allowed, his self-justification disbelieved, and his office taken from him on the spot.

Leaving him, we proceeded homewards; and the very next day my father, displacing Mr. Varley's creatures, who had occupied his houses, reinstated his old tenants in their former domiciles. The valley soon regained its pristine cheerfulness, and the people were often to be heard discussing the happiness they had enjoyed since the *Landlord's Visit.*

TERRA COTTA.

THE WORK-TABLE.

PETTICOAT BORDER IN EMBROIDERY.—As there is no kind of fancy work more in favour than embroidery, we give this month a handsome border intended either for a petticoat or a child's frock. Many young ladies accomplish beautiful pieces of work, by having something always in hand, which can be taken up or relinquished under almost any circumstances without injury. At this bright season of the year, when so many happy families are enjoying the pleasant and healthy air of the country or the seaside, it adds much to the pleasure to have some light occupation in which to take an interest, and a piece of handsome embroidery is particularly suitable. Our design is to be worked on cambric muslin; if for a frock it should be fine, but rather thin, as it looks prettier and lighter when completed. It is all cut out and sewn over. Before commencing, we should recommend that the pattern should be traced from our illustration, and made longer. The one part of the pattern is a repetition of the other, so that as large a portion as may be desired may easily be obtained. After carefully tacking the muslin on the pattern, trace it neatly with Messrs Walter Evans and Co.'s No. 16 Perfectionné Cotton, and sew it over with No. 20 of the same kind of cotton. This will be found a very ornamental border.

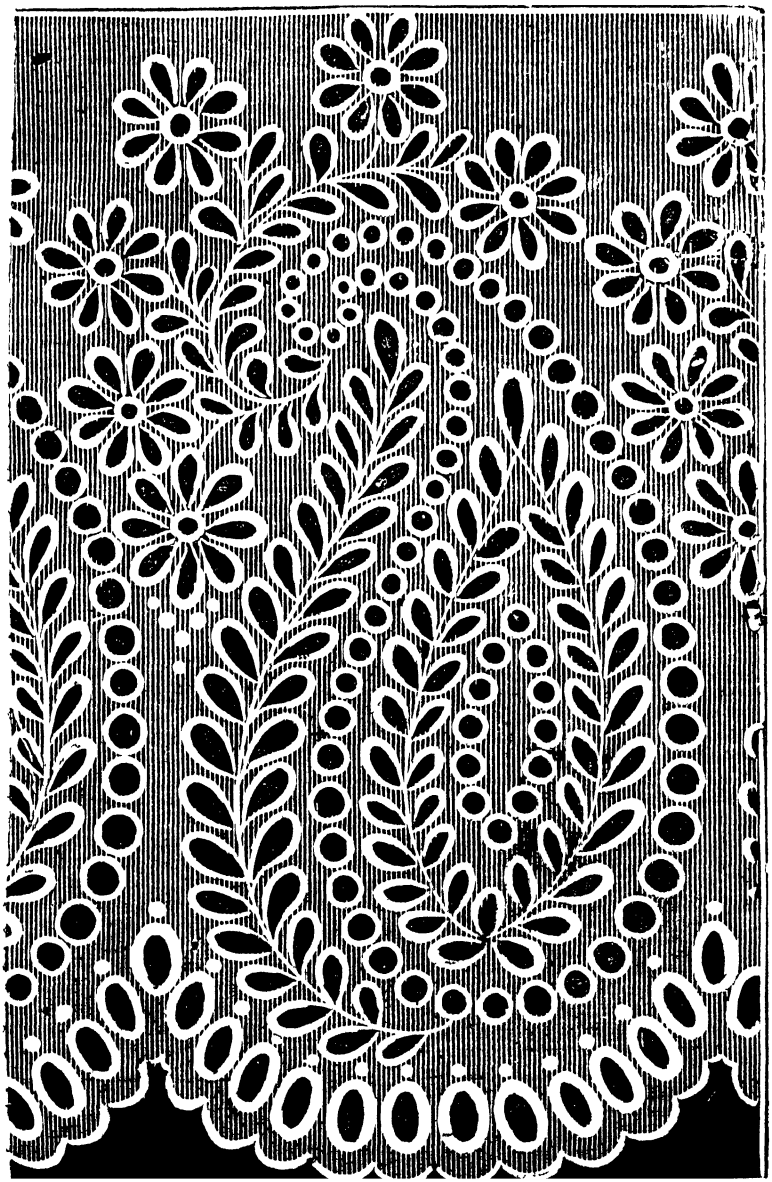
THE WATCH PINCUSHION.—This pretty little article has much the appearance of a gold watch set with turquoise. It is made in the following way :—

Two rounds are to be cut out in cardboard, the size of our illustration. This is best done with the help of a pair of compasses, as it is necessary that they should be very exact. Then take two small pieces of maize-tinted ribbon, gold-coloured silk, and cut them round a little larger, so that they may well wrap over the edges of the cardboard; then fasten them on with stitches at the back all round, from one side to the other, so that they may be not only quite secure, but flat on the face, and smooth on the edges. Then draw in with Indian ink, the face of the watch, and sew on one small black bead in the centre. The figures ought to be very neatly put in.

When the two rounds of cardboard have been thus covered, and the face of the watch drawn in, the turquoise beads are next to be arranged round the edges of both, as well as in the central ornament at the back. Then a gold thread is to be taken and carried neatly in and out, according to the pattern, round these clusters of turquoise. The best way of securing the ends is, to make a hole with a needle just under one of the sets of beads, and putting the ends through to fasten them down on the wrong [illegible] Let it be understood, that it is only the centre of the back that is now to be finished off with the gold thread, and not the edges of the watch.

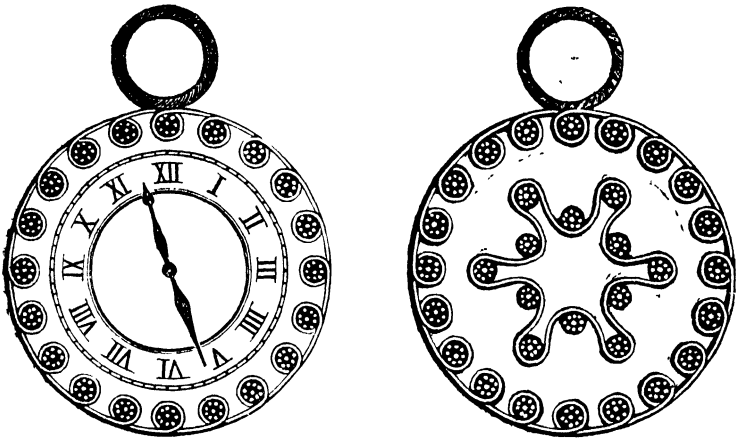
Then take a few thicknesses of flannel, and stitch them through and through, so as to make them into a compact form; and, having done this, cut them round very accurately to the shape and size of the round of your watch. Be careful not to make this too thick, as it would spoil your work to have it clumsy, and flat watches are fashionable. Then take a very narrow ribbon exactly of the same colour you have been using before, and sew it round the front of your watch; after which, put in your flannel, already prepared, and sew in the back exactly in the same way. The stitches should be very small, and a very fine silk ought to be used. It may, perhaps, be rather difficult to procure a good ribbon sufficiently narrow for the edge, as it ought to be rather less than a quarter of an inch in width, but it does quite as well to fold one in two, which makes it stronger.

When the watch pincushion is thus formed, it only remains to finish it off with what appears to be the gold setting of the turquoise. For this purpose, the



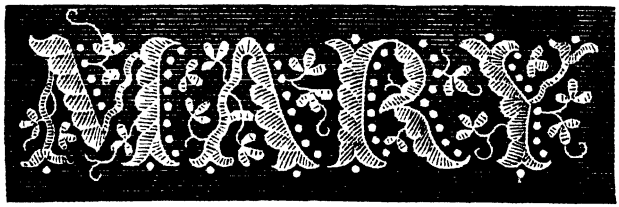
gold thread must be taken and carefully carried all round the little clusters of beads, and on from one cluster to another, covering the stitches round the edge. The beads in our pattern are very small, and of a bright turquoise colour; but if there should be any difficulty in procuring them of the same size, and some a little larger are taken instead, then it will be better to use only five, for fear of spoiling the delicacy of the effect.

It now only remains to take a wire button the size of the ring of the watch given in our illustration, and having cut out the thread centre, wind the wire ring round and round with the gold thread as regularly as possible, fastening the ends, when they meet, with a needle and the maize-coloured silk, and, without breaking off, sewing the ring on to the top of the watch, having before taken care that the join of the ribbon which forms the edge shall come in the same place. We can assure our young lady readers that this is one of the prettiest pincushions ever invented.



THE WATCH PINCUSHION.

"MARY" IN SATIN STITCH. — This pretty name is to be worked in satin stitch, with very fine cotton. It is quite an ornament used as a handkerchief corner. No. 80 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Perfectionné Cotton will be found the proper quality for the embroidery of these extremely elegant letters.



GUIDO FIRTH'S FLIRTATIONS.

Chapter I.

"Harry, you presume upon your privilege as a friend."

The speaker, a young man of some nineteen or twenty years, pushed his chair back so violently that it fell to the ground, and he rising paced backwards and forwards on the carpetted space the narrow limits of the little room inclosed.

"I am sorry, Guy, that you should think so, when my aim all along has been simply your own good, and the welfare of those whose happiness is bound up in your own."

"But there are some things one cannot bear to hear, though they bear the selfish motive, one would think we might become more easily reconciled to than anything else—that plea for restraint, one's own good."

The haughty lip relaxed, and the flashing eye cooled, as he paused before the table at which his companion sat with books before him, with which however his fingers played idly.

It was a fine face, that of the youth addressed, by the younger of the two, as Harry—dark, and stern, and resolute. As to features, not handsome; but possessing a quiet strength in its simple goodness of expression. On the broad, white brow lay the mark, that he who runs may read, of a pure and lofty soul, fighting with the daily trials and temptations of life—fighting but to conquer. For the rest, Harry Dorrel was short in stature, reserved, and shy in disposition, shrinking from the notice his talents were continually attracting. Possessing none of the brilliant qualities that made his companion so popular, he was, nevertheless, not less known and beloved in the circle in which he moved, for the charity that was ever seeking to benefit another, and the unselfishness that was the fearless price of his intercourse with his fellow-students and friends.

It was singular that Guido Firth—handsome, gay, and gallant—should have sought out this quiet, studious Harry, and chosen him as his friend, from the many congenial associates that composed the circles of students in this quiet, out of the way, little town; but so it was. They were room mates, and inseparable companions in many pursuits though, as may be supposed with natures so widely different, there must be occupations which the other could not enter into.

Guido's disposition was pleasure-loving. He was not averse to study, and possessed good abilities; but he lacked the earnest devotedness of Harry. Indeed, the only and petted child of wealthy parents, he possessed not the governing aim that made Harry's labour so great and his life so sincere; he dallied too much with the allurements that surrounded him, and suffered himself to be led into neglect of duty that entailed many difficulties.

It was the frittering away of time, that had been given him for the acquirement of studies, that were hereafter to be needful to him in his foreign home, that Harry had taxed him with now, and provoked that remark with which my story opened.

"Guy," continued Harry, "you must admit that there is truth in my remarks. Our morning study hours are nearly past. I have mastered my tasks for the day. Yours have yet to be begun; and we are engaged to a quadrille party, at Mrs. Rivers's, to-night."

"By Jove so we are," responded Guy, with a prolonged whistle.

A faint smile played over Harry's full, red lips, as he took up some torn and blotted sheets of violet tinted paper that environed his books on all sides.

"But the topography of a *billet doux* has been the extent of your morning's studies. Were you successful, Guy?"

A bright crimson flush spread itself over Guido's handsome face; but the comic archness of Harry's was not to be withstood, and he burst out laughing—

"Harry, you are a meddlesome dog. Who would have thought your eyes had been wandering so much from the calculations before you as to perceive what I was doing?"

Harry's smile warned Guy, more plainly than words could have done, not to trust to his blindness where any one he loved was concerned.

"Ah, Guy, you are a sad flirt! This was intended for Miss Rosie—was it not? And there is little Elsie Rivers in a perfect flutter of anticipation over the conquest she intends to complete to-night. My vanity will not allow me to say that I have but a small chance of making impressions upon the fair sex, yet I have no specimens of their handiwork to glory in, and remind me of their delicate beauty, as you have. I have no silken tassel pendant, from a gaily embroidered velvet cap, to dangle in my eyes, and remind me of its pretty giver, and abstract my thoughts from my books,—nor are my feet encased in variegated wool work; but I have yet to find that this helps you on in the great labour of life: for, oh Guy! dear friend! life is no bauble to be trifled, toyed away, but a great and awful reality, upon the use of which depends our weal or woe for eternity."

Guido Firth had continued his walk, up and down the room, while Harry spoke. Once he had stopped, opposite the glass over the mantel, when Harry alluded to the handsome smoking cap he wore, to observe the effect of its gold and green embroidery on his bright features and closely-curling golden-brown hair. As his blue eyes sparkled with conscious vanity, Guy was beautiful as a young Adonis. As Harry concluded, Guy was stationary by his side, his hand resting upon his friend's shoulder, and tears quivering on his long eye lashes.

"Harry, I have not deserved such a friend as you are. Excuse my shortcoming,—I cannot help it, though I know my life to be nearly all frivolity, with no one pursuit perseveringly followed. It is, it must be, my nature."

"No, Guy, you wrong yourself. You have a strong and resolute will when you choose to exert it,—you have a mind capable of the noblest efforts; but, shall I say it?—you have a vanity so great that you are continually and foolishly led by it to fritter away the time, that should be used in great and glorious labour, in the grand struggle of life."

Harry tossed the falling dark hair from his gleaming brow as he spoke, expanding his broad chest with the long breath of excitement he drew in, and the full glory of his manhood ringing in his musical tones.

"Oh, Guy! brother! friend! shake off the unworthier: be your nobler self. Give up this flirting—useless, heartless, selfish as it is. If you must have bright eyes to shine upon your path—if you feel that you cannot labour unless a gentle voice bids you God speed—choose one from the many, the purest, and best. Live, labour, and strive for her approval. I can understand a downright honest love—the brightest jewel in manhood's crown; but not this devotion to the many—a fancy that varies with every breeze. Now fired by the magnetic glance of a brunette,—then softened by the melting light of an azure eye. I want to show you that while a true and holy love may be your greatest spur to the conquest of all that is good and noble, this trifling and flirting with every girl you see will increase the vacillation of your purposes, and unfit you for the duties that await you here and in your after life."

"Harry," Guy exclaimed, clasping his friend's hand warmly, "if I ever become worthy of the dear parents who have sought to make their careless son good as well as successful, to you they will owe it. I will forego the commencement of the party to-night, and mind you, the first quadrille promised me by that lovely little Nellie Seymour, to make up for the lost time this morning. A good excuse will put all right with our hostess and Elsie."

It was nine o'clock when Guido Firth and Harry Dorrel entered the house of Mrs. Rivers. It needed no very acute observer to note the many bright eyes that gleamed brighter still when Guido made his appearance, nor the soft flush that mantled in the smooth young cheeks.

Elsie Rivers, the fair young daughter of the house, was the great attraction of the evening; fair as a poet's vision, lovely as the dawn of a summer's morning, with a bashful consciousness of her beauty as the knowledge dawned sweetly upon her through the soft, earnest glance of Guy's eyes. Her lithe figure was draped in

clouds of gossamer white, through which a snowy silk gleamed like snow-flakes through a veiling pale of moonlight; her hair rippled in shining curls from her pure young brow, falling long behind, gleaming with every shade of gold and brown as the shining waves caught the lamplight; there were blush-roses on her bosom and in her lovely hair, and as soft a bloom upon her cheeks, as Guido claimed her little hand for a promised dance, and her violet eyes fell beneath the glance of his.

Guido's attentions were not vacillating that night, for no fairer than Elsie was present, and he thought he was really following Harry's advice in that he devoted himself so entirely to her.

"Call me at six to-morrow morning, old fellow," Guy exclaimed when the friends had returned to their lodgings. "I'm fairly in for it at last—chosen my divinity, and prostrated myself at her shrine; in fact, acted entirely according to your advice. She is leaving early to-morrow, going to visit a relation in the north, and I am to call for her portrait," and Guy divested himself only of his dress-coat and tie ere he threw himself down upon the bed for a few hours' sleep, to be in readiness. "Be sure you remember, Harry," were his last words ere sleep claimed them both.

No amount of fatigue made Harry Dorrel forget his duty; and though he knew his master was lenient when, as it sometimes happened, a dance made late hours on the preceding evening, he arose at his usual hour, and calling Guy according to promise, started off for the works.

It was not yet six, and Guy, sleepily glancing at the clock, turned over for simply five winks more; but during the reign of drowsiness his feelings had become much less ardent, and the vision of Elsie faded away into an indistinct dream. Seven o'clock struck — half-past — and Harry, returning to breakfast, awakened Guy, who started up hastily and glanced round with such comic bewilderment that Harry threw back his head, and his musical, mirth-inspiring laugh rang through the room.

"By jove! Harry, it is no laughing matter. There—I have been and gone and lost the portrait of the loveliest girl in Christendom, all through my confounded indolence; and I lay down in my clothes to save time, too, by all that's glorious!"

"Never mind, Guy. No use crying over spilt milk."

"A Job's comforter you are, certainly. What do you think the young lady herself will imagine is the cause of my non-appearance? A pretty opinion, indeed, she'll form of me."

"She will doubtless have departed," said Harry, with comic gravity, "and taken with her all the light and beauty of N. Where shall you turn for compensation and consolation?—east, west, north, or south?"

Guido turned round half vexed, half laughing, and aiming at Harry with the brush he had in his hand, the latter thought it expedient to make his escape to the parlour, where breakfast was laid.

Guido's conscience-pricks soon vanished; for, before many days were over, Elsie's moonlight loveliness was forgotten in the charms of a certain golden-haired little witch, called Katie Somers.

Katie was a visitor at the house of Mr. Freestone, the architect, with whom many of Harry's and Guy's fellow-students dwelt, so that the latter was constantly thrown into her society during the festivities that were held in her honour. A gay, mischievous little sprite, was Katie, and nothing loath to accept the handsome and accomplished Guido Firth as her escort and beau on all occasions. She was the petted and best-loved niece of Mr. Freestone, who had adopted her brother Mark, as Katie had been claimed by an aunt, for they were orphans. Katie's visits were of rare and memorable occurrence, as her aunt's home was in the extreme south of our sea-girt isle. As to personal attractions, she was the veriest little witch that ever condescended to inhabit mortal mould; from the soft golden-ringed curls that decked her lovely head, to the dainty tips of her fairy feet, she was perfectly enchanting. She danced, laughed, played, sang, and conversed with an artless grace that rode triumphantly over all Guy's good resolutions; and Harry grieved more than ever

over his shortcomings, but silently now, for he saw that remonstrances were useless. Katie might have quoted truthfully, "*Veni, vidi, vici*," for she seemed to turn the hearts and brains of all, from the biggest to the least of her uncle's pupils; even Harry—steady, resolute, systematic Harry—saw visions of golden ringlets dancing athwart his books, and when he shut his eyes to repel the tantalising idea, sweet blue eyes peeped into his own with a mocking loveliness.

A week before Katie left, Mr. Freestone gave a party in honour of his niece, a dance in the large rooms of his elegant house, that seldom echoed to the sounds of such fairy-like revels. Katie, in flowing robes of glittering pink silk, looked lovelier than ever with those silken rings of pale gold sweeping back from her blue veined throat and temples, and Guido modulated his voice to its softest tones, as with her little gloved hand upon his breast he promenaded the flower-decked room by her side.

They were talking of Harry, whose dark, thoughtful face had interested the volatile Katie, and provoked questions from her which drew forth Guy's unselfish eloquence, which made the little maiden's cheek glow with feelings she had never known before, of which admiration was but the smallest part. She could not tell why it was that, when Harry asked her to dance, she felt no temptation to laugh and flirt with him as she did with Guido and the rest. Was it that his goodness and knowledge overawed her trifling little self! Yes, that must be it she thought; but Harry did not seem to perceive the vast difference between their individual selves, but conversed with her with a gentle deference that delicately re-assured Katie.

He was wise and kind. Katie respected him vastly; but then he was so different from Guy, whose eyes spoke such subtle flattery when they rested upon her that hers drooped beneath the transparent lids; and his hand, Katie wondered what it was in its firm pressure that thrilled through her slender frame, and brought the warm crimson creeping, creeping up over neck and face.

The evening was nearly over, when, heated with a prolonged and spirited dance, Guy drew Katie into the conservatory and seated her beneath a cool and sheltering accacia. It so happened then and there, Guy scarcely knew how, that Katie's fairly-like beauty completely swept away every idea that had hitherto restrained him in his flirtations, and he told her plainly and simply of his love and admiration. Guy had never put these thoughts into words for any young lady before. Katie's blush and confusion were flattering assurances; but at that instant her brother's voice was heard at the door of the conservatory calling his sister's name.

"Wait, Katie, one minute," pleaded Guy, "answer me."

"Let me go, I must. Mark will be here directly," Katie exclaimed in embarrassment.

"But I may not be able to speak to you again to-night. Katie, do you love me? I will come to-morrow evening. If you favour me, Katie, darling, wear this same little diamond cross and chain. I shall need no words."

"Katie, Katie," called Mark.

Katie broke from Guy's detaining hand, glanced back through burning blushes to let fall in silvery tones—

"Come if you will." She fled to her brother's side.

The next evening there was a dinner party of her uncle's friends. It was not for them that Katie dressed herself so daintily in the dark-blue silk, with its trimmings of black lace, that enhanced by contrast the pearl whiteness of her skin, and the radiance of her golden curls. With a smile and a blush she stood before her mirror to fasten on the slender golden chain, with its diamond pendant, that was to tell her boy-lover so much that night. The gentle dignity of her mien, and the light in her blue eyes, were quite independent of the guests with whom Katie conversed so wisely and sweetly, that her uncle was delighted, and whispered the warmest approval in her ear. With the crimson deepening on her cheeks, Katie retired to the drawing-room, but she could neither settle to books nor to music, but wandered restlessly about the room, now peeping

through the window into the bright moonlight flooding the grounds without; then shivering and crouching upon the hearth-rug before the fire. But the evening deepened, she was joined by her uncle and some of the guests, but still Guido came not. At ten o'clock Mark came in, and as he cavalierly turned over her music for her at the piano, amongst other gossips, whispered in her ear, "I told you Guido Firth was an arrant flirt, after paying the attentions to you that he did last night. I left him just now flirting most desperately with Lucy Bowles, the pretty barmaid at the 'Rising Sun.'"

Katie heard no more, poor child! Wounded and sensitive feelings forced the pretty colour from her face, and flooded her eyes with tears, which, however, a native pride kept from falling, until, angry and indignant, she conquered the weakness in the solitude of her own room.

A week later she returned to her southern home, not having seen Guy again, or received from him any explanation of his heartless conduct.

Chapter II.

And what had become of Guy meanwhile?

On that same evening, leaving Harry at his books, he had wandered down to the river's side to muse away the time until he should call on Katie. It was a lovely spring evening, and he rambled on by the banks of the broad stream, pausing now to lean over a bridge and watch the shining ripples as they rolled over the stones. The sound of a stifling sob close by startled him from his revery. Another and another. From whom could they proceed? Guy's kind heart was touched; he followed the sound, and discovered a slight little form crouched upon the grassy bank in the shadow of the bridge. It was a form he knew well—Lucy Bowles, the pretty daughter of the inn-keeper.

"Lucy, little Lucy, what is the matter?"

But, at the sound of his voice, a shiver ran through the slight form, and she crouched the closer to the ground.

Guido hesitated for a few seconds; but rather would he bear anything than the sight of so much grief. He sat down upon the bank, raised the quivering form, and, removing the shielding hands from the tearful face, demanded, in the most tenderly insinuating tones, to know the cause of her sorrow.

The little face, thus exposed to the view, was sweet and child-like in the extreme, though eighteen summers, at the least, had deepened the golden-brown tints of the shining hair; a tiny, tremulous, rosebud of a mouth; and soft, dark eyes, that peeped up, with a kitten-like shyness, from the curling fringe of shading lashes. Lucy Bowles was one of the prettiest girls in N., and Guy had not been long in finding that out, and expressing his admiration of the humble beauty. Many an hour had he idled away in her father's bar, talking with the barmaid—many a glass of drink would he never have tasted but for the fairy fingers that served it so daintily. Lucy, pretty little silly, had not the discrimination to see what was merely on Guy's part an idle flirtation, and gave as much of her foolish little heart as vanity did not claim to her youthful admirer; and when, in consequence of Katie's arrival, Guido's visits were less constant, and his attentions dropped, she took it into her weak little brain to grieve for his lost love, which she laid to her own faults or wrong doings, never dreaming that superior attractions were the real reason.

Guy, as I have often said, had a kind and affectionate heart; and, seeing her in tears, revived a part of his devotion to this wee maiden he was wont to call his bonnie birdie of the sun By alternate teasing and petting, he managed to draw from Lucy, amidst her blushes and very attractive coyness, somewhat of the truth. His vanity was flattered that this little maiden depended upon him for the sunshine of her life; and, by the time he had recalled the smiles to her face, Katie and his engagements were forgotten.

Guy returned home with Lucy. Her father was absent; and while the old woman, her grandmother, alternately knitted and dosed by the fire, she played draughts with Guy, with many breaks in the game, which were filled up with the

little tender speeches and implied compliments he knew so well how to make.

It was ten o'clock when Lucy accompanied Guy to the door; and lingered there, in the moonlight, to say goodnight.

"I am so glad," she whispered in tremulous tones, as he held her little plump hand, "that you were not displeased with me."

"Foolish little thing to fancy, for an instant, that I could be; but, Lucy, what will you give me as token of your forgiveness for my seeming neglect? I have a fancy for this," and he touched a dainty, little, blue breastknot that fastened the plain white linen collar around her slender throat.

"This is such a trifle," replied Lucy, with a quick smile and blush. "Oh! Mr. Guy, I wish I had something more worthy of your acceptance—something you might value in remembrance of Lucy"

Guy assured her nothing could be more like herself than the pretty knot of her own manufacture. Her little fingers trembled so eagerly with its unfastening that he had to give her assistance. His head was bent until the falling curls upon his brow mingled with the smooth braids above hers: their eyes met. Then Guy forgot himself—his arm slipped around that lithe form—his lips met hers in one warm, eloquent kiss, and he was gone.

There lay a shadow in the moonlight. It crossed the street,—nay, now was by Guy's side, with silent arm linked in his. Guy turned his head aside. He need not have feared. During that speechless walk home Harry's glance never once sought his face.

He never afterwards alluded to that night—never spoke a word of reproach or warning; yet Guy knew, as well as if he had received the most bitter upbraidings, that he had been guilty of a great and shameless sin, and that his true-hearted, single-minded friend was as well aware of the fact as he was himself. None need envy Guy the feelings of self-reproach and remorse he concealed in his breast for the next and many succeeding days. Yet the one thing that would have hallowed and sanctified these feelings he never tried — reformation. His intercourse with Lucy increased. Not a day passed without his seeing her, and most of his evenings were spent at the "Rising Sun."

It was some months later, one early summer's evening, that Harry, lingering over his books, loathe to leave them even for the balmy out-door air, heard a strange footstep on the stair, that lingered as though feebly mounting them step by step. Having reached the landing at last, in reply to the knock, Harry bade the owner come in—a man of some fifty years, weather-beaten and grey, prematurely aged by care and disease. He knew the stranger well. It was Peter Bowles, the father of Lucy.

"Take a seat, Mr. Bowles. Here, let me take your hat. You wish to speak with me, did you say?"

"Yes, sir, asking your pardon for troubling you with my affairs; but, knowing you for a kind young gentleman, I thought you would not be above doing me a kindness if you knew that it lay in your power."

"Certainly not," Harry answered seating himself opposite to his unexpected visitor.

"You see, sir, I am but a broken-down man. My fortunes and health failed me when I sadly needed both. Yet I lived to see my wife and children all laid in their graves. God spared me but one, my little Lucy. It is no use going into particulars. You know, even better than I do, how intimate she has become with Mr. Guy of late. It is nonsense to think that she is more than a passing fancy to him, while he is ruining her whole life. He has nigh turned her head with his flattery already. She was but a vain little puss to commence with, certainly; but just how far he is to blame, sir, you shall judge."

Harry heaved a deep sigh, and clasped firmly the back of the chair on which his hand had formerly rested.

It was several hours later that Guy came in and found Harry still sitting without lights, though the darkness was far advanced. Neither was he occupied with his books, but sat leaning upon the table, his face buried in his hands. He uncovered it upon Guy's approach, showing signs of much trouble and fear.

"Guy," he said, gently, "sit down. I must speak to you at last. I have left you entirely to your own wayward self these past few months, though how much I have known of your conduct, and grieved for you, you cannot imagine. Peter Bowles has been here."

Guy had seated himself, upon Harry's request, quietly and obediently; there were both pallor and fear upon his face, that told of the struggling conscientiousness within, that for many days past had been his continual torment.

Harry spoke, without glancing towards him, in quiet, firm tones.

"I have been to Mr. Freestone, and obtained his permission that we should both leave here for a whole month. You must go home with me to-morrow morning. It is right, and the only compensation you can make to Peter Bowles, that you should never see Lucy again. This is his request, and he promises, by the time we return, to have removed entirely away from N. Guy, are you, can you be aware of what your flattery and notice has tempted Lucy into doing?"

"Into an excess of vain anticipations—nothing more," Guy answered, in a low tone.

"Indeed you are mistaken. Into a systematic robbery of her poor and only parent."

Guy sprang up.

"Harry, the facts are bad enough; do not, for God's sake, torment me with imaginary evils!"

"No need for that," said Harry, bitterly; "the facts, as you say, are bad enough, but worse than you know if you are ignorant of this. Peter Bowles told me with a shaking voice, and the tears coursing themselves over his furrowed cheeks. Guy, if you could but have seen him you would have cried with me. Out upon the cowardly manhood that, for the gratification of a few idle hours, would heedlessly cause such suffering! That you thought not of entailing such consequences to others is no redeeming point; that ought to have been well considered before you entered upon the path of digression from the narrow line of rectitude. Oh, Guy! we can never know *all* the consequences of one single wrong-doing! It gathers and gathers as it rolls, until, like an avalanche, it envelopes many. To gratify her taste for dress, and to win more entirely your admiration, Lucy has been taking little sums from the daily proceeds at the bar. It is not the amount stolen that has so completely broken down old Peter, but that she, his only and beloved child, should so have deceived him and sinned herself."

Guy looked up with pale and awe-stricken face that told plainer than words could have done that this was his first idea of Lucy's transgression. He had, when roused, a just and honourable mind that at once exculpated Lucy, and laid the chief blame upon himself, for his thoughtless conduct had put temptation in her way. He clasped Harry's faithful outstretched hand.

"Harry, dear friend, you will forgive me more readily than I shall myself. Did you know what these few weeks of silence have been to me, and how much I have suffered through remorse for my sinful vaccilating conduct, and the loss of your esteem, you would pity as well as blame. Let us go away to-morrow—away from the sights and sounds of N. But oh! Harry, try and restore me your love and trust, for I need them."

Broken down, humbled, suffering, and repentant, Guy leaned his wearied head upon the strong arm that was passed round his shoulders.

"Forgive me, Guy, that I have seen you suffer and yet been still. I knew that your nobler self must triumph eventually, and that you would sooner or later feel dissatisfaction with such a purposeless life. Please God, we will both begin anew to-morrow to serve and to please Him.

Chapter III.

Harry's home was situated on the outskirts of a distant market town; a pleasant little cottage, enclosed and sheltered from the dusty road by waving elms and accacias, and surrounded by a prettily laid-out garden and shrubbery. The elder Dorrel was a doctor, and the family at home now consisted only of himself, his wife, and daughter.

Guy was warmly welcomed by the

parents of his friend, and, being a stranger to them, the absence of his usual high spirits was not noticed, nor his grave moods commented upon. Guy thought and determined much in those few weeks, much that Harry's influence strengthened.

Sophie Dorrel was a feminine depiction of Harry. Beyond the expression of her sweet, arch face, its only beauty was a pair of large, dark, wonderful eyes, that, before long, obtained a peculiar power over the fascinating Guido.

It was not the attraction of Elsie, Katie, or Lucy, but a pure, strong power, that seemed to be mingling itself with the very essence of his being; the difference in his feelings also was marked by his treatment of Harry's sister. Though she was mirthful and high-spirited, Guy never descended to badinage and compliment; the wonderful spirit in her eyes demanded and won the respectful homage and admiration Guy had so long given exclusively to Harry.

And was Harry blind to the influence Sophie had obtained over his friend? No; he saw and rejoiced; for he knew the strength of character Sophie possessed, and that she, if any one, would have that influence over Guy that might make his hitherto purposeless life great and noble.

When they returned to N——, Guy carried a safeguard against his former transgressions with him.

"For, indeed, I know
Of no more subtle master, under heaven,
Than is the maiden passion for a maid;
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thoughts and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes the man."

For one year longer the friends remained under the talented architect at N—; it was then time that Guy should return to his foreign home, being within a few months of his majority. Though Sophie had learnt of his love in a thousand different ways, it was not until the eve of his departure he ventured to put it into words for her ear, and then it was with a fear and embarrassment that might have told him the foolishness of imagining his former fleeting fancies worthy of the holy name of love. The tremulous eagerness with which he waited for the answer that was to make or mar his future life, left no possibility of his sleeping, or otherwise forgetting his anxiety—he had too patiently waited and striven for it now.

One year from his leaving England, Guy returned to claim his promised bride, and bore her away to his sunny home, where his parents awaited her arrival with anxious expectation.

It is almost needless to add that Sophie succeeded in winning their hearts as completely to herself as she had done Guy's, by the united powers of truth, righteousness, love, gentleness, and purity —that had ever been the guides of her unselfish life.

Harry Dorrel rose to great eminence in the profession he had chosen, and it is whispered that, in a subsequent visit, the bewitching little Katie Somers completed her captivity of our hero's friend, and that, in after years, as the loved and honoured wife of Harry, she and Guy met, forgiving and forgetting the past upon the basis of true and valued friendship.

MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

DAYS GONE BY.

COME let us sing to-night, Jane,
A song of days gone by;
When everything seemed bright, Jane,
And clear as summer sky.
When hand in hand we roam'd, Jane,
To gather sweet spring flowers,
Then let us sing to-night, Jane,
A song of those blest hours.

I well remember still, Jane,
How oft we made it rule,
To meet beside the brook, Jane,
Before 'twas time for school;
We sail'd our little boats, Jane,
And fish'd for minnows there;
But years have pass'd, and we, Jane,
Of grief have had a share.

I ever feel that time, Jane,
The happiest of life;
But thou hast been to me, Jane,
A true and faithful wife.
We have no care just now, Jane,
To make us fret or sigh,—
Then let us sing to-night, Jane,
A song of days gone by.

IVANHOE.

THE BRETHREN OF THE COAST.

BY WILLIAM J. OSTELL.

THE dignified Muse of History has cared but little for the byeways of the world's story. With haughty stride, and robed in the imperial purple, her place has nearly ever been in the grand triumphal march, the gorgeous ceremonial, and amidst the pomp of tragic *dénouements*. With kings for actors, their lives, loves, hates, wars, and fates for incidents, and the large round world for stage, the minor strugglers and doers have passed unheeded by the impassive muse, save as "accessory to the plot." Yet, indented on the roll of mankind's chronicle, are to be found at infrequent intervals many a subsidiary drama of striking interest and eventful import. Among these episodes we call to mind none more strongly marked or curiously interesting than that of the story of the sea confederacy of Buccaneers and Filibusters eventually combined as the Brethren of the Coast.

I confess that for me the story of the Brethren of the Coast has always had a peculiar fascination. John Sterling, son of the Thunderer of the *Times*, tells how, when a boy, he found a copy of Montaigne's Essays in his father's library, and treasured it up till future years enabled him to fulfil his long cherished wish of visiting the wise essayist's chateau in Gascony. Amongst the books we inherit is a history of daring adventurers, translated from the German of J. M. Von Archenholtz, and dated 1807. Next to the boy's Iliad, dear old "Robinson Crusoe," this account of the daring sea-brotherhood was the jacket-pocket companion of my play hours and rambles; and persistently and eagerly snatched up any waifs and strays of information regarding our unlicensed heroes; and the appearance of Mr. Thornbury's "Monarch's of the Main"—a work I found most entertaining from its subject, lively in description, and full of pen-pictures—set me rummaging anew our stores of the Buccaneer annals.

To make the story more easily intelligible, we must take a retrospective glance at the history of the South American continent, the scene of their varied fortunes. The Spaniards having been the first to discover and appropriate the lands in the New World, including the finest islands of the West Indies, it was not long before adventurers of other nations hastened to share in the greatly exaggerated wealth with which, in popular belief, the golden lands abounded. These men went with the certainty of meeting with hostility from the Spaniards—and with the determination of returning it with hostility. The Spaniards endeavoured to extirpate at once and for ever these insolent intruders, and employed armed cruisers, or *guarda costas*, the commanders of which had orders to take no prisoners! The consequence was that English, French, Dutch, and Portuguese, leagued themselves for mutual protection and equal reprisal on the haughty Spaniard, treating every Spanish ship as an enemy, made descents on the coasts, ravaging their towns and settlements, and repaid cruelty by cruelty. An incessant warfare was thus established between Europeans in the West Indies, entirely independent of their respective governments. All Europeans not Spaniards, whether there was peace or war between their nations in the Old World, on their meeting in the New, regarded each other as friends and allies, styled themselves Brethren of the Coast, held the Spaniard as their common foe, and "No peace beyond the line" became the motto of the Brethren, as it had been that of their precursors, and even prototypes, England's naval worthies, Drake, Cavendish, Frobisher, Oxenham, and Raleigh.

The period of the rise and setting of these floating republics or filibustering confederacies is limited to the latter half of the seventeenth century. Readers of history know well enough that this was a stormy period in European affairs. The

Huguenot internecine struggle in France, and the Parliamentarian contest in Britain, had sent many Frenchmen and Englishmen to the New World; the disjointed times had cast on the rocky islets and sandy keys of the Caribbean Sea a motley population of gallants and Puritans, rovers and refugees, Catholics and Protestants, planters, hunters, and seamen—had "sharked up a list of landless resolutes," impelled mainly by greed of gain, but largely also by revenge on the cruel and rapacious Spaniards, whose monarch claimed sole right of treasure-trove to half of the world by special bull from Pope Alexander VI. forsooth; and whose bigoted and bloodthirsty intents, as expressed by the "invincible Armada" (the discomfiture of which has been well termed the Salamis of modern Europe), and by the dragoonadings, under Alva, in the Low Countries, as well as the horrors of Spanish satraps' cruelty to natives and barbarity to forlorn strangers in the Indies, which rumour swiftly carried to Europe, renewed and fostered the old bitterness of hate.

The Brethren of the Coast were first known by the name of Filibusters, a French sailor's corruption of freebooter. The derivation of Buccaneer was from the Caribbean word *boucan*, the flesh of the wild cattle when smoked and cured, and was also given to the hut or place in which it was thus dried and preserved. As early as 1630, a party of emigrants from Normandy, finding Hispaniola almost deserted by the Spaniards, who neglected the Antilles to push their conquests on the mainland, landed on the south side and located. Orders came from Spain to kill off the wild cattle originally introduced by Columbus, particularly round the coast. Weary of the wretched life they now led on shore, they sought a desperate but congenial occupation in joining the Filibusters to attack the well-laden vessels passing from the rich American colonies to the Spanish mother-country. The laws of association of the Brethren of the Coast were peculiar, and sprang out of their special circumstances. As men, they conceived a lofty idea of their individual independence, and, when disengaged from active service, every one followed his own whims, without regard for those of his fellows. In service, their patience seemed inexhaustible — they endured hunger, thirst, and excessive fatigue without a murmur, such being the true mark and warranty of a Brother of the Coast. They evinced a strong attachment for the externals of religion, and previous to engagement, prayed fervently — never omitting to earnestly beseech for victory and a good prize especially— severely beat breasts, and were mutually reconciled, asking pardon for past offences, and embracing each other to show their unanimity. There was an agreed scale of prize-money; special awards for gallant actions and particular services, and a tariff for wounds.

Let us now take two or three detached pictures of the feats of these redoubtable Picaroons. Probably the first successful adventurer of the Buccaneers was a native of Dieppe, called Pierre le Grand, by which heroic appellation he afterwards became known. He began his career by sailing in a large canoe with a band of only 28 followers, and on the western coast of St. Domingo met a large Spanish vessel, mounting cannon and carrying above 200 men. The sun was setting when they neared the floating fort, and ordering their chirurgeon to bore holes in the sides of their own little barque, that, there being no escape, might lend desperateness to valour, they clambered up the sides of the tall Spaniard and burst almost suddenly into the state cabin, surprising the officers playing at cards, who, seeing no enemy's vessel (for by this time the surgeon's handiwork had caused the canoe to disappear), cried out in superstitious dismay, "Jesu, save us, these men are devils!" and tamely surrendered. The vessel was laden with riches, and its prudent captor steered at once for his own *la belle France*, bidding adieu to the scenes of his sudden fortune for ever. The news of this exploit added fuel to fire; and not only the freebooters' head-quarters at Tortugas were in an uproar, but the news spread to the ports and amongst the mariners of Europe.

For our next picture, Mr. Thornbury shall be the limner:—John Davies, cruis-

ing about Jamaica, became a scourge to all the Spanish mariners who ventured near the coast of Caraccas, or his favourite haunts, Carthagena and Boca del Toro. Having a long time traversed the sea and taken nothing, he resolved, with ninety men, to visit the lagoon of Nicaragua and sack the town of Granada. An Indian, from the shores of the lagoon, promised to guide him safely and secretly; and his crew, with one voice, declared themselves ready to follow him wherever he led By night he rowed up the river to the entry of the lake, and concealed his ships under the boughs of the trees that grew upon the banks; then, putting eighty men into his three canoes, he rowed on to the town. By day they hid under the trees, at night they pushed on towards the unsuspecting town, and reached it on the third midnight, taking it, as he had expected, without a blow and by surprise. To a sentinel's challenge they replied that they were fishermen returning home; and two of the crew, leaping on shore, ran their swords through the interrogator. As soon as they arrived at the town they separated into small bands, and were led one by one to the houses of the richest inhabitants. Here they quickly knocked, and, being admitted as friends, seized the inmates by the throat, and compelled them, on pain of death, to surrender all their money and jewels. They roused the sacristans of the principal churches, from whom they took the keys, and carried off all the altar-plate that could be beaten up or rendered portable. The pixes they stripped of their gems; they gouged out the jewelled eyes of the Virgin's idols, and hammered up the sacramental cups into convenient lumps of metal! Newspaper readers and students of the politics of to-day—which is the history for to-morrow—will recollect Nicaragua as the scene of the exploits of a nineteenth century Filibuster, the Yankee Walker—an adventurer who has not yet played out his part on the stage of spasmodic revolutionary South America.

The Filibusters had so cleanly swept the seas by their continual surprisals and captures, that carracks and caravels were no longer to be found. Emboldened by their success, and much driven by necessity, they began to venture on the main land; and, as riches must be had, to attack towns, and strongly fortified towns too. This phase of Buccaneer life was its grandest and most remarkable; and the annals of the world have scarcely ever shown more of misplaced bravery and bootless endurance. The first who signalised himself in this broader field of dazzling temerity was one L'Olonnois, a native of Sables d'Olonne, in Poictou, whence he derived the only name by which he was ever known. With boldness he united prudence and address, and was evidently stamped out for a leader, as he soon proved. A series of fortunate captures, terminating in utter shipwreck, himself alone saved by being cast bleeding and naked on a savage shore, opened the drama of his corsair life; and the successive scenes were but a repetition of the former. Wrecked in the Bay of Campeachy, and severely wounded, his men being all killed by the Spaniards, he saved his life by stratagem. Smearing himself with the blood of his companions and the sand of the shore, he hid himself among the slain. Putting on the clothes of a dead Spaniard, he soon after boldly entered the town, where he grimly watched the rejoicings of his enemies over his own death. He managed to persuade some slaves to steal a canoe, and with them reached Tortugas. The remembrance of the cruelty of the Spaniards, in murdering his shipwrecked crew, was never to be effaced, and was quickly to be repaid a hundredfold. Pressed by poverty, he with difficulty contrived to arm two small vessels, manned by twenty-one men, which he conducted to Cuba, intending to pillage the city of Los Cayos! But the Spaniards were alert, and the governor of the Havanna immediately despatched a frigate of six guns and ninety men; and, in addition, a negro executioner, the governor having exacted an oath from all to give no quarter to a single pirate soul. One morning, at daybreak, the frigate was suddenly boarded, on both sides, by twenty-one men-devils; and though their ninety opponents struggled toughly, the conclusion of the affair was that "the engineer was hoisted by his own petard." In other words, L'Ollon

nois, with his own hands, beheaded the lot, save one, who was sent to the baffled governor with the message, that "he hoped shortly to inflict the same fate upon Monsieur the Governor himself." Associating with Basco, formerly a military officer in Europe, L'Olonnois now mustered a force of eight ships, armed with cannon, and 650 fighting men; and, in 1660, attacked Maracaibo, a town of some 6,000 inhabitants, and protected by two islands and a fort. Seventeen guns, of heavy calibre, and troops and men, fighting for all they held dear, fortified eminence and large bastions, were of no avail. Armed only with pistol and sabre, in four hours the freebooters had captured the fort, and cut the whole of its garrison to pieces. But the town itself was eighteen marine leagues distant from the fort, and the forewarned and alarmed inhabitants had had time to forward their wives, children, and wealth, and even sick and aged, to Gibraltar—forty leagues farther away. After fifteen days' possession of the stripped town, the 600 disappointed braves resolved to march upon Gibraltar; but, upon approaching it, and upon discovering the intrenchments cut in the ground, the hollow roads, the inundated fields, the concealed and open batteries, and other appropriate preparation for their reception, even they faltered—as well they might. But an energetic appeal from their commander, clinched with the promise that "Whoever from this moment betrays the least fear, dies by my hand," soon aroused the old daring within them, and 380 disembarked to face the dangers that fronted their goal. First through the hollow, enfiladed road, losing many a comrade, who, dying, exhorted the survivors onward, then through treacherous marshy ground, they found themselves exposed to a battery of twenty guns, which cleared their front ranks, and they had to beat a retreat with munched chagrin. But L'Olonnois had not shared in the retrograde movement; and, coming up, conceived and executed William the Norman's stratagem, by pretending flight. The Spaniards now fancied they saw a chance of exterminating all their foes by a single blow; and, abandoning their fort, poured out on the retreating band, to find themselves turned in flank by their furious enemy. The city was the hard-won prize of the freebooters, with a loss of forty killed and sixty-eight wounded, against upwards of 500 Spaniards who had bitten the dust. The total value of their plunder, exclusive of moveables, which were intended for *pious* purposes—the sinners were going to build a chapel at Tortugas—amounted to 260,000 piastres. This enterprise was but one of L'Olonnois's many raids of fortified cities, eclipsing, in daring and success, even this remarkable despoiling of the fortified Spaniard.

The interest of our bye-way historical annals culminates with the Napoleon of these soldiers of fortune, *Sir* Henry Morgan. He had shown coolness, determination, and intrepidity, when a seaman, under Mansveldt—a master mind, who took with his ships the island of St. Catherine, notwithstanding its fort of hewn stone, and planned a Buccaneer republic. Morgan, fortunate in both his voyages and gambling, on the death of Mansveldt, with twelve craft and 700 fighting men, captured and pillaged Port-au-Prince, in Cuba, after a four hours' fight. His French confederates, growing dissatisfied with the cheating Welshman, separated; yet he took, with only nine vessels and 470 men, the strongly fortified Porto Bello, which yielded the dare-devils a booty of 250,000 pieces of eight, besides silks and rich merchandise, which these gentry little valued. We may reckon the piastre, or the piece of eight, as equivalent to the present Spanish or United States' dollar; but it should be borne in mind that the value of money was then fully double that of the present time. Morgan's next operation was an attack on Maracaibo and Gibraltar, which unfortunate towns were again sacked, though their assailants had a narrow escape on their return, for the Spaniards had had time to put in order a castle at the entrance of the lagoon, and three men-of-war had arrived to cut off their retreat. Always bold and ready, the nimble-witted Welshman fitted up a vessel as a fire-ship, with Quaker guns and dressed logs for its crew, which succeeded in blowing up the Spanish admiral's ship; and he took the

second, while the third ship's crew sank their vessel in despair. The castle was passed by a clever stratagem, which threw its garrison off their guard, so true it is "fortune favours the bold." The Treaty of America between the two greatest maritime nations, Britain and Spain, gave the latter opportunity of extirpating the incessant foes who attacked the vital sources of her strength in desolating the American colonies. But the unrepresented Brethren of the Coast were regardless of treaties in which they had no voice, and which endeavoured to foreclose rights founded on what Rob Roy called "the good old plan—

> That they should take who have the power—
> And they should keep who can."

At the end of 1670, Morgan fitted out a fleet of thirty-seven vessels, with no fewer than 2,000 men, and determined to attack Panama, a city defended by a rampart and surrounded by a wall, the emporium for the silver of Mexico and the gold of Peru, and the Pacific staple of the negro slave trade. He took St. Catherine's Island, and captured the Castle of San Lorenzo on the mainland at the entrance of the serpentine river of Chagre; and thus establishing a *pied à terre* on the Atlantic side of the wild and perilous isthmus, he set forward, on January 18th, 1671, at the head of 1,200 men, for the Pacific side. After enduring great hardship through hunger, climate, and the unfriendly Indians, the small marine army, on the ninth day of their hazardous march, beheld the expanse of the South Sea before them, and the church towers of Panama in view. All next day was desperate conflict; but the city of 7,000 houses was theirs, to the stupefaction of the New World. After four weeks of spoliation, Morgan and his men departed from the still smouldering city, with 175 mules laden with the plunder, and some 600 prisoners. When the immense booty, which included 443,200 pounds weight of silver alone, came to be divided at their return to the Atlantic, Admiral Morgan was again accused of cheating, the share per man being 200 pieces of eight; the wily leader shortly afterwards putting to sea with his own vessel, and sailing to Jamaica. Our Atlantic Barbarossa ended his career more fortunately than the Mediterranean scourge of the Spaniard, for he settled some time at Jamaica, was even its deputy governor in 1681, some of his old associates suffering "the extreme hardship of being tried and hanged under his authority," and went to England, where he was knighted by that "merrie monarch" who sold Dunkirk. He was also appointed a commissioner of the Admiralty Court in Jamaica! Morgan died peacefully in England.

The Brethren of the Coast now rapidly degenerated; not that there were wanting spirits of the old stamp, but, amongst other causes, the war of William III. with France broke asunder the old ties of amity between the French and English, and, by the Treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, these two cabinets co-operated in earnest to clear out the lawless rovers. If the results were not on so grand a scale, the narratives of hardy endurance, and boldly-planned enterprises and successes gained by self-reliant temerity, which still stud the accounts of the Brethren in the closing part of the seventeenth century, are not to be easily paralleled, and are as interesting as the most lively fiction.

As our last sketch, we give one incident from their latter deeds, strong in likeness to the rest, of how the city of Chiloteca was taken by eighteen men. These adventurers rushed into the city, which was inhabited by 400 Spaniards, exclusive of negroes, mulattoes, and Indians, uttering vehement cries; and, by this irruption, they inspired such a terror that the inhabitants did not even think of defending themselves, and in a moment the Freebooters were masters of the place. Prior to Morgan there had been the combined trio of commanders, Van Horn, a rich old Dutch rover, a French gentleman named Grammont, and Laurent de Gratt, who had been a skilful engineer in the Spanish service, against his future associates. These three took the great city of Vera Cruz. Perhaps none stood out more prominently than Alexander Iron-arm and Montbars the Exterminator—a significant appellation: a pair of portraits we refrain from attempting. Succeeding Morgan

were many daring adventurers, who were only eclipsed by the more extensive exploits of the Welsh knight. There were Thomas Peche, an Englishman, and La Sound, a Frenchman, who unsuccessfully attempted Morgan's greatest feat; besides Captains Coxon, Harris, Sawkins, Watling, and many another who penetrated into the South Seas. In the latter expeditions there were several men of no mean literary ability, who wrote their own interesting adventures; and thus largely increased the store of geographical and other knowledge of the New World. Among these were Lionel Wafer, a surgeon, who wrote one of the best accounts of savage life extant, and who had with him, when left temporarily with the Darien Indians, one Jopling, a seaman who could read Greek; and, by the way, a Church of England bishop, and a good Grecian as well, was always strongly suspected of having been a-buccaneering on the Spanish main in his younger days! But the chief of all these chroniclers is homely and veracious William Dampier, who, though little else than a common seaman, was possessed of some education and a power of observation, well made use of, as his often-quoted Voyages testify.

The commencement of the next century saw the rapid decline of the stricter confederation, and "No peace with the Spaniard" was becoming quickly changed to "Friends of God and enemies to all mankind." The Brethren of the Coast sank into the Newgate heroes with whom we were all tolerably familiar in our childhood, as represented in glaringly-coloured folding frontispieces to chap-book Adventures of Blackbeard fitting up a miniature hell; Avery capturing the great Mogul's daughter and fabulous Oriental riches; Kyd, the doubtful discovery of whose buried treasures still furnishes an occasional paragraph to American newspapers; and even two Amazon captain pirates, nowise behind their male mates in courage or cruelty. There was also a gallant French freethinking gentleman, one Misson, with very advanced opinions, practically enforced, against the universally legal slave-trade, and who, with an Englishman, self-dubbed Admiral Tew, vainly attempted to found an independent state in Madagascar. But their race was run, and the day had gone down on organised piracy for ever. As the Rev. Charles Kingsley puts it—

"But the Scriptures saith an end to all fine things must be,
So the king's ships sailed on Aves, and quite put down were we;
All day we fought like tigers, but they burst the booms at night,
And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded from the fight.
But as I lay a-gasping a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England to beg until I die."

And thus dwindled out and expired a confederation that only needed a common principle of union to have founded a state to have taken rank amongst the great powers of the earth: one great mind, and the New Southern World might have been their own. But from the first there were non-fusing elements of different race and creed, and their line was never renewed by themselves; yet the Brethren of the Coast, without fixed rules or any determined object—without a real thirst for fame—instigated solely by the attraction of momentary enjoyment—formed such a corporation that the annals of mankind do not offer a second like it—displayed that energy and those mental and corporeal powers by means of which great undertakings are carried into execution—and by their singular achievements have deserved, if not the admiration, at least the astonishment of posterity.

STANZAS.

The cheek that is brightest,
The voice sweetest in song;
The foot that is lightest,
Amid the gay throng.
The wit that is keenest,
May hide, by its mirth,
A heart that is tending
In sadness to earth.

Then judge ye not harshly,
Nor envy their lot;
Sorrow lurks 'neath the flowers,
Though ye see it not.
The smiling lip often,
Is a mask to conceal,
Grief the heart would refuse
In pride to reveal.

NELLA.

AN INVITATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

COME, come to the woods! Come, with garlands of sweet thoughts and posie bright—to dream, beneath the overhanging boughs, of elfin king and sprite; come, where the arching trees their leafy arms are flinging; and little birds are in the air and on the branches singing; and lay you down upon the mead, so soft, and smooth, and green, and listen to the village bells their matin sweetly ringing: list to the thick leaves' murmur as they whisper to the wind, and believe there are no riches like the riches of the mind!

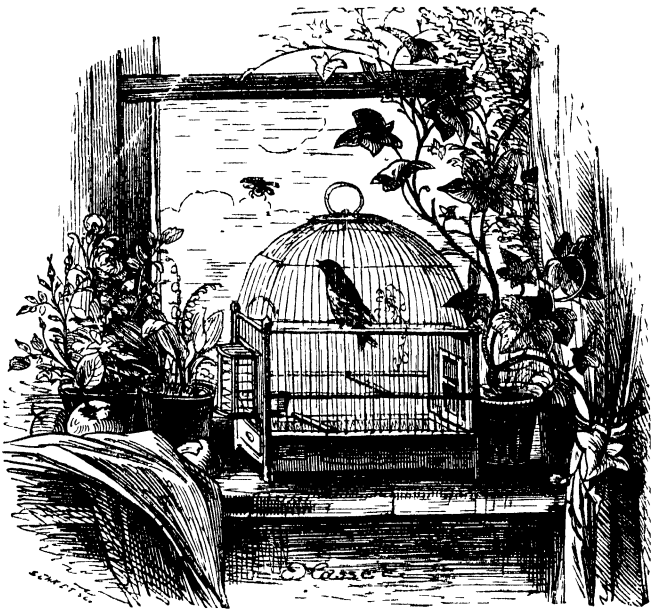
Come! And your welcome shall be, what no welcome ere has been; the voice of nature calls you to gaze upon her sheen: and you lie so dreamingly the dewy leaves among, and listen to the whisperings of the fancy-formed song; think, think that there are thousands, who dwell beneath the moon, who, hard at work, no leisure have, on this sunny day in June!

See; there among the long green grass, the cricket makes a nest, and the little mole so secretly 'neath the warm turf finds his rest; and the thousand tiny insects that live in sun or shade, each for some special purpose crowd, and sport upon the blade; and every little blossom that rises from the sod, a mute and joyful hymning is offering to its God!

Come! And I'll tell you fairy tales, imagination fraught; and sing you songs of wondrous things to fancy's children taught; and ever as you listen to my voice among the trees, and startle at the melody that warbles on the breeze, there shall come upon your memory sweet thoughts of bygone time, and your words shall, all unwittingly, be turned into rhyme; and your heart, attuned to melody, shall remember absent friends, as the Future with the Past into blissful Present blends.

Come! I have tales to charm your ear, and songs your soul to thrall, and a thousand brilliant fantasies obedient to my call; and, mindful of your comfort, I'll beguile your heart to good, and make you bless the moment when you stroll'd into the wood.

Come! Think no more of trouble, lay the heavy burden down; let your thoughts no longer wander to the brick-environed town; you are weary, toil and travel-stained—then sit you down to rest, and your spirit shall mount heavenward, your erring soul be blessed: o'er self and worldly-mindedness there's a victory to be won, when Nature gay makes holiday and revels in the sun!



GARDENING FOR THE MONTH.

WINDOW GARDENING.—A capital imitation garden may be obtained in the following manner—a manner, be it observed, especially suitable for town houses —From a window with a sunny aspect let a broad ledge be built out, or the window-sill and the sides may be glazed so as to form a kind of recess, with a sloping roof the size of the window, so contrived that it can be raised or lowered. The whole extends to about the height of the lower sash. By shutting down the window this recess can be shut off from the room, which is sometimes necessary, as from the carbonic acid they evolve, it is rather injurious to keep plants in the room during summer and autumn nights. On the other hand, during severe weather they should be sheltered by a few yards of canvas, arranged to fall like an awning over the plant recess, and capable of being drawn up and down like a venetian blind. It will also be necessary sometimes to guard the plant from the full glare of the noon day sun. Round this glass receptacle, which will represent a miniature conservatory or greenhouse, two or three moveable shelves should be arranged, and on these the young growing plants are to be placed. On the floor of this window-garden shallow boxes of mould are to be placed, in which creepers and flowering plants may be easily cultivated. Light and air are the two great requisites of plants; therefore the plan we propose should be followed, with such modifications as the nature of the situation of your plant-house will admit. Here geraniums and other flowers may be planted by layers, runners, or suckers, just as in the conservatory.

As they increase in size, window plants require removing into larger plants; and, whenever you see the leaves turning yellow, you may be sure they are suffering either

from want of earth, air, light, or moisture. Judicious watering is a point of great importance. Let the plant have sufficient, but not too much water—never allow the earth to get quite dry, and be equally careful not to soak them by allowing the pots to stand in saucers of water. By a little care you may have plants growing all the year, summer and winter alike. Of course many marsh plants, such as the forget-me-not and the African lily, should be abundantly supplied with water.

Due attention should also be paid to the temperature of your plant-house. Of course it will partake of the temperature of the room, but the degree of warmth may be regulated by the keeping the window open or shut, to keep up or cut off the communication with the room, opening the roof, replacing the canvas cover, and so on.

The great points to be attended to are these:—Exclude damp, take care there is proper ventilation, and keep your shrubs and flowers free from decayed leaves and insects. In the winter time the water should be very slightly warmed.

Flowering bulbs, and other plants, should be so managed as to secure a good succession of buds and flowers; while climbers can be trained in festoons, or allowed to hang in baskets from the roof and side. You may also improve the look of your window-garden by the cultivation of bulbs in water-glasses. Narcissus, hyacinth, early dwarf tulip, jonquil, the large Dutch, and the common iris, the Persian and dwarf Scotch crocus, and other flowers of like character, are very suitable for these purposes. Suitable glasses, of a dark colour, may be procured at almost any glass shop. Between October and March they may be filled with water, and the bulbs placed in their open mouth. Rain or soft water is best; and it must be allowed to reach through the neck of the glass into the upper part, so that the bottom of the bulb is just touched by the water. Then place the glasses in such a position as will ensure them a sufficiency of light and air. And then, with a little attention, the window-garden may be made a "thing of beauty," if not exactly a "joy for ever."

[The above, with the illustration, we take from the "Boys Handy-Book of Sports," published by Messrs. Ward and Lock, price 5s. This capital volume contains full descriptions of all in-door and out-door amusements, from Cricket to Touch, and from Chess to Riddles. Nor, although it is called a book for *boys*, are the recreations for *girls* omitted, as is evident from our extract. Indeed, we do not remember to have seen so capital and complete a book for all seasons as this "Handy-Book of Sports."]

Our valued contributor ILLA, discourses pleasantly on the subject of

FLOWERS IN THE SICK-ROOM.—I venture to say a few words on the advantage derivable from the presence of flowers in an invalid's room. Having passed the greater part of the last six weeks beside the bed of sickness and suffering, I can speak feelingly of the help and rest afforded me by a very simple companionship there, that of a series of flowers, sometimes brought from the garden, sometimes composed of fresh primroses and violets, and pale, spirit-like stellaria, and ending in a single, exquisite tea-rose, that drooped from its vase so purely, so gracefully, that it was a feast to the eye merely to glance towards it.

Flowers are very beautiful and very welcome during seasons of health. A stroll through a well-kept garden, especially in the early morning, before the dew has passed away, and when the richness of colouring, and the singular sensation of exuberant life then particularly observable, are at their height; an hour spent in the depths of dingles and green glades, where the sun, shimmering through the birchen boughs overhead, lights up for a moment wild blossoms nestling together amidst the mossy roots of the older trees, are delights that we all can appreciate thoroughly; but when the hour of sickness, of pain, of weariness comes, and we lie on our beds, feeling as though we should never know again what ease and health are, then it is that the quiet worth of our sweet friends the flowers is most truly recognised; then it is that the languid heart leaps up, the dull eye brightens, the pale lips call back their colour and their smile together to greet the gentle visitants, as the door opens to admit our old out-of-door comrades, who, undeterred by the uncongenial gloom and closeness, come to sympathise with us, to tell us that we are not forgotten in our former haunts, and that our steps will be gladly hailed there when strength is ours again.

Illness, looked at even in the most cheerful light, both by patients and nurses, is a wearisome experience. The same room, the same routine, the same diet, and the same medicines taken at the same hours, are not by any means enlivening circumstances; clean, well-aired, cheery, as unlike a sick-room as possible as the chamber

of suffering may be kept, yet there is and must always be a depressing feeling within it; something totally unlike itself is wanting to relieve its oppression, to give rise to new thoughts quite unconnected with it or its occupation, and to supply, as far as they can, this very need, flowers, tastefully arranged and well placed, offer their kindly services. It is such a relief, such a positive luxury, to turn the eye away from the grim, bad-taste suggesting row of medicine bottles; from the sundry biscuit papers that stand on the table, ready to dispense their well-meant, but painfully unpalatable contents; from the oft-conned pattern on the walls, one rose, two green leaves, a sort of proposal for a brown leaf, ending in a badly-formed piece of trellis, a white rose and a green leaf at top; from the window-curtains hanging in their perpetual folds; from the fire which, though partaking of a family resemblance with the dear old one downstairs, evidently belongs to an ill-conditioned and ill-favoured branch of the original stock; to turn the weary eyes and weary attention from all these things, and rest them gently and peacefully on some spiritual-looking blossom, so unallied to all earthly trouble, so suggestive of coolness, and freshness, and unworldliness, that the tired brain and throbbing pulses become half unconsciously soothed, and the heavy eyelids droop and droop lower, until, as pitying sleep closes them fast, she transforms our last idea of our beautiful guest into that of the image of a guardian angel watching beside us, and warding off all suffering from our pillow. And well may trustful, hopeful thoughts be suggested by our mute friend, either in its own simple form, or in the glorified guise bestowed on it by our dreaming fancy—for what is the mission of it and its brethren?

"To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth.

To comfort man; to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For Who so careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for Him!"

LUCY, DEAR!

By Lucinda B.

I.

Shadowy twilight's fading into deeper gloom,
Darker and yet darker grows my little room;
But I am not lonely, for my mem'ry brings,
With her bygone treasures sweet imaginings.
Old familiar voices,
Fall upon my ear,
Whisp'ring, softly whisp'ring,
Lucy, dear!

II.

O, those tender accents! there's a mystic spell
Lingering in each cadence that my heart knows well;
Often has it sooth'd me when a little child,
Quell'd my rising passion, calm'd me, made me mild;
While a hand would lead me,
Where none else might hear,
The reproving whisper—
Lucy, dear!

III.

Then the mountain in me sank into a plain,
And the storm subsided into gentle rain;
O, how sweet to nestle on a loving breast!
With kind arms around me, and my heart at rest;
While the same voice whispe'r'd,
Softly in my ear,
With a kiss of pardon,
Lucy, dear!

IV.

Now the voice is silent, and the form is laid,
In the quiet grave-yard, 'neath the willow's shade.
When I am sorely troubled, there I go and kneel
By her grave, and tell her all I think and feel.
Tell her, when I'm lonely,
No one draweth near,—
No one whispers kindly,
Lucy, dear!

V.

Well I know my footsteps ofttimes long to stray
From the path of duty, to a smoother way;
O, watch still above me, ye, who while on earth,
Guided, led, and taught me, from my very birth;
Be my guardian angels,
And, when danger's near,
Speak the gentle warning,
Lucy, dear!

VI.

Even-time has faded into gloomy night,
Yet within, and round me, there is heavenly light;
Have ye not my lov d ones, left your home awhile?
Hasten'd down to bless me, cheer me with your smile?
Surely ye are near me,
Surely now I hear,
Angel-voices whisp'ring,
Lucy, dear!

[We beg to suggest that these verses, by our talented contributor, are eminently adapted for music. We hope that some of our musical amateurs will try their hands at the composition of a pretty air for these verses.—Ed.]

ABOUT PROVERBS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"PAPA," said my little son to me one day, "What is a Proverb?"

Now, my son is an inquiring young gentleman of between eight and nine years of age, who will not be put off with a mere general answer. He wants to know the why and the wherefore of things, and is by no means content with the usual explanations offered to children. Other fathers also have such sons, I have no doubt, whose questions they sometimes find it hard to reply to. I confess that the question rather puzzled me, simple as it looks. Not that there was any great difficulty in saying, off-hand, what was a Proverb? the difficulty was—how to frame an answer that should be as satisfactory to the mind of the child as to that of the man. I thought for a moment of the clever definition of Erasmus, "*Paræmia est celebre dictum scitâ quapiam novitate insigne;*" but then I recollected that many *dicta* might be included in that saying that were not really *Proverbs*. I thought also of Lord John Russell's admirable definition—"Proverbs are the wisdom of many and the wit of one;" but then I considered the saying too deep for the mind of a child. At last, however, on the question being repeated, I said:—

"A Proverb, Charlie, is an adage, or wise saying, in which a special meaning is hidden."

But that scarcely satisfying him—or, indeed, myself—I went on to explain that Proverbs were short sentences commonly used; maxims in which wit and truth are mingled; generally-received sentences applied on particular occasions as rules of life or conduct; the unwritten wisdom of the people; the fruits of experience expressed in pithy phrases; "and in fact, my dear," I went on to say, finding it impossible to answer his question in a single sentence, "a Proverb is a witty or quaint saying which, on being uttered, is recognised by its hearers as the expression of a truth or part of a truth. As such it receives by repetition the stamp of public credit or authority, and passes as the current coin of conversation."

Charlie's blank look at this formidable answer to his simple question slightly amused me; but as he said no more I left him to his own thoughts.

The next day, however, he returned to his Proverbs, and wished to know something more about them. I need not say that I was pleased to discover the child taking an interest in subjects generally thought beyond a child's powers. I had, therefore, a long talk with him about Proverbs; and this was the substance of our conversation.

Proverbs are derived from a great variety of sources: from the habits and natures of animals; from legends, oracles, and historical events; from the fancies of poets, and the observations of wise men, as seen in the Proverbs of Solomon; from the manners and customs common to all men in all places; from events or incidents occurring at particular times or places; and also from accidental circumstances, arising in various countries, and among various families and classes of people.

Many proverbs express a whole truth; as, for instance, "A royal crown is no cure for the headache;" "All is not gold that glitters;" "Prevention is better than cure." Some tell only half a truth, the other half being contained in another Proverb; as "Penny wise and pound foolish;" and "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves." Other Proverbs require local knowledge to render them intelligible; that about the Goodwin Sands and Tenterden Steeple, for instance. Lord Chancellor Sir Thomas Moore was sent by King Harry the Eighth with a commission into Kent to find out, if possible, the cause of the Goodwin Sands, and the shelf or bar that stopped up Sandwich Haven. Among the witnesses examined was the "oldest inhabitant" of the district, who

gave his evidence thus :—"I am an old man, and I remember the building of Tenterden Steeple, and I remember when there was no steeple there at all. And before that steeple was built there was no talk of any flats or sands that stopped up the Sandwich Haven, and I think that Tenterden Steeple is the cause of the Goodwin Sands." This Proverb teaches us the absurdity of confounding coincidence with cause. Again, Proverbs convey a warning, as "Look before you leap;" a reproof, as, "If you have too many irons in the fire some will be sure to burn your fingers;" a moral maxim, as "The beaten path is the best road;" a retort, as "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones;" a gentle hint to idlers, as "When the tree is down all go with their hatchets;" or a religious admonition, as "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, and the years draw nigh in which thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

The essence of a good Proverb is its terseness, or the quality of being both brief and smooth—a quality that gives double force to the wisdom it contains. To uncultivated minds, Proverbs stand in the place of quotations from the poets, historians, and orators to the learned. They contain the soul of wit and wisdom, and are therefore great favourites with the people. They are used as arguments by the ignorant, and are pleasant forms of speech for the scholar. They teach those who would not otherwise learn, and are of great use even to the wisest in presenting them with phrases common to, and understood by, all classes of men.

Proverbs are common to all languages, and many of the most familiar of them are found scattered over distant parts of the world. We say that "It is useless to carry coals to Newcastle;" the Orientals say that "It is waste labour to take oil to Damascus;" we say "The burnt child dreads the fire;" the Hebrews say, "A scalded child dreads hot water," and so of many others. The Italians and Spaniards use a great many Proverbs in their conversation, as those who have read "Don Quixote" well know. Indeed, the great charm of this admirable book lies in the endless string of wise and witty sayings of honest Sancho Panza. The French, the Germans, the Dutch, the Russians, and the Chinese, possess a vast store of capital Proverbs; and even among the Red Indians of America and the savage islanders of the South Seas, the Proverb exercises an influence unknown among civilised nations. They are poems in little, sermons in sentences; maxims transmitted from generation to generation, and carried from land to land and language to language, till they link all mankind in one common bond of fellowship and truth—the

"touch of nature
That makes the world akin."

Proverbs often convey hints of national peculiarities, and there are no people who have not some which belong solely to them. We English lay claim to about ten thousand; the French to three thousand; but the Spaniards possess the largest stock of all, their book of Proverbs containing nearly thirty thousand wise and witty sayings. The Scottish Proverb, "Count money after your father," betrays the prudence and caution of their national character. The French say, "A man at the butchers' shambles has no more credit than a dog, and "Cut out thongs from other people's leather—two sentences that do no great honour to Gallic morals. The Spaniards say, "War with the World and peace with England," a Proverb that may have had its rise from the memory of the failure of their great Armada in the time of good Queen Bess. The Russians say, "Prayer to God and service to the Czar," an evidence of the state of subjection in in which the people of that country have been kept for centuries. Again, they say, "Give to the judge, lest thou get into prison," a practical sarcasm on the administration of law in Russia. How different from the German Proverb:—"Liberty, sings the bird, though the prison be a golden cage." The Arabs know little of gratitude, and this fact they illustrate by the Proverb—"Eat the present and break the dish." Some of the Chinese Proverbs are quaint and truthful: "Large fowls do not eat small meals;" "The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man purified without

affliction;" "It is as wrong in the king as in the people to break the laws;" "Let every man sweep the snow from his own door before he thinks about his neighbour's tiles,—a hint to busy-bodies; "The man in boots does not see the man in shoes," a saying true of the proud and haughty in all countries; "Look not a gift horse in the mouth," a saying that has found its way into many languages, and the opposite of which we recognise in the Russian Proverb—"Give a man a shirt, and he will exclaim, How coarse it is."

Many of the Italian Proverbs are exceedingly quaint. Of old bachelors they say,

> "Lazy if tall,
> Cross-grained if small;
> If handsome, vain;
> Shocking if plain."

Though strict Catholics, many of their sayings partake of what some would call heresy, as, for example: "To fast is good, but to forgive better;" "The gate of heaven is not to be forced with a golden hammer;" "Shrouds have no pockets,"—a homily in a sentence.

> "He that keeps fast, and else does nought but evil,
> Has bread to spare, but straight goes to the devil."

Some of their Proverbs are very severe upon the morality of their governing classes:—"Old rogues make new spies;" "Good order is bread, but disorder starvation;" "The fish begins to taint from the head;" "Bread and Saints' day stop the mouths of the people." But the best and noblest of them teaches a lesson tha we may all take to heart—

> "Work as if thou hadst to live for aye;
> Worship as if thou hadst to die to-day."

Some French Proverbs about women are curious: "There are only two good wives in the world; the one is lost and the other is not to be found;"—a saying the opposite of ours, "There is only one good husband, and one beautiful child in the kingdom, and every good wife possesses them." The French character is well shown in the following: "Tell a woman that she is pretty, and Satan will tell her the same thing twenty times a day;" "Choose a wife by your ears, and not by your eyes;" "A pretty woman is like an ill-defended city, easy to take but hard to keep; "The wind and a woman are difficult to master;" "Smoke and a woman drive a man out of door;" every man fears two things, his wife and thunder;" "Women and cats are best at home;" "Wives are always better next year, but next year, like to-morrow, never comes;" "Two things a woman cannot keep, her reputation and a secret;" "A woman hides from her lover only that which she does not know."

As examples of Proverbs to be found in many languages, the following may be mentioned:—"No mill no meal;" "A cat in gloves catches no mice;" "One good turn deserves another," which the French has thus—*A beau jeu beau retour;* "Better late than ever," the Italian form of which is *Meglio tardi che son mai;* "All is not gold that glitters;" "New brooms sweep clean;" "Money makes the mare to go;" "Hunting dogs have scratched faces;" "Time and tide wait for no man," and many others.

Many Proverbs are doubtful, others very bad in their morality. Who would like to put faith in such sayings as these?—"As the Psalmist has said, all men are liars;" "You may know an honest man by the hair growing in the palm of his hand;" "Honesty is the best policy," a saying that has done a vast deal of mischief by insinuating that honesty is not a duty, but that it is necessary only to advance men's worldly interests;" "In for a penny in for a pound;" "As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb;" "We must do in Rome as the Romans do." The niggardly use the Proverb "Charity begins at home," to excuse themselves from giving.

stick to his last," is often used as a rebuke to people who meddle with other folk's concerns, but if the shoemaker had alway stuck to his lapstone, Christian missions and the name of William Carey would not have been united; had the tinker kept to his forge, "The Pilgrim's Progress" would never have been written; had Ben Jonson been content with his bricklayer's trowel, the world would have been a greater loser; and had Daniel

Defoe contented himself with selling stockings in Cheapside, you, my Charlie, and all other boys, would never have possessed your famous "Robinson Crusoe." But Proverbs of a better class teach us to "Do what is right, whatever be the result;" remind us that "He that waits for dead men's shoes, goes for a long time bare-foot;" and tell us that we must "Work or die," for

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

HAUNTS OF MUSIC.

THERE is music in the ocean, when the waves are white with foam,
And the rough, wild winds of winter toss the billows to the sky;
When the sailor boy is thinking of his far-off cottage home,
And the storm-tossed sea birds hover with their strange, sad tempest cry;
From the scenes of wildest splendour comes the voice of melody,
There is music deep and tender in the ever sounding sea!

There is music in the forest, with its many-tinted flowers,
When the young spring leaves are gladden'd by the sunlight and the breeze,—
When the joy-birds chant their matin-songs amid the leafy bowers,
And the morning sunbeams tinge with gold the brooklets and the trees.
Bird and stream and breeze, unite in one glad song of love,
To swell with sounds of sweet delight the music of the grove!

There is music in the city, 'mid the tumult and the din,
'Mid the clanging, and the chiming, and the never-ceasing roar,—
'Mid the gaiety and splendour, and the wretchedness and sin,—
'Mid the laughter of the jocund, and the pleadings of the poor,—
Where the great crowd weeps, rejoices, murmuring sounds co-mingling meet,
There is music in the voices of the crowded city street!

There is music in my lov'd one's voice, when she sings in strains sublime,
The songs that thrill my soul with joy, and peace, and hope, and love;
There is music in the village bells, as they ring their passing chime,
And music in the wintry wind that sweeps the leafless grove;
On mountain height, and sandy plain, amid the city's throng,
In leafy glade, and sounding main, there dwells the voice of song.

O! bleak and barren is the heart where music does not dwell,
And the days of life are desolate, and the nights are long and drear,
Where holy love-chords lie unstrung, where joy-notes never swell,—
Where the glad heart never echoes with the melodies that cheer:
But the noblest strain that the soul enjoys, as through life we journey on,
Is the music of that inward voice that whispers "DUTY DONE!"

J. C. TILDESLEY.

IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?

Is it any body's business
If a gentleman should choose
To call upon a lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know,
Is it anybody's business
If a lady has a beau?

Is it anybody's business
When the gentleman does call,
Or when he leaves the lady,
Or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary
The venetians should be drawn,
To save from further trouble
The outside lookers on?

Is it anybody's business
But the lady's, if her beau
Rides out with other ladies,
And doesn't let her know?
Is it anybody's business,
But the gentleman's, if she
Should accept another escort,
Where he doesn't chance to be?

Is a person promenading,
Whether great or whether small,
Is it anybody's business
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person,
And he's calling anywhere,
Is it any of your business
What his business may be there?

The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this,
Is it anybody's business
What another's business is?
If it is, or if it isn't,
We would really like to know,
For we're certain, if it isn't,
There are some who make it so!

If it is, we'll join the rabble
And act the meaner part
Of the tattlers and defamers,
Who throng the public mart;
But, if not, we'll act the teacher,
Until the meddler learns
It were better for the future
To mind his own concerns.

IVY.

MA'AMZELLE JACQUELINE.

I HAD just made the circuit of the huge pile of Notre Dame, bathed in the ruddy glow of the morning sun. Every now and again I paused to admire the magnificent effects of light and shadow on its noble masses of masonry, its innumerable saints, angels, and demons; its luxuriant vegetation of carven stone, and its delicate lace-like traceries. Thus, walking and stopping, and musing on the peculiarities of the phase of national life which had thus embodied itself in a mode of expression more lasting than its wn existence, I marvelled what would be the character and out-growth of the world's next phase of constructive belief; when, on passing from the open space in front of the cathedral into one of the narrow streets of lofty houses leading from it, I espied, affixed to either side of the door of a large but sordid-looking house, a couple of flaming red and yellow placards which set forth that the hammer of the auctioneer would that day disperse to the four winds of heaven, the furniture and properties of Jean Monet, engraver, recently deceased. For particulars you were invited to "enquire within."

Some undefined sentiment led me to wish to see this sale; and in I went.

"Monsieur is going—— ?" cried the shrill inquiring voice of the portress.

"To the sale," I replied.

"The sale will not begin until noon," she continued; but you can go up and look at the things, if you will. Looking costs nothing; and there are people up there already. 'Tis on the fourth story; door to the left."

I went up the dirty, narrow stairs, and entered the door indicated by the portress. The deserted rooms—all their poor furniture in the utmost disorder—offered a melancholy spectacle. The auctioneer was already there, seated at a desk, and busy with his catalogues; his people were arranging the things in the order of sale, and several idlers, like myself, were moving through the sordid and dingy apartment. Of the three or four rooms of which it consisted, opening one out of the other, the second had evidently been the workshop of the deceased engraver, and his tools, together with some half-finished plates, were lying about, partly on chairs, partly on the floor, in utter confusion. On an old oaken table, black with age and grime, was a little doll, perched on a wooden pedestal. Its hair hung lank and dishevelled over its shoulders, and the colour was gone from his cheeks and lips, and the striped gown of Algerine silk was soiled and limp. Only its black glass eyes had survived the general wreck of former beauty.

The poor little desolate-looking doll had something pathetic and touching about it. I could not help fancying I must have seen it before; and was quite sure it must have a history.

While this reflection was passing through my mind, a common looking man, the expression of whose countenance was extremely hard and vulgar, came into the room. I disliked him instinctively. He loitered carelessly through the apartment, cast a disdainful glance on the doll as he went by, and then stooped to inspect a heap of copper plates lying in a corner. As he passed the doll again on his way from the room, he gave it a smart rap on the head with his cane. The noise of the rap on the wooden head of the forlorn plaything sounded to me like a complaint, and I was so much irritated by this cowardly and needless insult to the unprotected doll, that I could have found it in my heart to challenge the aggressor on the spot.

"What unpardonable carelessness," I exclaimed, angrily enough; "Monsieur, you have thrust your cane within an inch of my eye."

This assertion, by the way, was a most absurd invention on my part, for the man was at least a dozen feet from me; but I was too much excited to think of probabilities. He turned, however, took off his shabby hat, and bowed very civilly, expressing his regret in most apologetic tones. Then he puts his hat on again, and went away.

"How absurd I have been!" was my mental exclamation.

Just then a pale, fair young man, with whitey-brown whiskers and seedy paletot, entered the room, almost running against the vulgar man with the cane, who was in the act of going out.

"Good morning, Varin," cried the former, "What on earth are you doing here?"

"I just looked in to see what there might be for sale," replied the other. "I thought some of the plates might perhaps be worth a trifle; but I see they are mere rubbish. I wouldn't give five *sous* for all the things here put together," he added with a contemptuous shrug, as he went down stairs.

The new-comer walked slowly through the rooms; he looked about him with a saddened expression, and sighed two or three times as he made his survey. "Poor Monet;" he ejaculated at last, in an under tone.

As he passed the table, he took the doll by the waste and looked at it kindly. "Poor little Jacqueline!" he said, gently, as he replaced it on the block of wood, and patted it softly on the shoulder. He was evidently a friend of the defunct, and I felt that he was a good-hearted fellow. I bowed to him. "This poor forsaken young lady," I remarked, pointing to the doll, and with a smile at the thought of my own folly a few moments before, "has been rather hardly dealt with by the rough personage who has just left the room. Indeed, I was so much offended by his behaviour to her that I was on the point of quarrelling with him."

"If poor Monet were here, Monsieur, he would thank you with tears in his eyes," replied the pale young man, earnestly, as he looked down kindly on the doll, and caressed its shabby paintless head. "Old Varin," he continued, "is the print-seller for whom poor Monet used to engrave, and he was perhaps a little too hard on him in the way of prices. At any rate, papa Varin had no great affection for you, my poor little Jacqueline," he added, turning again towards the doll; "but never mind that, I shall buy you presently, and you shall come home and dine with me. We shall be excellent friends; and no one shall knock you on the head any more, poor little Jacqueline!"

My face probably expressed both surprise and curiosity at these words, for the pale young man remarked, with a smile, "you do not know Ma'amzelle Jacqueline's history, Monsieur?"

"No, indeed, I do not," I replied, "but I should be very much obliged by your imparting it to me."

"Oh, 'tis but a short story," said he; "Poor Monet, an excellent, good, kind-hearted fellow, but one of those who seem borne to be unlucky, had married a pretty amiable creature, with no more good luck about her than he had. Two years after their marriage she gave him a little daughter, and died just after its birth. All the affection the father had felt for his wife (and they really were a very attached couple, in spite of their often having nothing better than a bit of dry bread for their dinner), now centered on his child. He fairly adored her; and worked away harder than ever, being as usual but ill-paid, for his industry was always greater than his luck. On Sundays he dressed her up like a little princess and took her into the country, carrying her about in his arms the whole day. Two years passed thus.

"I fancy I can see him now, on a cold winter's evening, sitting on the low chair beside the little stove there, undressing his darling, fastening her little night-gown, and smoothing her curls under her cap—for he was father, mother, and nurse to the child,—and then wrapping his cloak about her, and holding her tiny hands in his as she knelt in his lap, making her repeat her prayers before putting her into her little cot.

"One day he came to me—'twas about six months ago—in a state of anxiety and terror bordering on insanity. 'Lili is ill, said he, 'find me the best doctor in all Paris, my friend! She does not eat: she is heavy and sad, and her skin is covered with reddish patches. Don't lose a moment, but bring the doctor directly, for the love of Heaven!' And away he flew, like one possessed, back to his darling.

"I lost no time in finding him a doctor," pursued the pale young man, "and we came here together with all speed. Lili was pronounced to be taken with scarlatina; but the doctor thought there was no danger, left her some medicine, and went away, promising to call again in the evening. For four days and nights Monet never quitted the child's couch, never closed an eye, and would probably have died of starvation, had we not forced him to eat. At length the crisis was passed, and the little girl was saved. Monet, beside himself with joy, rolled her up in a blanket, and carried her about the room with her head on his shoulder, telling her little stories, and singing her every little song he could think of. Towards dusk I persuaded him to put her again into bed under the care of a good nurse we had found for him, and who would take every care of her, and dragged him out for a turn in the fresh air. The sharp breeze seemed to excite him; he walked rapidly, talked incessantly, and appeared unable to contain his exuberant joy. 'As soon as Lili is a little stronger,' said he, 'I will take her into Normandy, to my good Aunt Jacqueline's, at Gouais. The country air and the fresh milk will set her up directly. My good aunt, though I have not visited her for some years, will be glad enough to see us; for she was always very fond of me, and looked upon me as one of her own children. *Allons! c'est ça!* I will take my little Lili to her, and the brave woman will love her as she used to love her father in his childhood.'

"Just then we happened to be passing along the quay by the Pont Neuf, and he espied this doll in a toy-shop

"'What a beautiful doll!' cried Monet, 'I must go in and buy it for Lili. You will see how delighted she will be! We will call it Jacqueline, after my good aunt; *Ma'amzelle Jacqueline!*'

"The doll was bought forthwith; and so impatient was he to give it to his little girl, that I could not persuade him to continue his walk, and he ran off to his home at once. 'If I go back directly, I may be in time to give it to her before she goes to sleep,' said he, as he left me.

"The next day, when I entered his room, Lili was setting in her little chair by the fire, holding her beautiful doll on her lap. But I did not like her look. Her face was pale and haggard, her eyes were heavy, her skin yellow and flabby; I felt startled at the change, but I could not bear to damp Monet's joy by imparting my fears to him.

"Presently the doll fell from Lili's hand, and her head drooped on the back of her chair. Her father took her in his arms and walked up and down the room with her, singing to her, and trying to rouse and amuse her But she was weak and in pain; evidently ill. Monet was distracted. The doctor was sent for immediately. They had taken her too soon out of her bed; she had caught cold; and two days afterwards, when I came in here, a little corpse was lying in Lili's bed, with the doll beside her. The two little faces seemed to be smiling at each other; but one of them was as white as the pillow on which it lay. Monet had thrown himself across his graving table, where he lay quite still, weeping, and gnawing his handkerchief in a sort of stupor of sorrow. His grief was terrible. We did all we could to comfort him, but in vain, for he had lost everything in losing his child.

"He purchased a grave in the Cemetery of Mont Martre, and the little girl was buried there; and he worked day and night to pay for it, talking of Lili for hours together to the doll, which always stood before him on his table as he worked; and the doll, with her bright, staring eyes, seemed to listen to him as he talked to her of his lost darling.

"His sole aim in life appeared to be the payment for that bit of ground, and the expenses of the funeral. When this had been accomplished, he laid down his burin; he seemed to have no idea of self-preservation left, his thoughts were with his child, and he spent his days in nursing Ma'amzelle Jacqueline, and talking to her of what they were going to do.

"One day Varin came in, bringing him some copper-plates, which he told him he was in a great hurry to have finished. Monet began to dance Ma'amzelle Jacqueline up and down on his knee, and

said to her,—'Tell him we are not going to do any more work for anybody. All is paid for, and we are going to Normandy, and we shall play in the churchyard at Gouais, and that is better than engraving.'

"Varin was very angry at getting no answer. He gathered up his plates, called him a fool, and went off in a passion.

"After this," continued the pale young man, "you will hardly need to be told the sequel. A few days afterwards, when we had taken him to our hotel, where we had used to get him to dine with us, he was seized with a fit of raving madness, and we could nothing more than send him to a suitable asylum. Poor Monet! Everything was done for him that could be done; but it was all in vain. One day, as I was going in with a friend to see him as usual, two of the infirmary servants met us, carrying a long, narrow, deal box, that was about to figure in a pauper funeral. The corpse of poor Lili's father was in that box. We had fortunately arrived there in time to take possession of the body, which we had buried beside that of his little daughter.

"You see, Monsieur," he added, as he turned away his head to wipe away a tear, "the history you have asked for is a very simple one."

An hour or two afterwards, when the greater part of the things had been disposed of, Ma'amzelle Jacqueline was put up for sale amidst the jokes and laughter of the assembled crowd; and, after a solitary bid of ten sous by a little girl, whose pecuniary resources probably did not admit of her going any higher, was knocked down at one franc to a pale young man with whitey-brown whiskers and seedy paletot.

PURPOSE IN LIFE.

In order to the accomplishment of any noble purpose, it is necessary to have a carefully-laid plan, for a rambling and desultory application, even with a virtuous intent, will prove altogether inadequate.

It is a poetical assertion that "life without a plan serves merely as a soil for discontent to thrive in," and of the justness of this assertion the proofs abound. But if we would shrink from the idea of abandoning what was intended for a garden of fruitfulness and beauty, to the growth of rank and ungrateful weeds, we must lose no time, but begin at once to occupy the ground and lay down our plans.

Some point in view, some fixed object of pursuit, is a spur to the energies, and where that point in view is something really great and good, the influence it exerts is sufficient to inspire courage, and sustain the concentration of the powers requisite for its attainment. And, more than this, the influence of that great and good object upon which the mental eye is fixed, imparts to life a zest and earnestness which those who pass an aimless existence can neither understand nor appreciate. Yet this is no forced or fancied representation, but a plain statement of the contrasts of character arising from the presence or absence of an object, a plan, a noble motive, and a high resolve. May we never want these, and then we may give melancholy complainings to the winds, for we shall find that life is too short and to precious to spare any part of it for anything but its important work.

Lily H.

OUR VOLUNTEERS.

Who could witness the assembling of so many thousands of our fellow-countrymen as appeared in Brighton on Easter Monday, and not feel emotions of pride and joy in beholding that vast number of brave and gallant men, ready, voluntarily, to devote their time, their energies, their lives to the service of their Queen and country, willing at any moment, if required, to put forth their strength in the protection of their native land? Such a scene must surely have awakened a glow of patriotic feeling in the coldest breast, while those possessed of warm and loyal hearts would feel them beating high with pleasure and enthusiasm as they gazed on the long line of soldierly forms, in their various dresses, gaily marching though the town, their nodding plumes keeping time to the music.

The "Queen of the South" is honoured by the preference shown her above all other localities; and certainly all who are acquainted with her domains must acknowledge that there could not be found in England, a fitter spot for a meeting of our noble volunteers than the sweet vallies of the South Downs. And what of the volunteers them-

selves? Doubtless to most of them it was far from being a day of unalloyed pleasure. In all probability they would encounter many vexations and annoyances, and on returning to their homes would feel weary with fatigue and excitement; but then, as soldiers, they are of course willing to endure whatever hardships and privations they may meet with, finding compensation for all trials of the kind in the delight of forming so noble a band, in listening to the praises of a nation, in the gratitude of a good and loving sovereign, and last, though not least, in the approval of their own hearts, which prompt them to become the protectors and defenders of their homes and families, even at the sacrifice of their own lives. Long may they continue thus to form a gallant army; but we pray that the time may be far, very far distant, when their courage, perseverance, and zeal shall be put to the test. We would wish that all their battles might be as bloodless as that fought on the 5th of April, but should ever the day come when they would be summoned to take part in a more serious contest, may they not be found wanting in that skill and bravery of which they now give fair promise; may they not disappoint the expectations of those who rely upon them for assistance in the hour of danger!

KATRINE.

DIARIES.

HAVING for many years kept a diary, and having found it useful in more ways than one, I am induced to recommend the practice to those who have never tried it. Its use as a remembrancer is obvious. A good memory is not everybody's property, but a diary, which is often an efficient substitute, is within the reach of all, and if regularly written up each evening or morning demands but little time or trouble. The entry in a diary is authoritative, where a mere recollection might be disputed; and I believe it is admitted as evidence in law, as we sometimes read of cases in which an appeal is made to its pages. When some years have passed, with the changes that time never fails to bring, there is a peculiar pleasure in looking over the leaves of an old diary, recalling scenes and incidents which had nearly passed from the memory, but which spring again into being as we glance over the record. However slender the outline, it serves to recall the events, and memory finds then little difficulty in filling up the sketch. It may be, indeed, that there is something sad in many of these resuscitations; but it is undoubtedly true that their is a pleasure in sadness where the cause is remote, where the degree is slight, and where it can be dismissed from the mind if desired. But, besides being a record of events useful for reference and interesting to look back upon, I have often thought that one benefit of keeping a diary is the influence it exercises over one's daily doings. If it faithfully records, as it should, whatever we do, it is sometimes a salutary check upon our actions to remember that they must be set down that evening in black and white; and the sense of waste of time is rarely stronger than when, pen in hand, we can recall nothing worthy of record among the occupations of the day. There is a feeling akin to that of the emperor of old when he exclaimed, "I have lost a day." It impresses one with the want of results when the doings of many hours will not fill a few lines, while it is a real source of satisfaction when we note the successful accomplishment of some useful object, or some worthy project pushed on nearer to its end.

GORGONIA.

ADDRESS

TO THE READERS OF, AND CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE FAMILY FRIEND."

Ye friends, who monthly strew thy pages o'er,
With rich effusions of intrinsic lore
And taste refined, permit me to invite
The muses nine, chaste, modest, and polite,
And lyrist too, with soul-enchanting air,
To chase away all health-corroding care.
"Spirit of the Press," support them, I implore
Thy aid within each fertile mind to store
The witching charm,—the ever-potent spell,
That reigns supreme where fascinations dwell,
With every virtuous feeling of the heart,
That worth and wisdow can alone impart;
A wide extended field then view, at will,
Of knowledge, science, literature, skill,
And intellectual powers, all combined,
To cultivate the morals of mankind.
Thus all complete, forth to the world, pray send
Our little favourite, "The Family Friend."

IAGO.

TO LUCINDA B.

SISTER Lucinda, vain shall verse of mine,
Accord due thanks for sympathy like thine;
I little dream'd my pensive thoughts would such
A chord of feeling in thy bosom touch,—
That thou would'st vouch thy heart's good-will to bless
Thy love and prayers to lighten my distress.
Had I thy warbling tongue, thy plastic pen,
A verse worth thy acceptance I might offer then;
But now words fail me, so at loss I plead,
The will to thank thee, take it for the deed.

LILY H.

A THOUGHT.

SIN is to the soul what a virulent disease is to the body, which, if not eradicated in its infancy, will gradually spread till every part be poisoned, and all hope of cure be despaired of; so sin, if not baffled with, will imperceptibly effect its empire over the soul, till suddenly we awake to remorseful feelings, and find ourselves in possession of a "corruptible instead of the uncorruptible crown" which we so earnestly desire to possess. None can be sinless; directly we enter this world, the seeds of good and bad are engendered in us, consequent on the fall of our first parents, who, for one disloyal act, covered their numerous progeny with thousands of blemishes of which they cannot rid themselves. Sin is the one enemy that destroys the peace that might otherwise be ours; he enters the heart swiftly and subtlely, rouses the passions into fierce and deadly combat, and then leaves them to a long and fierce struggle—

"The fruit of sin, goodly and fair to view,
Deceives us in its beauty. Pluck'd, it turns
To ashes on our lips."

MIGNIONETTE.

WORD PICTURES.

SOME words express volumes. Life, the mind's eye, pictures strength, and hope, and will; work and pleasure, study and relaxation, joy and grief, anger and strife, scenes of quiet and bustle, of peace and of battle, of tempest and calm, of heroism and cowardice—moving pictures "by flood and field." Love, there is portrayed its joys and its sorrows, its blisses and cares; its tumults of sorrow and fever of happiness; its constant, unvarying, unquenchable, mutual flame—in short,

"Two minds with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

Death—and we think of a dim and unreflecting eye, a chilly coldness over the once warm frame, a mind untroubled by all the petty cares of life, by all its joys; closed lips that return no pressure to those of the loved ones; a stilled heart, and a pulse that has ceased to beat; the tongue that charmed with its eloquence is still, the mind that enchanted with its thoughts can think no more; and the soul is released from its earthly thraldom, and has flown—whither? Only the All-Judge can tell.

ZANONI.

A GOSSIP ABOUT BELLS.

BELLS are of great antiquity. Small gold bells are mentioned as ornaments worn upon the hem of the high priest's robe, in Exodus, chapter xxviii.; and Calmet says that they were worn in the same manner by the kings of Persia. The Greeks used handbells in camps and garrisons. At certain hours of the night, patrols went round the camp and visited the sentinels; and, to try if any were asleep, a little bell was rung, the sound of which the soldiers were expected to answer. Plutarch mentions bells, and it is well known that they were in domestic use among the Roman people; but the large bells now used in churches are said to have been invented by Paulinus, bishop of Nola, in Campania, about the year A.D. 400. They were probably introduced into England soon after their invention. They are first mentioned by Bede, about the close of the seventh century. It has been supposed the curfew (cover-fire) bell, introduced by William the Conqueror, was imposed upon the English people as a badge of servitude. Some, however, believe it only to have been intended as a precaution against fires, which were then very frequent, the houses at that period being wholly built of wood. The passing-

bell was so named because it was rung when any one was passing from life. Hence it was sometimes called the soul-bell, and was rung that those who heard it might pray for the person dying, and who was not yet dead. A writer who flourished about the end of the twelfth century tell us—"When any one is dying, bells must be tolled, that the people may put up their prayers, twice for a woman, and thrice for a man: if for a clergyman, as many times as he had orders, and at the conclusion a peal on the bells, to distinguish the quality of the person for whom the people are to put up their prayers." In the narrative of the last moments of the Lady Catherine (sister of Lady Jane) Grey, who died a prisoner in 1567, Sir Owen Hopton, constable of the Tower, the Tower, "perceiving her end near, said to Mr. Bockeham, were it not best to send to the church, that the bell may be rung; and she herself hearing him, said, 'Good Sir Owen, be it so,'" and almost immediately died. The tolling of the passing-bell continued down to the time of Charles II.; but there seems now to be nothing more intended in tolling it than to inform the neighbourhood that a death has taken place.

Ringing of bells is said to be a practice peculiar to England. In this art, however, it is by some persons considered that melody has seldom been studied.

Weever, in his work on "Funeral Monuments," says—"In the little sanctuary at Westminster, King Edward the Third erected a clochier, and placed therein three bells for the use of St. Stephen's Chapel. About the biggest of them were cast in the metal in these words:—

"King Edward made mee thirty thousand weight and three,
Take me down and wey mee, and more you shall find me."

But these bells being taken down in the reign of Henry the Eighth, one writes underneath with a coal:—

"But Henry the Eight
Will bate me of my weight."

This last distich alludes to a fact mentioned by Stowe, in his "Survey of London," that near to St. Paul's School stood a clochier, in which were four bells, called "Jesus's Bells," the greatest in all England, against which Sir Miles Partridge staked an hundred pounds, and won them of Henry the Eighth, at a cast of the dice.

Warner, in his "History of Hampshire," enumerates the virtues of a bell, by translating the lines from the "Helpe to Discourse:"—

"Men's deaths I tell by doleful knell;
Lightning and thunder I break asunder;
On Sabbath all to church I call;
The sleepy head I raise from bed;
The winds so fierce I do disperse;
Men's cruel rage I do assuage."

Four of the bells of the ancient Abbey of Hexham were dedicated or baptised; and although the old bells no longer exist, the legends upon the whole six have been preserved, and a free translation given by Mr. Wright, as follows:—

"1. Even at out earliest sound,
The light of God is spread around.
2. At the echo of my voice,
Ocean, earth, and air rejoice.
3. Blend thy mellow tones with mine,
Silver voice of Catherine!
4. Till time on ruin's nap shall nod,
John shall sound the praise of God.
5. With John, in heavenly harmony,
Andrew, pour thy melody.
6. Be mine to chant Jehovah's fame,
While Marie is my name."

These legends on bells were not uncommon. The Rev. W. C. Lukis, in his "Notices on Church Bells," gives the following instances:—

At Aldbourne, on the first bell, we read—"The gift of Jos. Pizzie and Wm. Gwynn.

"Music and ringing we like so well,
And for this reason we give this bell."

On the fourth bell is—

"Humphrey Symsin gave xx pound to buy this bell,
And the parish gave xx more to make this ring go well."

A not uncommon epigraph is—

"Come when I call
To serve God all."

At Chilton Foliott, on the tenor, is—

"Into the church the living I call,
And to the grave I summon all.
Attend the instruction which I give,
That so you may for ever live."

At Devizes, St. Mary, on the first bell, is—

"I am the first, altho' but small
I will be heard above you all."

And on the second bell is—

"I am the second in this ring,
Therefore next to thee I will sing."

Which, at Broadchalk, is thus varied—

"I in this place am second bell,
I'll surely do my part as well."

On the third bell at Coln is—

"Robert Foreman collected the money for casting this bell
Of well-disposed people, as I do you tell."

At Bath Abbey, on the tenth bell, is—

"All you of Bath that hear me round,
Thank Lady Hopton's hundred pound.

On the fifth bell at Amesbury is—

"Be strong in faith, praise God well,
Frances Countess Hertford's bell."

And on the tenor—

"Altho' it be unto my loss,
I hope you will consider my cost."

At Stowe, Northamptonshire, and at St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, we find—

"Be it known to all that doth me see,
That Newcombe, of Leicester, made me."

At St. Michael's, Coventry, on the fourth bell is—

"I ring at six to let you know,
When to and from your work to go."

On the seventh bell is—

"I ring to sermon with a lusty bome,
That all may come, and none can stay at home."

On the eighth bell is—

"I am and have been called the common bell,
To ring when fire breaks out to tell."

At St. Peter-le-Bailey, Oxford, four bells were sold towards finishing the tower; and, in 1792, a large bell was put up, with this inscription—

"With seven more I hope soon to be
For ages joined in harmony."

But this very reasonable wish has not yet been realised; whereas, at St. Lawrence's, Reading, when two bells were added to form a peal of ten, on the second we find—

"By adding two our notes will raise,
And sound the good subscriber's praise."

There is a celebrated bell of Westminster, called "Tom of Westminster;" this bell formerly hung in a strong clock-tower over against the great door of Westminster Hall, which, about the beginning of the last century, was granted to St. Paul's; and the steeple, at that time, not being freed from the scaffolding so as to allow the bell to be hung, it stood for several years under a shed in the churchyard. This bell forms a subject for an engraving in the "Antiquarian Repertory," with the following particulars:—"The Old Bell, called Great Tom of Westminster, that did hang in the Clock-tower, opposite Westminster Hall gate, was bought for the use of St. Paul's, London; but, being cract, was new cast with an addition of metal—anno 12, Gul 3, weighing four ton, 400 lb. (8,400 lb.), and in this form made by Peter Wightman, Decr. 15th, 1708."

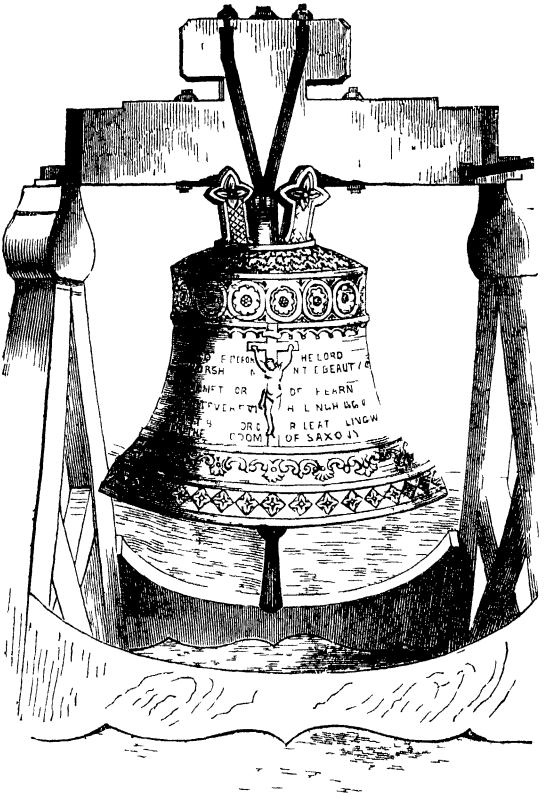
At the announcing of the death of the Princess Dowager of Wales, Feb. 8th, 1772, the clapper was broken, and a new one, weight 186 lb., placed in its stead, which was first used at her funeral.

The following "Articles of Ringing" are upon the walls of the belfry in the pleasant village of Dunster, in Somersetshire. They are dated 1787:—

"1. You that in ringing take delight
Be pleased to draw near;
These articles you must observe,
If you mean to ring here.
2. And first, if any overturn
A bell, as that he may,
He forthwith for that only fault,
For beer shall sixpence pay.
3. If any one shall curse or swear
When come within the door,
He then shall forfeit for that fault,
As mentioned before.
4. If any one shall wear his hat
When he is ringing here,
He straightway then shall sixpence pay
In cyder or in beer.
5. If any one these articles
Refuseth to obey,
Let him have nine strokes of the rope,
And then depart away."

The wayward genius of a well-known American author has bequeathed to us some eccentric verses on bells, the following extract from which will amuse our readers:—

"Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.



BELL, WITH MOTTOES.

A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
And the people—ah! the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls.
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells."

BOOKS WORTH BUYING.

London Scenes and London People Anecdotes, Reminiscences, and Sketches of Places, Personages, Events, Customs, and Curiosities of London City—Past and Present By "Aleph."—Collingridge, City Press, Aldersgate-street.

FEW of the tens of thousands who pass to and fro through the crowded City of London have any idea of the various points of interest it contains, or of the interesting events which, as age succeeded age, have occurred within its boundaries. It has been the object of the author of this volume to enlighten us on these subjects. And he has done more than this. He has given sketches of many of the most noted characters who have lived and died within the City's precincts; he has itemed with graphic power its every-varying customs; and has exhibited its curiosities with much skill. Every page teems with London life as it appeared in times past, and as it appears in the enlightened age in which we live. So deeply acquainted does "Aleph" appear to be with London Scenes and London People, that one might almost suppose that he was the veritable Wandering Jew: one who has travelled the streets of the great city, and mingled with its life, from the time, at least, when the Romans held possession of the town.

No small or unimportant addition to the author's graphic delineation of City life and City character is to be found in the engravings that adorn the volume. One of these we are enabled to present to our readers. Here, as in the other illustrations, the past and the present are brought face to face—the picture of the First Exchange of Sir Thomas Gresham, and the map of Moorfields, as it existed in the year 1560, appearing in conjunction with the representation of that gorgeous piece of antiquity, the Lord Mayor's Coach. The inner life of London, as presented in these pages, is to a certain extent pictorial, though to the citizen himself it may often wear an aspect of the most leaden dulness. At this moment, for instance, at which we write, great preparations are being made to beautify that old Gothic pile, the Guildhall, in order that it may look as festive as possible on the occasion of the Royal visit on the 8th of June; but it is doubtful if anything can render the abiding place of old Gog and Magog other than ugly. Even its ugliness, however, has a certain air of rude grandeur, which cannot but impress the Prince and Princess of Wales, as it does all strangers, with a notion of wealth, power, and greatness. So also with the other purely civic buildings and institutions described by our author. In each and every case he has efficiently and sufficiently supplied us with a mass of interesting and amusing reading, so far differing from the contents of a mere guide book, as to wear a greater semblance to originality than we at first expected.

Photographs of the Prince and Princess.

SURELY no Royal personages were ever so shockingly belied and scandalised in their portraits as the Prince of Wales and his lovely bride. If we are to believe in all the "likenesses" of Albert Edward and Alexandra, why, then, their Royal Highnesses are at one and the same time blonde and brunette, old and young, handsome and hideous, tall and short, emaciated and *embonpoint*. But, as all cannot be true, we are content to believe they are young and fair, and royally handsome,—just, in fact, as they are represented in the photographs issued by our publishers, Messrs. Ward and Lock. These gentlemen have received a large supply of Levassior's *cartes de visites* of the royal pair, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing these portraits at once the most faithful and most satisfactory of any yet issued.

They possess the additional recommendation of being as cheap as they are good—three sixpences being sufficient to purchase either of them post free.

SONNET.

Go, warlike cynics! gaze on yonder stately fane,
Where all the nations meet in amity and peace,
A blessed sight! for when dread war shall cease,
And Peace spread over all her rich and varied train,
Prosperity shall smile upon the face of man,
And Happiness strew brilliant gems athwart the earth,
The pledge of brighter days—forerunners of the birth
Of Peace and Love, twin angels, who together ran
Amid the blushing flowers and rich ambrosial groves
Of Eden, when the new-made earth was free from stain,
And Joy and Friendliness together roamed the plain,
And whispered honeyed words of never-changing love.
Then come! oh, come once more! ye bright halcyon days,
And all the earth shall join the jub'lant song to raise.

ALEXANDER K. ERSKINE.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER.

THE pleasant month of May, just passed into the limbo of irrecoverable things, and the "leafy month of June," as Coleridge happily describes it, do they not, to some extent, typify life—youth arriving at manhood—the youth of the year come to days of maturity, 'and glorying in might and power? How many great events have mingled with the course of our every-day life during the bright, beautiful May for ever departed! With the opening of the Royal Academy—one of the great events of the month; and the Drawing Room and Levee—real carnivals of fashion; and the race for the Derby Stakes at Epsom—the most universal of holidays for high-class and middle-class London; and the musical triumphs at the two Opera Houses; and the Flower Show at the Crystal Palace; and the Debates in Parliament; and all the lesser affairs that go to make up what is known as the London Season; with the beauty and fullness of joy belonging to the delightful spring-time of the year, come dire accounts of war and dissension from distant places, in both the Old World and the New.

The opening of the month in the Dis-United States of America was signalised by a great defeat of the Northerns, under General Hooker, in Virginia. The first news flashed along the telegraphic wires represented him, on the 28th of April, crossing the Rappahannock, with his whole army, at two points above and below the town of Fredericksburg. The Confederates offered some resistance, but it was soon overcome by the exulting Federals. The design of General Hooker was carefully concealed. It was surmised that he intended to attack Lee, the Confederate general, in Fredericksburg, with one wing, while he prevented his escape with the other. In any case, it seemed certain that he would cut off Lee's communications with Richmond. While these speculations were occupying the public mind of Europe, news arrived from New York which dispersed to the winds the glorious anticipations the Federals had formed of this expedition. On the 2nd of May, that formidable chief, "Stonewall" Jackson, made a sudden attack on Hooker's right wing, and the shock was so tremendous that General Schurz's division broke at once, and all attempts to collect and rally them proved vain. Whole regiments are described as throwing down their arms in a state of utter consternation, and flying towards headquarters. The panic rapidly spread, and another division, in the expressive language of the telegram, "also broke and ran." A desperate effort was made by a portion of the troops to check the pursuit, which closed only with daylight. On the following morning Jackson resumed the attack. For three hours and a half both armies fought with desperation, and the Federal General Berry was killed. Again the Federals were routed, and again they fled, the Confederates pursuing them as before. In this way the fight was continued for four hours longer, and ceased at last only when the exhausted troops got into a position which rendered it desirable, or necessary, to suspend the conflict. The slaughter is represented to have been "awful." The battle was resumed on the following morning, and again the Federals were defeated. It is not easy to foresee the effect of this victory; nor would it be safe to attempt to estimate it till the final result is fully known. The most cursory observer, however, cannot fail to perceive that the North had staked its main strength upon this movement, and that its failure must be attended by the gravest consequences. It is thought by some that this disastrous civil war is approaching its termination, and that the successes lately achieved by the Confederates, in various quarters, is but the beginning of

the end. But it is idle to speculate on the matter. Here, in England, we must wait and watch.

In Poland the insurrection is everywhere spreading rapidly and alarmingly—at least for Russia. In almost every skirmish reported by the telegraph the patriot Poles are represented as victorious over the Russian hordes. Fresh risings have taken place in Volhynia and Podolia; and it is reported that an insurrection has broken out in the Ukraine. The reign of terror threatened by the Russians has not yet commenced, although the amnesty has expired. Dreadful reprisals are talked of on the other side, and quiet people in Warsaw are beginning to be as much alarmed by the menaces of their friends as the barbarity of their enemies. It is currently believed that secret communications have passed between the French Government and the Polish Committee, and that the latter have received directions to hold out until the elections are over, when the Emperor will openly espouse their cause. This may be merely a *canard*, but it is suffered to go uncontradicted, and the "Moniteur," gives a sort of colour of probability to it by publishing news and comments unfavourable to Russia. The situation is altogether unprecedented. That Russia should have been up to this time unable to crush the movement is hardly more remarkable than the inefficacy of the great moral and political power which Europe has brought to bear, as yet in vain, upon Russia.

Apart from domestic news, these are the great political topics of the day. Conjoined to them, however, are many problems too momentous to be discussed in any light, off-hand way. For instance, there is the French invasion of Mexico, which may, one day, become a question for European statesmen; the ministerial crisis in Prussia, in which country constitutional government appears to be on its trial; the uneasy feeling existing in Northern Europe, as evidenced by the armaments preparing in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark; the still unsettled question as to the succession to the throne of Greece; the complications which must arise in Italian policy by the death of the Pope, an event believed to be not far distant; the action of the Allies, the English and French, in China; and a hundred other matters of grave importance.

But, striking again the keynote of our desultory remarks, it is gratifying to find that we can enjoy our beautiful May and June without fear for the future of our beloved country. In material prosperity we have reason to congratulate ourselves, despite the distress caused by the cotton famine. But we are happy to find that in Lancashire the privations of the brave operatives are gradually subsiding. Work—good honest work,—and emigration are the panaceas offered for the evil under which the land has been suffering. Nor need we be afraid that emigration will deprive us of too many of the willing hands, and earnest thoughtful heads, that have helped to make England what it is. Our population has more than doubled since Waterloo, in spite of the millions we have sent out to people the wilderness and "replenish the earth and subdue it." It is a proud thing to say that we, of all nations, have been able, in the plenitude of our freedom, and wealth, and might, to carry our language, our institutions, our liberty of thought and action, all the grand characteristics of our race, into other and distant lands, and to found nationalities in both hemispheres which still look back with love and gratitude to the old mother country! And may we not truthfully say to the emigrants of to-day, that they too may

> Build amid the desert hoar,
> Another England on another shore;
> And rear above the old ancestral hill,
> A better, brighter, worthier, if they will!

FAMILY COUNCIL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL.—The present number of our "FRIEND" completing the Midsummer Volume, you will perhaps kindly allow me, in my capacity of Editor and President of the Council, to make a few general remarks on the nature and scope of your labours during the past six months. And first, allow me to say that I am greatly pleased with the progress observable generally in the style of your communications. I may say that you have all striven bravely and successfully to accomplish the ends from time to time proposed, and that you have exhibited a very large amount of talent and assiduity. Indeed, some of you have shown signs of genius of no mean order. It is not necessary to specify the most successful among you, as in the Class Awards, and in the distribution of the prize volumes, this, to a certain extent, has already been done. But I sincerely trust that the successes you have achieved will stimulate you to still further exertions. Literary composition is one of the most delightful of home amusements, when pursued simply as an amusement and a change from other occupations. It affords scope for the exercise of fancy and imagination; disciplines the mind to correct views of things, and teaches us how to express our thoughts in a logical and pleasing manner. I say logical and pleasing, because, in arranging our ideas, order and regular sequence are the main elements of good writing, and what is orderly is generally pleasing. It is only when literature is adopted as a profession that it becomes a toil. And who shall tell how irksome and painful is the labour of composition, sometimes, when it has to be persistently followed day by day? Let me express a hope that, without you feel thoroughly assured of your possession of originality of view and your capacity for hard work, that you will not attempt literature as a means of livelihood. The expression of poetic ideas is one of the most fascinating of employments; and yet how many are the poetasters, and how few the Poets!

> The Poet is not a manufacturer of rhymes,
> And wearies not his brain 'bout bootless feet;
> Change-ringing upon chimes, crimes, climes,
> Mono-syllabic exercises that but cheat
> The senses: toilsome making choice
> Of words and sentences that merely jingle,
> Jangle and wrangle, but never mingle—
> Meant to be read by eye and not by voice.
> This, the mere mechanism of the Poet's art,
> Is every schoolboy's pastime; but the power
> To fascinate the ear and touch the heart—
> To bring unwonted tears to woman's eyes—
> And heave the manly breast with sudden sighs—
> Is his, and priceless as an Empress' dower!

Enough. Let me very briefly refer to one or two other points of interest to the main body of the Councillors.

The Definitions have generally improved in character, and exhibit no lack of fancy, appreciative talent, and correct expression, though here and there they are *outre* and far-fetched. But, as simple mental exercises, they doubtless possess considerable value.

My thanks are due, and are hereby given—to use the phrase common to lawyers and law-makers—to all those Councillors who have furnished forth our literary table. Especially let me congratulate those among you who have essayed to step into the higher walks—tale, essay, poem, and musical composition. In the latter, indeed, we

have been successful in no slight degree; and I trust that in the coming volume we may have to bestow deserved praise in new directions.

One of the ablest of our Councillors has suggested a Phonetic Class; but the suggestion appears to have met with but slight encouragement from the general body of our subscribers. It is not, however, to be put aside altogether, but rather to be more fully considered.

The exchange of *cartes de visites* has been warmly approved by the majority of the Councillors; and I have now in my album the portraits of several ladies and gentlemen known to you all by reputation, and prized, I am sure, as friends and fellow-labourers. During this sunny month of June I shall, I trust, be able to fulfil my promise, so that, ere we meet again, you will all possess the *raisemblance* of him who now addresses you. It will, I need scarcely say, be a great pleasure to me to forward the plan so successfully initiated.

And now, in conclusion, allow me to suggest a means of increasing the usefulness and improving the tone of our little "Friend." Let every Councillor determine to add a name or two to the list of our subscribers. Complaints occasionally reach me of late deliveries of the current number, and other disagreeable contingencies arising from the delay of booksellers and others. Well, render yourselves independent of booksellers by forwarding the price of a volume, when each number may be forwarded monthly direct from the office.

The suggestion of our friend Ivanhoe has met with a fuller response than I anticipated. Thirty-five stamps have been sent me; and, after serious consideration, I have determined to award the Prize for the best Definitions to Charlie F., a comparatively new Councillor. I trust my decision will meet with the approval of the Council. The volume I have selected for presentation is the "Handy Book of Games for Boys," which is published at five shillings, and is, I think, one that he will receive with pleasure—Charles F. being a lad of only fifteen.

In conclusion, ladies and gentlemen of the Council, allow me to give you three words for definition—

PATIENCE. | ASSIDUITY. | GRACE.

all of which I hope you will strive to possess.

Believe me to remain your faithful friend,

THE PRESIDENT.

THE CRITIC.

PROSE AND POETRY.

IN the chaste and delicately-painted sketch of "Aileen's May-day," and in that unambitious, yet charming, production, "The First Primrose," two of our deservedly favourite contributors so well grace their unfading laurels that a hurried and cursory panegyric seems but a very inadequate tribute. Yet time will not allow me to amplify praise. May the gentle authors of these beauteous offerings long—very long—abide among us!

If the fair discloser of "Little Ellen's Fault" resolved beforehand that there should be "little fault" found with her performance, she may derive some satisfaction from the knowledge that she has succeeded admirably. The sketch is a pretty conception, tastefully executed; and the appearance of the objective case of the pronoun in the sentence beginning "There is no man living," ought, perhaps, to be imputed to nothing worse than a "slip of the pen."

MAX, invariably acute and fluent, in his observations "On a wise saw," reminds one of England's great satirist, whose style might be far more unworthily illustrated.

Touching in sentiment, and skilful (though slightly irregular) in construction, is "The Farewell" of BLANCHE ALSING-

TON. And what shall be said of NELLIE'S "Trysting Tree?" Surely there might be found in the regions of poesy many an object less picturesque.

THE "TRIPLE DEFINITIONS."

(*Pp.* 435 6.)

The three given words have been, I consider, most successfully "embodied" by LUCINDA B. and JANE C., each of whom conveys a clear and sensible idea in a very neatly-turned sentence. In the second rank I place the contributions of JOHN, BUSK, HORATIO, EMMA BUTTERWORTH, GAZELLE, LILY H., and FAN.* But there are numerous others (like those of CHLOE and ZANONI) by no means provoking condemnation. SPECTATOR supplies a somewhat intricate sentence, involving, I opine, a false idea; EWOL TENNEB'S No. 1 is not readily comprehensible; and the position of OLIVE appears open to assault.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c.

(*Pp.* 437-9.)

These contributions are so excellent that they are hardly amenable to adverse criticism. For regularity, compactness, "pith," and precision of idea, they may be pronounced, I imagine, the best, as a whole, that have hitherto appeared,—so far as pastime is concerned, leaving little to be desired. IAGO'S Charade is slightly wanting in "finish," and GILBERT ASHTON (possibly to satisfy the tyrant, rhyme) has unjustly excluded from his second verse, for the benefit of a shameless interloper, the neuter verb "lie." Having gone thus far, the censor is "at fault;" and, taking a kindly glance at GIPSY'S ingenious and complimentary "Play upon Names," retires from the field. CARACTACUS.

* This judgment has no reference to NELLIE and MAGGIE SYMMINGTON, whose productions, as *definitions*, are of the first order, but not what on this occasion was required.

THE PASTIME.

I AM surprised that, among the criticisms so often made in the Pastime, no protest has been raised against the introduction of foreign words into Charades, &c, without any hint of their being other than English. In the last number, in one Charade (No. 126) certain letters are said to form "the sea," "a mother," and "the soul," which prove to be *mer*, *mère*, and *âme;* and, in another (No. 135) *rex* and *sex* are similarly put forward among English words. Both these cases occur with Numbered Charades, which are free from the exigencies that poetical ones, with "first" and "second," are liable to. No. 133 is open to the same objection, there being no such word as *mer* in our language. I submit that foreign words should never be introduced unnecessarily, and never without an intimation that they are such. Latin is scarcely fair to *fair* readers, and French is, I think, the only tongue allowable to cull a syllable from when our own fails to give it, at any rate unless the source is expressed. I regret moreover to see, in the present generally diffused state of Natural History knowledge, a "bat" denominated a "bird" in No. 126. What has a bat to do with eggs, beak, or feathers, in which every property constituted bird has a natural right? This reminds me of a gentleman, going on a long voyage, who was requested, by a friend, to send him any specimens of fish that he might meet with. "O, certainly," was his reply, "I'll save everything, from a shrimp to a whale," singularly enough specifying two creatures neither of which are fish, the former being, in scientific language, a *crustacean*—the latter, a *cetacean*. Another rule that I think should always be kept to in Charade-making is, when a fraction of anything is named, as half or three-fourths of a word, the *first* portion should be understood, as, for example, three-fourths of "fire" should be "fir," not "ire"—a rule sometimes infringed.

GORGONIA.

SONNET.

Oh, lovely morn! how grand, how pure's thy ray
When Sol arises from the depths of night,
And pours his gleaming darts athwart the bay,
Enliv'ning all with floods of radiant light!
The gorgeous hues illume the orient sky,
And earth seems wakened by a pleasing dream;
The lark's loud carol fills the void on high,
Before the stars have quenched their tiny gleam.

Then amorous Zephyr wanders 'mid the flowers,
While high above the ringing chorus swells;
The wilding rose her scarlet tribute showers
Around his path. And from the dells
A soft, rich fragrance loads the balmy breeze,
And floods the woods as water doth the seas.

ALEXANDER K. ERSKINE.

MOTHERLESS.

Love yields the tokens Time may not decay,
The heart will nurse them when its hopes are fled,
And cheer their growth when joys are passed away,
And fondly hide the treasures of the dead.

What are these tokens? memory can tell,
Uneasy wanderer through the sad, dim past;
For thoughts that bring the form it loveth well,
And these are they, through shadows only last.

The words that sadden, but they spoke in joy,
The smile that starts, the tear it chased away,
The song that gave delight without alloy,
When life's quick pulses stirred that sleeping clay.

They come unbidden in the silent gloom,
To lay soft music on the aching brain;
To wind their beauty round the faded bloom,
And light the soul-star in its early wane.

But tears are precious in their healing power,
When hope springs from the soil on which they fell;
Then I will welcome them for one short hour,
And look back to the summer in the dell.

I love, at times, to bring once more to ken,
The sweet, kind face, that always smiled on me;
I love to listen for that voice again,
Which seemed the gentler when it spoke of THEE!

The times that were are gathered back to God,
The thoughts they left my summons-call shall be;
And her sweet love will light the path she trod,
And deck the kingly crown that waits for me.

Then I will rest my thoughts in sleep to-night,
And rest the anxious heart those thoughts have worn;
And I will go forth in the early light,
To meet her spirit in the blush of morn.

W. R. G. Hunter.

THE LEGEND OF THREE SISTERS.

A peasant, many years ago,
When earth was in its youth,
Lived with his daughters happily,
And lived for love and truth.

The eldest girl was strong; the next
Was wise,—but neither fair;
The youngest one had laughing eyes
And pretty golden hair.

The peasant, dying, to them said,—
"I leave you very poor;
So all of you will have to work
To keep want from the door.

"Strongarms can fight her way through life—
Wisdom need not despair;
But what's the use of laughing eyes
And pretty golden hair?"

And, when he died, the daughters found
They were indeed quite poor;
So Golden-hair, who looked so weak,
Strongarms turned from the door.

Then time passed on, and Strongarms soon
The Blacksmith's wife became;
And then the village Schoolmaster
Took Wisdom for his dame.

Poor Golden-hair, alone and sad,
Went in the woods so green;
And, weeping mournfully one day,
Was there by the King seen.

The King was but a mortal man,
And loved all that was fair;
So he grew fond of laughing eyes
And pretty golden hair.

"O! do not cry, dear love," he said,
"And leave these woods so green;
Your laughing eyes and golden hair
Would well become a Queen."

He took her to his palace home,
Where soon crowds did repair
To see the King wed laughing eyes
And pretty golden hair.

When Strongarms heard the news she grieved,
And Wisdom jealous felt;
But Golden-hair forgave them both:
And all three happy dwelt.

For, in this mortal world, as long
As people like what's fair,
Strongarms and Wisdom may be loved,
But not like Golden-hair.

John Churchill Breian.

TWENTY YEARS.

She nears the land—the boat that brings
My wand'ring boy again to me!
The sturdy rowers lend her wings,
And now each sun-burnt face I see.
Among them all I mark not him;
It is not that, with rising tears,
My watchful eyes are wet and dim,—
It is the change of Twenty Years.

He left me when a little lad—
A lad? A babe! I see him now;
I hear his voice, so frank and glad;
I smooth the curls upon his brow.
My son returns across the main,
But brings not back the time that's fled;
I shall not hear the tones again;
I shall not pat the childish head.

Perchance a trace I yet may find
Of boyhood, in his look and tone,
A glance, an accent, to remind
Me still of happy visions flown.
His mother's look may greet me when
We hold each other hand-in-hand;
His mother's voice may murmur, then,
An echo from the spirit-land.

The boat comes on! A minute more,
She'll grate along the beach; and see!
Who rises now to spring on shore?
Who waves his cap aloft? 'Tis he!
No more I look in wistful doubt,
As in the man the child appears;
His earnest gaze, his joyous shout,
Have bridged that lapse of Twenty Years.

Godfrey Turner.

OFFERINGS FROM OUR COUNCIL.

ON A SPECIAL PHASE OF MEMORY.

THERE is a peculiarity regarding memory which has often struck me as very remarkable. I do not feel surprised that we have the power to remember a thing, nor that we should sometimes entirely forget it; but that we should, for a time, lose our hold, as it were, of what is really stored in the memory, and deport ourselves almost as if it were not there, when it needs but a certain clue to be given, or a reminder, as it is termed, and we regain our grasp of the matter in all its fulness. There appears to me to be two kinds or degrees of this temporary forgetfulness. As an example of one division we may instance a person forgetting to execute some commission with which he was intrusted. He returns, and, on being questioned about it, at once exclaims that he quite forgot it, or, perhaps more correctly, that he never thought of it afterwards. In this case it was not forgotten in the sense of having permanently faded from the memory, for the slightest hint brought the whole of it, in all its particulars, to the mind; but the thoughts, not having been directed to the matter, and being occupied with other things, had failed to rouse the dormant recollection. The other class of cases in which the memory fails for a time to produce its stores, differs from the former in that the person is conscious at the time of his infirmity, and is aware that the matter is lodged in his mind though all his efforts to recall it are unavailing. A familiar instance of this, and one of occasional occurrence to most persons, is forgetting a person's name. The individual who exhibits this weakness of memory is certain that the word will presently occur to him, possibly when thinking of something else, and declares that he *now* all but has it. "It is just on the tip of my tongue," a feeling, however, which is often deceptive, as, when recalled, it frequently proves very different from something it was said to be like; and, when asserted to begin with a B, very often commences with an M, or something else equally different. The tendency to forget names, by the way, is so great in some persons that a case has occurred within my knowledge,—indeed two cases,—in which persons actually forgot their own names, and were placed somewhat in a dilemma in consequence. This temporary oblivion of a subject that is in reality safely laid up in the memory is sometimes exhibited in matters more complex than a mere name. In such cases all that seems to be required is to obtain a hold of any one link of the chain, and the whole is then drawn out. An instance occurred to me, a few days ago, which is, in fact, the cause of my jotting down these notes. I had put together, and sent off to a certain magazine we wot of, something of the nature of an epigram, at least that seemed the only title I could give it afterwards. This brought to my recollection, or rather it reminded me of, an epigram which Dr. Johnson declared to be the best in our language. At the same time I could neither remember the subject of the epigram nor its words. I had, indeed, a clear recollection of reading it over a few times to fix it in my memory, and *there* I had little doubt it was, if only I could recall some of the words. I perfectly remembered the book in which I read it, and the very room I was sitting in; but not a trace of the subject. I could only recollect Johnson's encomium on it, that the sentiment was religious, and that the writer was of evangelical views, which, not being Johnson's party, placed his praise beyond the suspicion of bias. I thought, and think still, that the writer was Dr. Doddridge; but of that I am not quite certain. That evening no effort I could make evolved any clearer ideas of the matter; and it was not until the middle of the next day, when engaged with other things, that it suddenly came into my head, and I found I could immediately repeat the six lines without any difficulty. This instance, which is only an example of a not uncommon phenomena, set me cogitating on the singular way in which a number of ideas lay hidden, in some recess of brain, until a grip is made on one end of the string. It has, indeed, been inferred that nothing ever really fades from the mind, and that the difference of a good and bad memory depends on the command over its stores and the degree of ease with which we can bring forth a matter committed to its keeping. I have read somewhere of a learned man, travelling in Germany, and meeting, at an inn, with a chambermaid of a metaphysical turn of mind, who had imbibed the opinion that our brains were filled with cells provided

with lids or doors. She believed that all matters committed to the memory were stored in these cells; and that on our power, greater or less, to open these lids, depended our capability of recalling a subject. This can hardly be termed other than a puerile conceit; but it may be that the apparent strength of the memory depends rather on the power of recalling than that of retaining; and, perhaps, the latter faculty is more nearly alike throughout our race than is commonly supposed. Training the memory in this view is simply exercising the power of *recalling*, having first provided a subject on which this power is to be exercised. A trained memory is one that has been accustomed to bring forth its treasures when required; for one that is rarely practised is like a drawer that is seldom opened—it is hard to put one's hand on the thing required. If it is indeed true that the impression once made is really indelible, it is not so difficult to realise that, *one day*, human infirmity having passed away, every event of our whole life, small as well as great, may rise up before us, clear and distinct as at the time of its occurrence. As some may not remember the epigram on which the celebrated Johnson bestowed such unqualified praise, I add it here from "memory," but I believe correctly,—

"Live while you live, the epicure will say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my life, let both united be,—
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee."

GORGONIA.

THE ROSE AND THE DAISY.

INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND.

LONG! long ago!—yes, years ago,—when life
Lay out before me, set with golden rays
Of summer sunshine,—when the heavy cloud,
That, but a short time back, had cover'd me
(And cloth'd my spirit in its black despair),
Seem'd lifted, and its silver lining show'd
More lovely by the contrast,—then I lost,
For one brief space, the thought of what had been
In what yet might be.
Flow'rs of every hue
Fell at my feet, to choose them as I would.
My eye was captur'd by the loveliness
Of one—the queen of flowers! Yes, I must have
The best or none. I pass'd all others by:
They were not bright or sweet enough for me.
My rose! my peerless rose! oh, how it shone
In splendid beauty on that gay parterre;
Its perfume more than all—the richest there;—
And it was mine! Oh, joy!
Deep in its cup
I laid my heart; and every blushing leaf
Folded itself more closely, day by day,
Around my life. I liv'd but when it op'ed.
It was the bud of buds—the only flow'r
In Nature's garden that could bloom for me.
I clasp'd it closer, closer to my side.
Its very beauty still'd my heart's wild throb,
Yet set my soul on fire.
My hold ne'er loos'd it—tighter, and tighter still,
I press'd my darling rose! my queen! my pride!
But, oh! I little reck'd the end. A thorn—
A cruel thorn lay hidden 'neath those leaves;
And, as I clasp'd, it entered, piercing deep,
With such a poison on its tiny shaft
As deaden'd all the kindlier sympathies
My bosom ever knew.
One cry I gave—
One tear to love and beauty, wither'd thus
In early spring-time. Then I tore
The treach'rous blossom from my inmost soul,
And cast it from me, that some other foot
Might bruise its petals, as my heart had been.
The flow'rs bloom'd on, but not for me they sigh'd
Out perfume. It was worse than mockery
To seek to woe me thus. Was I to cull,
And, in the culling, wound myself again?
Forbid it, pride! It could not—should not be!
The blossom bloom'd not that might wake afresh
Life's early dream of sweetness.
* * * * * *
Time pass'd on,
When, one day, resting, in a quiet glade,
I found a little flow'ret nestling at my side,
Half hidden by the tall green grass that wav'd
Around it. Something in the meek, pale face,
Uplifted to me, made me fix my eye;
And, as I gaz'd, the impulse came to pluck
That gentle blossom. Daisy tho' it was—
A simple weed among the summer flow'rs—
It had no perfume, but it bore no thorns.

I felt sore tempted, for my heart was lone,
And life had grown unbearable at times
Without one thing to twine my love around
"Perchance," I thought, "this tiny plant may bring
Back to my spirit the lost trust of youth;"
For, with its clear, bright eye uprais'd to mine,
It seem'd to say—"Oh, love me! I'll not wound"
I gather'd it; and, nestling to my side,
It cheers and comforts, till I scarcely feel
Its lack of beauty. Coming in the eve
Of life's dark sorrow, it has made a home
Where other flow'rs, tho' seeking, could not find;
And, from the gorgeous tints that round me glow,
I turn with langour, for their very scent
Oppresses me.

* * * * * *

The queen of flowers still rears
Her stately head, and still she bears the thorn;
But she may wither, and the death-chill make
It's home in that proud heart. Well, be it so!
I will not plant it there. But I have heard
"The daisy never dies." D. H.

COME AWAY.

SHE was our brightest and fairest little one,
As sweet as a flow'ret gay;
But the flow'ret faded, our darling is gone,
For the angels said, "Come away."

Her eyes were as blue as the azure skies,
And light was her step as a fay;
But quenched is the light of those glorious eyes,
For the angels said, "Come away."

Sweet and low was her voice, and oh! as soft
As the wind on a summer's day;
But we hear it no more, though we listen oft,
For the angels said, "Come away."

Red were her lips, and her golden hair,
Had borrow'd the sunset's ray;
Now she is shielded from every care,
For the angels said, "Come away."

Peacefully, calmly, that dear form lies,
And stilled is that heart once gay;
She is gone to a home beyond the skies,
And the angels bore her away.

CLARA.

RESOLUTION.

RESOLUTION, what has it not achieved? Only resolve, says one, and you will do it. Have you the talent? If not, seek it. It will enable you, with God's blessing, to accomplish anything.

Where were all the noble deeds we read of in history but for resolution? Did Alfred the Great become one of the wisest and most learned monarchs of his age without it? Did it not aid in Alexander's conquests? Was it not through resolution Buonaparte crossed the Alps?

And what, as a country, do we not owe to it? Where would be our boasted constitutional privileges, but for the resolution of such men as De Montfort, Hampden, and Pitt? And, to come to still closer quarters, what do we not owe, as individuals, to this noble quality? How much knowledge we have gained by its aid, how many difficulties it has enabled us to overcome, how often it has aided in the conquest of self, and of our greatest foe the tempter? Oh, then, who would not seek it? Who would not strengthen what they already possess?

Some are by nature more gifted in this respect than others, but much is to be attained by education. Oh, then, if you would be anything in the world, increase this talent. Labour, that you may be enabled to give a good account of it.

Is not the right arm stronger than the left, because it is more used? So with resolution, it is by exercise that you must strengthen it. How many would be early risers, but for lack of this virtue? Do you suffer in this respect? Summon all your powers to the victory, it will become easy and natural in time. How many letters have been left unanswered for want of resolution to set about them? How many disagreeable duties postponed? These seem "little things," but it is in "such little things," of daily occurrence, that you can best exercise and strengthen your resolution.

RUTH.

LEAVES FROM EVERGREENS.

FORGET not death, O man, for thou may'st be,
Of one thing certain—he forgets not thee!

Oh, seize the instant time, you never will
With water once passed by impel the mill.

TRENCH.

A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.—ABBOTT.

HALF-A-CENTURY OF CONUNDRUMS.

In order to give a little variety to our Pastime, we insert Fifty Conundrums—some old and some new; some tolerably good, and some very bad. To the subscriber who succeeds in solving the largest number of them, a Prize Volume will be presented, bearing the name of the recipient in the autograph of the Editor. A volume, similarly inscribed, but of smaller value, will be given to the next most successful riddler.

1. Why is a schoolmistress like the letter C?

3. Why is sealing a letter the reverse of beating a schoolboy?

3. What is a man like who is out of his depth in the water, and cannot swim?

4. I went into the woods and picked it up; sat down and looked earnestly for it; and, not finding it, brought it home with me and cut it.

5. Why is a boiled egg like a young colt?

6 Why were the governments of Algiers and Malta as different from each other as light and darkness?

7. When can grass be spelt with fewer than five letters?

8. What is that which is useful in itself, but is always present with a railway train in motion?

9. Why is a pretty young lady like an excellent mirror?

10. At what season is it dangerous to walk in the meadows?

11. What are the first words Adam addressed to Eve?

12. What is the most comical, and at the same time most pleasant, thing to see about dinner-time?

13. Why is a baronet riding in Rotten-row like a difficulty overcome?

14. Why is the letter *d* like a plain gold ring?

15. Why is a beautiful lady like a letter in deep thought; like another letter on its way home from France; like a third carrying a candle, and a fourth singing "Home, sweet Home?"

16. What English cities would be most val d in the interior of Africa?

17. When may Sophia and Annie be said to drink in music?

18. "You belong to the vegetable kingdom, dear," said Annabellina to her spouse. "Why, my dear?" asked hubby. Why? we ask you.

19. Why are fixed stars like sealing-wax and writing materials?

20. Why are there objections to drinking a glass of raw spirits?

21. How many shillings go to a sovereign?

22. What piece of furniture does a begging dog resemble?

23. Add an *s* to a plural noun and it makes it singular, at the same time that you change its nature.

24. Add two letters to a plural word and make it singular, without changing its nature.

25. Who is the most adventurous person in the East?

26. Take away a syllable from a word of five syllables, and no syllable remains.

27. Why is a tallow-chandler a bad fellow, and sure to be found out?

28. Why is a philanthropist like a horse?

29. Why are posts in a field like seeds?

30. When is a young lady over head and ears in debt?

31. Peter's wife walked neither in front, behind, nor on one side of him. Where did Peter's wife walk then when she went out with him?

32. On which side of the bed does the biggest pillow lie?

33. What is the first thing we do before getting up in the morning?

34. Why is a waiter like a racehorse?

35. Which is the hardest of all keys to turn?

36. Why is the desert a good place for a hungry man?

37. When were sandwiches first made in Arabia?

38. Of what material was Eve's wedding dress?

39. Of what opera do crinolines remind us?

40. Why is marriage like the letter *e*?

41. Why are the Yankee mercenaries like butter?

42. Why are laundresses like navigators?

43. How far is it to the bottom of the deepest sea?

44 A hangman meeting a farmer, wished him "Good day." The farmer, taking but little notice, the hangman said that, however proud he might be, one word expressed all the difference there was in their callings. That word he spoke, and passed on his way. What was the word?

45. What is that that is always invisible, and though never out of sight, cannot be found in sky, earth, or water, or in any part of the world?

46. What sea would make the best bed-room?

47. Why is the House of Commons like a parson's horse?

48. How many young ladies would reach from London to Brighton?

49. When does a young Tom in his boat on the Isis resemble a Choctaw Indian?

50. What is the difference between a ragged beggar and Alexander, Emperor of Russia?

DEFINITIONS.

HONESTY.

Honesty, without principle, is but policy at best but, based on virtue, it is the noblest attribute of man, since it includes, in one word, truth, sincerity, integrity, and faith — CHARLIE F

Honesty is proverbially described as the best policy, but it cannot be of any value in a moral point of view, unless it is based on principle, a principle that may be deduced from the golden rule, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them"—LILY H

The Englishman's boast, the slow and sure method that eventually wins the race, honesty and honour are both synonymous - GIPSY

The line of duty, truth to the letter, a characteristic observable in the life of a good man, a poor man finding a rich man's purse, and restoring it without hope of reward, "a fair day's work, a fair day's pay '—IVANHOE

The offspring of truth, the clear light surrounding the revelations of conscience, a guide post on life's pathway, pointing to honour and happiness.
LUCINDA B

A gem which shines brightest in a poor setting
KATE SYDNAS

Truthfulness in action, the king's highway through the world's Vanity Fair, obedience to the command, "Love thy neighbour as thyself '
KATE LESLIE.

The tiny linch pin, without the aid of which the best appointed carriage need not hope to reach the goal of success.— ILLA

A virtue that should be cultivated by all, the staff of justice —CARMARTHEN

"Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus "
TERRA COTTA

What we may as often find concealed 'neath the tatters of the poor is in those superbly dressed and bedecked with jewels —FWOI TENNER

A fair and lovely flower, that needs no colouring to add to its beauty, a precious gem, that shines amid all the rubbish which surrounds it
CROTCHET

A feeling which prompts us to give to our neighbour the things which are his, wishing for no reward save an approving conscience —ELSIE

The firm opponent to avarice and envy the ruin of policemen, to do unto others as you would be done by, a virtue that thieves do not possess
ELIZABETH H.

1 The right path to honour and prosperity
2 An admired trait in the man of business.
ADELA.

Uprightness of heart and hand, sincerity in deed.—CHLOE

1. The golden chain that binds together the employers and the employed
2 A flowerlet of Eden before the fall, but, alas! the trail of the serpent is over them all.
AMELIA

The noblest attribute of God's noblest creatures, a gem that may deck the beggar's brow, a virtue more extolled than practised, a chart that never leads astray —DOTTA.

"Render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's."
C. T. RYE

A good man's principle, but a bad man's policy, rendering every man his due —DAISY H.

A lawyer not charging more than his proper fees (!)—EUPHROSYNE

The best stock in trade a man can possess
CLARA

Not coveting other men's goods, a poor woman of this village, when taken before the magistrates for stealing was asked what she did it for? Please your honour," she replied, 'I had a covetous eye
STANTONVILLE

Rendering to all their due, the fruit of principle — RUTH

1 An amalgamation of many virtues
2. Truth justice candour, uprightness, with sincerity combined,
Are all required if we express the word you wish defined — JANE C

Silent lips, an eye without leering and a countenance void of timidity when united in one person
DORA.

1 The offspring of a pure mind
2 A precious gem, often found in a rude casket
GILBERT ASHTON

1 The offspring of conscientiousness
2 An iron safe which requires no lock
KATRINE

To be true and just in all your dealings
ST CLAIR

1 The sovereign good of human nature.
2 Truthfulness of word and deed.
3 A good man's bond
4 A virtue that will uphold us if we be fallen
MIGNIONETTE

Being careful not to deprive any one of that which belongs to them — FAIRWEATHER

A valuable gem that all may wear
ANNA GREY

A principle which temptation alone can prove, the worst enemy of locksmiths were it universal
GORGONIA.

Knowing and putting into practice, the knowledge of the difference betwixt *meum* and *teum* keeping in thought and in deed the eighth commandment a pair of even balanced scales, inclining neither to buyer nor seller, twin sister to Justice, a principle earlier learnt than taught easier felt than defined the guiding principle of a just man —ZANONI

A poor man who, after changing his last shilling to buy bread for his family, finding he has had too much change given him immediately returns it to the person from whom he made his purchase
FAN

"A champion never out of mail," a duty carrying with it self-interest, the high-road to success, moral rectitude of heart — BUSK

1 Confers on its possessor a patent of nobility, for if "an honest man is the noblest work of God, he must, therefore, be a *noble* man
2 The result of conscientiousness.
3 There are two kinds of honesty—honesty in word, and honesty in deed, the one is candour, the other justness — EMMA BUTTERWORTH

The royal champion of right, the kingly opponent of hypocrisy, the principle embodied in the golden rule.—CARACTACUS.

The Christian merchant's panoply.
L'ESPERANCE.

The good ship of life, that never sinks in the sea of temptation —ROBERT JOHNSON

The good man's delight, and the rogue's aversion.
FORGET ME-NOT.

POLICY.

The vice of statesmen, and the virtue of worldlings, Policy teaches us that language is useful to conceal rather than to reveal our thoughts; but, in its higher nature, Policy is a principle whose foundation is honesty; for what is merely politic is seldom worthy, while that which is in itself worthy, is always best, irrespective of consequences.
CHARLIE F.

To measure a scheme by its utility or success, irrespective of any moral consideration.—LILY H.

A convenient overcoat; a chamelion mask, which varies in colour according to different lights.
GIPSY.

Courting the mamma for the sake of the daughter.
KATE SYDNAS.

Not to interfere with the business of others, but to be just in all our transactions.—EWOL TENNEB.

The best assurance for comfort for our families after death.—TERRA COTTA.

The application of wisdom to the affairs of life.
FAIRWEATHER.

Tact, skill, and discernment, substantiated in word and deed; the wisdom of this world.
LUCINDA B.

Teaching another, to be taught yourself in return.—ADELA.

1. The helm which guides the vessel of the state.
2. An alias for trickery.—KATE LESLIE.

An important essential toward the stability and well-being of union and order; the foundation of economy.—CARMARTHEN.

1. Paying court to the mother if you wish to win the daughter.
2. Treating friends and enemies according to the strict rules of honour and honesty.
3. The art of ruling well, which those attain
Who seek the hearts of those they rule to gain.
JANE C.

Plan for safety.—CHLOE.

The fountain alike of good and evil; the mainspring of human actions.—AMELIA.

The bat hovering between the armies of beasts and birds, waiting to see which side was likely to gain before he joined either.—REBECCA.

A distinguishing feature in many of the so-called friendships of the world.—FAN.

1. Practical application of wisdom; adroitness of management.
2. A sensational tale,
To gain a great sale.—BUSK.

Wheels within wheels; a species of *double entendre;* the principles of diplomacy; a compound of tact, prudence, and discrimination.
EMMA BUTTERWORTH.

The governing motive of statesmen; the art of national government; a bank note made valuable by death; the pivot on which the wheel of government turns; the driver of the state car.
ZANONI.

Often a convenient mask for self-interest.
CROTCHET.

To look before you leap; knowing what is right, and doing it; to live within the atmosphere of the world's opinion; wise government.—ELIZABETH H.

A careful watching over the things of this world, which too often makes us forgetful of a world to come.—ELSIE.

Taking some aim in view, and pursuing the way we think is easiest to obtain the desired object.
IVANHOE.

The wary man's "feeler," the good man's crutch.—MIGNIONETTE.

A subtle oil for wheels, which may be put to bad and good uses alike.—ILLA.

The boy who gives a penny to a poor lad, because he knows he shall receive twopence for doing a kind action.—BELLA.

That of the affluent lies in showing moderation, both in the acquisition and the enjoyment of wealth; that of the poor, frugality.—DORA.

An art which often sacrifices principle to expediency.—GILBERT ASHTON.

The oil of design and manœuvre.—KATRINE.

The Americans giving up Messrs. Mason and Slidell.—ST. CLAIR.

"Throwing a sprat to catch a mackerel."
C. T. RYE.

To be all things unto all men.—DAISY H.

"I won't ask uncle for my new bonnet to-night, because he has the gout—I'll wait till to-morrow."
EUPHROSYNE.

Using discretion in the management of our affairs.—STANTONVILLE.

1. A necessary ingredient for Her Majesty's ministers to possess.
2. Useful to most persons.—ANNA GREY.

A road that rarely leads straight to its end.
GORGONIA.

The logic of self-interest; the "Artful Dodger's" ethics; the adapting of the means to the end.
CARACTACUS.

The business of potentates and statesmen.
L'ESPERANCE.

A trusty councillor, who minds his own affairs.
ROBERT JOHNSON.

PRINCIPLE.

By principle we understand the guiding motive of life, and as such motive is praiseworthy or reprehensible, so do we reap the fruits of the seed we sow, and the inevitable crop proves either corn or thistles. In a sentence, good principles may be said to be the outward characteristics of virtue, and bad principles the unfailing signs of vice, just as gracefulness of demeanour is the evidence of gentle nurture and careful training, while its absence betrays, at least, a neglected education.
CHARLIE F.

We are only virtuous from principle when we love virtue for itself, irrespective of the attendant rewards.—LILY H.

The hidden spring influencing the outer life; a fountain, whose waters taint or purify our every action; the basis of good or evil.—LUCINDA B.

I did it because I knew it to be right.—ADELA.

The law which governs our endeavours to do right.—CHLOE.

To let well alone, and sometimes to be blind to the faults of others.—AMELIA.

1. The compass most needed in the voyage of life.
2. The root of honesty.—RUTH.

1. One of the three priorities of the understanding.
2. Good principle, bad principle, and the principle of genius, are three things that can never be seen in the full extent of their magnitude.
DORA.

The guiding star of a good man's life.—FAN.

The basis of an argument; the foundation on

which the whole superstructure rests; an inductive truth.—BUSK.

The dictate of one's judgment.
EMMA BUTTERWORTH.

1. The mirror of conscience.

2. A solid rock, that ought to defy the waves of error, the fire of persecution, and the hammer of sophistry.—CROTCHET.

1. The firmest opponent to temptation.

2. A great motive power, that should give motion to the machinery of our minds.

3. The hidden source from which our deeds and words proceed.

4. A path that leads to prosperity and happiness.—ELIZABETH H.

The rule by which we marshal our actions; a monitor for good or evil; the root of action, speech, and thought.—MIGNIONETTE.

The standard by which we measure each other; the key-board of harmony.—IVANHOE.

1. The rudiment or ground-work of which anything consists.

2. A feature in any person's character, which shows what sort of a man he is.

3. What a school-boy generally learns first.
FAIRWEATHER.

1. Something capable of insuring more interest than the most pathetic tale.

2. The main-spring of life, round which virtue is constantly revolving.

3. The rock on which honesty rests.—REBECCA.

What prompted Jean Valgean to save the life of Marius Poultnercy.—BELLA

The mainspring of honest action; the foundation of the moral structure.—GILBERT ASHTON.

The victor over impulse, and the father of honesty.—KATRINE.

What should always influence our conduct.
ST. CLAIR.

A safe compass by which to steer through the ocean of life.—C. T. RYE.

The bone and sinew of character.—ILLA.

1. Performing right actions from right motives.

2. Having a secret opportunity of benefiting yourself at the expense of another, and resisting the temptation.—JANE C.

The harbinger of success.—ANNA GREY.

The backbone of the mental skeleton which connects its different parts, and keeps the whole upright.—GORGONIA.

A life-compass to guide us amid the quicksands of temptation; an inward check upon the outer man; the key-note of our actions.—DAISY H.

The mainspring of action.—EUPHROSYNE.

Having strictly a pure and innate motive in all things.—STANTONVILLE.

A beacon which will warn us off life's quicksands, and guide us safely into port; a quality, without which policy is a crooked path, leading to destruction.—KATE LESLIE.

1. The indicator of thought.

2. A feature in an individual, which, if its aim be toward good, may be applied to him as the security of other virtues hidden.

3. That which may be taken as the index of a man's true character.—CARMARTHEN.

The guiding star of good conduct.
TERRA COTTA.

That which experience alone can prove.
GIPSY.

A firmly-fixed and well-grounded opinion; the belief that man holds on any subject; a wind that blows away the chaff; "Caw me, and I'll caw thee;" the great desideratum; a belief elevating the most insignificant idea into importance; an unchangeable, ineffaceable opinion; the great first source.—ZANONI.

Virtue's rudder; the keystone of morality; the root of the tree of honour.—CARACTACUS.

The moral fortress, which stands unshaken, though all around it may be ruined; the parent of honesty; the basis on which truth may be founded.
ROBERT JOHNSON.

The foundation of virtue.—FORGET-ME-NOT.

TRIPLE DEFINITIONS.

True *honesty* consists, not simply in keeping our hands from picking and stealing, but in acting out our parts in life in such a way as will keep us unspotted from the world; thus proving before all men that virtue is the only right *principle*, without which *policy* can accomplish nothing noble, nothing great, and nothing holy.—CHARLIE F.

On our way through life, *honesty* should be pursued, not merely on account of the *policy* of so doing, but as being one of our leading *principles*.
HORATIO.

People often suppose that *policy* consists in giving others a warrant of assurance that they can draw upon their bank of *honesty* to any amount; but if this last be a genuine *principle* of the heart, it needs no other exponent than what its daily practice reveals.—GIPSY.

1. Human beings are like watches—the mainspring of *principle* should guide the chain of *policy* on to the drum of *honesty*.

2. That which should be the chief guide for man in his dealings with man should not be adopted merely because it is an act of prudence or wisdom, but as a rule of life.—ZANONI.

All are not just because they do no wrong;
But he who will not wrong me when he may,
He is the truly just. I praise not those
Who, in their petty dealings, pilfer not.
But him whose conscience spurns at secret fraud,
When he might plunder and defy surprise.
IVY.

Real *honesty* of purpose can only be looked for in those who scorn to exercise it merely because it is *policy* so to do, but who endeavour that this, as well as every other *principle* of action, may be the offshoot of a well-regulated Christian heart.
FAN.

Moral rectitude of heart ought to be cultivated by all, since it has a power for good which no *practical application of theoretic knowledge* can possibly achieve. It works silently but surely, and is a good *foundation whereon to build*.—BUSK.

1. *Honesty*, a bright and valuable virtue, that frequently is tempted by poverty and avariciousness to stray from its path; but strict *principle* may alter its course, by allowing its coadjutor, *policy*, to interfere and maintain her sway.

2. *Honesty* can never be too much appreciated; especially when attended by *policy* and good *principle*; it will invariably open the gate to prosperity and honour.—SPECTATOR.

It is an old adage that *honesty* is the best *policy*; but a good *principle* is the rein which keeps us in the path of duty.—FORGET ME-NOT.

Virtue, honour, and truth are *the foundations of*

morality, and the whole secret of success in *the art of government*.—ROBERT JOHNSON.

It is better to be *honest* from *principle* than from *policy*, my boy. Yes, papa, *upright dealing* ought to proceed from a better *motive* than mere *prudence*, so Dr. Wilmott says.—GIGGIE.

Honesty is a *policy* noble in *principle*.

IVANHOE.

Integrity, when the affairs of others are intrusted to our care, will be found the *best course to pursue*, and should be the *guide to our conduct in life*.—TERRA COTTA.

Policy is the characteristic feature of many persons; but *honesty* is a virtue known to those who are actuated by the *principle* of doing right under all circumstances.—ADELA.

It is a *fundamental truth* in political economy that our *system of government* ought to be based on *conscious rectitude* and unswerving uprightness.

DOTTA.

They who *render to all their due* merely for *the purpose of gaining their own ends*, show themselves to be without *that guide which would lead them to do so from a feeling of rectitude*.

RUTH.

The young traveller, in pursuing the journey of life, needs *prudence* to enable him to resist temptations to swerve from the path of *truth*, which is the best *tenet* a man can possess.—DORA.

We should "give to every man his due," not from "interest," but from a higher "motive."

BELLA.

Let *honesty* be the guiding *principle* of our lives, then not only should we find it the best *policy*, but receive the higher reward of a clear conscience.

CLARA.

They who have but little *principle* are apt to forget the old adage that *honesty* is the best *policy*.

ELIZABETH H.

We should pursue *honesty*, not because it is the best *policy*, but because it is a good *principle*.

ELSIE.

Let us take *honesty* as our standard in our earthly journey, strenuously ignoring *policy*, which might have the effect of leading us astray, and destroying *principles* which have long formed the basis of our good deeds.

2. Our *principle*, or rule of action, should possess the stamp of *honesty*: then no example of another's *policy* could have any deteriorating influence over us.

3. How careful should a mother be in forming her child's character, to instil no *principle* but which may accrue to her benefit hereafter: to walk in the path of *honesty* by way of example; and, above all, to temper each act with a leaf from the book of *prudence*.—MIGNIONETTE.

Practise strict integrity in all things, not for the sake of reaping advantage in a worldly way, but from a heartfelt conviction that it is right in the sight of God.—CINDERELLA.

If we have good *principles*, *honesty* and *policy* will naturally follow.—STANTONVILLE.

Honesty is said to be
The best and safest *policy*,
And on this *principle* who frame
Their lives will leave an honour'd name.

GORGONIA.

In the journey of life, unless we make *honesty* our companion and *principle* our guide, *policy* alone will lead us astray.—KATE SYDNAS.

Honesty is always well supported by *policy* and *principle*.—EWOL TENNEB.

Well-doing, from a sense of what is required of us by our Maker (*principle*), produces a course of truthful action regardless of consequences (*honesty*); whereas the worldling subjects himself only to a system of apparent well-doing, that he may secure the fulfilment of an aim in view (*policy*).

ADELINE A.

1. No *policy*, without *honesty* and *principle* as its chief attributes, can become a dogma.

2. *Policy* as a *principle*, without *honesty*, cannot be popular, and its influence must be detractory to success.—CARMARTHEN.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c.

(*On pp.* 437—440).

116. — Water-fall. 117. — Cot-ill-on. 118. — "Family Friend."

119.—*a.* Falcon. *b.* Amazon. *c.* Mummy. *d.* England. *Fame.*

120.—Grape, rape, ape. 121.—Tor-quay.

122.—*a.* Lea(k). *b.* Sever-n. *c.* Cam(el). *d.* (M)ouse. *e.* Dart. *f.* Hum-ber(ry).

123.—Teak, tea. 124.—Chill, hill, ill. 125.—The letter "T;" its withdrawal makes your teatable eatable. 126.—Barometer. 127.—Rest-less. 128.—Snail, nail. 129.—Fire-fly. 130.—Brook, rook. 131.—Mouse, ouse, use. 132.—Matthew. 133.—Merchant.

134.—*a.* Carlisle. *b.* Amethyst. *c.* Tennyson. *d.* Henry. *e.* Earth. *f.* Rhine. *g.* Inverness. *h.* North. *i.* Europe. *Catherine.*

135.—Alexandra.

136.—(No answers sent.)

137.—Le-mon.

138.—Jack. *f.* A leather pitcher is called a "Jack." *g.* The mark thrown out for bowlers is called a "Jack." *i.* That on which timber is sawn is called a "Jack. *j.* Union "Jack." *k.* "Jack" boots. *l.* In Yorkshire a half-pint is called a "Jack."

139.—Mar-ket.

140.—*a.* Lucinda B. *b.* Emma Butterworth. *c.* Rosalie. *d.* A de Younge. *e.* Francis Hope. *f.* Blanche Alsington. *g.* Iago. *h.* Stantonville. *i.* Gipsy. *k.* Anna Grey. *l.* Caractacus. *m.* Ruthenpharl. *n.* Max. *o.* Ewol Tenneb. *p.* Terra Cotta. *q.* Gorgonia. *r.* Alexander Erskine. *s.* Busk. *t.* Ivanhoe. *u.* Zanoni.

HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURES.

15.—Escape of Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I.

16.—The seige of Rochelle—the English ships prevented by the mole from entering the harbour.

17.—Pedro the First of Portugal, upon his accession to the throne, causes the body of Inez de Castro to be taken from the tomb, and solemnly enthroned and crowned.

18.—Cardinal Mazarin in his picture gallery shortly before his death.

19.—A frolic of Catherine of Braganza, Charles the Second's wife.

20.—Charles the First and Henrietta entertained by the Countess of Buckingham.

21.—Xenophon receiving the news of his son's death.

22.—The assassination of Admiral Coligny at the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

CLASS AWARDS.

ADDRESS: 23, MIDDLE STREET, CLOTH FAIR, WEST SMITHFIELD, E.C.

FIRST CLASS.

ROSALIE.—Great pressure on our space obliges us to postpone insertion of all your contributions. *Nil desperandum.*

RUTHENPHARL.—Welcome always; as you will see by the present number.

FRANCES HOPE —The graceful Play for the holidays is exceedingly well written—as witness our present number.

LUCINDA B —Pray write on note paper in future, and only on one side. Welcome, nevertheless.

ANNA GREY writes us a pretty letter, in which she complains of not receiving our Christmas number. This will be remedied in future, arrangements having been made for earlier publication. She writes her "Chicken Experiences" for the benefit of "little children." Adults may, however, profit by them; we therefore gladly give them insertion.

GORGONIA —The suggestion is well worth attending to.

LELIA S. writes:—"It is impossible to close my letter without remarking upon the great success of your Christmas number, the mirthful tone of which is indeed refreshing. But when does the 'Family Friend' ever wear a melancholy aspect? If at any time, it it must be when Mr. President is preparing it for publication. For some time I have been an amused (though a silent) observer of the various critiques passed on different members of the Council, and as I am sending 'The Reminiscences of a Bat,' which no doubt Mr. Max will seize upon as lawful prey (if it ever appears), I would now take the opportunity of thanking him for his amusing dream, and hope that the visits of his friend Morpheus may ever prove as interesting as the event 'on a fine Christmas morning.' We only grieve at his isolated position. Where were all his friends and relatives, that he must needs sit alone over his hot rolls and coffee? We would gladly conclude that Max had risen late in his dream. 'Willie's Christmas Shilling,' by Lucinda B., is a sweet little story, and diffuses around us her usual fascinating influence. But what can be said of the talented Ruthenpharl? I know not how to express our delight in his story, the 'Morlands;' it is indeed most excellent Not only is it cleverly written, but remarkable in its simplicity of expression; while the beautiful moral it contains cannot fail, we think, to impress the mind of every sensible reader. Nor must I omit to remark upon the thoughtful contribution of Lily H., 'On Selfishness,' or upon the excellence of Marguerite's 'Trifles,' which prove most delicious morsels. I have perused that and sweet Mignonette's seasonable paper 'The Homes of the Poor,' with very great pleasure, and fully appreciate the 'Eloquent Silence' of Ilia. Zanoni also I must mention; his striking contribution on 'Country Singers' is highly pleasing. And now, will the President pardon my presumption, if I express wonder that the pen of any lady should have produced so coarse a burlesque as that which bears the *nom de plume* of Blanche Alsington. 'The Operatic Charade,' by Alexander Erskine, is extremely elegant and pretty. But I really must conclude, wishing all the world a very happy New Year." We shall endeavour to make room for 'Master Bat's Reminiscences.'"

IRENE.—The MS. shall be looked out, and re-read. Thanks for the enigmas. The poem on the Prince of Wales is good, but yet defective in parts.

DAISY H.—All in good time.

CARACTACUS, speaking of our Christmas number, says:—"My fellow-labourers have worked grandly, and the result of their collective power is very impressive. If I might mention with fairness one production, where so many are of a high character, I would bestow a word of emphatic admiration upon Blanche Alsington's brilliant 'burlesque. Max's idea of a 'Family Party' is essentially amusing, and I consider it ably worked out. Will you pardon me, if I make a suggestion respecting Definitions? I notice that few of these are exact and appropriate, unless the word defined is a substantive. Many of our councillors define adjectives as nouns. For instance, there may be found in the current number, under the head 'Mirthful,' definitions which are in reality definitions of mirth. And, to show the greater facility for neatness of expression afforded by nouns, I may refer to my own definition under the same head. I should have phrased it, had the word been 'Mirth,' thus:—'The effervescent property of the generous compound, good humour and high spirits;' and this, I submit, is more striking. To my fellow-councillors, one and all, at the beginning of the New Year, I desire to offer my best wishes and congratulations; and to yourself, dear sir, such are specially due from me, for your encouraging reception of my papers. Nothing that I can say or do on behalf of our highly esteemed 'Friend' shall be willingly neglected, and I trust it will be found, month by month, extending its welcome instructive, and entertaining visits to many and many a strange 'Family.'"

BUSK.—You are going the right way to increase our admiration of your character. The "Definitions" are resumed, as you see. "I have just one thing," he writes, "to request. Owing to your appropriating several words of mine in your address to Gipsy, I have reason to think that pleasing contributor has judged of them in a wrong light. Though I made use of her own figure, 'the pump,' yet I assure her it was well meant; and does she not perceive that my keen perception (no egotism!) saw the 'Unfledged Genius' in that 'Odd Phase.' Perhaps it may be necessary to inform Gipsy that I do not know Max, or any other F.F.C., and that it was mere chance that caused me to place Gipsy in the 'Family Party,' in giving my definition of 'Mirthful.'"

KATE LESLIE.—The mistake *was* the printer's. After congratulating us and the councillors on the success of the "Friend," and wishing it all good fortune during the present year, she says:—"You must really keep Max in better order, or he will frighten us all. I am surprised that he should so far forget himself as to make insulting allusions in his story of a 'Family Party,' and, for my part, am strongly tempted to accuse him of envy and jealousy."—Well, Max, what do you think of this?

JANE C.—If there be any difficulty in obtaining the "Friend," write direct to the publisher, enclosing the subscription for the numbers required.

GIPSY.—Don't be too hard upon Max. See how another lady takes him to task. The 'Recollections of a Lecture on Oliver Goldsmith,' hardly up to the mark. Try again.

BLANCHE ALSINGTON.—Too severe, but very funny. What would Max and the rest of the councillors think if the President were to print your 'Proverb?'

MIGNONETTE.—Thanks.—"The Christmas Number is so replete with amusement, that I am sure my fellow-councillors must join with me in thinking the paper cheap at any price, and your apology unnecessary. I was never more pleased with a paper than I was with Max's description of a Family Meeting at Cloth Fair, and his vivid ideas as to their respective appearances."

AMELIA.—"I was rather disappointed to find that this month's 'F. F.' had no Riddles nor Definitions, or, rather, words to be defined in it I hope you do not think of discontinuing them. If you do not, may I suggest one word to be defined by the Council, and that is, 'Wedding-ring?' I should like to see what they make of it."

IAGO.—"I have read with much satisfaction and pleasure the present, and, indeed, all preceding numbers of *the little favourite*, in which are happily combined both entertainment and instruction, well suited to all classes of society. I cannot but feel gratified and grateful to your numerous gifted correspondents for the many pleasant hours I have enjoyed in perusing their varied and talented productions. To you, Mr. Editor, I beg to tender my thanks for the kind and impartial manner in which you have conducted yourself to all; and that your efforts to enrich the understanding, cultivate the morals, and improve the mind, may be crowned with that success so justly merited, is my sincere wish. Friend Max has made me visionarily appear to him as a Welshman. I must say that I was born in Monmouthshire, of English parents, and, unfortunately, can neither read nor speak the Welsh language."

EMMA BUTTERWORTH—MAY VIVIAN.

MAGGIE SYMINGTON.—No address sent, as requested.

L. R.—AMY—ROBINSON'S DOG—PETER PARLEY, JUNIOR—KATRINE.

DORA, NELLA, and AMELIA are thanked heartily. We wish them a happy New Year.

SNOW writes:—"Allow me to thank our mischievous friend Max for his very polite bow; but the quality imputed to me, though only in a dream, I most certainly wish to disclaim. That I never possessed the slightest particle of merit as a wit, all must acknowledge. If I were Lucinda or Gipsy, I should be sorely tempted to make Max feel that my pen could be as severe as he was impertinent. Your Christmas number was all that heart could wish. If you could have heard the exclamations of delight when the long-delayed number came at last, from one and all at home, you could never doubt it to be the Friend of our Family."

SECOND CLASS.

T. C. B.—Write on smaller paper next time.

ELLEN.—Write more plainly, and with fewer flourishes.

PAULINE S.—Charades inserted.

SPECTATOR—Your kindly suggestion shall receive attention.

C. MARSHALL.—We sincerely regret very much to hear that you have had affliction in your house. But who is without it at some time or other? Your verses are very good.

E. ROBINSON.

A SUBSCRIBER FOR TEN YEARS will see that his wishes are complied with.

EWOL TENNEB.—You will see that we have adopted your capital suggestions. Do not be impatient about your contributions; they are received, and shall receive attention. Two of them appear in this number.

C. T. RYE says:—"Your double number has given very general satisfaction among your readers about here; but, as an old neighbour of mine used to say, that 'if you please everybody, there is somebody won't like it!' And there are those who now say that in your Christmas number you have given us—

No words to define,
No riddles to guess;
But leave us to pine
In idleness."

Well, now, in this number the omission is made good.

MARGUERITE.—Try again.

GIACOMO.

MISS A. D. A.'s *non de plume* is not decipherable, nor is her note easy to read. Consider a poor Editor's eyes and nerves!

DORA—ILLA FORGET-ME-NOT—ELIZABETH H.—PERCY—HUNTSMAN—OLIVER—PATTIE—NEW YEAR'S BRIDE—ADELINE A.

THIRD CLASS.

A. D. H.—ADELIA—ALFORD—FARFETCHED—BELINDA—GOODY—PROTEGE—ATTENTION—F. F., FRIEND NEW and FRIEND TRUE—PROVOKER—LADY-BIRD.

"STANTONVILLE has just returned to her native village, Stanton Drew, and is happy to inform the Editor she has succeeded in gaining him five subscribers since the commencement of the year—two at Clifton, two at Weston-super-Mare, and one at Exeter. Stantonville takes this opportunity of wishing the Editor a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

[To Stantonville and all our friends the Editor desires "the compliments of the season.]

FROM the mass of correspondence that has reached us this month we have been obliged to make selection. If any of our friends are omitted, pray let them write again.

OUR LETTER-BOX.

1. MAGIC WRITING.—Present a person with a slip of paper, a pen, and a tumbler of water, and desire him to dip the pen in the tumbler, and write down whatever he pleases. When dry, the words will be invisible, but, if the paper is immersed in the contents of the tumbler, the writing will make its appearance quite distinctly. To perform this the pen should be a quill one, and new, and the water in the tumbler should have one or two crystals of sulphate of iron (green vitriol) previously dissolved in it, while the writer should be careful

the pen does not get dry in use. When the writing has been executed, the tumbler should be taken away, on pretence of the water being rather dirty, and wanting changing; another similar tumbler is brought back, filled to the same height with water, in which a few drops of tincture of galls have been poured. When the paper is immersed in this, the writing will quickly appear.—GORGONIA.

2. PASTE BLACKING.—Twelves ounces troy of black, eight ounces of treacle, two ounces of oil, two ounces and a quarter of vinegar, one ounce of alum, three-quarters of an ounce of spirits of salt; a proper quantity of pale seal oil to be added last to make it of a proper consistency. Let it stand two or three days, and put it in boxes.

3. A GREEN DYE FOR COTTON GOODS.—Take four pounds of fustic, one pound of logwood chips (not the extract), and one ounce of vitriol. Boil the wood until the strength is obtained, then add the vitriol. This solution will colour four or five pounds of goods. Put in the goods, and boil ten or fifteen minutes. Have hot soap-suds ready, and wash just as soon as drained. Do not rinse it after washing in the suds. C. M.

4. RECEIPT FOR SYLLABUB.—Put a quart of cider into a bowl, grate a nutmeg into it, sweeten with fine sugar; then add some new milk, and pour some cream over it. OCTAVIUS.

5. ORNAMENTAL BOXES.—At this season of the year, when we give and receive gifts, any little article of our own work is often very highly prized. A pretty and useful present may be made by ornamenting small boxes with sealing-wax. Not having seen any published instructions of the manner of doing them, I thought, perhaps, the following might be useful to some of your readers. Having procured your box (round wooden boxes, that have been filled with tooth-powder are much the best for the purpose; but any sort will do, provided it is strong enough); next get a large seal, some good sealing-wax, and a small watch-key. A small gas-jet is rather better than a candle to melt the wax by, being not so liable to discolour it when the coloured sorts are used. Make an impression with the seal on the centre of the box-lid; then spread the wax around it evenly—as much as can be impressed at one time without cooling, then mark it all over, as closely as possible, with the pipe of the watch-key, repeating the process until the whole of the outside surface is entirely covered. Then finish them off by lining them with velvet, cut out the exact size of the inside, and gummed in. They form exceedingly pretty ornaments for the toilet table, suitable for holding brooches, pins, &c. A little variation may be made by using red wax for the centre seal, and black for the small indentations.—ELIZABETH H.

6. CURIOUS FACT.—A friend of mine had for some days perceived that something was the matter with the keys of her piano, and at length she entirely removed the front and some of the keys, when, to her astonishment, she saw the bright eyes of a little mouse, which speedily scuffled away through a hole which it had evidently gnawed to afford it the means of ingress and egress. On farther examination, its nest was found just under the keys; it was composed of shreds of paper and little chips of wood; and when taken out, was as large as the lady could hold in both her hands. I have heard of such an occurrence when a piano had been long closed, but this one was in daily use; the lady being a brilliant performer, and passionately fond of music. KATE LESLIE.

7. A SAFE WAGER.—The strongest man in the company may be safely challenged to break a soda water bottle in an empty stocking by swinging it against the wall with all his force. If the experiment is new to him, he will probably undertake it. When, by a vigorous swing, he has smashed the bottle, as he undoubtedly will, his exultation will be a little diminished on being reminded that it was to be broken in an "empty" stocking, and that a stocking containing a bottle is not empty. At sea, where this is a common trick, the usual articles are a wine bottle and an "empty" bread-bag. GORGONIA.

8. SODA CAKE.—Rub two pounds of butter in one of flour; add a quarter of a pound of currants, a little nutmeg, cinnamon, and lemon peel, and a dessert spoonful of carbonate of soda; mix it in half a pint of milk, add the other ingredients, put it immediately in the oven, where it is to remain one hour. OCTAVIUS

9. THE HIGHEST WISDOM.—The celebrated Duval, librarian of Francis I., King of France, often answered questions by, "I don't know." An insolent man replied to him one day, "Why, sir, you ought to know. The Emperor pays you for your knowledge." Duval answered, "The Emperor pays me for what I know. If he was to pay me for what I don't know, all the treasures of his empire would not be sufficient."

10. INDIAN NAMES.—"Poor" or "pore," which is found as the termination of the names of so many Indian cities and settlements, signifies town. Thus Nagpore means the Town of Serpents. "Abad" and "Patam" also signify town; Hyderabad being Hyder's Town, and Seringapatam—from Seringa, a name of the god Vishnoo—being the town of Seringa. Allahabad, from "Allah," God, and "abad," abode, means the abode of God; that city being the capital of Agra, the chief school of the Brahmins, and much resorted to by pilgrims. Punjab is the country of the Five Rivers, and Doab is applied to a part of a country between two rivers.

11. THE GLASSES FOR A MAGIC LANTERN.—The glasses for a magic lantern are painted in oil with carmine, lake, Prussian blue, and other transparent colours; they are laid on as thickly and clearly as possible, and in their use require no other directions than such as are familiar to all persons acquainted with drawing. Should change or motion be required, two glasses must be employed; on the front glass should be painted the correct design that is first to be exhibited, with blank spaces left upon it for the arms, legs, or head, in which the alteration is to take place: on the back glass, which should slide in a groove, must be delineated these parts only, with outlines or dots, which may be necessary to prevent the appearance of both at the same time. For instance, if a figure be wished to appear on a column, pyramid, or tomb, either of these should be painted on the front glass, with sufficient room left for the display of the statue; this is to be depicted on the back glass, and the space on which it is to be shown must also be darkened as directed, before it is permitted to appear.

12. A FLEA UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.—When a flea is made to appear as large as an elephant,

we can see all the wonderful parts of its formation, and are astonished to find that it has a coat of armour much more complete than ever a warrior wore, and composed of strong polished plates fitting over each other, each plate coloured like tortoiseshell, and, where they meet, hundreds of strong quills project like those on the back of the porcupine or hedge-hog There is the arched neck, the bright eyes, and transparent ears, piercers to punctuate the skin, a sucker to draw away the blood, six long jointed legs — four of which are folded on the breast, ready at any moment to be thrown out with immense force for that jump which bothers one when we wish to catch him—and at the end of each leg hooked claws, to enable him to cling tight to whatever he lights upon A flea can leap a hundred times his own length which is the same as if a man could jump to a height of 700 feet, and he can draw a load 200 times his own weight, which is the same as if a man could carry from 20 000 to 30 000 pounds

13 READING —The amusement of reading is among the greatest consolations of life it is the nurse of virtue the upholder in adversity the prop of independence, the support of a just pride the strengthener of elevated opinions, it is the repeller of the scoff and the knave's pot on —*Sir Lytton Brydges*

14 TO WRITE ON GLASS BY MEANS OF THE SUN'S RAYS —Dissolve chalk in aquafortis to the consistency of milk, and add to it a strong solution of silver Keep this liquor in a glass decanter well stopped, then cut out from a paper the letters you would have appear, paste it on the decanter, and lay it in the sun s rays in such a manner that the rays may pass through the spaces cut out in the paper, and fall on the surface of the liquor, then that part of the glass through which the rays pass will be turned black, while that under the paper will remain white Particular care must be taken that the bottle be not moved during the operation

15 PEACOCKS —Peacocks are great favourites in Persia, and are more common than in this country as an ornament in grounds and gardens The King of Persia has a throne, which is called 'the throne of the peacock,' on account of two artificial peacocks, which are placed on square pillows on each side of the seat The birds are studded with precious stones, and each of them holds a large ruby in his beak

16 THE ANIMAL KINGDOM —A quaint writer takes the following view of the trades, arts callings, and avocations of the animal kingdom —"Bees are geometricians The cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of materials, to have the largest sized spaces and the least possible loss of interstice The mole is a meteorologist The bird called a nine killer is an arithmetician, and also the crow, the wild turkey, and some other birds The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel are electricians The nautilus is a navigator, he rises his sails, cast and weighs anchor, and performs other nautical acts. Whole tribes of birds are musicians. The beaver is an architect, builder, and wood-cutter he cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams"

17 THE ROBIN —A little robin came in the depth of winter to a cottage window, looking wistfully, as if it wanted to come in. So the peasant opened the window, and admitted the trustful little being It picked up crumbs from off the floor, and soon became familiar with the children of the house, who grew very fond of it But on the approach of spring when the trees burst into leaf the peasant opened his window and let his little guest escape so the robin flew into the neighbouring copse, and there sang his joyous songs Summer soon passed away, and on the return of winter, the robin appeared again at the window, bringing his little mate with him Then the peasant called together his children, who rejoiced as they saw the two birds looking trustfully around, and the children said, "The little birds look at us as if they wished to say something to us!" The father answered "If they could speak, they would surely say, 'Trustfulness begets trust, and love ever awakens love!'"

18 AGES OF ANIMALS —A bear rarely lives 20 years, a dog lives 20 years, a wolf, 20 a fox, 14 or 16 lions are long lived—Pompey lived to the age of 20 The average of cats is 14 years, a squirrel 7 or 8 rabbits 7 Elephants have been known to live to the great age of 400 years When Alexander the Great had conquered one Porus king of India he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him 'Ajax" and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription—'Alexander the son of Jupiter has dedicated Ajax to the sun' This elephant was found 365 years after Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30 years the rhinoceros to 20 A horse has been known to live to the age of 62 but average 20 to 30 Camels sometimes live to the age of 100 Stags are long-lived Sheep seldom exceed 10 Cows live about 15 years Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live to the age of 1 000 The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of 30 An eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104 years Ravens have frequently reached the age of 100 Swans have been known to live 360 years, Mr Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 290 years Pelicans are long lived A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107

19 RECEIPT TO DYE THE HAIR BLACK —Take equal parts of litharge and lime mix well, and form into a paste with water, clean the head with a small tooth comb, and then well wash the hair with soda and water, to free it from grease, then lay on the paste rather thickly, and cover the head with oilskin, after which go to bed Next morning the powder should be carefully brushed, and the hair oiled

20 DIRECTIONS FOR FIXING PENCIL DRAWINGS — —Dissolve a small quantity of isinglass, and dilute it with warm water, till so thin that, when spread upon paper and dry it shall be free from those sparkling particles which never fail to appear, if too thick Take a broad camel hair brush set in tin, fill it plentifully with the solution and draw it lightly over the work to be fixed, once or twice, or according as the size of the picture may require, it must be very carefully done, to prevent disturbing the sharpness of the pencil work When dry it will be found to resist the effects of india rubber. It is advantageous to sponge the back of the paper, or Bristol board, before applying the solution, in order that the paper may dry level, as it is apt to contract when only one side is wet If there be a margin round the drawing it is not requisite to sponge the back.

CLASS AWARDS.

ADDRESS: 23, MIDDLE STREET, CLOTH FAIR, WEST SMITHFIELD, E.C.

FIRST CLASS.

EMMA BUTTERWORTH writes:—"It is quite amusing to read the two such opposite opinions respecting Blanche Alsington's burlesque. While Leila S. wonders that the pen of a lady could produce such a coarse production, Caractacus, the critic, is full of admiration of its brilliant wit. Is not Leila a little too fastidious, and does she not allow her strict notions of refinement to hinder the appreciation of real humour and sparkling wit? As Ruthenpharl seems so well pleased to break a lance with his fellow-councillors, he will not object if I find fault with his acrostic, No. 12. I would advise him, whenever he writes another, not to leave it in such a vague manner. It is, I dare say, exceedingly clever and ingenious, but anyone who can discover the solution with no better clue than he has given, must be a great deal more clever and ingenious. I should like also to know, with regard to his Shakespearian rebus, where to get the second *t* in mistletoe (if that word is the answer). Is the jester to play his part twice over?"

CARACTACUS.—He says:—"Illa contributes in 'My Friends' a gem of the first water. I must congratulate Ruthenpharl upon his discrimination in wishing more from her pen. I am more charmed with her present production than she could well conceive. It is fraught with the sweetest sentiment, and embodies the very pith of poetry and eloquence"

IVANHOE.— TO LUCINDA B.

Come, minstrel, strike again thy lyre,
Of thy songs I never tire;
The sweetest chords that ever ring,
Thou from holy nature bring.

Thy heart must be a mine of thought,
From which our Council may be taught;
The "Locks of Hair" to me are dear,
And often bid me shed a tear.

I know of trouble and of care
Thou through life must have a share;
But still sing on, thou gifted bard,
And Heaven 'll give thee rich reward.

T. E. A. K.—"Dreams of the Spirit Land" is imaginative and nicely written, but the sentences are too long. Take, for instance, the first, in which no fewer than 120 words are divided merely by commas and semi-colons. We must ask T. E. A. K. to try again. Nevertheless, for the general correctness of the style, and the interest of the subject, we place her name in the first class.

MAGGIE SYMINGTON.—Do not despair, you shall not lose your place, honourably earned. Your poem is very nice indeed. Hope for the best.

MAX asks:—"Who is *Pax*, the writer of the 'Christmas Tree,' in your last number? For your own peace of mind and your printers', will it not be for the best to advise this *parvenu* of the Council, to adopt a more distinct *nom de plume*, otherwise confusion will be inevitable between papers bearing the names of Pax and Max, and Max and Pax? Please reflect on this!" Max wonders why he was omitted last month. Nothing from his pen came to hand, which we very much regretted. Now, however, we welcome him back again. Ladies and gentlemen, order and courtesy!

ZANONI makes some sensible remarks on the Council offerings; only if he would be less sparing of his paper, and not crowd his lines together, our printers would be much better pleased.

ANNA GREY, who always writes pleasantly and nicely, tells us she has obtained several new subscribers.

F. MATTHEWSON says, "Sheer laziness alone prevented my appearance at last month's Council Board." As you have been four years a contributor, we, in the height of our magnanimity, excuse you.

VIOLET.—Nothing came to hand from you last month. Patience, lowly flower!

ROSALIE has evidently not seen the January number. Under consideration.

FRANCES HOPE.—Always welcome.

EWOL TENNEB says that the enigma, No 3, in our last number, is a plagiarism from the *Weekly Budget*. He kindly offers to take our portrait, and present a copy to each Councillor. What say you, ladies and gentlemen, to his handsome offer? "I have read with interest the paper "About Photographs," by A. de Younge; and, as he seems desirous of placing you at the head of a series of photographs of the members of Council for his album, I will make the first offer, that of taking a first-class portrait of our worthy Editor, and presenting each member of the Council with one each, free from any charge, at any time the Editor takes a trip to Brighton." We regret the printer's mistake in attributing E. T.'s definitions to Terra Cotta.

CARACTACUS.—Excellent.

NELLA.—How *can* we be angry with you? "Eda's Birthday" is very pretty. Look for the March number.

ISLAVERNAY.—The poetical "Solutions to Pastimes" are capital. Want of space alone prevents our inserting them. But do not be angry; another month we may, perhaps, have more room.

FLORENCE.—The "Valentines," very pretty—accepted.

IAGO.—GIPSY.

KATE LESLIE.—It is only necessary to send the real name and address once. Answers all correct.

IRENE —Solutions all correct.

BLANCHE ALSINGTON.—"Permit me to return my sincere thanks to Caractacus for his very flattering notice of "Robinson Crusoe." I am sorry, however, to find that Leila S. is very far from bestowing the same approval upon it; and as, putting aside all vanity, I really think she is too hard upon me, I should like to say a few words in my own defence. In the first place, Leila S. must remember it is one of the elements of burlesque that the language should be familiar and modern as possible; and that as many puns and allusions to the popular topics of the day should be introduced as can be managed, which must be my excuse for the 'Any other man' speech. As I presume it is against the characters of *Bella* and *Atkins* that Miss S principally levels the charge of coarseness, I must observe that a sharp, termagant character, like *Bella*, is infinitely more effective in representation than if she were a mere walking lady; and, as for *Atkins*, considering that throughout the whole piece his strongest language is a single allusion to 'shivering his timbers,' I think he is a remarkably mild specimen of a pirate. In conclusion, I beg to assure Leila S. that I take her

criticism in the same spirit in which it was offered; and bid her farewell in the words of the Archbishop of Granada—'Adieu, Monsieur Gil Blas; I wish you all sorts of prosperity and a little more taste.'"

J. C. writes in the following congratulatory terms:—"The magazine was always good; it is now most excellent, and deserves all the praise I or any one can give it. May its success be proportionate to its merit! Neither you nor its warmest friends could desire more. I cordially approve of your kind and disinterested suggestion for relieving the Lancashire distress, and hope it will be responded to by every reader of the 'Family Friend.'"

A. D. YOUNGE.—The omission last month was purely accidental. Accept our sincere apologies.

LUCINDA B.—Your very kind and nicely-written letter requires more space for reply than we can this month afford you. But we must insert a sentence or two:—"My kindest and most heartfelt sympathies are with the bereaved, the sorrowing; and I cannot refrain from expressing my sincerest thankfulness that my simple verses should have come with such soothing power to our esteemed friend Ruthenpharl. Although one beloved parent has been spared to me, I know something of the loneliness of orphanhood, and can well understand and sympathise with any one in that melancholy situation. Allow me to thank you, dear sir, for your kindly, fatherly address to us, your children, this month. You are, indeed, a welcome guest in every household."

MIGNONETTE.—Continue, by all means, and hope on. Giving-up is surely not the characteristic of Mignonette. Why, we have a plant in our conservatory that has kept flowering all the summer, and is alive and full of health now. The answers are all correct. See now, have we not placed you in the First Class, as a reward for your continued perseverance and faith?

BUSK.—"One word I should like to say to Ruthenpharl. His tales and essays are deserving of all praise, and it is a matter of surprise to me that, with such evident skill, he should write such an Acrostic as No. 12. This kind of Pastime I should class with the Anagrams, which, thanks to Caractacus, have not appeared for some time in the 'Family Friend.' I mean those which do not make some real word that has some reference to the word transposed. Such Pastime is very easily made, but tedious to unravel."

ILLA.—First Class again. Pray do not despair, poor Illa. She "begs to return her very best thanks to Ruthenpharl for his most kindly mention of her productions; but, as regards his surmise respecting her poetic talents, she fears she must utter a most emphatic *No!* The corner was very dark indeed where Max fancied he discerned prettiness in its occupant's countenance."—Why not put a title to your contribution? We do not see the precise meaning of it.

RUTHENPHARL will perceive that the awards are made, and that he has no longer reason to complain. To him, especially, the members of the Council have reason to be grateful, for he is not only witty and genial himself, but the cause of wit and geniality in others.

GILBERT A.—A first class certificate is a prize of itself; though your absence during the past year hardly entitles you to a prize volume. We welcome you back again.

DAISY H.—Clever Daisy; your contribution to the Council is at least amusing; but what will Max and Caractacus say?

EMMA S.—Certainly you are entitled to a certificate, and you shall have one. We are glad to see you back again at your seat in the Council.

TERRA COTTA.—KATRINE.

ADELINE A.—We have searched for the "Death of Douglas in Prison," but cannot find it. Pray keep copies in future, of all your communications.

SECOND CLASS.

DORA.—ROSEBUD.—ISABEL.

MARGUERITE.—Definition good. Writing on both sides of the paper is fatal to your chance of appearing often in print. "Fashion" appears to be mildly interesting, but it is not punctuated, or written in a style sufficiently attractive for general reading. Try again.

ST. CLAIR.—ELIZABETH H.

CRAISTER.—Thanks for your adhesion to our friendly ranks.

T. C. RYE.

ALFRED BROWN.—Under consideration.

HORATIO.

JESSIE.—Received with pleasure.

AMELIA.—Thanks. "Married for Money" under consideration.

REBECCA.—LITTLE GIGGIE.—C. CROCHET.

DAPHNE.—Send by all means. We are happy to receive you as a new member of our "Family Council." *Nil desperandum.*

CAROLUS.—Not sufficiently new. Try again.

L. M. L.—Plenty of room and a warm corner for an old friend.

ADNIEL.—Thanks.

SPECTATOR.—Order through a bookseller. Ready on the 1st.

CANNONIA.—Come, and welcome. Next time send your real name and address.

ESTELLA is desirous of being admitted to the Council, and sends a nicely-written letter as her credentials. Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce my friend Estella. Make her your friend, too.

CROCHET.—OCEAN.—STANTONVILLE.—MAY B.—HARRY.

CINDERELLA, whose handsome apology is received.

NARCISSA.—FORGET-ME-NOT.

A. MACFARLANE.—"Classified Botany in Verse" is hardly the sort of thing to interest our readers. Nevertheless, it is clever. The "Oak Chest" is too long.

HARRY SPENCER.—Thanks for your long and interesting letter, in which you so ably advocate the cause of the distressed operatives in the manufacturing districts.

IVANHOE, who writes well, in a very careless hand.

OCTAVIUS.

FAN writes:—"I cannot conclude without saying how highly we value your little book. We deem it, in every sense, what its name expresses—a Family Friend; and I earnestly hope its value may be proved by a greatly increased circulation."

THIRD CLASS.

AGNES, who will try again and succeed, we are certain.

E. H.

DELTA writes so that we cannot well understand what he requires. Write again.

RUTH—CARMARTHEN—EMMA S. V.

J. C. B.—The poems, "Drowned," with their accompaniments, were placed aside, and cannot now be found.

*** All friends and councillors are requested to keep copies of articles, poems, &c., sent for insertion. We cannot undertake to return rejected MSS.

ERRATA.

"ISLAVERNAY" writes:—"May I call your attention to the omission of a ledger line in the "Alexandra Galop," which causes the bass to be discordant. Probably many of the readers of the "Friend" have discovered, ere this, that a pen-and-ink line between the B and C is a remedy for the mistake; but as there may be others not gifted with this perception, I enclose "Errata" for their benefit:—

Chord in first 6 bars, *read* B♭, E♭, G.
Ditto in bars 9 and 10, *ditto*.
Ditto, 2nd bar, second part.
Ditto, first 6 bars, second part, page 74.
Ditto, bars 9 and 10, ditto ditto.
A ledger line drawn above the B, will raise the C and E to E and G.

[This was *not* a printer's error: we are bound to do this much-abused profession that justice by so saying. It was "set up" strictly to copy. Moreover, the discord was detected by our musical editor, but he thought it would be a liberty to alter it, knowing that vagaries of this kind are frequently done intentionally —ED.]

OUR LETTER-BOX.

21. RICE BREAD.—Take 1½lb. of good clean Bengal, Patna, or Arracan rice. Boil it in 10 quarts of soft water for at least 30 minutes, keep stirring it, then pulp it through a coarse horse-hair sieve: it ought, when cold, to weigh 7½lbs.; then mix it with the flour, and make bread in the usual way, using two ounces of German yeast. It will produce when baked, according to the quality of the flour, from 26 lbs. to 28 lbs. of bread, at the following cost:—

	s.	d.
Flour	3	6
Rice	0	2¾
German Yeast . . .	0	1
Baking	0	3¼
	4	1

This bread is very white, and keeps good for upwards of a week.

22. EMMA FLETCHER — DEPILATORY. — The French *Journal de Pharmacie* gives this formula for a depilatory:—Take of sulphuret of sodium, or hydro-sulphate of soda, crystallised, three parts; quick lime, in powder, ten ditto; starch ten; mix. This powder, mixed with a little water and applied over the skin, acts so rapidly as a depilatory, that if it be removed in a minute or two after its application, by a wooden knife, the surface of the skin will be entirely deprived of hair. By this process, the removal of the hair becomes simple, rapid, and safe in operation. It may be applied to parts the most delicate as well as irregular, and to surfaces either limited or extended, and it is only after several days that the hair begins to re-appear. [We do not vouch for the correctness of this receipt.—ED.]

23. TO PRESERVE FLOWERS IN WATER.—Mix a little carbonate of soda in the water, and it will keep the flowers a fortnight.

24. MINT VINEGAR.—Put fresh mint leaves into a stone jar, and pour on them a sufficient quantity of the best wine vinegar to cover them. Set the jar in a warm place for fourteen days; then strain through a jelly-bag.

25. A SMOKER.—Coffee acts powerfully on the nervous system, and causes sleeplessness; it counteracts the effects of narcotic poisons, and is for this purpose given plentifully in cases of poisoning by laudanum; it is taken by the Turks to remove the soporific effects of opium, which they are in the practice of chewing; and it is sometimes used as a vehicle for the administration of laudanum when it is desirable to allay pain without inducing a disposition to sleep. A cup of strong coffee, taken immediately after dinner, is supposed to quicken digestion, and prevent drowsiness: it is for this purpose the French invariably take it. Coffee should be infused (not boiled), by which all its aroma, and other properties, are retained. Coffee, to be good, should be black and boiling hot

26. APPLE WINE.—Pure cider made from sound, dry apples, as it runs from the press. Put sixty pounds of common brown sugar into fifteen gallons of the cider and let it dissolve, then put the mixture into a clean barrel, and fill the barrel up to within two gallons of being full with clean cider; put the cask in a cool place, leaving the bung out forty eight hours, then put in the bung with a small vent until fermentation wholly ceases, and bung up tight, and, in one year, the wine will be fit for use. This wine requires no racking; the longer it stands upon the lees the better.

27. FANNY W.—POT POURRI.—To make "a perfume of sweet-scented leaves, &c., for fancy jars."—Mix half a pound of common salt with a quarter of a pound of saltpetre, a quarter of an ounce of storax, half a dozen cloves, a handful of dried bay leaves, and another handful of dried lavender flowers. This basis of the Pot Pourri will last for years, and you may add to it annually petals of roses and of other fragrant flowers gathered on dry days, as fancy may dictate. By the same rule you may add, if approved of, powdered benzoin, chips of sandal wood, cinnamon, orris root, and musk A very excellent Pot Pourri may be made in winter with a pound of dried rose petals, bought at a chemist's, mixed with four ounces of salt and two of saltpetre, on which were put eight drops of essence of ambergris, six drops of essence of lemon, four drops of oil of cloves, four drops of oil of lavender, and two drops of essence of bergamot.

28. TO PICKLE NASTURTIUMS.—Have ready a stone or glass jar of the best cold vinegar; take the green seeds of the nasturtium after the flower has gone off (they should be full grown but not old), pick off the stems, and put the seeds into the vinegar. No other preparation is necessary, and they will keep a year with nothing more than sufficient cold vinegar to cover them. With boiled mutton they are an excellent substitute for capers.

29 IMPUTRESCIBLE GELATINE.—By mixing glycerine in equal proportions by weight with strong glue melted in a water bath, M. Lallement, of Paris, produces an elastic and imputrescible gelatine It may be used for various purposes, such as the making of artificial limbs, elastic toys, printers' rollers, &c M Lallement has also found glycerine of great service in the preservation of natural teeth

30 VARNISH FOR RUSTIC GARDEN SEATS — First wash the woodwork with soap and water, and when dry do it over, on a hot sunny day with common boiled linseed oil, leave that to dry for a day or two and then varnish it once or twice with what is commonly termed "hard varnish" If well done, it will last for years, and will prevent any annoyance from insects L R. P

31. TO COOK YAMS —Place the yam in cold water, and boil till it is tender then peel off the skin and put it into the oven till it is baked a nice brown When going to serve, cut it open, and, pressing the inside gently, butter it quite hot

32 H ROSE —BRITISH WINES —Take black, red and white currants, ripe black-heart cherries and raspberries, if the black currants be most abundant so much the better Take four pounds of the mixed fruit, well bruised, put one gallon of clear, soft water steep three days and nights in an open vessel, frequently stirring it up, then strain through a hair-sieve. The remaining pulp press to dryness, put both liquids together, and to each gallon of the whole, put three pounds of Jamaica or white sugar Let the whole stand three days and three nights, frequently stirring up as before, after skimming the top Turn it into casks, and let it remain full, working at the bung-hole, about two weeks Then, to every three gallons, put one quart of good brandy, and bung closely. Ripe gooseberry wine may advantageously be mixed with the above, but it must be made separately.

33 TESTS OF PURE WATER —The following practical rules for testing the wholesomeness of water (says Dr Marcet) will be useful —1 The water must be perfectly colourless and transparent, leaving no deposit when allowed to stand undisturbed —2. It must be quite devoid of smell —3 When litmus paper is immersed in the water, the colour of the paper must remain unaltered —4 The water, when boiled, must not become turbid —5 About half a tablespoonful of the fluid being evaporated to dryness on the spirit lamp, there must be a slight residue left at the bottom of the spoon not turning black from organic matters —6. The residue obtained by evaporating to dryness a sample of the water in a porcelain cup upon the tea urn, must not become black on the addition of a solution of sulphuretted hydrogen

34 THE BAKEWELL PUDDING —Having covered a dish with thin puff paste, put a layer of any kind of jam about half an inch thick, then take the yolks of eight eggs and two whites, half-a-pound of sugar, half a-pound of butter melted, and almond flavour to your taste, beat all well together, pour the mixture into the dish an inch thick, and bake it about an hour in a moderate oven.

35 CRYSTALLINE POMADE.—Mix four ounces of oil of almonds, four ounces of best olive oil, one ounce of spermaceti, two ounces of castor oil. Melt these in a covered jar by the side of the fire, then stir in seventy drops of the following perfume, which should have been previously kept in a stopped phial. Then pour it into your cream jars cover and let it stand till cold. A cheaper perfume than the following such as burgamot or almond flavour which some people like, may well be used, but the subjoined is the best —Mix together, and shake well in a stopped phial, eight drops of oil of cloves, twenty-five drops of English oil of lavender, one drachm each of essence of burgamot and essence of lemon and ten drops each of the oil of cassia and otto of roses

36 GARDNER —TO DESTROY ANTS —Pour ammoniacal gas water in their runs and nests In meadows, cut off the hillocks with a sharp spade leaving a little mould to form a basin then pour in strong ammoniacal liquor This will be found the easiest and best method of getting rid of them.

37 BETTY &c —PICKLING —Never use brass, copper, or bell-metal kettles for pickling because the verdigris produced in them by the vinegar is very poisonous Kettles lined with porcelain are the best, but if you cannot procure them block-tin may be substituted Iron is apt to discolour any acid that is boiled in it Vinegar for pickles should always be of the best cider kind In putting away pickles use stone or glass jars The lead, which is an ingredient in the glazing of common earthenware, is rendered very pernicious by the action of the vinegar Have a large wooden spoon and a fork for the express purpose of taking pickles out of the jar when you want them for the table See that, while in the jar, they are always completely covered with vinegar If you discern in them any symptoms of not keeping well, do them over again in fresh vinegar and spice The jars should be stopped with large flat corks, fitting closely, and having a leather, or a round piece of oil-cloth, tied over the cork It is a good rule to have two thirds of the jar filled with pickles, and one third with vinegar Alum is very useful in extracting the salt from pickles and in making them firm and crisp A very small quantity is sufficient too much will spoil them In greening pickles, keep them very closely covered so that none of the steam may escape, as its retention promotes their greenness, and prevents the flavour from evaporating Vinegar and spice for pickles should be boiled but a few minutes, too much boiling takes away the strength

38 NEURALGIA —A new remedy for neuralgia has been prescribed by one of the physicians to the Royal Free Hospital, in cases of patients suffering from that very painful affection under his care The remedy used is the valerianate of ammonia, a new chemical compound

39 —IMITATION OF INDIA CURRY POWDER —One ounce and a half mustard seed four ounces coriander seed, four ounces and a half turmeric root, three ounces black pepper, one ounce and a half cayenne pepper, one ounce cardamom seed, half an ounce Jamaica ginger, half ditto cinnamon, half ditto cloves, half ditto mace To be finely powdered, well mixed, and bottled.

40. PUFF BALLS EATABLE —R Ward, Salthouse Hall, Norwich, says "We have a delicious dish in the *Lycoperdon Bovista*, which is not uncommon in some seasons in these parts Sliced and seasoned with butter and salt, fried in a pan, no French omelette is half so good in richness and delicacy of flavour I am too glad to seize upon them when I can get them—of course, in the soft, pulpy state."

CLASS AWARDS.

ADDRESS: 23, MIDDLE STREET, CLOTH FAIR, WEST SMITHFIELD, E.C.

FIRST CLASS

LUCINDA B.—It is a great pleasure to receive your monthly packet. Evidence of our appreciation is best seen in the contents of each number. By the time this number reaches your hands you will have received the Prize Volumes and Certificate.

CARACTACUS.—Thanks You write in a genial spirit, and we do not think any of the Councillors will take umbrage at your criticisms. We will try to alter the "order of things" of which you very justly complain. Let us cool the atmosphere. We think, with you, that the little differences had best be healed. Your suggestion shall be attended to. "Glimpses of the Incongruous" are very incongruous.

MAGGIE SYMINGTON (SNOW).—No "coaxing," even by a young lady so attractive as Maggie, will avail. Leave the writer alone—there's a good girl. Your contributions are always welcome. "I think Ewol Tenneb's proposition the most delightful one I have heard for a long time. Do comply, my dear sir. Go to Brighton, and gladden the hearts of all your numerous family of F. F. C.'s. Can you resist a young lady who pleads upon rose-tinted." Well, in this instance, perhaps, it would be ungallant. We, therefore, as so many of our readers request it, cheerfully and cordially accept Ewol Tenneb's kind offer; and, as soon as we can spare a day to go to Brighton, will certainly call upon him and "be taken." Now what do you consider your Editor like? Dark or fair, young or old, good-looking or plain? Some quacks say they can determine character by *handwriting*. Is it not, perhaps, somewhat easier to calculate from *style?*

ISLAVERNAY.—Always welcome; but pray do not exert yourself unnecessarily. You have our sincere and heartiest good wishes for your renewed health and strength. Doubtless the Councillors have made the correction in the capital "Alexandra Galop" you were kind enough to contribute for their amusement.

LEILA S.—Send the MS. and a stamped envelope for reply. She writes—"The lively and most winning manner in which Blanche Alsington has taken my remarks concerning "Robinson Crusoe," has completely won my admiration; and I now hasten to tell her how sincerely I regret having (so abruptly) expressed my opinion. Yet I rejoice to have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a character so truly amiable: and entreat her to believe that her future contributions will be sought out and perused with the greatest pleasure and interest."

GIPSY.—Angry? No. How could we be angry with a charming little gipsy who persists in saying flattering things, and to our face? We have promised to you our unworthy self—some day. That is to say, not ourself, but our portrait.

EMMA BUTTERWORTH.—See answer to Maggie Symington. Really you are too complimentary.

FLORENCE.—IAGO (riddles capital) will be inserted.)—DAISY H.—ADELINE A.

RUTHENPHARL.—See prize list. Your wish has been complied with. "I suppose I will be entitled," &c. *Will* is imperative, *shall* permissive!

HONORIA.—Quite a mistake to omit your name from the awards. "Home" is very nicely written, and shall receive attention. We have placed it in the "accepted" drawer.

NELLIE.—By this time your anxiety will have been appeased. Don't flatter us, Nellie: we are modest—for an Editor!

GILBERT ASHTON.—A certificate will be forwarded by post. We perfectly agree with your remarks in respect to the United—or, as "Punch" has it—Untied States. Thanks for your good opinion. Chess will be regularly continued throughout the volume.

ANNA GRAY.—Certainly. Pray do not altogether neglect the F.F.C.

ROSALIE.—In the February number we made a mistake. What a confession for an Editor! We had given out "Evil Influence" for insertion in the January number, but it could not appear for want of space. Always welcome.

ILLA.—Clean and nicely written. Placed away for insertion in an early number. Your article in this No. is very good indeed.

G. MATTHEWSON writes:—"In regard to the contention as to the merits of Blanche Alsington's brilliant (?) burlesque, I will pronounce for neither side, but only point out that plagiarism in it reigns rampant, and surely Max, "who is one familiar with the doings of Byron and Brough," must have noticed many plagiarisms from these writers, although he has not shown them up. I do not intend to point out all these, but, as a specimen, I shall notice one of the most flagrant. Blanche writes thus:—

"*Atkins.* Out on such cowardice! I hate such drivelling!

What! Pirates on their knees for mercy snivelling?

Crusoe. Does not the pirate leader ask a share of it?

Atkins Not if the pirate leader is aware of it?"

And so on. Compare this with the following from Brough's "Lalla Rookh," scene vi., p. 39, Lacy's edition:—

"*Khorsawbad.* Out on such cowardice! I hate such drivelling!

A Gheber on his knees for mercy snivelling!

Aurungzebe. Does not the other prisoner seek a share of it?

Khorsawbad. Not if the other prisoner is aware of it."

IVANHOE writes—"Fellow Councillors, I have wondered in the past, wondered in the present, and have no doubt but shall wonder in the future, what other plan our beloved President could have adopted to have won the affections of so many of his subscribers, and bound such a tie of friendship between us Councillors (strangers, as in most cases I presume we are, to each other). I look forward to the 1st of each month just as I should look forward to any particular morning when I expected a batch of letters from old and valued friends; and have no doubt that many of my fellow colleagues do the same. If it should ever be my lot to meet with any of you, I have no doubt but a hearty shake of hands will soon be made. In very few instances, we may reasonably suppose, are we acquainted with each other's place of abode; and yet, with al the disinterested friendship that prevails, our President must have started a new era in the history of

journalism. May *candour* and *kindliness* long *prevail* free from *acerbity;* and, as we grow older, we shall have reason to bless the time when we first became subscribers to the "Family Friend"

EWOL TENNEB.—You will see, dear sir, that we have accepted your kind and friendly offer of "taking us off" for the benefit of the F.F.C. But then what a charge you bring against our able man! Just read, ladies and gentlemen—"Enigma, No. 27, I consider bad, as my *first* and *fourth* are omitted. No. 23, *a* and *b*, are both very old, therefore, not original; and a lady friend of mine has shown the same questions to me, which were written to her forty years ago Trusting you will point out these plagiarisms contributed by your able fault-finder and critic, Caractacus."

NELLA.—Try and re-write your story. It possesses less than your usual tact; and, in its pre-ent condition, is inadmissable. "By the Garden Gate" is very pretty, and shall appear.

BUSK explains—"I discovered some errors in No. 27 after it was sent you, and I presume it must have been crossed out by your pen, and has, hence, got printed minus two lines. However, it will be all right as follows:—

"My *first* you'll find is but a rap;
My *last* has met a strange mishap,
But give a head and it's the same;
My *second*, a parental name;
A female's name, it cut in two,
Will bring my *third* at once to view,
And either half will do, I ken,
If placed aright; and, if so, then,
My *whole*, which is these four combined,
A river in the States you'll find.

In No. 30 the Scripture character should be 2, 5, 1, 4. How this mistake has originated I cannot tell, for on referring to my own copy it is right there. Next, as to the plagiarism of No 3, in the January number. If E. T. means that I got the word from the paper mentioned, he is wrong, for I had the word among a list I always keep, long before its appearance there. Again, if he means that the versification is a plagiarism, I beg to refer him to comparison of the two. I do not deny that, after reading the one he names, it may have influenced me to a close imitation, as perhaps he will also see in No. 35 (February number), but I must firmly avow that I had no intention of palming other persons' brains as my own. Such a thing I thoroughly detest, and hence I have entered thus fully into the matter. He needs not fear any more imitations even, for I do not now take the paper alluded to I was pleased to see the *kindliness* of the President so manifest in this affair in his address, and was persuaded that he bore no *acerbity*, which I trust will also be the case with E T., after such *candour* on my part." [They were printed as sent.—ED.]

ZANONI.—The omission of your name from the January awards was a matter of pure accident. Your criticisms are just; but want of space will not allow of their insertion. You know we are always glad to hear from you, though, to be sure, you *do* write in a careless hand.

TERRA COTTA writes:—"Pastime No. 12. I fully concur with Emma Butterworth in her remarks on this production of Ruthenpharl's. It is so extremely vague, that I would venture a wager that eleven out of a dozen would not puzzle it out; and is he allowed to spell *miseltoe* this way? Ivanhoe's lines to Lucinda B., though perhaps written in sincerity, are by no means fine or well turned. They would rank, I fancy, among the doggerel verses that adorn (?) the valentines at this season. What is the meaning of the last line of the first verse? Is it the imperative mood, or meant to be the present tense of the indicative? Estella is welcomed from me, and I wish her a hearty shake of the hand, and many of them."

NELLA.—Not "purely accidental," but purposely chosen. Nella says:—"If the votes of the contributors are really to be collected, as Max suggests, mine must be that neither he nor Blanche Alsington is guilty of the errors imputed to them. Were my brothers consulted, Blanche would find some very warm champions." Of course: order through a bookseller.

GORGONIA.—Do not be angry. The mistake in the riddle is now set right, as you will perceive. Already you have had an answer to your complaint, by the receipt of a prize and certificate.

ADELINE A.—"Mabel's First Visit" is very pretty. We will not neglect it, be certain.

CAROLUS.—"Upon reviewing your last No. of the 'Friend,' I observed amongst the Definitions, and under 'Friendship,' four examples, commencing, 'A jewel often sought but rarely found,' signed Jessie; and again, under 'Prevail,' four more, written like the former, successively, signed Viola—these, together with a few more, being what I sent up."

SECOND CLASS.

MARY ANNE and FORGET-ME-NOT will receive a Certificate in due course. See reply to Maggie Symington. Answers to Riddles, &c., right.

J. J GORTON.—Marguerite. It is necessary, in order to avoid inconvenience and delay, that copy for the printer should be written only on one side of the paper. Can anything be plainer than this direction? Read the list of Prizeholders.

DORA.—Certificates will be forwarded on receipt of name and address.—"Some of the First Class of the F. F. C. seem to be coming to rather high words, which I hope will not continue, but that 'kindliness will still be the characteristic of our intercourse.' They are setting a bad example to us who have not reached the higher class." Ladies and gentlemen, you are well reproved. Be courteous and kindly.

BELLA.—Neither foolish nor troublesome, but very welcome. Room shall be found for you in our Council. Ladies and gentlemen, my young friend Bella wishes to try her hand at sketches, tales, and poems. In the latter she is really successful, as you may soon see. Give her a warm place by the fireside in the winter, and a pleasant seat in the garden when the sun shines.

UNCLE STEPHEN, a new Councillor, claims admittance. He sends his credentials in the shape of Charades, &c.

ISABEL.—Certainly; with a little more care and perseverance you need not despair.

STANTONVILLE "considers the Enigmas, &c., contained in the present number a great improvement on the last, and she flatters herself she has solved some rather difficult ones. Busk, in No. 27, has not stated what his first is; and she thinks there is a mistake in 38; it should be—take my *second* from my *first*, and my *whole* remains (as in wholesome)." Right: there is a mistake in No.

27, but we cannot tell how it occurred. Perhaps it was the fault of "those precious printers."

ADELA.—With pleasure.

CANNONIA.—Acrostic, very ingenious.

A. LINCOLN.

EMMA S. P.—Send the tale by all means. A certificate has been forwarded. The scraps are hardly up to the mark.

KITTY.—Write more carefully, and kindly forward real name and address.

ESTELLA.—Go on and you will soon be in the first class.

CINDERELLA.—Ruth—Thanks.

ELIZABETH HOLMES.—*Nil Desperandum* "I do not at all object to have my real name printed in the list of holders of cards of merit, indeed I shall think it quite an honour."—Thanks.

KATE LESLIE.—Katrine—The little one—Mary—The beauty of her family—Clara S—Poor Jess.

STANTONVILLE "is much pleased to see music introduced, as a short polka, Waltz, vocal duet or glee, would render the "Family Friend" still more amusing."

GAZELLE.—We are glad to receive you into the Council Chamber. Caractacus, lead the Gazelle gently up through the Lions.

SPECTATOR.—Pray try to write in a hand a *little* easier to read; and then—who knows? you may regain your place in the first class; one side of the paper only—that rule is imperative if you want to appear often in print.

MASETTO, who does not enclose private address, which for reasons easily understood, should be sent with every communication, has written a pretty poem. Masetto "takes the opportunity of thanking the Editor for the chance he has given many, hitherto unknown authors of making a commencement in the world of letters, and feels sure that a magazine conducted in such a manner will obtain the success it deserves" Thanks.

L'ESPERANCE.—Welcome back again. The definitions are good.

NARCISSA.—ST. CLAIR.—Thanks.

ROBERT JOHNSON.—An old friend's face is always cordially recognised.

JESSIE—candidly, like a lady as she is—points out an error:—"Thanks for your insertion of my Definitions, poor as they were. It is an encouragement for the future; but being placed in the Second Class is far more than I ever expected, although I am afraid it is owing to a mistake of somebody's; for, amongst the Definitions of the word "Prevail," my name is annexed to five, when, in truth, the fifth alone belonged to me." To whom do the other four owe paternity?

ALFRED BROWN.

BUSY BEE will perceive that we have availed ourselves of the suggestion as to the Definitions. Why spell which "witch?"

LITTLE GIGGIE.—All in good time. What an ingenious little girl you are! Let us draw a mental portrait of you. Short, fair, pretty, with a quantity of brownish hair; blue eyes; fond of dancing and singing; and by no means disinclined to a good romp occasionally. We see a valentine or two on your writing desk!

THIRD CLASS.

DOTTA.—Hardly up to the mark. Try again.

CANDOUR.—Persevere.

FAIRWEATHER.—Never despair. Your Definitions are by no means bad. Try again.

MARTHA ACTON (Chloe), in writing to request a seat at the Council, says—"Your kind, fatherly addresses, and the genial tone of charity and good feeling contained in the "Family Friend," encourage me to make the request which I assure you arises from purely selfish motives, namely, my own improvement." Is not Chloe welcome, ladies and gentlemen?

DELTA.—IRWIN.

GO-A-HEAD.—Farfetched (very).

ISAAC B. SMITH Don't write again.—You are no chess player; for your contributions are copied bodily from Mr. Pardon's "Handbook," published by Routledge; a most unworthy and dishonest thing.

AMELIA.—We have *not* received your valentine. Did you send it?

JESSIE.—We cannot read character by handwriting, though we may make a shrewd guess. You should be good-natured though rather passionate.

ACCEPTED.

All friends and Councillors are requested to keep copies of their articles. We cannot, under any circumstances, undertake to return rejected communications.

"A Gossip in the Firelight."—"The Outcast."—"Laying a Trap."—"Sister Nelly."—Extracts on "Anagrams."—"The Invalid's Soliloquy."—"My Grandmother."—"Pity, a Tale."

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

"Little Fairy, a Village Story." This, though very pretty, is too long for insertion. Try again. The President in Council.—"Trefriew," badly punctuated, but try again.—"Come Forth; or the Double Summons"—"Dream of the Spirit Land."—"Eena."

OUR LETTER-BOX.

41. GARGLE FOR A SORE THROAT.—Pour a pint of boiling water on a handful of sage, tie up about half a teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper in a piece of muslin, and put it in when cold, strain it off, add a dessert spoonful of honey, a wine glassful of port wine, and as much vinegar as will make it sufficiently sour, without injuring the palate: gargle three times a day, or frequently, if need be.

42. PAINT TO STAND THE WEATHER.—Take charcoal powdered, a sufficient quantity of litharge as a drier, to be well levigated with linseed oil, and when used to be thinned with well boiled linseed oil. This forms a good black paint; by adding yellow ochre an excellent green is produced, which is preferable to the bright green used by painters for garden work, and it does not fade with the sun. This composition was first used on some spouts, which, on being examined 14 years afterwards were found to be as perfect as when first put up.

43. A MOTHER.—TO CURE A COMMON COLD.—Boil a handful of bran in little more than a quart of water for twenty minutes, strain, and sweeten with either sugar, treacle, or honey. To be taken warm on going to bed. This is simple and very efficacious. In severe colds, a little syrup of squills may be added.

44. TEA-MAKING.—I had a large kettle made, holding eight quarts, and put a coffee filter to it. I then placed the rations of tea for about twenty

men in the filter, poured in the boiling water, and, to my astonishment, made about one fourth more tea, perfectly clear, and without the least sediment This reader, I claim more as a happy thought than an invention, but I always had an idea that tea should be suspended in the water instead of being allowed to fall to the bottom —*Soyer's Campaign*

45 HARRIETT BUNCE —TO PRESERVE APPLES —Take equal quantities of good moist sugar and apples Peel, core, and mince them small Boil the sugar, allowing to every three pounds a pint of of water Skim well, and boil pretty thick Then add the apples the grated peel of one or two lemons and two or three pieces of white ginger Boil till the apples fall, and look clear and yellow Apples prepared in this way will keep for years

46 COCOA has the wonderful power of sustaining muscular strength in the absence of food, and of preventing the wasting of the tissues of the body during the greatest and most prolonged exertion

47 CURL PAPER —The Americans have an invention to replace curl papers by small metal tube provided with an elastic band to fasten them so that they can be drawn out of the hair without in any way injuring the twist, as taking out the paper does

48 TO REMOVE STAINS FROM BOOKS —To remove ink spots apply a solution of oxalic citric or tartaric acid To remove spots of grease, wax oil or fat, wash the injured part with ether and place it between white blotting-paper Then, with a hot iron press above the part stained

49 CRINOLINE AND BALLOONS —The admirers of crinoline will be proud to learn that the invention of balloons is owing to a similar contrivance The French give a curious anecdote of a simple occurrence which led the inventor of such machines —Montgolfier—to turn his attention to the subject It is to this effect —A washerwoman of the Rue aux Juifs, in the Marais placed a petticoat on a basket work frame, over a stove to dry In order to concentrate all the heat and to prevent its escaping by the aperture at the top, she drew the strings closely together, which are used to tie it round the waist By degrees the stuff dried, became lighter and the stove continuing to heat and rarify the air concentrated under the frame work the petticoat began to move and at last rose in the air The washerwoman was so astonished that she ran out to call her neighbours, and they, seeing it suspended in the air, were amazed One individual, however a simple paper maker from Annonay, named Montgolfier, as much astonished but more sensible than the others, returned home and without loss of time studied the work of Priestley on different kinds of atmospheres The result was the discovery of the first balloon, called Montgolfier's, of which he was the inventor As the nautilus probably gave the idea of a sailing vessel, so also do very simple causes often produce great and unexpected results

50 REMEDY FOR STUTTERING —A lady in Belgravia is stated to have discovered a remedy for stuttering It is simply the act of reading in a whisper, and gradually augmenting the whisper to a louder tone

51 TO KEEP BRISK PART OF A BOTTLE OF PORTER OR ALE —Put in the cork firmly, and set the cork, end downwards, in a tumbler, or other vessel nearly full of water

32 BLEEDING AT THE NOSE —When the nose bleeds, the blood generally comes from very fine arteries, and such occurrences, if frequent are very weakening, even dangerous therefore a medical man should be consulted that he may find the cause and check this tendency Danger may also arise from a single attack continuing so long as to cause great loss of blood, therefore it is right to have medical assistance But in the meantime, you will find the following means very powerful in stopping the flow of blood —Let the sufferer sit on the ground with the head thrown back

52 TO PREVENT RUST —Melt together three parts of lard and one part of resin A very thin coating will preserve ironwork such as stoves and grates from rusting during summer, even in damp situations

53 WINTER WINDOW GARDENING —My window garden in October is as gay as ever In a space eighteen inches by ten I have upwards of twenty beautifully foliaged plants growing luxuriantly yet without crowding Besides these fourteen small fish enjoy themselves amid the miniature forest and very happy they seem I tap with my finger nail on the side of the glass tank and immediately up they come flocking to the spot A few pieces of vermicelli being dropped in cause quite a commotion such pushing and diving chasing, and pulping I would recommend such a garden particularly to cottagers, being so inexpensive and withal so gratifying

The water is calm and still below
For the winds and waves are absent there
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of the upper air

Let a cottage gardener consider the words of Jones of Naylan when he say — Let a man have all the world can give him he is still miserable if he has a grovelling unlettered undevout mind Let him have his gardens, his fields, his wood, his lawns for grandeur plenty ornament, and gratification while at the same time God is not in all his thoughts and let another man have neither field nor garden, let him look only at nature with an enlightened mind—a mind which can see and adore the Creator in His works can consider them as demonstrations of His power, His wisdom, His goodness and His truth this man is greater as well as happier in his poverty than the other in his riches —*E A Copland*

54 POLLY —TO MAKE CRUMPETS —Set two pounds of flour with a little salt, before the fire till quite warm Then mix it with warm milk and water till it is as stiff as it can be stirred, let the milk be as warm as it can be borne with the finger, put a cupful of this with three eggs well beaten and mixed with three spoonfuls of very thick yeast then put this to the batter and beat them all together in a large pan or bowl, add as much milk and water as will make it into a thick batter, cover it close, and put it before the fire to rise put a bit of butter in a piece of thin muslin, tie it up, and rub it lightly over the iron hearth or frying pan, then pour on a sufficient quantity of batter at a time to make one crumpet, let it do slowly, and it will be very light Bake them all the same way They should not be brown, but of a fine yellow colour

55 TO TAKE RUST OUT OF STEEL —Cover the steel with sweet oil well rubbed on In forty-eight hours rub with finely powdered unslacked lime, until the rust disappears

CLASS AWARDS.

ADDRESS: 23, MIDDLE STREET, CLOTH FAIR, WEST SMITHFIELD, E.C.

FIRST CLASS.

ANNA GREY.—Your "Leaves for the Little Ones" we have taken the liberty of lengthening, and trust the additions will meet your approval. It is pleasant to hear from you, for you write in a kind, loving, womanly spirit.

GORGONIA.—The "hint" has been given, and we trust that, in future communications, all will be correct and proper.

IAGO.—Pray do not consider we are oblivious of your undoubted merits. A certificate shall be forwarded, now that we know your address, and a small volume bearing the Editor's autograph. The misfortune is that all cannot be captains: but do not be discouraged.

LUCINDA B.—Your letter shall be answered by post Almost too flattering, but always welcome. There was, certainly, no mistake in the award, and we are only too glad to think you are gratified. Enough of *acerbity*. Do you not think we had better leave that word out of our dictionary for the future? or, at least, we may strive to ignore it in the Council. Therefore we omit the article. There has been just a spice too much of a certain flavour, we fancy. It is said that every country has its peculiar scent, and that you may smell garlic when you are seven miles from the coast of France. Well, garlic is a good appetiser, but why flavour all our dishes with it? *Comprenez vous?*

EMMA BUTTERWORTH.—Your appreciation, with that of the rest of our friends, is very gratifying. Is it not needless to say our best services are at your command?

MAGGIE SYMINGTON and ADELINE A. are warmly thanked and welcomed.

IVANHOE.—"By the River" is a charming poem, and shall be inserted.

MAX.—We missed you last month. There is a Certificate, with a couple of Prize Volumes, waiting your commands. It will, perhaps, sound strange to some of our Councillors when we say we are unacquainted with *your* real name and address. Please write.

BLANCHE ALSINGTON.—Excuse the omission last month. Your name *was* sent in with the rest, but by some unaccountable accident it was omitted. After so handsome an apology as you send, what can a critic say?—

"Most learned and acute G. Matthewson,
My very worthy and approved good critic,
That I have stolen away R. B. Brough's verses,
It is most true; true, I have taken them;
'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.
But to extenuate this grave offence,—
I have a brother (well, perhaps you'll say
There's nothing very wonderful in that);
But he, when I was writing my burlesque,
Would criticise it, and suggestions make;
Some good, some bad, and some indifferent.
Amongst the rest he offered me those lines,
And, liking them much better than my own,
I, unsuspecting, took them, knowing not
That they were pirated from 'Lalla Rookh;'
But when the last month's Number told his crime,
I gave him a tremendous blowing up.—
Such is my fault, and such my sole defence,
And all the head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more——

"Seriously though, I am exceedingly sorry to find that my unfortunate burlesque (which, judging by the controversy it has caused, may be fairly called a *sensation* one) is decked out in borrowed feathers; and I beg to apologise to you, Mr. Editor, and all the 'F. F.' C.s for my involuntary delinquency, and to thank G. Matthewson for making the discovery."—BLANCHE ALSINGTON.

TERRA COTTA writes:—"In my contribution inserted last month ('Moral Courage') the third word should be 'differs,' and not 'suffers.'—(Printer's pie.)

"Oh, Mignonette! where did you learn your geography? Where is the land of the Hottentot? *Not* in America!

"The Definitions contain one startling idea that perfectly 'floored' me. It was by Narcissa. *Voila!*—

"CANDOUR.

"'Lady Jane Grey, when she was beheaded!!!'

"Will you allow me to suggest that contributors may exchange *cartes de visites*, and to announce that I will exchange my portrait with any member of the First Class who may feel disposed to collect the faces of his fellow-councillors? The portraits might be sent to your office, my dear sir (if you would kindly receive them), with a stamped envelope, and the *nom de plume* written at foot. I think it would be a capital idea, and I myself should very much like an album full of 'F. F.' C.'s." [We shall feel pleasure in giving every facility to the plan suggested.—ED.]

DAISY H.—The Certificate alone is a Prize. In your case a volume accompanied it. All cannot stand in the first rank even at court, Daisy. Right and Wrong. There are *two* tales under the title of "Evil Influence." Will you kindly re-write "Spring?" We cannot read it.

CARACTACUS.—On reference to your MS. we find the errors are all, except one, your own. Now do, like a good fellow, be more careful in future. "Scholarship for Street Stragglers" is amusing and clever, but not altogether up to your mark, great general. Therefore we do not print it. "O that mine enemy would write a" poem! As you are not the enemy but the friend of the Council, why, we refrain from criticism, though, as you essay the critic's pen, the temptation is very strong. Caractacus writes—"I accepted with becoming pride the guardianship of our pretty 'Gazelle.' But there can be no fear of '*the Lions*.' They will be *cowed* by those magnificent eyes! A hearty welcome to 'Chloe,' 'Bella,' and 'Uncle Stephen.' In the matter of Ewol Tenneb's charge of plagiarism, you recollect that, with my very first batch of conundrums, I expressly stated that I could not *warrant* them all original. The doing so would be great presumption. Considering the myriads that have appeared since the first riddler (*who*, by the way, was he?) 'opened fire' upon society, it has ever seemed to me *impossible* to avoid the occasional reproduction of an old one. The writing of a non-original conundrum will not rank with ordinary plagiarism. I have written altogether more than a thousand; and it must be odd indeed if, in some instances, I have not aroused some dormant idea derived from another. Yet I am by no means sure that I have done so in those

indicated, so great is the probability that the simple idea involved in a conundrum may enter more than one mind. Let me then assure my worthy colleague (while thanking him for the exercise of a vigilance which I admire) that I am innocent of any intentional dishonesty. I have no ambition whatever to shine in 'borrowed plumes.' In justice to my position as a 'fault-finder,' I must beg you, dear sir, to allot a place to these remarks." Your candour does you much credit, general.

GILBERT ASHTON.—BUSK.—G. MATHEWSON.—ILLA.—NELLA.—ZANONI.—RUTHENPHARL.—LILY H.—KATRINE.—ROSIE.—EMMA S. P.—Will perhaps excuse us if we, this month, answer them *en masse*. We had begun the awards on our usual plan of giving to each Councillor a word or two of welcome, when we were obliged to suddenly pull up for want of space.

IVANHOE must excuse our omitting a few sentences from his too flattering letter. But we print a portion. He says:—"Fellow Councillors,—I am very pleased—and I have no doubt but most of your feelings are in unison with mine—that our esteemed President has accepted the very kind offer of our worthy colleague, Ewol Tenneb. I am, indeed, obliged to Terra Cotta for pointing out the errors in my lines to our esteemed colleague Lucinda B. They were written in sincerity if not not nicely written. I am also obliged to Caractacus for his good opinion of my definition of 'Friendship;' and now to 'Bella,' 'Uncle Stephen,' 'Gazelle,' and all old members, I shake you all, in imagination, heartily by the hand."

GIPSY.—We presume the volumes have arrived, as we have not heard again from you. Of course you may say it. An editor, like an actor, is open to any amount of praise.

EWOL TENNEB must not be too highly praised, or the Councillors *may* imagine the Editor is partial—especially after the handsome offer accepted in favour of all friends of the F. F. C. Ewol Tenneb writes:—"Be assured that, if courtesy and perseverance from me at any time will insure success to the "Family Friend," such shall not be wanting, according to my capabilities. I am quite satisfied with the explanation of my fellow-councillor Busk, and at the time I wrote, my feelings were very far from being akin to acerbity."

SECOND CLASS.

CAROLUS.—Just a little more care would entitle you to a place in the First Class again.

PAULINE S.—The book and certificate have been returned through the post; but they shall be resent to the address forwarded.

LEILA S. has our best wishes.

ISABEL.—The "Contrast" is very nicely written; but in future be a little more particular in punctuation.

MARY BLANE.—Very good.

LITTLE JANE'S letter is a bouquet, in both a literal and figurative sense.

CANNONIA.—Answers received: but the numbered charade is inexact. Try again.

CINDERELLA.—See answer to Nellie.

MASETTO.—Thanks; we will try and oblige you.

REBECCA is hardly right. Let her forward her name and address, and she shall have the certificate.

ADELA.—There has been no mistake. You deserved your certificate, and obtained it. Persevere.

A. MACFARLANE'S certificate has been returned through the post, marked "Not known." Will he kindly write again?

C. T. RYE and SARAH C. would be in the First Class with a little more care. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. A word to the wise.

NELLIE.—Too flattering, Nellie; we wish—ah, well, what can an Editor say to a young lady who declares she is pleased with his autograph? The portrait shall be forwarded to you and our other friends in the course of next month: that is, if we can get to Brighton, and pay our promised visit to Ewol Tenneb. But the Editor has a photographic album, too, and would be delighted to place in it the *cartes de visites* of all the Councillors!

ROBERT JOHNSON.—EDWARD L.—MISS B. ESSEX.—LOUISA P. PLYM.—HORATIO.—AMELIA.—(Don't be disappointed, but continue to persevere). To all thanks.

STANTONVILLE'S compositions only just miss the First Class. We wish we could place her there, for she is a cordial, good friend. It is always pleasant to hear from her. The same word of encouragement may also be given to NARCISSA, JAMES II., SPECTATOR, DORA, L'ESPERANCE, EUPHROSYNE, A. BROWN, ELIZABETH H., FAN, RUTH, FORGET ME-NOT, OLIVE, KATRINE, IVY, ST. CLAIR, CINDERELLA, LITTLE GIGGIE, GAZELLE, and CHARLIE,—all of whom have forwarded correct answers to the pastime in the March number.

MARGUERITA.—Certainly—why not?

CHLOE, GAZELLE, PATSY, FAIRWEATHER, OCEAN, DELTA, ST. GEORGE, and HARRY SMART, have each and all our thanks and good wishes. Let them steadily persevere in the path of improvement.

CROCHET.—No mistake, for we are sure you will prize our good opinion. The pastime is capital, admirable—thanks; very clear, and sent to printers for insertion.

CRAISTER—Try again—*Nil desperandum.*

ROSY.—A little more care in punctuation desirable.

MIGNONETTE.—The certificate and prize shall be re-sent. They have been returned through the post office. Possibly this has arisen from Mignonette sending her address without her real name.

ROSE VERNON shall have a certificate if only for the pretty letter she sends. She is always welcome.

ESTELLA, called to London by a wedding on the Prince's wedding-day, says—"Please extend my cordial thanks to Terra Cotta for a greeting which I fully appreciate, and which was as welcome as it was unexpected."

ONCE A WELL-WISHER writes as follows. Can any of the Councillors explain its meaning? We cannot:—"The '*repetition dodge*' has occurred too often to put it down to *accident*. Don't try it *on any more*." ELIZA JANE.—TERRA ALBA.—VENDETTA.—LABUAN.—CRUSOE.

LIZZIE E. R. shall have a Certificate if she will forward her name and address. Why write in so careless a hand? Fatal to success.

DOTTA.—Well done: nothing like perseverance.

We have received an abusive letter from Mr. Isaac B. Smith, at which we can afford to smile. Such letters make capital fires.

ACCEPTED.

All friends and Councillors are requested to keep copies of their articles. We cannot, under any circumstances, undertake to return rejected communications.

"The Wanderers." — "Aileen's May Day."— "Wood Buildings."—"A Day in the Fields."— "Originality and Eccentricity." — "Sunshine." — "Spring."—"My Kate Leslie."—"Play upon Proverbs." — "The Deaf Visitor." — "The Trysting Tree." — "An American Poet."—"The Trio."— "Married for Money."—"The Legend of the Three Sisters."

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

"A Mormon Dinner" and "A Fragment" (not written sufficiently distinct).—"A Dream," which should be written on only one side of the paper.— "The Dream."—"A Plea for Plain English," is not written plainly enough for the printers. Many errors occur from the carelessness of the writers themselves.—"Spring."—"Frefrien."—"Odd Fellowship."—"A Little Song of Love."—"Golden Hair," which is so badly written in pale ink that we cannot try our eyes by trying to read it.

LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

THE following sums are acknowedged with thanks :—

	£	s.	d.
Adeline A.	0	2	0
Mignonette	0	1	0
Iago	0	1	0
Caractacus	0	2	0
Ewol Tenneb	0	3	0
Employés at the Printing Office of the "Family Friend," Messrs. Adams and Gee	0	5	0

OUR LETTER-BOX.

56. BURNS AND SCALDS.—The following recipe is used in the American hospitals, where cotton is no longer used :—"Take a piece of unslaked lime, as large as a common-sized orange, put it in a vessel and pour on it a quart of boiling water; when cold, strain it; it will keep a year if bottled; put into a basin two tea-cups full of sweet oil or linseed oil, and a tea-cup full of lime-water, or enough to form, with the oil, a salve as thick as starch; stir this well, placing the basin on some ice if possible, or in a cool place. Apply this salve, spread upon old linen, directly to the burn; change the application every ten minutes. When the inflammation is removed, use the following cold cream spread on linen, as before :—Melt in a water-bath virgin wax and spermaceti, 12 grammes of each, then stir in slowly 180 grammes of oil of sweet almonds and 700 grammes of rose water. The wax and spermaceti must be taken off the fire to put in the almond oil, and then put on again until melted. The whole must be poured into a basin and well whipped with a silver fork. The rose water must be stirred in while the whole is cooling. A little rose water should occasionally be added. Keep in pots in a cool place. These two recipes, if properly attended to, will cure the worst scald or burn in a fortnight, leaving no scars. The cold cream heals the suppuration."

59. A PLAIN CAKE.—Flour, three-quarters of a pound; sugar, the same quantity; butter, four ounces; one egg, and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Mix all together and bake.

60. FLOWERS IN WATER.—Mix a little carbonate of soda with the water in which flowers are immersed, and it will preserve them for a fortnight. Common saltpetre is also a very good preservative.

61. TO MAKE A FRENCH PUDDING.—Take one quart of milk, nine large tablespoonfuls of flour, and eight eggs. Beat the eggs very light, adding gradually to them the flour and the milk. Butter thoroughly a pan or some tea-cups, pour in the mixture, and bake in a tolerably quick oven.

62. FRIED HAM AND EGGS.—The slices of ham should first be boiled a trifle. Put a bit of lard in the frying-pan. After the slices have been dipped in flour, place them in the hot fat. Sprinkle pepper. When both sides are finely browned, dish with sufficient gravy. Slip the eggs into the fat, avoiding to break the yolk. Cook slowly, and separate each egg with a knife. When done, place them in a chain around the meat.

63 MAID MINNY.—WHO DRINKS THE TEA?—Some curious statistics of the tea trade have been published. It will be seen that the United States and Great Britain do their full share of the tea drinking. France and Germany make up, however, we suppose, in wine and beer :—

	Pounds.
Great Britain and Ireland	8,000,000
British America and West Indies . .	2,600,000
Australia, Cape of Good Hope, &c. .	2,700,000
British India	2,200,000
United States	13,000,000
Russia	6,000,000
Holland and colonies	1,200,000
France	550,009
Germany	500,000
South America	650,000
Denmark, Sweden, and Norway . .	250,000
Belgium	200,000
Spain and Portugal	100,000
Italy	50,000
Other places	550,000
	41,500,000

64. BENEFITS OF THE CHIMNEY.—A great deal has been written of late years in disparagement of the open coal fire and the chimney, in comparison with the stove and flue; but Professor Faraday has shown the chimney to possess very important functions in sanitary economy. Thus, a parlour fire will consume in twelve hours forty pounds of coal, the combustion rendering 42,000 gallons of air unfit to support life. Not only is that large amount of deleterious product carried away, and rendered innoxious by the chimney, but five times that quantity of air is also carried up by the draught, and ventilation is thus effectually maintained.

65. TO EXTINGUISH FIRES.—As soon as the fire-engine is in readiness to work, stir into the water seven or eight pounds of pearl-ash, and continue to add the same quantity, as occasion may require—taking care that it be directed against the timber, and not wasted against the brick work. Where

time will admit, dissolve any quantity of pearl-ash in a vessel of water, and as fast as it dissolves, mix a pailful in the water in the engine pretty often. Wood, steeped in a strong solution of "phosphate of ammonia and borate of soda," becomes incombustible. If trees, when cut down (the sap being extracted) are treated by those alkalies, fires will be next to impossible.

66. To Prevent Mites in Cheese.—A cheese painted over with melted suet, so as to form a thin coat over the outside, never has mites.

67. Ague.—M. Von Holsbeek draws attention to a mode of treatment he has found useful. Infuse an ounce of well-roasted coffee in three ounces of boiling water; and, having strained the fluid, acidulate it with lemon juice. The whole is given at one time, five hours before the paroxysm

68. Anne and Laura.—To Wash Lawn and Muslin.—Delicate lawn and muslin dresses are so frequently spoiled by bad washing, the colours of the fabrics yielding so readily to the action of soap, that it is better to adopt a method of cleaning the finest materials, and imparting to them the appearance of newness. Take two quarts of wheat bran, and boil it for half an hour in soft water. Let it cool, then strain it, and pour the strained liquor into the water in which the dress is to be washed. Use no soap. One rinsing alone is required, and no starch The bran water not only removes the dirt, and ensures against change of colour, but gives the fabric a pleasanter stiffness than any preparation of starch. If the folds are drawn from the skirts and sleeves, the dress will iron better; and will appear, when prepared in this way, as fresh as new.

69. A Young Housekeeper.—Read the paragraph headed "Benefits of the Chimney" It is a common mistake to open all the lower part of the windows of an apartment; whereas, if the upper part also were opened, the object would be more speedily effected. Thus, the air in an apartment is generally heated to a higher temperature than the external air, either by the heat supplied by the human body, or by lamps, candles, or fires. This renders it lighter than the external air; and, consequently, the external air will rush in at all openings at the lower part of the room, while the warmer and lighter air passes out at the higher openings. If a candle be held in the doorway near the door, it will be found that the flame will be blown inwards; but, if it be raised nearly to the top of the doorway, it will be blown outwards. The warm air, in this case, flows out at the top, while the cold air flows in at the bottom. A current of warm air from the room is generally rushing up the flue of the chimney, if the flue be open, even though there should be no fire lighted in the stove, hence the unwholesomeness of using chimney-boards.

70. Glycerine is used in photography, and in pharmacy; it is harmless as a medicine, and tastes not unpleasant. Mustard mixed with glycerine will not dry up so quickly as mixed with water. Tobacco may be kept moist and sweet with glycerine; and, in machinery, glycerine is preferable to oil. A tincture of iodine and glycerine is a cure for the most inveterate corns.—Dr. Wilson.

71. A Certain Cure for a Cough.—Four ounces of mucilage of gum arabic, one and a half ounces of sweet spirits of nitre, one ounce of syrup of red poppies, one ounce of syrup of squills, and one ounce of balsam of Tolu. One teaspoonful to be taken whenever the cough is troublesome, and two at bed-time. (I have given the above receipt to many of my friends, and have never known it to fail.)—Emma S. P.

72. A good Tonic.—Half an ounce of gentian root, quarter of an ounce of Seville orange peel, and one drachm of carbonate of soda. Pour one pint of boiling water on the above, cover close till cold, and take a wine glassful twice a day. A little whole ginger may be added.—Dr. Marshall Hall.

73. How to Stop Blood.—Take the fine dust of tea, or the scrapings of the inside of tanned leather; bind it upon the wound closely, and blood will soon cease to flow. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum may be applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions will save agitation of mind and running for a surgeon, who, probably, will make no better prescription if present — *Lancet.*

74. Ornamental Candlesticks, &c.—Having never seen any printed instructions of how to make ornamental candlesticks, &c, I think some of your readers may be glad to know the way. First, procure some cardboard, cut out the candlestick or any other ornament, make it the desired shape, then lay on some rice. Having prepared some spirits of wine and sealing wax, which must be melted in a bottle before a fire (care being taken not to place it too near and to keep the bottle uncorked), lay it with a brush on the rice. When done they look exceedingly well, and may be taken for coral. A box need not be cut out of cardboard, as a common box answers quite as well.—Dora.

75. Rosy P.—Eggs are well known as nutritious food; and the yolk, beaten up with a little wine, or brandy or sugar, is a good restorative in cases of debility. In pharmacy, the yolk of egg is frequently used as a medium for mixing or suspending insoluble or imperfectly soluble substances in water; it consists chiefly of oily matter, and a peculiar modification of albumen; the former may be obtained by expression from hard-boiled yolks which have been slightly torrefied. It had a place in the old Pharmacopœia, under the name of *oleum ovorum:* it was particularly celebrated as a remedy for deafness, a few drops being put into the ear night and morning: and it may possibly have been useful as a very unctuous application in cases of deficient ceruminous secretion. Egg-shells were once celebrated as an antacid, but are not preferable to more convenient forms of carbonate of lime.

76. Letty Fair—Pomatum.—Take one ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of castor oil, four ounces of olive oil, and two pennyworth of bergamot, and melt them together in a pot, placed in boiling water, stirring the mixture all the while; when thoroughly mixed, pour the mixture into pots while hot.

77. A New Wine.—A Tennessee paper records the manufacture of a novel beverage in the shape of wine expressed from the juice of the tomato. Good judges pronounce it a first-rate article. Its ingredients are simply the pure juice of the tomato and sugar, and it much resembles champagne, having a light, transparent colour, with a pleasant palatable flavour.

CLASS AWARDS.

ADDRESS: 23, MIDDLE STREET, CLOTH FAIR, WEST SMITHFIELD, E.C.

FIRST CLASS.

MAX.—Ladies and Gentlemen of the Council, I beg to inform you that our friend Max has sent his *carte de visite* to the Editor; and the *carte*, speaking for itself says, as plainly as portrait can, that Max is not only a good-looking young fellow, but good-hearted in the bargain. Now why do you not some of you—especially the ladies—take a leaf out of Max's book and put one into ours? Seriously, however, we think that idea about the exchanging of portraits a very excellent one, and worthy encouragement. It might be carried out "with selections," or in its entirety, as the sender preferred: that is to say, a Councillor might send his *carte* to one or more of the members of the F. C. To Max, personally, we tender our hand—with a pen in it—and say, Don't give up your contributions, and don't mind a little friendly criticism.

A. DE YOUNGE.—Kindly write with ink of better colour. Spare our eyes. Consider how often we burn the midnight gas. The "Historical Mental Pictures" are very clever; but written in too small a hand for ready perusal.

ROSALIE.—The "Matrimonial Advertisement" is written on *both* sides of the paper, contrary to our expressed wish. In future do, like a good Councillor, take a little more paper and write only on one side. We will try and insert it next month. Your apologies are too handsome, however, for us to quarrel with you.

MAGGIE SYMMINGTON.—*Word* building it is, not wood. The alteration was made for merely technical reasons, another article of the same name being in type. Certainly Max has reason to be proud of your profound appreciation.—"Allow me to express my hope that our frind Max has recovered from the 'Alexandra fever,' by which he was attacked so violently last month, and that he is quite convalescent."

BUSK.—Your "May Song" is really pretty, and our only regret is that it did not arrive a day or two earlier. We tried all we could to procure its insertion, but the printers were inexorable.

MIGNONETTE.—Your Prize and Certificate have been forwarded. Always welcome. You need only to glance over the No. to see how you are appreciated. To you and other of our kind friends we must again apologise for not going to Brighton. We are anxious to go, but stern business—which will *not* be put aside—has kept us hard at work in town.

ESTELLA.—We are really very much pleased with your contributions, which we prize highly. It *is* our intention to favour the *carte de visite* scheme. Max has made a beginning; and we shall not be content till we have in our album the portraits of all the Councillors; and, in return, we reiterate the promise of sending our own. Meanwhile, we will undertake to forward any *carte* with which we may be intrusted from any Councillor to any other Councillor.

LUCINDA B.—We promised to write by post, but business—that usual, but in our case, true excuse—must plead for us. Last month the printers made a false rhyme in your pretty poem, and made "Bloom" "Gloom." The error, however, appeared in one part of the edition only. Your suggestion as to instruction in Short-hand is, we think, hardly practicable. But we put it to the Councillors generally, whether they feel any interest in the establishment of a Phonetic Class. You have quite understood our meaning, as you always do. We have pleasure in becoming the medium through which you may address a kindly word to the Councillors:—"The candour of Caractacus has pleased me much; and I beg he will accept my sincerest thanks for his kindness in pointing out that most inconsistent metaphor in my poem. Let me assure him that, although I cannot conscientiously accept all the glowing meed of praise he awards me, yet such appreciation as he and others of my esteemed companions have bestowed upon me, is too highly valued ever to become 'insipid.' Sincerity was so apparent in 'IVANHOE'S' little offering, that I had not the heart to pull it in pieces. It was a hastily arranged bouquet, I own, but welcome, nevertheless, and I thank you for it, Ivanhoe."

IVANHOE.—We do not like the subject of your poem, albeit the verses are well written, and contain many good lines. Ivanhoe writes:—"I like old friend Max's remarks on the definitions, but should like to offer a suggestion on the subject. It will, if carried out, entail an extra amount of labour on our esteemed president, but I feel assured he will be courteous enough to attend to anything the Councillors may deem an improvement. I suggest that each (or as many as choose), when forwarding definitions, to enclose one stamp, which altogether would amount to a sum sufficient to purchase a nice little volume. The Councillor who forwarded the best definition on the words given to receive the volume as a prize. The fortunate recipient's name should be in the autograph of the Editor, stating for what received, and the year and month; consider it, fellow Councillors, and if agreed to, begin at once."

TERRA COTTA.—The putting of selections from deffinitions in italics we found to be impracticable, for reasons practical; that is to say, the printers, autocrats as they are, make an objection to the extra trouble involved in the suggestion. We must try some other way of showing our appreciation.

NELLIE.—The letter has been forwarded as you desired. The omission was quite accidental; accept our humble, sincere, and most profound apologies! Pray wait awhile, and your wish, so prettily expressed, shall be complied with.

KATRINE.—Received with thanks.

GORGONIA, who always writes sensibly, says:—"With regard to the exchange of *cartes* among the Councillors, I would remark that the expense might be an objection to some, as probably all are not on a footing as regards 'the sinews of war;' and would suggest that advantage might be taken of the copying plan so constantly advertised in the "Times" by three or four houses, that on forwarding a *carte* and 2s. 6d., ten, twelve, or even fifty copies will be returned. I doubt if the latter price gives *carte-size* copies, but at the former price they are described as 'same size and exact copies of the original, which will be returned.' The dearest of these are but a quarter the price of *cartes* obtained in the ordinary way.

EWOL TENNEB.—We must wait awhile, and hear what the Councillors say to the proposition of

an exchange of *cartes de visites*. Our *own* we mean to have taken, by your kindness, and will forward a copy to each Councillor. The fine weather is here, and we *will* pay you a visit shortly. Thanks.

ANNA GREY.—Thanks for your continued exertions in favour of the F. F.

LILY H.—The Prizes and Certificates have been forwarded; but, if by any mistake, yours have not reached you, others shall be sent. Patience (and continued perseverance) sweet Lily.

ILLA.—Kindly send name and address again, for we fear we have mislaid our address book. It would be a great assistance to us if, in *every* letter, the Councillors would, in addition to the *nons de plumes*, insert their real names and addresses—not, as they say in the *Times*, "for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith," and a pleasant reminder that sometimes letters by post are due from the Editor.

GILBERT ASHTON.—We fear the subject is rather hackneied; but we shall be happy to receive anything you may kindly forward.

CARACTACUS will see his practical suggestions are adopted as far as they can be without too much interference with previous arrangements

ZANONI.—It is always pleasurable to hear from you, as you may guess by a glance at our pages.

RUTHENPHARL.—We will write you by post. Do not despair.

EMMA BUTTERWORTH sends corrections of printer's errors in her poem, which we hope all our readers will make in their copies.

"In my piece on "Pity" there occur three errors, most assuredly printer's pie, and which I must beg you to allow a space for correcting. In line 19, for "practical" read "poetical;" page 318, column 2, line 45, for "which no inferiority," read "to the inferiority," page 39, line 8, for "self piety," read "self pity." I am thus particular, because, if read as printed, it makes such ridiculous nonsense that Caractacus would no longer entertain the good opinion he has hitherto done respecting my contributions; and to him I have great pleasure in tendering my grateful acknowledgments."

J. C. TILDERSLEY.—Very clever and very poetical. Shall be inserted.

STANTONVILLE.—In the First Class this month, though your contributions are neither long nor important Can you guess the reason for our preference? D'ye give it up? Well, then, we accord the first place to perseverance—sometimes.

FRANCES HOPE shall be answered by post.

ALICE wants to know why the Editor does not write more, and asks whether he will object—when he does write—to have his contributions criticised. To this we have only to say that Alice is a little—just a little—wrong. We do not often identify what we write by a signature; but, as to the second clause, why there are two or three editorial contributions in the present number which we should like to see fully criticised. Why not?

IAGO.—Always welcome as Spring, about whose characteristics you sonnetise so prettily.

KATE SYDNAS.—The South Kensington Polka, which we insert in the present number, please us so much that we cordially advise you to continue your labours in original musical composition. Many thanks.

ADELINE A.—The "Wanderers" is so good, and so new an idea, that we could wish that a halting line did not occur here and there. But it is true poetry, which is more than can be said of the verses of many writers.

SECOND CLASS.

ADELA writes:—

"SIR,—I consider the 'Family Friend' as one of the most interesting and instructive periodicals I know, and ought to have a place in every family circle.

"Will you please accept me as one of your members of the Family Council?

ADELA writes in so complimentary a style of the endeavours we make to render the "Friend" a real friend to our readers, that we can have no hesitation in admitting her with courtesy to the Council. Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce my young—I am sure she is young and pretty—friend Adela.

Certainly; with pleasure.

MASETTO.—The poems are very nice indeed, and we will try to make room fsr at least one of them.

MIGNONETTE.—Please write again, and say whether you have now received your prize. Your contributions are always welcome.

DOTTIE approves of the *cartes de visites* exchange What say other Councillors?

ROBERT JOHNSON.—Welcome.

CHLOE—Again we have pleasure in acknowledging your willingness, though, this month, not your industry.

JOHN writes a capital hand, and will, if he be careful, soon attain a place in the First Class.

SNOWDROP, and all other Councillors who forwarded name and address, shall have the certificate forwarded.

STRANRAER.—Received, with thanks.

NELLA.—We regret to hear that you have been prevented, by illness, from sending so early as you could wish. Do try, and if you succeed, your wish shall certainly be complied with. You cannot be impertinent, and we cannot be tired of reading your letters, even though you cross the paper.

FAIRWEATHER.—The best remedy we have seen for destroying the parasitic insects, &c., in pigeon-houses, &c., in the "Insect Preparation," sold in shilling boxes by Gardner, 426, Oxford-street, W.

REBECCA.—The Certificate shall now be forwarded.

GAZELLE.—The "original pattern for crochet edging" was not enclosed in your note of April 13, but we thank you in anticipation of receiving it next month.

UNCLE STEPHEN—JAMES WELLS.—ABE.

GIPSY, EMMA S. POWER, and VIOLET are sincerely thanked and welcomed.

LIZZIE E. R. shall have the desired Certificate.

CRAISTER.—Good. We are pleased to think that you are happily busy, and busily happy.

FAN.—We hope you will not be disappointed—that is to say not too deeply disappointed All in good time. The reason was, that you wrote with such pale ink that we could not read all you wrote, and so laid a portion aside.

EUPHROSYNE will not get into the First Class without she is more careful in her writing; but that she may not be discouraged, we beg her to try again. Nothing worth having or worth doing was ever attained without trouble and perseverance. Certainly, as soon as they are ready.

DIE VERNON writes:—

"I have for sometime meditated an appeal to you for a seat in the 'Council,' but could not, till now, summon resolution to do so, knowing my productions would suffer very much by comparison with those of many of the members, but your own and their criticisms being so kindly expressed, I am resolved to brave the feathery lash, and hope ultimately to attain an honourable position amongst them."

Well done, Die.—Nothing like perseverance, depend on it.

KATE LESLIE.—Do not despair. Next month perhaps you will succeed better.

ROBERT JOHNSTON writes:—"I cannot conclude without saying how highly I esteem the 'Friend,' which I am sure is fully deserving of its name; and to assure you that I shall not be wanting in aiding its circulation.' This is the way to make the F. F. useful. Thanks.

ELIZABETH H.—"Many thanks for your kind words of encouragement. I mean to try hard to get into the First Class. I think that your magazine is the best for self-improvement that can be had. It is my favourite book—it is a "Family Friend" indeed, alike welcome to old and young."

CAROLUS, ZEBOE, and CHARLIE are again thanked.

BELLA.—An accidental omission, for which pray forgive us. Very nice indeed.

DORA writes:—

"Thank you for the kind word of encouragement you gave me and other F. F. Councillors. It is always pleasant to be praised. May it make us endeavour not to miss the First Class, but to step into it very soon. I shall be all expectancy next month, and hope that nothing will prevent you from going to Brighton to fulfil you promise." How sorry we really are for your disappointment.

NARCISSA.—Write a little more plainly, and you may soon get into the First Class.

DAISY H.—Don't be lazy again, Daisy; nor careless either. Both can be cured easily with a little perseverance.

MAY C.—Very clever.

L'ESPERANCE, who always writes well, and in a good plain hand, without flourishes, says:—"I cordially thank you for the encouragement given to me last month; and I hope by perseverance soon to obtain a position in the First Class.

ALFRED BROWN.—Only just missed the First Class. Patience; and try again.

RUTH writes:—"I cannot but congratulate you upon the success of your Magazine. It becomes more and more interesting each month; and when I read the contributions of the Councillors I am half inclined to hide my 'diminished head.'" *Nil desperandum.*

CLARA wishes to join our Family Council. We are sure all the "F. F." C.'s will accord her a warm and sweet welcome.

AMELIA writes:—"I wish to make a suggestion, which is, that you should have, from time to time, a short French tale. You have accommodated our musical friends, and why not us also?"—Why not?

THIRD CLASS.

FORESTER should write more plainly if he ever wishes to rise in the esteem of the "F. F." C.

R. C. B.—The bad spirit in which you write forbids reply; but we are charitable, and say no more. A word to the wise.

J. B. SMITH.—Why insist on writing silly letters? We have already expressed our opinion of you and your contributions.

BETA.—KINDLY.—PORTSEA.—FIRE-EATER, and BETA PIE.

*** Will any of our friends kindly inform Mr. W. Darry, of 66, Russell-street, Liverpool, where he can procure "perforated paper patterns for braiding."

LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

Received, with thanks:—

	£	s.	d.
Kate Leslie	0	1	0
Spectator	0	1	6

OUR LETTER-BOX.

78. PATSY.—RICE JELLY.—Half a pound Caroline rice; three pints and a half of water. Put it on cold; boil it one hour. Beat it through a sieve. When cold it will be a firm jelly, which, when warmed up in milk, is a very nutritious and agreeable food. Add one pint of milk to the pulp which remains in the sieve; boil it for a short time, stirring constantly to prevent burning; then strain as before; and, if eaten at once, it resembles thick milk. If allowed to get cold, it becomes jelly, as the former.

79. YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—To make quince marmalade, take quinces quite ripe, cut them in quarters, take out the cores, put them in a stew-pan, with spring water enough to cover them. Keep them closely covered with a lid, and let them stew gently till they are quite soft and red, then mash and rub them through a hair sieve. Put them now in a pan over a gentle fire, with as much thick clarified sugar as the weight of the quinces; boil them an hour, and stir the whole time with a wooden spoon to prevent sticking. Then pour into pots, and tie down when cold.

80. UTILITY OF PERFUMES.—The odours we dislike are sometimes overpowered by others more agreeable, but they are neither removed nor destroyed; and invalids continue to inhale them in spite of their injurious effects. The best means of removing a bad odour from a room is by proper ventilation. A fire in the grate and a door left ajar, or the window open at the top and bottom about an inch, will quickly change the atmosphere in the apartment; the vitiated air will flow up the flue, while fresh air will come in at the various openings. There are cases, however, where "the doctor" and "the nurse" positively prohibited this fresh air; for they consider "a draught" as certain death to the patient. It is on such occasions that the proper use of fragrant substances is beneficial, not only because they hide the bad odour, but act as a prophylactic in the atmosphere. The odorous substance of flowers is antiseptic in a high degree, and being diffused in an atmosphere charged with

malarious gases, destroys their poisonous effects. Fresh air, however, is the best physic for an invalid.

81. Bread and Biscuits.—The following directions for making the above articles of food are copied from the "Transactions" of the Chenange County Agricultural Society. They are the statements of the ladies who received premiums for the best bread exhibited:—*Brown Bread.*—One quart of rye meal, two quarts of Indian meal, and two tablespoonfuls of molasses; mix thoroughly with sweet milk, let it stand one hour, and then bake in a slow oven. *Wheaten Bread.*—One spoonful of hop yeast, two potatoes boiled, and one pint of water; make a sponge, and when light, or sufficiently raised, mix hard and let rise, and when it is light again, mould it over, and bake while light. *Another Way.*—Grate half-a-dozen potatoes, and add one quart of water; put in one cup of hop yeast at night, and in the morning, when light, add three teaspoonfuls of sugar, and flour to form a daugh. Let it rise; when light, put it in tins; let it rise again, and bake for half an hour. *Biscuits.*—Take some of the bread dough in the morning, as much as would make a loaf of bread, and add one cup of butter; mix well, let it rise, and then make into biscuit. Let it rise again, and then bake. *Tea Rusks.*—Half a pint of new milk, and one cup of hop yeast; add flour to make a batter, and set the sponge at night. In the morning, add half a pint of milk, one cup of sugar, one of butter one egg, one nutmeg, and flour to make it suffi, ciently stiff. Let it rise, then roll it, and cut it out; let it rise again, and then bake. *Molasse-Cup Cake.*—Two cnps of molasses, two cups of butter, three eggs, one-third of a cup of cold waters and one tablespoonful of soda; then bake.

82. How to make Hens lay in Winter.—M. de Sora discovered the secret of making hens lay eggs every day in the year by feeding them on horseflesh. The fact that hens do not lay eggs in winter as well as in summer is well known, and the simple reason appears to be that they do not get the supply of meat in winter which they readily obtain in the warm season, by scratching the ground for worms and insects. M. de Sora was aware of these facts, and set himself earnestly at the construction of a henery which should be productive twelve months in the year. He soon ascertained that a certain quantity of raw mince-meat given regularly with other food, produced the desired result; and commencing only with some three-hundred hens, he found that they averaged the first year some twenty-five dozen eggs each in three hundred and sixty-five days. To supply this great consumption of meat, M. de Sora availed himself of the constant supply of superannuated and disabled horses from the stables of Paris.

83. To Pickle Eggs.—In the spring, when my fowls lay freely, and I have more eggs than I can use in the family, after I have placed the sitting hens on their nests, I select from three to four dozen of the largest and freshest eggs I can get, which I put into a large saucepan, until the same are boiled thoroughly hard. I then transpose them into a pan of cold water, which admits of the shells being removed with the greater facility. When they are ready, I place on the fireside a saucepan containing half a gallon of good brown vinegar, into which I introduce one ounce of whole black pepper, half an ounce of allspice, the same of mace, one ounce of race ginger, a few cloves of garlic, and one ounce of salt, with a table-spoonful of mustardseed. I suffer the vinegar to continue seething for one hour, until the essential properties of the spices are taken up by the liquor. I in the next place carefully lay the eggs whole in as many jars as are required to hold them; and, having taken off the vinegar, and permitted it to become quite cold, I pour it over the eggs in the jars, taking care to submerge them in the pickle. Finally, I bung them down closely, and place them in a cool apartment. They will be fit for use in a month, and form a pretty garnish when quartered and arranged around dishes containing cold meat, &c."—P. R. V.

84. Simple Disinfectant.—Cut two or three good-sized onions in halves, and place them on a plate on the floor; they absorb noxious effluvia, &c., in the sick room in an incredibly short space of time, and are greatly to be preferred to perfumery for the same purposes! They should be changed every six hours.

85. May.—Velvet.—To restore the pile of velvet, stretch the velvet out tightly, and remove all dust from the surface with a clean brush; afterwards, well clean it with a piece of black flannel, slightly moistened with Florence oil. Then lay a wet cloth over a hot iron, and place it under the velvet, allowing the steam to pass through it; at the same time, brushing the pile of the velvet till restored as required. Should any fluff remain on the surface of the velvet, remove it by brushing with a handful of crape.

86. Louise.—Cements for Stopping the Teeth.—M. Vagner recommends the following:—A drachm of gutta percha, softened by hot water, is to be worked up with catechu powder and tannic acid, of each half a drachm, and with a drop of essential oil. For use, a morsel is to be softened over the flame of a spirit lamp, introduced while warm into the cavity of the tooth, and adapted properly. The mass becomes hardened; and, even after several months, exhibits no traces of decomposition. M. Pouton states that we may also obtain an excellent cement by dissolving one part of mastic in two of collodion. Having well dried out the cavity, a small ball of cotton soaked in some drops of the solution is to be introduced. It soon solidifies, and may remain *in situ*, seeming also to exert an intpro.thoee eiraghcfnou e erfeners su s tch flor

87. Range of Sound.—Herschel gives three hundred and forty-five miles as the greatest known distance to which sound has been carried in the air. This was when the awful explosion of the volcano at St. Vincent's was heard at Demerara. The cannonading of the battle of Gena was just heard in the open fields near Dresden, a distance of ninety-two miles, and in the casemate of the fortress it was very distinct. The bombardment of Antwerp, in 1812, is said to have been heard in the mines of Saxony, three hundred and seventy miles distant.

88. Apple Pudding.—Take one quart of stewed apples, one quarter pound of butter, four eggs, some grated bread, a nutmeg, a little rose water. Sweeten to taste, and bake in puff-pans.

89. Mince Pie without Meat.—Four soda cakes, four cups of water, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of chopped raisins, half a cup of vinegar, one lemon grated, citron, nutmeg, allspice, cloves, cinnamon, &c.

CLASS AWARDS.

ADDRESS: 23, MIDDLE STREET, SMITHFIELD, E.C.

FIRST CLASS.

CARACTACUS writes:—

"Perhaps the most important of the topics demanding attention this month is the *carte de visite* scheme. What to say of it I know not, for I cannot possibly read my own mind concerning it. There are Councillors whose portraits I earnestly desire to possess, and should value accordingly. But it has struck me that there would be some difficulty in carrying out the project agreeably. Of course it would not be feasible to make the exchange of photographs compulsory, yet the selection in many instances might not be mutual; and this, I apprehend, would lead to situations injuriously affecting the tone and temper of the Council. The existing harmony of feeling is so satisfactory that I should be grieved indeed to find it broken in upon. Really this movement, in its entirety, is one which I am neither prepared to applaud nor to condemn: but, respecting the first part of it, worthy sir, there can be no dissentients. All must be wishing for our Editor's portrait, and feeling, as I do, impatient to receive it. Few ladies, probably, are destitute of spirit, but the quiet daring of Alice is "prodigious!" Who shall essay the stupendous task of attacking our Achilles? And where—oh! where is his vulnerable point? With the proposal of Ivanhoe, to subscribe for extra prizes, I freely coincide, and should like to find it acceded to by the Council generally. All, I think, would have a fair chance, since it can hardly be said that the First Class Councillors, as a rule, shine more in the definitions than others. I have lately looked in vain upon the roll of the Council for the name of an old comrade whom I should much regret to lose. I mean Alexander Erskine. I hope he has not deserted our ranks."—[We hope not, indeed, but we have not heard from him lately.—ED.]

CROTCHET has fair reason to complain, but then mistakes will be made in the best regulated families. Thanks for your contribution.

IVANHOE.—"Advertising for a wife" has enough of interest in it to make a pretty story.

TERRA COTTA.—The Charade is very good, and shall be inserted. There is no doubt but that *bona fides* will be preserved in the exchange of *cartes*.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Read the President's address. You have reason to complain of your bookseller. In future we shall endeavour to be out a few days earlier, so that there may be no excuse for delay. Thanks.

MIGNIONETTE.—We sympathise sincerely with you under your sad loss, and trust that you will not exert yourself too much. You shall not lose your place.

ILLA.—Thanks for your compliance with our wish. You have our sympathies under your trials.

KATE SYDNAS.—The definitions are good. Try another piece of music for the "Friend," for your last was deservedly admired.

GORGONIA.—The Charades hardly so good this month, but we shall keep them by us for future insertion.

ADELINE.—The lines not quite so harmonious as others with which you have favoured us. But you will try again we are certain.

JANE C.—The omission is ours, not yours. We will be more careful in future, depend upon it. We very much prize your contributions, and thank you for the continued interest exhibited in the "Friend."

MAX.—Ladies and Gentlemen, our old friend writes to apologise for not contributing this month. Allow me, on your behalf, to retain his name in the First Class; not for what he has omitted, but in anticipation of what he means to send us for the next volume.

NELLIE.—It is pleasant to hear from you, though you do cross your letters. We were not aware of the fact you mention. Neither Max nor Zanoni wrote the "Cousins." Guess again.

KATRINE writes on the proper spirit of the criticisms. She says:—"I feel honoured by any notice of my simple contributions, and receive the critic's remarks in the same spirit with which I am sure he tenders them, knowing that from them I have derived much instruction and enlargement of ideas during the past few months."

LUCINDA B.—We have not forgotten our promise; and with regard to one remark in your note, see answer to Maggie Symmington. We wager a pair of gloves—six and three quarters pale primrose—that you have already guessed the secret. Well, we will tell you something if you will promise not to divulge it unnecessarily. Our name is neither Thackeray, Dickens, Sala, Collins, Tennyson, nor Bennett. Our age is between 20 and 60, our height is certainly under 7 feet, and our ——, but, there, the portrait is perfect, and all that is wanted is simply to fill in the outline. We are about to re-arrange our study, and go carefully through all the MSS.—that awful pile that Max fancied so overwhelming; and then, having emptied our waste-paper basket for the purpose, we shall see what is worth preservation, and what it were mercy to light the fire with. No disrespect to any of the Council is intended by this. There are certain writings of our own that would have made excellent fires, had we only in "our warm and ardent youth"—been able to think as we do now!

DAISY H.—Now, Daisy, don't be too elated at your promotion; but now that you are in the First Class, try and keep there, like a pretty, modest, star-eyed flower as you are.

MAGGIE SYMMINGTON.—We sympathise with you, Maggie, and confess our error—humbly! But as to the change of name, Betty is as good as Amy any day; and then, perhaps, Cousin Betty—especially had she been Lady Betty—would have done just as Amy did, without knowing it. Now, you and others are anxious to know if there be any foundation of fact for the idea evolved in Cousin Amy, and whether she is any relation to the cousin who whispered the name *that was not his*. Well, now, listen. Bend down your head so that your wavy curls hide our blushes while we tell you. Cousin Amy was . . . . . ! There, what do you think of that?

STANTONVILLE.—Keep your position by industry and loyalty to the F.F.C., joined to talent, which you have, and care, which you can exercise—they are the passports into the good society, the Upper Ten Thousand (say) of the Council.

ANNA GREY.—The "Welcome," unfortunately, came too tate; we are sorry for that, for it is charming.

EWOL TENNEB.—A feeling very like self-reproach comes over us as we write the name of our Brighton friend, for we know that all the Councillors are looking forward to our keeping our long-ago-made promise. We are absolutely pledged to redeem it; we therefore give Ewol Tenneb fair notice that, some fine day, we shall be "down upon him," handsomely. Don't mistake the meaning of the last word of the last sentence. It does not refer to the Editor's form or person. Who ever heard of a handsome editor—out of America? Seriously, however,—aye, there's the rub,—as soon as we begin to be serious, we find certain qualms of conscience arising, and, like a wary politican, feel afraid of committing ourself. But as to Ewol Tenneb, what other class than the First Class could he possibly exist in? Our friend disclaimed the poetical exercise attributed to him on page 437, and says he thinks it more likely to be the property of one of our fair Councillors. Possibly; but we are really unable to rectify the error. Can any Councillor assist us?

EMMA BUTTERWORTH.—Welcome as the flowers.

NELLIE.—Thanks; very pretty.

LILY H.—It is always a pleasure to receive your monthly contributions; but this month they are not so happy as usual. But do not be discouraged by these words. There are times and seasons in the experience of every author when comparative failures follow great successes. Look, for instance, at the mistake that has been made in "Hard Cash;" how inferior it is in every respect to "Never Too Late to Mend;" and the comparative paucity of interest in the last published novel of Mr. G. A. Sala. Try again. But that we are sure you will do.

GILBERT ASHTON.—The suggestion is good; but in the way of teaching an art or science there is little, we fear, to be done within a monthly periodical. It has been tried often; and it has been found to fail, invariably. The exhaustive treatment requisite to *teach* an art is beyond the scope of a publication in which variety is a first necessity. Nevertheless, a series of articles on botany and like subjects would doubtless possess many attractions, and at least point out the path and educate the taste.

ROSALIE.—Do not write too much; but what you do write determine to write as well as you can. A thing that is worth doing at all is worth doing well. You are quite right in both your conclusions.

GIPSY.—Again in the First Class. Many thanks we send you, and many congratulations. But as for your long and pleasant letter, how can we spare time to answer it except by post? We will write by post then! The "Box," Gipsy, is not an original idea, though tolerably well treated. Allow us to light a cigar with it; and try something for the new volume more in your old style.

ZANONI.—Like a good fellow, as you are, just try in future to write more plainly and on thicker paper. Our printers complain so bitterly of bad writing that we are obliged to reject many pieces that would otherwise be interesting. Notably, your criticisms this month. Of course you are pardoned; but in respect of caligraphy, be careful not to offend again, or ——! Now for the balm. Zanoni concludes an interesting letter by informing us that a medical gentleman, who had hitherto neglected to insure his life, was persuaded to lodge a proposal with a first-class life-office in consequence of reading our article in the "Friend."

BUSK sends his kindly greeting to all the new Councillors; but he will miss Max, Iago, Blanche Alsington, Alexander Erskine, and one or two other old friends, whom we trust to see again among us in the new volume. Busk is always welcome, for he is always sensible, and gives the Editor very little trouble with his MS.

EMMA, S. P., ALICE, and FRANCES HOPE, are kindly greeted.

CHARLIE F.—As winner of the Prize Volume for the best definitions, we congratulate you sincerely. The volume and a certificate have been forwarded by post.

SECOND CLASS.

CANNONIA, ELIZABETH H., CLARA, SOPHY, and ISA, are thanked. They must persevere.

E. WHEELER. The answers all correct. Thanks.

CARMARTHEN will accept our very sincere thanks for his offering. The proper "return" shall be made in good time. Carmarthen wishes to exchange *cartes* with any of the Councillors.

HORATIO is mistaken, we fancy. Let him look again.

SUBSCRIBER will please send his name and address.

LITTLE GIGGIE.—Why persist in writing on both sides of the paper, Little Giddy? Excuse the alteration in the *nom de plume;* but it is so appropriate.

CINDERELLA.—How can we think you unworthy? We have always looked upon Cinderella as a beauty in disguise. Send your *carte*, and we will put it in our album next to Fairy's.

EUPHROSYNE.—Better; decidedly better. But still capable of much improvement. Welcome always.

RUTH.—Not necessary, but desirable. We are much gratified to find that our endeavours to please our readers are so highly appreciated.

DORA writes thus pleasantly:—"Allow me to offer Stantonville my hearty congratulations on her having stepped into the First Class. May we all endeavour to follow her. I have found out all the enigmas but two this month, 136 and 137 having baffled me, to my great disappointment. I like Ivanhoe's suggestion very much of presenting a volume to the best definer of words, and therefore enclose a stamp. I think the exchange of *cartes de visite* a very nice plan, as it would enable us to know each other if we should meet at the sea-side or elsewhere. Welcome to Adela and Clara."

IVY must still cling to hope, and not "give up in despair."

ADELA.—We shall not change our opinion. Beauty lives in the soul. Patience: read the President's address.

LITTLE SUNSHINE is welcome to the Council. Who can object to sunshine of the heart? Try and write a little more plainly, and on one side only of the paper in future.

MAY B. shall regain her lost honours. The mental pictures are pretty.

ELSIE.—Ladies and Gentlemen, we place our new Councillor in the Second Class, because she shows, even at her first attempt, the disposition to improve.

FAIRWEATHER improves.

LIZZIE C. R.—You write in too careless a hand, Lizzie.

AMELIA.—We regret your disappointment. The riddle you send is, at any rate, new to us: "My *first* is masculine; my *second* feminine; my *third* is a wonderful man; and my *whole*, a wonderful woman. *Ans.*, He, her, hero, heroine."

DOTTA.—Good, and poetically expressed, and yet not hardly up to the mark. You must persevere. The enigmas are some of them very good.

REBECCA.—How can we send the certificate without you first furnish us with a name and address?

J. W. DODSON.—In the President's address a remedy for the evil is suggested. We regret that you should find a difficulty in obtaining the "Friend;" but the remedy is in your own hands.

L'ESPERANCE, JUDITH, HARRY, LADY BIRD, BOETEAN, ODDS, and CHERRYSTAR, are thanked—and welcomed.

SPECTATOR.—The anagrams are ingenious, but they are deficient in one of the first characteristics of an anagram; namely, that the words, when transposed, should contain an intelligible idea, which in neither case is all you said. Try again, and please endeavour to write a little more plainly.

CHLOE.—Don't give up; you possess one of the grand elements of success—perseverance. Thanks for your kind opinion.

BETTA wishes she were in the First Class. What prevents her? Not certainly her courteous President (!) who has to hold the scales evenly, like stern Justice, without the bandage. She writes:—"Allow me to congratulate you upon the improvement of your Magazine. It is to me one of the most interesting of the day. I suppose it is rendered more so to me, knowing one or two of the contributors, and being so kindly treated by my fellow-councillors. I like the idea of exchanging the *cartes de visite* very much."

KATE LESLIE.—Flattering Kate. But these Editors are such vain and peacocky animals. You have only to stand by and look at them a while with approbation, when out come all their feathers, with a gratified eye in every one.

ST. CLAIR.—It is not always easy to please everybody. It is true that you are not noticed in the Class Awards last month; but then others of the Councillors were in a like predicament—which fact, you will doubtless say, is no consolation to you. We are much pleased with your contributions, some of which you will see in print. One of your charades is incorrect. The sword so named is a damaskeene, not a damaskin.

T. C. RYE and G. MATHEWSON are also welcome.

SARAH C. is quite right in her answers to the pastime, and we are glad to find that she is so industrious.

CLARA.—Thanks; don't be discouraged.

VIOLET.—Your note is like a flower in our study, its perfume is so delicious. We have communicated with the Councillor named, and both he and the Editor will be delighted.

ISABEL.—"Memories" is very pretty indeed, and shall certainly have a place in our pages; but do not take it ill if we make one or two slight alterations.

THIRD CLASS.

RED CHIEF.—Your verses are written in an eccentric hand, but they are not without merit, though not yet up to publication mark.

PAUL P., BABY H., FANNY D., EVOLIO, RANUNCULUS, JUNIOR, G. MITREDA, are all thanked and requested to try again. Nothing like perseverance.

ACCEPTED.

All friends and Councillors are requested to keep copies of their articles. We cannot, under any circumstances, undertake to return rejected communications.

"Kate's Adventure."—"The False Step."—"The Lost Child."—"The Seasons."—"Harry Keen's Patient."—"Memories."—"The Rash Act."—"The Misunderstanding."

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

"The Outward Bound and Days Gone By." The sentiment good, but the verse faulty in each case. Read them carefully, and ask yourself if we are not right.—"A Visit to a Smuggling Village" would bear treatment.—"On the Death of W. E." Poetical, but faulty in several particulars. Try to improve on another theme.—"Reflections on a June Day."—"Reflections suggested by Rural Scenery." Written too hurriedly, we fear; scarcely a mark of punctuation from beginning to end.—"The Coming Babe"—for reasons that will suggest themselves to the author.

OUR LETTER-BOX.

90. THE custom of stamping the portrait of the sovereign on the coins of a country originated with Julius Cæsar. Previously to this self-exaltation the heads of the deities generally figured on the coinage—the exceptions to this rule being occasionally in favour of the dead, but never of the living.

91. GOOD WRITING INK.—Gall nuts, pulverised, 12 oz.; logwood, 4 oz.; sulphate of iron, 4 oz.; gum arabic, 4 oz.; vinegar, 2 quarts; water, 3 quarts. Mix well for a week, and then strain. Five drops of kreosote added to a pint of ordinary ink will effectually prevent its becoming mouldy.

92. MINCE PIES.—Take three pounds of bloom raisins, stoned and cut small, a pound of orange peel cut fine, a dozen apples finely minced, half a pound of sweet almonds, pounded in a mortar with a little white wine, a nutmeg grated, half an ounce of Jamaica pepper, two or three cloves, and a little cinnamon pounded, three pounds of beef suet finely minced, and two pounds of brown sugar: mix all these ingredients well together, adding a pint of white wine and two glasses of brandy.

93. CREAM PASTE.—Break two eggs in a stewpan, with a little salt, and as much flour as they will take. Mix in a pint of milk, and put it on the fire, stir it so as not to let it stick, till you no longer smell the flour, then put in a piece of butter the size of a walnut.

94. TO CLEAN KNIVES.—One of the best substances for cleaning knives and forks is charcoal, reduced to a fine powder, and applied in the same manner as brick-dust is used. This is a recent and valuable discovery.

95. Oil of Roses for the Hair.—Olive oil, one quart; ottar of roses, one drachm; oil of rosemary, one drachm; mix. It may be coloured by steeping a little alkanet root in the oil (with heat) before scenting it. It strengthens and beautifies the hair.

96. Cement for the Mouths of Corked Bottles—Melt together a quarter of a pound of sealing-wax, the same quantity of resin, a couple of ounces of beeswax. When it froths, stir it with a tallow candle. As soon as it melts, dip the mouths of the corked bottles into it. This is an excellent thing to exclude the air from such things as are injured by being exposed to it.

97. Indelible Marking Ink.—Nitrate of silver, 2 drachms; distilled water, 3 ounces. Dissolve. Moisten the spot to be marked with a concentrated solution of carbonate of potassa, to which a little gum water must be added. When the spot has become dry, write upon it with the solution of nitrate of silver.

98. Rice Biscuits.—Take half-a-pound of sugar, half-a-pound of the best ground rice, half-a-pound of butter, and half-a-pound of flour, and mix the whole into a paste with eggs (two are sufficient for this quantity).

99. Preserving Vegetables.—For preserving potatoes. they are first washed and peeled, pierced all over, and placed in salt and water for thirty minutes. They are next put into a copper with pearl barley, say one quart of barley to ten gallons of water, and left to simmer. After about twenty minutes they are taken out and allowed to cool, when they are broken into small particles, and dried by exposure to a temperature of 110 deg. Fahr. They are then ready for packing. For preserving carrots, onions, cabbages, cauliflowers, turnips, beans, peas, &c., the inventor uses a solution of gum arabic and carbonate of soda.

100. Adeline.—Warm Baths.—Barwell says:—In many towns there are baths and washhouses; but I fear that these are not made use of as fully as they ought to be, because there is a general idea that people catch cold after a warm bath, unless they go immediately into a warmed bed. Now this notion is not true; indeed, it is the direct opposite to truth, for it is extremely unlikely that a person just out of a warm bath should catch cold. I conceive that no healthy man would be the worse for using such a bath in the depth of winter, and then, with his usual clothing, walking briskly home. The grown-up person, if of tolerably robust frame, should take his warm bath between the degrees of 94 and 98, rather avoiding the higher verge of heat; and a quarter of an hour is long enough to remain in the water, for both a higher temperature and a longer time will tend to weaken.

101. Sponge Cake.—Dissolve three quarters of a pound of lump sugar in half a pint of water; simmer it over a slow fire, until it is quite clear; then pour it into a bowl, adding the grated rind of a lemon, and keep stirring it until it is cold. Then take the yolks of eight eggs and the whites of two; beat them for a quarter of an hour; mix the eggs and syrup together, and beat the mixture half an hour longer. Just before you put it into the oven, stir in by degrees half a pound of flour. One hour and a quarter will bake it.

102. Sowing Flower Seeds.—Small seeds are apt to be buried too deep, or they are left on the surface, and a burning sun, with a north wind, scorches them, or the soil is stiff, and, when wet, wraps them round so tightly that no air can get at them. Small seeds should never be covered more than their own thickness. The soil should be made every fine before sowing. If the soil is the least adhesive, a little fine, sandy soil should be used for covering; and then success will be more certain if the patch is covered with a pot, which will secure the spot from parching winds, &c. All these are pleasant occupations for a lady.

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